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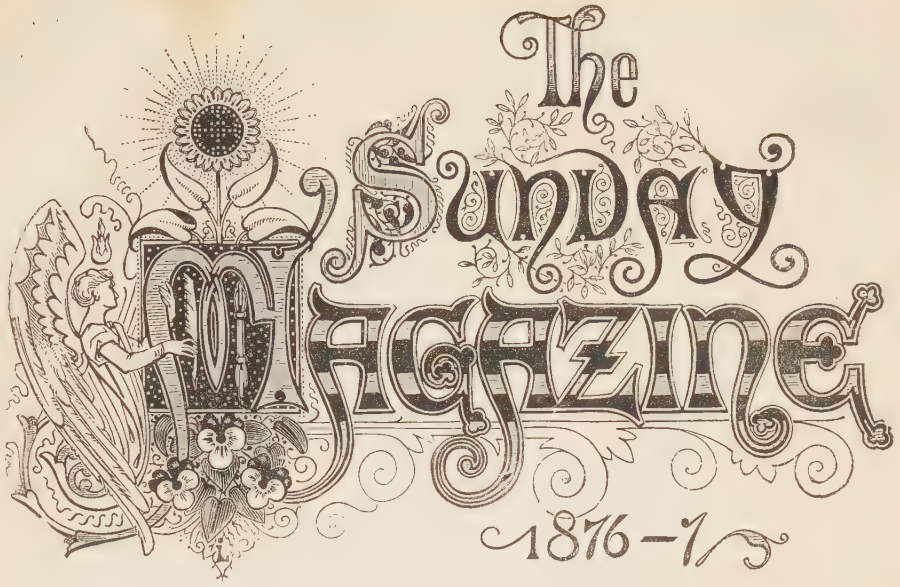

HARTLEIGH TOWERS.

A Story of English Life.

By the AUTHOR of "Andrew Gray's Story," &c.

CHAPTER I.—BEGINNING LIFE.

"Oh! happy rest if once the race were run;
Oh! blessed slumbers if the fight were won.
Dreams that were sweet at eve, at noon were sin
With foes to conquer and a goal to win."

IF you had happened to be a way-faring stranger on the pleasant high-road which leads from the ancient borough of St. Oswald's to the little village of Chadsthorpe, on the afternoon of the 31st of July, 18—, your interest might possibly have been awakened in a fellow-pedestrian, who was pursuing his way thither. From the rapid and energetic pace at which he made his start, you might have concluded that he was bent on reaching, in the shortest possible time, the old-fashioned hamlet, set amid its green pastures, at the foot of an eastward hill, full twelve miles distant. Its weekly coach was standing in front of an old posting-house, on the outskirts of the town, giving prolonged, discordant intimation to all intending passengers; but the young gentleman in question only deigned to commit to it his travelling bag. Hurrying into the courtyard as he passed, he tossed it on the coach's top, where a lad was arranging the packages, and turned to go on his way.

"We ben't smart enough for 'em as is corrupted wi' the sinful speed o' them tearin' trains, I'm thinkin', Mister Frank," said the old driver, who stood in the doorway of the inn, buttoning himself into the uppermost coat of many similar garments, which would have made a more fitting covering for the polar regions than for western England on a sultry July day.

"Holloa, Mr. Rydal, I didn't notice you," said the young man, swinging his tall figure round with a lithe gesture. "Come, now, it's too bad to talk of my being corrupted by

trains, when I've been feeling specially bored by my journey from London to-day. I've backed the 'Highflyer' as you know, against any vehicle in the world, ever since I was a small boy."

A slow, pleased smile stole across the old man's face. "That you have, Mr. Frank, and you'll sure enough oppose 'em as is for bringin' trains and trash to our very door. Knaves, that they are. Lawyer Rushworth and that lot."

"My opposition wouldn't go for much, I fear," replied the young man, with a shrug. "You must try to get hold of your wandering squire for that kind of thing. Seen any of my people lately, Mr. Rydal?"

"'Twas but yesterday I saw your father a crossin' the common. He was walkin' more bent than he should do for a young man like him," said the old coachman, speaking from the heights of his green fourscore years. "A good man and a handsome is your father, as all Chadsthorpe knows at last—and time to them. You'll never be a man like your father, Mister Frank," he added, putting his hands into his pockets and glancing at him with a critical air.

"You're not encouraging this afternoon, Mr. Rydal; good bye," replied the young man, laughing as he moved away.

"Why, Mister Frank, are you really not agoin' to mount into your old place, after all?" cried the old driver, in a disappointed tone.

"No, not to-day; I rather want the tramp, but three cheers for the 'Highflyer' all the same," said the young man, as he strode away at his quickest pace. The coachman stepped forward, and stood watching him, with his hand shading his eyes, till he was out of sight. "Mister Frank's not hisself to-day—there's summat on his mind, I'll be bound," he soliloquised, as he hobbled back across the courtyard and proceeded to swing his rheumatic limbs into his driving box.

If you, too, had decided in favour of the journey on foot, you might have been surprised presently to overtake the young man, his brisk starting pace having merged into the slowest of meditative saunters. It was not the enjoyment of the sweet sylvan landscape which had caused him to loiter, for he was evidently oblivious of his surroundings, and walked forward with his head bent down, absorbed by his own thoughts. Even his old friend the "Highflyer" rumbled past without any recognition from him, convincing Mr. Rydal more than ever that "Mister Frank was not hisself" this afternoon. Presently, however, there seemed to come to him some sudden infusion of energy, and he walked forward with quickened step and uplifted head, whistling a gay tune. Taking his hat into his hand, he passed his fingers through his fair wavy hair as if welcoming the sweet meadowy breeze which had just swept across the valley.

And now you can see his face better. Though evidently quite emerged from boyhood, it had a more youthful air than you would have expected from his tall, firmly-knit figure. It was a fair, smooth, blond face, unmarked by any traces of stirring experiences of life. He looked bright, and gay, and sociable, and, indeed, Frank Carew had all these qualities, though just then it is possible that none of them might have been discoverable, if you had entered into conversation with him, as he made his way along the high-road, his face marked by a shade of worry which was new to it. At last he seemed to decide in favour of more steadily rapid progression. Perhaps some stimulus was given to him by the fuller view of his destination, which a sweep of the dusty turnpike now revealed. The little cluster of houses, dotted like white coral round the foot of the sloping hill, looked a cool, quiet goal on this hot afternoon. There was no bold, rugged glory of form or colour about the low hill-crests whose undulations were now reflecting every change in the bright summer sky, but tender curves and sweet harmonies of light and shade, which melted one into the other with soothing softness. Upland fields, which had encroached on the moorland, lay yellow in the bright sunlight. Pleasant homesteads and gables of straw-thatched barns peeped from their sentinel-like clusters of ancient ashes and elms, with quiet apple orchards lying round them, where the long, cool grass caught a silver gleam as the light breeze from the common rippled over it. And all through this pleasant land there wound leafy lanes, with hedgerows so high that the sun could hardly penetrate into their cool, green cloistered recesses.

Frank Carew could remember a time when these dense walls of green were less tall and bushy than they were to-day, for they were both natives of the same soil, and had grown tall in company. Well he knew each nook and cranny all about, where a wealth of nests and rare wild flowers lurked. But other images seemed to be coming between the young man and the familiar features of his childhood's home, though it was many months since he had last looked on them.

Leaving the turnpike a few hundred yards before it merged into the straggling streets

of the village, the young man turned down one of these deep-rutted lanes, which ran parallel with the highroad, though it indulged in some pleasant windings not permitted to the turnpike. Presently he reached a break in the hedge, where a little white gate was set. Within it there stretched a green lawn, from the further end of which stood out the low gable of an old yellow-tinted house. The young man flung open the gate with a jerk and glanced hurriedly across the lawn, as if in search of occupants in some of its shady nooks. There were traces of recent sitters-out, in the cluster of chairs under the old cedar, on one of which some scattered leaves of the *Spectator* still lay. But the great bough, which flung its dark shadow on the grass, gave rather delusive promise of coolness under it on such an afternoon. The sun was streaming down, in fierce perpendicular rays, on the lawn. No breath stirred the lightest leaf; the warm air fell laden with the scent of flowers; and an almost oppressive silence prevailed. The stillness seemed to jar on the young man. He impatiently threw aside his half-smoked cigar, and began whistling a cheerful tune, as he crossed the hot grass, going towards a rustic summer-house, which stood at an angle of the thick setting of trees which bounded the little home-like lawn.

"Not a soul there, either," he exclaimed, in a ruffled tone, as he glanced in at the window of the little retreat. "He often writes there on afternoons like this. I thought I might find him alone, and make a clean breast of it all, without more bother. Why, I actually feel like a criminal, when, after all, I've only changed my mind—and for a very good reason, too," he added, after a smiling pause, as he slowly sauntered, with his hands in his pockets, towards the house. The entrance door stood open, as it always did on such afternoons. As he walked in from the sun's glare to the little square hall, he had not at first noticed two figures, who stood staring at him as if he had been a ghost.

"It's Mr. Frank, it is—come all the way from Lun'on already!" exclaimed one of them, an old peasant woman, engaged in earnest conversation with a servant-maid, who hurried away, with something like a sob, when she caught sight of the visitor. "I knowed you would come as quick as lightnin', though they said as how you wouldn't be here till to-morrow, at the quickest. But you're too late, Mister Frank; it's all over," she added, with a mournful shake of her head.

"Why, what's the matter—what has happened, Mrs. Lamb?" asked the young man, in a breathless tone, as he stood motionless on the threshold.

"Happened, Mister Frank! you'll be a white-headed man before you know all that's happened to ye this day," said the old woman, as she came forward and laid her weather-beaten hand on his arm. "We're all poorer o' the kindest friend we're like to have in this world. But my old eyes are right glad to see ye, Mister Frank. Susan there was just argufying wi' me that ye couldn't be here till the morning light; but, I says, 'Susan, where there's a will there's a way,' and then you just steps in at the door," she narrated, evidently not without a feeling of triumph in the midst of her distress, that she had been proved right. "Miss Margaret, poor heart, was with your blessed father till the last, but they said as how he wanted you so bad."

"My father! What do you mean—where is he?" cried the young man, incoherently. "I got no message—nothing."

"Eh! Mister Frank. Is it possible you never knowed he was ill? Woe's me. Your father died two hours ago."

Frank Carew remained motionless for a moment, mechanically repeating the words he had just heard, as if he had difficulty in understanding their meaning. Rousing himself at length, he hurried forward, as if groping blindfolded, muttering, with blanched lips, "Where is he? where is my father?" Opening the door of a sitting-room on the left side of the hall, he glanced in. A slight breeze, swaying the closed venetians, was the only sound which broke the silence. As the door opened, the cross current of air scattered some loose papers which lay strewn on a writing-table standing in the embrasure of a large bow window. In front of the table a stooping, girlish figure leant. A ray of sunlight rested on her brown, rippling hair. But her face you could not see; it was covered by her hands.

The other inmate of the room was lying on a sofa near the fireplace. She was a middle-aged woman, but she looked younger than her years by reason of her well-preserved complexion and delicate features. Possibly it was that she did not happen to be within reach of the cool breeze from the window that she kept fanning herself assiduously, as she sobbed and sighed. On catching a glimpse of the young man in the doorway, she sprang up from her cushions with a hysterical cry. "My son, my dear, dear boy, you have come to comfort me. You will be my support in this awful trial. You

had always a more sympathetic nature than Margaret there."

"It can't be true, it isn't true, that he's dead—dead; and I never knew, Margaret!" cried the young man, in a tone of agony, glancing towards the other inmate of the sitting-room, whilst his mother clung to him, and poured forth her wailings.

The girl had risen from the window table, and stood looking at him with an intensely forlorn expression. "Yes, Frank, he's dead—quite dead. I thought he wasn't at first, when they said it; but it's true. He's lying there—our father, Frank!" And Margaret turned away, and buried her face again among the strewn books and papers.

"Somebody spoke of a message. I got no message. I never knew he was even ill. I came quite by chance, because I wanted to see him very much about something," added Frank, in a faltering voice.

"My poor boy; it wasn't with my will that you didn't know last night," sobbed Mrs. Carew, retreating again among her cushions. "You know, Margaret, how I urged it. But your poor father would not listen. I have heard that dying people get fanciful. Every time I mentioned it he said, 'Wait till Thursday, and then you may send for Frank.' I reproach myself now that I didn't take the matter into my own hands, and send for you at once. But it was all so awfully sudden; my poor head got quite confused. Oh! it's too dreadful to think of." And Mrs. Carew lay back in a fresh burst of tears.

"Oh, Frank! he talked so much about you," said Margaret, raising her head, and speaking in an eager tone. "It was only yesterday, you know, that he was taken ill, as he sat writing here. I'm sure he knew that he was dying from the very first, and longed to see you, oh, so much. But he wouldn't let us send, because of the examinations, you know. And, just a little while before the last, he said, with that smile of his you remember, Frank, 'It is strange we should be beginning life together; he, here; and I—*there*." The despairing expression crept out of Margaret's face as her thoughts went back to those hours when she could still hear the sound of her father's voice, and feel the grasp of his hand. Full as they had been of suspense and terror of coming evil, yet they seemed almost joyous in comparison to the present. She was going on to share more treasured last words with Frank, when he interrupted her in a shrinking tone. "Oh! hush, Margaret; I can't stand it." And, leaning down his head, he added, after a pause, "Perhaps I'd better tell you at once that I didn't go up for the examination yesterday. Not that I had any fear of being plucked, or anything of that kind. I was ready enough for it; but I've changed my mind about being a doctor. I came to-day to tell him why."

"Changed your mind, Frank!" echoed Margaret, with the extremest astonishment perceptible in her tone.

"Why, yes; mayn't a fellow change his mind? There isn't anything so wonderful about that," replied her brother, with his face still hidden in his hand.

"Of course one may," chimed in Mrs. Carew. "And, for my part, I'm heartily glad you have changed your mind, my dear boy. Why, the news comes like a ray of sunshine in a dark sky. I believe Providence has made you bring it now. Why should you be a martyr to that horrid profession? I always told your poor father it would be the death of him. So it has, though he doesn't happen to have died of an infectious disease."

"Oh, Frank, tell me, is this really true?" asked Margaret, in a quiet, repressed tone. She had risen and come close to him as she spoke.

"Of course it is, Margaret. It isn't likely I would take to joking at such a time," he jerked out, with an evident effort; and then, as if he dreaded more words, he rose hurriedly and left the room.

"My poor, dear boy! What a sad home-coming for him, after being away so long! How sensible of him to give up all idea of that thankless profession! And yet I almost wonder he has; he was so bound up in it. It must be providential, my dear; it is so fortunate. Your poor, poor father, what a toiling life he had! If he had changed his mind at Frank's age, how different his life might have been! It gnaws one's poor heart to think of it." And Mrs. Carew buried her face in her pocket-handkerchief again.

Margaret had crept back to the window embrasure, and stood looking dreamily on the contents of the writing-table. Dr. Carew's books and papers were lying just as he left them when he rose in deadly pain from his last day's work. His microscope, the open books, the half-finished manuscript on which the pen still lay, seemed to wait for the time when head and hand should come back to them again. The sight of them lying thus had, somehow, brought comfort to his daughter's heart each time she happened to stray into the neglected sitting-room. He would want them to-morrow;

why should she put them away?—she had said to herself, with a hope that hoped against hope during the long hours of that sad summer day. But now they need not lie there any longer; nobody would ever want them more, Margaret whispered, with quivering lip, as she replaced the heavy books in their places on the shelves on either side of the window embrasure. With tender fingers and lingering touch she folded away the papers which lay strewn about. Each familiar thing which she touched brought to her a sharp pang of remembrance. Some of them told of labours projected, but laid aside; not, however, from the restless instability with which the story of our unfinished work is so often written over. To Dr. Carew's daughter's mind these unused materials brought no such recollection; she recognised in them rather the monuments of a life which had been faithful unto the least, which had sacrificed the hopes and plans of earlier years to the humblest toils of his profession, in the little village where he had come in his early manhood, a passing stranger for a brief professional sojourn. Many of these hopes, Margaret knew, had been transferred for their realisation to her only brother, who from his boyhood had been destined for and showed an aptitude and liking for his father's profession. Neither capacity nor enthusiasm were wanting, and he had gone towards it step by step until the time had come for him to take his degree. It had been a joyful epoch to his father, which not even the conscious nearness of death had bereft of its warm human interest. Why Frank had not gone up for his examination was a mystery which Margaret felt too sad-hearted to care to solve just then. The pain lay in the fact that he had renounced the profession to which he had pledged himself for so long. There could not possibly be any good reason for such a step, Margaret decided, with an angry feeling overmastering her grief. Presently she heard Frank come down-stairs from his own room with slow, heavy footsteps. He crossed the hall, and she knew that he had entered the silent room and stood by his father's side. Her first impulse was to join him there. Strong, tender, fatherly words came crowding back to her memory. Should she not hurry to her brother's side now, and share this loving legacy? But then the bitter thoughts came uppermost again. Frank could not have loved him as she had done, or he would not have decided to trample on his dearest wishes. Let him feel a sting of reproach now, as he stands gazing on the dead face from which "decay's effacing fingers" have not yet begun to sweep the lines of high resolve and quiet steadfastness which marked it through life. So Margaret seated herself again at the forsaken "working corner," with listless hands and an aching heart. If only night were come, that she might fold her empty hands in sleep, she longed; for Margaret felt none of that physical weariness which often visits in mercy sorrow-stricken hearts. Last night there was sweet work to be done, loving thanks to be earned, God to be entreated to spare the beloved father and friend, making the time of suspense seem one of hopeful happiness compared with the present. And yet life seemed likely to flow on as it had been wont to do before the light had gone out of it. Mrs. Carew's exhausted nerves had found solace in brief slumbers, very different from her usual "siesta," as she called it; but there she was, asleep, as usual at that hour of the day. The servant was now bringing tea, and there was the post-bag being laid on the table, as if to await the master's opening. Each trace of the familiar daily routine came to Margaret's wounded heart like a fresh stab of pain.

"Dear, dear, I've actually been asleep, Margaret. Why did you allow me to go over, dear? It only makes it more trying to wake up and find that it is a reality, and not a horrid dream. To think of being a widow—and you fatherless, my poor children. But I must not give way, there is so much to be done," said Mrs. Carew, drying her eyes. "Where is my dear Frank, why has he left my side? Margaret, is that tea Jane has brought? Well, since she has brought it, I think I shall have a cup. It may, perhaps, revive me, and there is so much to be done and thought about—that dreadful funeral, the mournings, and all. Come, my dear, let us have tea."

Margaret moved towards the table, and was handing to her mother the desired cup of tea, when her eye fell on a parcel, which the servant had brought in with the post-bag. "Oh, mamma, there are the magazines for the mines. They're come a day earlier than they sometimes do. How glad he would have been! He was always disappointed when they were late. The men looked forward to their coming so eagerly—some of them, at least, he used to say."

"Yes, indeed, your poor father made too many journeys to these horrid mines. A thankless set these men are—so dirty and discontented, and so hardened. I told your father that I considered it quite hopeless to do them any good, they had been neglected

for so long. It is years since I warned your poor father that I, for one, would not encourage their vicious habits by setting my foot among these wretched hovels—and I never did. But my opposition was quite unavailing; your father would continue to wear himself out there," and Mrs. Carew sighed as she pensively stirred her tea.

Margaret had not been listening to her mother's later remarks. She was absorbed in a plan that she was forming. She still held the packet of periodicals in her hand, and, glancing towards her mother, said hesitatingly, "Mamma, don't you think I might take them to old Caleb Bartlett's to-night? I should feel as if I were really doing some work for our father; it would comfort me as nothing else can. Frank will be with you, you know, mamma," she added, as if eager to anticipate any probable objection.

"Go out walking, and your poor father hardly dead! The idea is revolting, my dear. You are a very unnatural child, in many ways, and always were, Margaret," sighed Mrs. Carew, as she handed her cup to be refilled. "It puzzles me sadly that I should have a daughter with such different feelings from my own. I would rather die than do such a thing—in fact, it would be my death to do it," and Mrs. Carew began to shed fresh tears.

"Then I mayn't go," said Margaret, as she laid down the bundle of magazines with a sigh. "I only thought he would have liked me to do it, and I wanted to see how poor old Caleb Bartlett was. Papa talked of him several times last night," added Margaret, in a faltering tone.

"What do you think your sister wants to do, my dear boy," said Mrs. Carew, turning to Frank, who at that moment entered the room. "To take those to the mines. Is it not a most unnatural wish—and to that vile place too?"

"The place is vile enough, but our father worked hard that it should become less vile, mother," said Frank, at a low tone, as he went and stood by the window. "I don't really see why Margaret mayn't take the magazines to old Bartlett's," he added, turning round after a pause. "I shall walk across the moor with you, if you like, Margaret."

"Well, if you are determined to commit such a breach of the ordinary rules of society and decorum, you may go. After all, you haven't to pass through the village, and those wretched creatures at the mines are too much sunk to notice anything of the kind, I fancy.

"But, my dear boy, you will stay with me. You are looking wretchedly ill. You really must take care of yourself. You are all the comfort I have now.

"Oh, yes, Frank, do stay with mamma. It will be much better so," said Margaret, in a low decided tone, as she walked away. Frank glanced wistfully after her. He would fain have gone with her now, to share the story which had that day hurried him down from London, to tell to one who had ever been a patient listener and a lenient judge. Frank Carew was one of those characters who need the smiles and approval of their friends as flowers need sunshine. His sister's half-uttered reproaches were rankling painfully, and he felt eagerly anxious to have her on his side, even in the midst of his present grief. But Margaret did not guess how much he longed for her sympathy just then. She only felt that the tidings of his fickle change of life-plans would have grieved her father so much that she would ever feel thankful he had not lived to have his dearest human hopes disappointed. She, at least, would find a cheerful pleasure in doing what he would have liked, she said to herself, with a feeling of feverish excitement, as she crossed the hall and went to prepare for her walk to the mines.

CHAPTER II.—THE SKELETON OF CHADSTHORPE.

"To the old, sorrow is sorrow; to the young, sorrow is despair."

When Margaret stepped out of the darkened house to the soft brightness of the summer evening, it seemed as if years, not hours merely, had elapsed since she looked last on the familiar scene, with its calm, unchanged face. The old house, green with climbing ivy, whose growth had marked all the years of her life, the narrow border of sweet, old-fashioned English flowers, which peered up at her with their well-known faces, the smooth green lawn, the clustering trees, whose leaves were gently stirred by the light sunset breeze, had not lost any of their calm loveliness of the previous day. The cold fair face of nature paid no heed, and gave no sympathetic response to the young despair of her first sorrow.

Dr. Carew's favourite Skye terrier, Doss, lay guarding the little forsaken encampment on the lawn. He seemed to feel it to be the only little bit of duty left for him to do on this strange evening. Even his newly-returned young master had thrust him unheedingly away, when he ventured on a subdued word of welcome, and, at last, he

crept out of the forlorn house with dejected footsteps, as if the spring had gone out of his little dog life. When he saw his young mistress come out, he raised his head with a surprised air, and, shaking himself, came creeping forward with a feeble wag of his tail, very different from the whirling, yelping ball of hair that generally greeted any symptoms of a companion for a walk.

"Oh, Doss, poor dog!—you know all about it. The master—the master is lying there, and all the world seems different to you and me," faltered Margaret, as she caught sight of the faithful family friend. He stood watching her with a wistful, questioning air as she went towards the little white gate, and, at last, with slow footsteps, followed her. Leaving the sheltered lanes behind, Margaret got into an upland road, which wound along an undulating tract of moorland, stretching towards the eastward side of the hill. It had been given by a lord of the manor, long ago, to the villagers as a place where they might, unmolested, feed their cows and pigs, and disport themselves generally.

This privilege had, however, been rather suddenly taken from them during the lifetime of the last Squire Hartleigh, who, although he was not the first to discover the presence of minerals, was the first to turn that knowledge to account by the opening of a mine in the heart of the furzy common.

The forcible possession thus taken of the breezy pasture-land which they had come to look upon as their own would not have conduced to friendly feelings towards their supplanters on the part of the dwellers in Chadsthorpe, even though the new-comers had belonged to the excellent of the earth. They seemed to them to descend like a horde of barbarians on their lands, and were hated and feared as such, as soon as they set their foot on the common, which they proceeded to hack and hew and undermine, "draggin' stooff out o' the bowels o' the earth that would ha better stayed inside," as old Farmer Warren, the tenant of the most pleasant homestead in the parish, characterized the opening of the iron mine.

The miners were, in fact, regarded with an almost superstitious dislike from the moment they set foot in the pastoral valley. It is true that as a body they were rather of a lower class than usual, being more or less the overflow of older mines, hastily recruited for the new undertaking from more northern mining districts. Perhaps, however, the consciousness of the preconceived suspicion with which they were regarded had much to do with making them the reckless little colony which they became. Man-forsaken, they seemed to become God-forsaken too. Their dwellings, huddled together round the mouth of their pit for the sake of convenience, were more like the lairs of wild animals than fitting habitations for men and women.

Innocent little children grew up in these grimy haunts more reckless and wretched, if possible, than their parents, and old and young sank to their graves without an effort being made to save them. Church or school they had none. The only well-built, cheerful-looking, building within the bounds of their village was a public-house, erected shortly after the opening of the mines by an enterprising publican. To it pale, grimy miners flocked to spend their evening hours, and squander their dangerously earned gold. From this gaudy habitation there emanated all the amusements fashionable at the mines. There was always a lively amount of betting and gambling for those whose tastes lay in that direction. The conductors of itinerant shows of various degrees of vileness and silliness were guaranteed a fair share of profits by the owner of the "Coal and Iron." Prearranged dog-fights were also frequent in the square in front of the house, where betting and beer supplemented the entertainment.

This was the strange suburb of the old-fashioned, placid little village in which Margaret's father stood for the first time one evening, between twenty and thirty years before. A student from St. Bartholemew's Hospital, he had come to Chadsthorpe to take temporarily the place of the medical man. The district was then unknown to him, neither had he any former knowledge of Dr. Rushworth, his predecessor; but the green seclusion of the quaint little hamlet seemed to him, on the summer evening when he first saw it, an alluring place after the jar and turmoil of city life. Of the mines he had only heard a casual mention from Dr. Rushworth, as a means of increasing his income by fees for attendance on the frequently disabled miners. The fact was, it happened to be those very mines which were obliging Dr. Rushworth then to beat rather a hasty retreat from Chadsthorpe. His connection with them had been a very close and not altogether a creditable one. He was, indeed, from circumstances which have yet to be made known, the principal mover in opening the mines, and for much of the selfish unconcern displayed in the housing of those willing workers in coal and iron, who had

been lured thither by the bait of high wages, he was to blame.

Against Dr. Rushworth the people of the district had imbibed a more unconquerable prejudice than even the miners had stirred up in them. In their slow, dogged minds they transferred this prejudice to Dr. Carew, refusing to believe that he was other than a tool of the hated Rushworth. It would make a long story to tell by what patient and kindly deeds he silenced the tongue of slander, and won his rightful place in their midst. How he spent the years destined in earlier days for other uses, in the humblest toils of his profession, a faithful servant of Him who came "not to be ministered unto, but to minister." None could tell the story better than some down in the little mining settle-

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ment towards which Margaret was hastening now. Within its borders were to be found many a trace of Dr. Carew's faithful care for the forsaken colony. More than one inviting building had sprung up as a rival to the gaily painted "Coal and Iron," which, however, still lured its share of victims, though it had not everything its own way as it used to have. On a rising bit of moor fronting the hollow where the mine stretched, and between it and Chadsthorpe, Dr. Carew had planted a pleasant-looking building, known as the reading-room. He had been anxious to secure the site of it as far distant as possible from the mine, so that the workers might be tempted, after their day's work was done, to stroll across the breezy moorland and get some glimpses

of the fair, pastoral plain stretching all round. It had been one of their pathetic peculiarities when Dr. Carew first knew them, that they seemed to shrink from going beyond their own bleak, grimy valley of desolation. So much was this the case, that when Caleb Bartlett, the oldest of the original company, after a series of hair-breadth escapes, and more or less serious accidents, besides the weight of his fourscore years, resolved to retire from active work, it was with difficulty that he could be persuaded to move from his fast-falling-in hut at the pit's mouth. He disdained a home in Chadsthorpe, and to go back to the village where his youth had been spent would be to go to memories among graves. Dr. Carew had installed him as keeper of the reading-room, and Caleb looked upon it as one of his greatest privileges that he was still within easy distance of the scene of his past labours, where he could get a glimpse of the familiar mounds of rubbish which had grown higher than the tumble-down dwellings round them, and could trace the little paths red with iron, or glittering with coal-dust, which wound between the treacherous pits.

New interests had, however, even with old Caleb Bartlett, begun to replace the underground fascinations. He was in the habit of performing all the functions belonging to his office with the grandest solemnity and decorum, from the ringing of the bell attached to the institute which proclaimed nightly that the books and magazines were free to all who preferred the feast of reason to the flow of grog, down to minutest duties of his post. Bartlett also acted as librarian, and a very effective one he made, though he could not be said to have any literary proclivities. Indeed, the art of reading was still a very lame, laborious process with him; but he possessed some other arts which stood him in good stead. He had a shrewd way of gathering information from the readers regarding the contents of the books on the shelves, then, putting all the detached scraps together, he managed occasionally to manufacture rather a garbled epitome of them. As to the outsides of his wares, he knew each book on the shelves as accurately as if he had been a bibliomaniac. To be sure, it was in the way a shepherd is acquainted with the faces of his sheep, by external configuration and colouring chiefly; occasionally, indeed, the identification of the volume wanted was limited to some stain or mark about the binding. The titles puzzled him more than the contents. "Them twisted strokes be more like the boughs o' trees than decent Christian letters," he frequently said, as he blinked over some of the smart new books. But it must not be imagined that Caleb's incapacity for an intimate personal acquaintance with his charges prevented him from introducing them to the frequenters of the library with his own criticisms. Indeed, he had a few decided favourites, the selection of which was sure to gratify him. Some he looked on with suspicion, even though they had been selected by "the master," as he used to call Dr. Carew. Magazines stood low in his estimation, and he used to shake his head over the men who always chose them in preference. "A substantial built wollum would do you a deal more good than them loose, flappy things that so many o' ye go a chasin' after. It don't seem to me them have no satisfyin' in them neither. When you've got Januar ye come a hollerin' up for Februar, and so on. Now a proper constructed wollum has 'Finish' at the last page—writ plain—and there's an end of it." Caleb used to remonstrate when there was a run on the last magazines, and the book whose turn he considered it was to have "an airing" was left unchosen.

When Margaret reached the reading-room Caleb was seated on a rustic bench in front of the pleasant rose-clad cottage where he and his pretty granddaughter lived. He was sitting with a bunch of keys in his hand, waiting till the hour for opening the library should come, for he was scrupulously punctual in the discharge of his duty. The sun was his clock; but he seemed to be getting other meanings out of it to-night, as he sat gazing with placid eyes, his face wrinkled like a walnut-shell lighted up by the sunset glow.

"Eh! Miss Margaret, isn't this just like a bit out of the Book of Revelations? 'Tis surely sparks o' light from some o' the grand shining stones as fills the city that we read about," said Caleb, turning to welcome her with dreamy eyes possessed by the cloudland glories.

Margaret had been climbing wearily, absorbed in her own sad thoughts; but, now, she turned to look at the setting sun of this sorrowful day, which seemed suggesting to the old miner such bright visions.

"Will he not be up hisself to-night, Miss Margaret?" he asked, in a disappointed tone, as he glanced at the roll of magazines she carried. "He promised to look up to-night, just a minute or two before business;

and we think hereabout, you see, Miss, that your father's word is better than most folks' bond."

"Oh, yes; he would not ever have broken his promise. But, oh! Caleb, how can I tell you? He will never come to see you any more; he has gone to the city you were talking about. But, oh! what will life be for us all without him? He died to-day, Caleb, almost quite suddenly. He was only a few hours ill."

Margaret seated herself on the bench, and covered her face with her hands. The sunset glories of changing gold and crimson could bring no soothing to her sad heart. The wound was too fresh for any imagery to touch with soothing power. Caleb's brave old miner's heart had faced death unflinchingly many a time, and weathered many a storm and stroke; but never one that shook it more deeply than this. He sat clasping his wrinkled hands with mute, white lips, and eyes that had grown dim to the sunset lights. But when he did speak, at last, his voice was so quiet and unfaltering that Margaret, in her hasty, youthful judging, looked up through her tears, in wonder whether, after all, he cared as she had thought he would. Indeed, he seemed to have, for the moment, forgotten her presence altogether, as he sat, with uplifted face and dreamy eyes. After a long silence, he rose to his feet, and, baring his head, he muttered, in such a low tone that Margaret could hardly catch the words,—

"The Lord gave—gave Caleb Bartlett, the blackest o' the black, a friend as white as the snow, that warn't ashamed of him; a helper from the horrible pit; a saviour that told him of the Saviour. The Lord has taken him away." And then a long pause followed, and, bending his head solemnly, he added, "Blessed be the name of the Lord."

"Eh! miss; but 'em last words was a hard pull for old Caleb to say," he added presently, with a long-drawn sigh. "I wasn't agoin' to make a mock o' the good Lord, and speak them even wi' my lips when my heart was full of rebellion. There be a many thinks needin' of him down here, and no mistake, as far as our poor eyes can see; but the Master has took him for some other work up yonder, I'll be bound." The old man glanced again towards the sky, where darkening amber clouds were closing on the radiant inner lights.

Presently, at Caleb's request, Margaret told, in a few faltering words, how suddenly the blow had fallen. The tears began to steal slowly down the old weather-beaten cheeks.

"And you came wanderin' out, wi' your sad heart, to comfort old Caleb. The Lord reward ye, miss. It was kind."

"I think I came because I was restless, Caleb. I feel as if I daren't think, as if I must *do*," said Margaret, impetuously. "Besides, I feel that to do anything for him—anything, however small, that he would have liked me to do—that he would have been doing if he were here, is the only thing to make life endurable."

The old man glanced pityingly towards the quivering, flushed young face, which not even the soft sunset breeze was fanning into coolness. "Poor dear, poor dear! 'Tis a sore trouble," he said, in a musing tone, as if thinking his own thoughts, rather than meaning to speak words of comfort.

"And troubles be hardenin' things, though there be some silly folks that talk as if they were bound to soften, as the fire is to melt the rubbage out o' metals. Fire does melt metal, sure enough; but if it ain't the refiner's furnace, wi' him standin' by a lookin' after the job, then, most like, the metal will be no better than the cinders, and get more rubbage stuck about it than before. I've knowed it so many a time," he added, musingly.

Just then the roll of magazines slipped down on the ground, and as Margaret stooped to pick them up, she said,—

"I've brought these. He used always to be so interested in their coming. I wanted that they should have them as soon as possible, for his dear sake. It is all I have left to live for now, to try to please him."

The old man's quieted soul, so near its everlasting habitations, went out in great pity for the young heart tasting the first draught from the bitter cup.

"Eh! Miss Margaret, but it won't do. I'll make bold to say, and you'll forgive old Caleb for speaking plain," he said, with sudden energy in his tone. I see what you would be at now. You think to live all your days wi' only the light of his memory to guide your wanderin' feet. Saint though he be, it won't do. Ye'll need to get hold o' the living Shepherd's hand, and to listen for the sound o' his loving voice. I tried the t'other thing once, and she was good and dear, she was." And the old man paused as he brushed a tear from his faded eyes for the wife of his youth, who had been in her grave for forty years. "But it don't do, Miss," he said, after a moment. "Not even their blessed memories will keep us a follerin' after. The great green place they leave all

about our hearts keeps watered by our tears for a bit; but the dust creeps over it, and it gets dry and withered in the burden and heat of the day. Not that we forget them—no; but we need the well o' water springin' up continual; and it's only the Risen One that can bring that into the poor withered heart, and 'tis His presence, not His memory."

Margaret thought she understood what Caleb meant, but the idea was new and vague to her. Familiar as the words were, they appeared to lift a curtain and give a glimpse of an inner sanctuary unreached by her. The old man's voice seemed still to echo through the soft evening air, and Margaret felt loth to break the silence.

Caleb sat looking quietly in front of him, with folded hands, a favourite posture of his during these later days; but presently he started from his reverie, and, shading his eyes with his hand, he looked across the strip of garden beyond which the narrow scarped path wound on to the miners' village. "If my old eyes are seeing clear, that's Dick Hayward a comin' down the road there. He's got Peter with him too," he said, pointing to a powerful-looking man in loose miner's dress, which showed to advantage his well-set head and sinewy limbs, as he sauntered along with an awkward grace about his movements.

"Is that Dick Hayward?" exclaimed Margaret, raising her head, which had been resting on her hand. "I never saw him before. My father used often to speak of him as being the nicest of the young miners. I've often wanted to see him. It is strange I should for the first time to-night," she added, sadly.

"Ay, he saw a good bit further into Dick's heart than some other folk, did your blessed father," replied the old man, with a heavy sigh. "And Dick knowed it too. There's not the worst man in the mines would have ventured to say a word against your father in his hearin'. If all tales be true, he's had wild blows wi' more than one about that very thing. 'I'm no saint, Bartlett, but I'll not stand by and hear a word against him that is one,' he said once to me, when I was at him for fighting. But your father knew there was good metal in him. I jest wish some other folk knew it too." And Caleb again sighed heavily, and his eyes followed the young man as he passed with a glance of troubled wistfulness.

Margaret noticed, meanwhile, with some surprise that while Caleb's kindly words might almost have been wafted by the soft evening air to the young man's ear, yet he strode on without any friendly recognition. Indeed, she fancied that there was something like a scowl on his well-cut face, as he passed the little gate, stooping as he did so to catch hold of his dog's collar, and then hurrying on with a quicker step. But Margaret was too sad to be curious to-night. She did not guess, either, that Caleb's heavy sigh and twice-repeated "Poor soul!" was not prompted by thoughts of him who had, that day, entered the quiet rest of finished toil and struggle, but for a young heart that, underneath its exterior of haughty sullenness, was feeling sore and wronged.

"I'm ashamed of myself, miss; but I'm just a wishing of him back again from the Father's House, to mix himself up with my poor bits of burdens," the old man said, with a look of wearied helplessness in his eyes.

Margaret concluded that he referred to the burdens of growing feebleness, and not to any special trouble pressing on him; and while the old man was glancing at her with wistful eyes, wondering whether the doctor's daughter had her father's power of sympathy, and could enter into a trouble that was weighing him down, she was imagining him lifted above her troubles, viewing even her father's loss with placidity, knowing that his own time was so near.

Doss seemed to feel strongly impressed with the idea that it was high time to return home, and began to make known his wishes by various scrapings and whinings.

"Yes, Doss, poor dog: you've a deal more sense than I have. I might have minded 'twas time for you, young mistress, to be a crossin' of the common now that the sun's just about home," said Caleb, rising. "It's time to open the room, too, though there'll be little heart for books or anything else among the lads when the sad tidings get abroad. There be some of the lads strollin' up now, I think. It is but a little company that comes. I thought he would have seen it bigger afore he went away up higher," the old man added regretfully. "Why, he used to look near as well pleased when he saw a new name down in the name-book as when he pulled a sick man through the fever. I mind well the first time Jim Bowles passed the 'Coal and Iron' to come up here. Why, your father looked as glad as though he had got a fortin'. He used to say it was a'most as good as signin' the pledge when the lads came to join the

reading-room, because it gave summat for their restless minds to feed on. And, sure enough, 'tis the restless mind as craves for drink," continued the old man, getting on a favourite topic. "But my time's up, now, Miss; I must be at the bell," he said, beginning to limp away; and then, turning again, he added, "But, oh, Miss, you'll not forget what old Caleb made bold to say to ye;" he continued, in an anxious tone, as he looked at Margaret, "'For your father's dear sake,' is a strong lever, sure enough. But our poor heavy-weighted hearts need a stronger lever yet. Some words are runnin' in my head to-night that I first heard from hisself, from your father. They speak of life for Him who died and rose again; that's the only lever as will pull us on and up."

The old man's words fell with a quiet cadence on the soft evening air, and after he had taken Margaret's hand in his weather-beaten palm and turned away to his nightly duties, they seemed to echo still in Margaret's heart as she hurried along the darkening road to Chadsthorpe.

CHAPTER III.—THE YOUNG SQUIRE.

"Out of their dark homes, bleak and cold,
They will pass to a city whose streets are gold;
From the silence that falls upon sin and pain,
To the deathless joy of the angels' strain.
Well will be ended what ill begun,
Out of the shadow into the sun."

It was a typical company of mourners that gathered round the newly-made grave in the little churchyard of Chadsthorpe, on the afternoon when the village doctor was laid to rest.

Groups of ruddy-faced peasant farmers, in their homespun clothes, had left their half-cut harvest fields to be there, and, as they stood glancing silently at the narrow home where they were about to lay the dust of him whom they honoured, some among them called to mind the glad words of welcome spoken by the Lord of life's harvests for such as he was, and thought of the joyful reaping-time for him who had been among them as a patient sower.

Round the grave there also stood a few old personal friends of Dr. Carew, who had left their daily routine and had come to take a silent farewell of their early friend. Other finger-posts had guided them, when the cross roads of life came in sight, and they had seldom met during the busy journeying years which lay between their youth and this summer afternoon; and, as they stood amid the sweet rural fragrance, with the cool breeze playing among their whitening hair, their thoughts strayed back with pathetic pleasure to those early days before their life-paths diverged; when life was still a playground, and Walter Carew the brightest of playmates. In later times, they sometimes used to ask each other, when a remnant of the old group happened to meet, and old days became the topic of conversation, why it was that Carew still continued to bury himself in that remote village, and had failed to fulfil to the world the brilliant promise of his earlier years. Some among them had gleaned the answer to this question before now; to others, it came this afternoon, for the first time, as they glanced towards the strangely varied groups of mourners, all evidently united by a new bond of heartfelt sorrow. Clearly, whatever Walter Carew's life had missed, there had been work in it which belonged to the imperishable, some toilworn hearts thought, with a sigh, as memories of their past life-voyage flitted across their minds, and they cast a backward glance along the vanishing wake of their own track.

There was one spectator, evidently not ranking among the mourners, who, judging from the earnest gaze with which he surveyed the scene, seemed anxious to glean some explanatory fragments of the history of the finished life. He was a young man, who had crossed the low crumbling wall which skirted the upper part of the old graveyard, and, sauntering quietly across the graves, he stood outside the circle, leaning on a lichened head-stone watching the scene. The dark grey well-fitting riding suit which he wore, suited his tall, graceful, though slightly stooping figure. His pale face was too long to be called handsome. The thoughtful expression in his dark eyes sometimes merged into dreaminess; but now and then they were lighted up with bright clear flashes and sudden penetrating gleams, which illumined his whole face. There was a glance of keen surprise in them now, as he received a reply to his whispered inquiry as to who was being buried. "'Tis strange! he must surely have been a very different man from his predecessor," he muttered, as his eye again rested on some little groups, in whom he seemed specially interested, who stood apart, huddled together as if they were conscious that it was decreed that they should occupy as little space as possible in God's sunlighted earth. The pale, shrivelled-looking miners certainly contrasted strongly with the groups of stalwart, rosy farmers, and it might, indeed, have seemed a problem to one who did not know how near their dreary haunts lay, how they

could have come by their grimy dress, sallow hue, and sunken cheeks, amid the fields, happy with white lambs, and fragrant with fresh-mown grain. And as they stood listening to the words, which some among them had heard for the first time, from him whose head and hand had now ceased to plan and work for their welfare when he followed them to the gloomy scene of their underground toil, to tell them of One who is "the Resurrection and the Life," these words seemed to come with new meaning and hope to those hearts, which had been led up by their belief in the village doctor, to the first beginnings of faith and hope in a heavenly Father.

When the prayers were all said, and the yellowing rays of the afternoon sun were streaming calmly down on the brown earth which hid the familiar, revered figure from their sight for ever, the mourners began to disperse, and Dr. Carew's son turned away, with a pained face, from the pitiful greetings and kind words of his father's old friends, the burden of their wishes for his welfare, expressed or unexpressed, being that he might be as good a man as his father, and since he had chosen his profession, might adorn it as he had done.

Poor Frank! who had just renounced that profession, and was still going about with the burden of his undivulged secret in his heart. He began to feel a nervous terror of further words of sympathy, and turned shrinkingly away from the pitying glances that were cast on him from all sides by the dwellers in Chadsthorpe, with whom "Dr. Frank," as they called him, was a great favourite.

The stranger still stood leaning against the mossy stone, apparently interested in watching the dispersing groups. The miners were the first to move. They started off as if suddenly recollecting, what they had been too absorbed to remember during the past half-hour, that their presence was unwelcome. They had long ago accepted their position as an isolated and suspected band of strangers, in the pleasant country side, whither the struggle for bread had drifted them. In fact, the present occasion was the first, during all those years, that the miners and natives had stood together, united by any common bond of interest, and now that the eventful meeting was passed, they seemed inclined to move away towards their coal-stained paths in dogged silence, which was certainly not encouraging to friendly advances. Among the groups of farmers, however, there was one man who seemed inclined to run the risk of a rejection of friendly overtures. He was old Farmer Warren, whose fields lay nearest to the moor, and who had once been the loudest in his invectives against the miners and the black desolation which they had made in the valley. He looked of a patriarchal age now, and his fast-doubling figure rested on his staff, though his scanty grey locks fell on still rosy cheeks. Limping up to the miner who chanced to be nearest him, he stretched out his trembling hand. It happened to be Dick Hayward. He seemed still to be haunted by the fit of sullenness which possessed him when Margaret saw him passing Caleb Bartlett's cottage. He looked more haggard than he did on that evening, but scarcely less defiant. Sorrow for his benefactor's loss seemed struggling with some other feeling which overmastered it. His head was thrown back in its haughtiest pose, and he strode away with his hands in his pockets, completely ignoring Farmer Warren's proffered hand. The blood crept into the old man's face at this repulse, but he seemed determined not to accept it as final.

"Come, neighbours, let's be friends," he said, seizing one man by the jacket, who happened to be passing, and holding out his hand to another. "I don't wonder at ye bein' a trifle saucy, after all that's come and gone. But let's be friends now, I say. 'Tis late enough, but better late than never, as the sayin' is. It's what he would ha' had us do twenty year agone. Let's make downright friends now, afore we leave this bit o' turf. 'Twill be the fittingest monument for the like o' him, saint that he was!" said the old man, still holding the two miners in his grasp. Glancing round to two others, who had paused to listen, he continued, "'Taint your fault, after all, that you've hacked and messed the blessed bit o' land that the good Squire Hartleigh gave for bread to the widders and orphants. More shame to them as did it, sure enough," and an angry flush came into the old man's cheek, as if there were some danger of the rekindling of an old fire. With a glance towards the freshly laid turf, he checked himself with a heavy sigh.

"It's hard this evil natur within us will not let bygones be bygones!" he said, smiling, as he released the miners' hands only to catch hold of two others who were passing.

"I'll tell ye what, lads," he exclaimed presently, with a beaming face, as if charmed with the new idea which had presented itself to his mind. "You'll show yourselves

friendly this very night as he would ha' wished. You'll come, every man of you, to Oak Farm in the twilight, and we'll have a pipe together and a glass o' the missus's best-brewed ale. I'll have a table spread in the long barn. And ye'll be right welcome every one of ye,—and as many more as likes to come!" And the old man hobbled about, gleefully spreading his peacemaking proposals in all directions, and pointing with his staff to the pleasant homestead whose white gables could be seen from the churchyard gleaming out from their sentinel trees.

"A pipe and a glass o' the missus's best-brewed ale" seemed, perhaps, rather an unworthy and limited way of initiating the first-fruits of Dr. Carew's faithful work of many years. Nevertheless, it meant for old Farmer Warren a step onward in the path towards those blessed portals where stands written the golden promise to peacemakers.

A few of the farmers standing near followed their old neighbour's example. These advances were received by the miners, in most cases, with shy astonishment. Some followed Dick Hayward's example, and lounged sulkily away to their haunts, vowing that they would have "naught to do wi' the like of them at this time of day."

But all the truest mourners felt that the sense of their common loss had begun to melt away the long-standing bitter prejudice, as the sun-rays act on an obstinate mass of ice.

The young stranger had not yet quitted his post of observation at the grey headstone. He seemed to listen to Farmer Warren's loud-spoken, hearty greetings and friendly overtures towards the miners with an air of puzzled interest. But now some glances of curiosity began to be directed towards him by the dispersing villagers as they moved away. His whip and gaiters showed that he had not been one of the mourners, and an unfamiliar figure in their small circle was always an object for speculation.

The young man seemed suddenly to become aware that he was the subject of whispered comments, for he started from his post at the headstone, and, with a look of shyness, not unmingled with irritation, crossing his face, he walked hastily away in the opposite direction from the main path, where the straggling companies were dispersing.

"Here's a pretty mess for a man come to your time of life to have got yourself into, Warren," said a long-legged, loose-jointed man, with a jaunty air, coming up to the old farmer as he was creeping slowly along in the midst of a group of neighbours.

"None of your chaff, Petworth; we ain't in a humour for that to-night," said one of the party, glancing disapprovingly at the newcomer, who stood with his hand in his pocket, ostentatiously jingling his money; a habit of his, which seemed meant as a protest against the old fashion prevalent among his neighbours of storing their coins inside old jugs and stockings in nooks and crannies of their oak-panelled kitchens.

"I cautioned you to take care what you were about, old fellow!" he continued, with an unpleasant laugh. "That comes of takin' up with vagabonds and the like; one gets to talk treasonable." And again he paused and glanced round, nodding mysteriously to his audience.

"There ain't nobody been talkin' treasonable. What do you mean, Petworth?" mildly interposed an old friend on whose arm Farmer Warren was leaning as they discussed the best arrangements for the projected entertainment at Oak Farm, and how the fact had best be broken to the "missus," whose adverse sentiments regarding the miners were well known.

"Mean! I'll soon tell you that, and then you can judge for yourself whether it ain't mess enough for a tenant to have got into," continued Petworth, in a high, rasping tone. "Do you know who was standing there, at that tombstone, Warren, listening to your revilin' of the Hartleigh family when you took to hobnobbin' with them mining rascals? Well, then, I'll tell you. It was just the young squire himself! Now then, lads; what think you of that?"

"I don't believe it; it's just a bit of your nonsense, Petworth," struck in another man. "They say he made a vow not to set his foot in the place as long as he lives. I heard that three year agone, that time when he came o' age, and we had the dinner at the Hartleigh Arms, and folks set talkin' that he was a comin' to live at the Towers."

"Gents don't always keep their vows no more than other folks, neighbour Giles," replied Petworth. "That he's standing on the road there, is as sure as I'm standing here. I had it from his own groom, who is holding his horse in the beechwood yonder. There now, Warren; I saw the young gentleman listening to every word you were a' sayin' to them vagabonds. 'Twas that first made me have an eye on him."

A period of open-mouthed meditation seemed always necessary to Farmer Warren before he was able to receive a new idea.

"It moight be; it moight," he said presently,

in a musing tone. "'Twas what he kept a beggin' and a práyin' the Almighty for, many a day," he added, pointing to the freshly-laid turf as he brushed a tear from his eye. "He allays said, saint that he was, 'Don't be hard on the young man for neglecting his lands. It's little wonder he has no liking for the place. He will, maybe, turn out as good a squire as the good Squire Hartleigh, who gave the common to the village. If we could only get him to come and see things with his own eyes'—that's what he said. An' so the lad has come, an' was a standin' there when the master was a buryin', ye say, Petworth. Ay, ay; 'tis the way. One goes, another comes. I would like to ha' seen the lad; bless him. He was a pretty little chap, wi' the wonderfullest pair o' eyes, when I saw him first, in his nurse's arms; but when he growed up a bit, he got frightened like; and if all tales be true, 'twas no wonder. Dear, dear! it seeems like yesterday since I saw him bein' driven away in the big old carriage to his schoolin'. Rushworth was sittin' aside him, and the poor little chap was lookin' as frightened as a rabbit wi' a terrier at its heels."

"It's all very well for you to be a blessin' of him now, Mister Warren; but you did something very different when he was standin' there listening to you!" said Petworth, in an unpleasant tone. "Not but what I'm glad enough that the young gent's heard some plain speaking about them mines—making a mountain of a fortune off a bit of land robbed from the widder and the fatherless." And Mr. Petworth, emboldened by a few approving murmurs, continued in a rhetorical tone: "And, neighbours, listen to what I say. Let's stick to our colours bravely. Have nothing to do wi' them minin' rascals, who have been and messed our valley. You're a greater fool than I took you for, Warren, if you let one of them darken your door. Why, they're not fit company for decent dogs, not to speak of Christian folks. No disrespect meant to the poor gentleman we've been a buryin' of this afternoon; but there's no doubt them mining rascals took him in bad enough. Just to think of his spending money he should have been laying up for his widder and orphants, and raising that fine reading-room on the common, for such a low lot. Why, didn't the parson himself say it was a perfect pandemonium, that mining village; and the less we had to do with it the better? And I'll stick to the parson's advice," wound up Mr. Petworth, annihilating as he did so some innocent green leaves with the point of an obtrusive umbrella which he carried; while some of his rustic neighbours looked admiringly, thinking what a fine thing it was to be able to "come over the parson's ticklish words, as neighbour Petworth's schoolin' helped him to do."

Farmer Warren, however, began to move away with an unconvinced shake of the head. "Don't want no argufyin', young man," he said, glancing disapprovingly at Petworth, proving by his appellation, certainly, that youthfulness is a comparative term when applied to the iron-grey Petworth, over whose head fifty summers had passed, clearly without having nurtured any pleasant fruits of character.

"The fact is," continued Farmer Warren, "the devil's argufied wi' us long enough agin these poor chaps at the mines. I ain't agoin' to be no longer like them proud gents we read o' in the Scripter—the Pharisees, that the doctor used to say—bless him—we were copyin' of in Chadsthorpe. I've axed every man o' them to come up to the farm this very night, and have a pipe and a glass o' the missus's best ale, and I'll stick to what I've said, standin' aside that grave, this afternoon, in spite o' the missus and all o' ye;" and the old man planted his staff on the ground and glanced round, looking certainly more benevolent than bellicose.

"Come, neighbour Dewey, we must be agoin' home to talk over the old woman. 'Twill be a grand bit o' news for her to hear the young squire's come back to the valley, where the old stock flourished this many a day. Ay, 'tis a true sayin', 'One goeth, another cometh,'" said the old man, with a heavy sigh, as he cast a lingering glance towards the quiet green bed where they laid the busy doctor to rest.

While Farmer Warren and his friend are creeping along, intent on peacemaking projects, we shall follow the returned squire, who stood now in the bridle-path which skirted the old wall of the churchyard. He was beckoning to a groom, who waited at some distance off in a shady part of the road, and seemed endeavouring to soothe the impatience of the riderless horse, which he held alongside the one on which he was mounted. All three appeared heartily glad to obey the summons, for the halt had seemed unaccountably long to the stable-bound party, and not conducive to the good humour of servant or steed.

"I think, after all, Coles, I shall not return to St. Oswald's to-night; I shall likely put up at that inn we stopped at; possibly at the Towers. You had better ride on to St.

Oswald's, and tell the people at the Crown that I shan't be there till to-morrow afternoon, at all events," said the young man, in a clear, quiet tone, as the man led the horse to the place where he stood. The announcement seemed to cause considerable surprise, not unmixed with as much disapprobation as was possible for the correct manners of flunkeyism.

"Perhaps you have forgotten your appointment with Captain Lake this evening, sir," he said, touching his hat, while with the other hand he gave an impatient jerk to the bridle of the thoroughbred, who, probably with a sense of injured innocence, gave a few remonstrant plunges.

"Oh, yes, by the way; I was due in Lake's rooms this evening. Tell him I've been detained at Chadsthorpe by business, Coles," he added, with a laugh.

The man glanced at him with an air of surprise, for though his young master might be very "worriting," as he expressed it, at times, yet he was not in the habit of asking him to tell, what appeared to Coles's plain Saxon mind, a lie. At St. Oswald's he knew that there was "business" on hand that evening, for Captain Lake's wine party came under that category in his mind; but it was certain his master could have nothing to do in this village, to which he seemed to have paid such a purposeless visit that day, and which he had been so extremely anxious to quit even before Coles's careful mind considered the horses sufficiently rested after their ride from town.

"How about Sircom, sir? There will be nobody to look after him proper, if I go back to St. Oswald's," he said, laying his hand affectionately on the neck of his master's beautiful black horse. It would be a sacrifice to remain certainly, he decided; but still if his master was bent on this extraordinary freak, Coles felt that he ought to sacrifice himself, though he also had his little social arrangement, for the evening, at the Crown.

"Oh, Sircom will be all right; the steward's boy will groom him well enough. I daresay they will be able to give me a bed at the Towers, though I rejected their hospitality an hour ago."

"Well, sir, it ain't likely he'll refuse you one of your own beds, if it comes to that; but excuse me, sir, I think you'll be a deal comfortabler in the Crown than in one of them big vaults of places that look as though they hadn't seen the light of day in the memory of any bein'."

"Not quite so long as that, Coles. Some of them have seen it within my memory—though I must allow it wasn't a very cheerful light that shone into them at times," the young man muttered, with a bitter laugh, as he mounted his horse.

The servant watched his movements with an air of remonstrance, as he turned his horse's head along the narrow path, till the horse and rider disappeared among the vistas of green. With a sigh over the wilfulness of gentry generally, and his gentleman in particular, Coles turned away, as he had been commanded, in the direction of the turnpike which led to St. Oswald's, into which the little bridle-path finally merged. At its junction with the main road, there stood a weather-worn signboard, with some threatening words regarding the severe treatment of possible trespassers. The highroad happened at this point to be extremely dusty and shadeless, as the path of duty not unfrequently is, whereas the forbidden way appeared to wind between luring labyrinths of green; so the temptation generally proved too strong for the morals of journeying peasant or pedlar, especially as they soon began to discover that the battered signboard was the sole insignia of authority, and that neither sword of steel nor flame guarded the way to the pleasant greenwood.

As Coles was pursuing his way leisurely towards the turnpike, he saw a horse and cart, laden with branches, coming along, led by a raw-looking native, and the town-bred man thought that a little teasing of the rustic might enliven his ride; and, moreover, he felt that he had a piece of news to tell that would prove quite sensational to the dwellers in Chadsthorpe.

"Come, now, sirra, you haven't left much room to pass, and if I'm not mistaken, there's a piece of writing at the top of the road there to say this path ain't intended for carts—nor people neither excepting on their way to the house. Mind you'll be meeting the squire in a minute; see you give him a little more room for his horse to pass than you've done me," he added good-naturedly, having made his horse scramble past among the bushwood which fringed the path, as the native stood open-mouthed, pondering what his words meant.

"The squoire—young Squoire Hartleigh, did ye say?" he said slowly, bringing his horse to a halt.

"Why, yes; I didn't mean the buried one, though we are near the churchyard. If all tales be true, he wouldn't have been quite so harmless to meet, neither, so you may thank your stars it's only the young one who's on in front there."

"You'll be a jokin' wi' me, master," replied the carter, with a slow smile; "the squoire be far enough from his woods, I'll be bound. They say he can't abear 'em, and allays stays in Lunnon or them furrin' parts;" and then, as if he recollected that some explanation might be necessary concerning the contents of his cart, he added, "'Twas Lawyer Rushworth as said as how I moight ha' them dead twigs for the pickin' o' them up."

"Come, come, don't be 'mastering' of me; that won't go down. The squire's my master, and a very good one he is, except when he takes it into his head to change his plans. So you've been thieving as well as trespassing, I can see. Well, well, you can give an account of yourself to the squire along there—only don't you be starting that skittish animal of his with your lumbering cart; and mind you answer his questions about these branches you've been breaking off his trees," he added, laughing mischievously as he rode away, leaving the native mystified as to whether his information belonged to the region of fact or fiction.

WORDS AS WITNESSES.

I.

THE nature of written and spoken words, the treasures contained in them, and some uses, not commonly recognised, of which they are susceptible, form the subject of this paper. We distinguish them as written and spoken words, because there are other words besides: there are many languages in addition to those which are uttered by the tongue. Indeed, all nature has been framed into a language which man is meant to hear or read, and which, in every part of it, reminds us how significantly He is called The Word, "by Whom all things were made."

"The heavens declare the glory of God." "Day unto day uttereth speech; night unto night showeth forth knowledge." Trees and flowers and birds, the gorgeous sunset, and soothing twilight, and the ever-burning stars, are expressed thoughts of wisdom and tenderness and love. Every man, too, is a sign amongst his fellow-men; as, indeed, is implied in those words, 'expression' and 'character,' which we so naturally apply to our shapes and features and our movements. Our public buildings, in like manner, are descriptions of our civil polity, and of facts in the nation's history—besides disclosing the thoughts of the architect who designed them. Indeed, all things by which we are surrounded may be regarded as uttering forth the conceptions of The Supreme, or of created minds. Every being and object is a sign of the laws and order of the universe in which we are living, or of facts which belong to it. And the words which we write or speak must, in their essential natures, take their place amongst those other embodiments of thought. Fundamentally they are one with all those symbols, and only differ from them in and by reason of the fact that they convey their meaning more compactly and conveniently into the spirits which are waiting to receive it.

And now, regarding them in this representative character, we will dwell upon them under these three divisions. First, as signs of things actually existing, either in the present or in past times; secondly, as expressive of laws or conventions which determine our personal relations to those things; and, thirdly, as witnesses of conceptions, of hues and aspects, which have been cast over those realities and relationships. These three divisions will include nearly, if not quite, all the words which we find in books, or which we use in our conversation with each other.

First, then, words are representative of facts either in present or in past time, so that we may bring them separately forward as trustworthy witnesses to the actual being, and as indications of the genuine nature, of things, which have been or are now existing. The reality of the thing is necessary to explain the origination of the word. It can only be accounted for by the appearance or occurrence of the fact which it denotes. As a great writer has observed, "Philosophers may have often affirmed, and the multitude may have believed, far more than could be proved. Meanwhile, the vehicles they have employed in defining and promulgating such illusions have faithfully embodied the genuine verities of philosophy and of religion; just as a wonder-loving traveller, while he tells a thousand tales of griffins and of dragons, sets us right by the dumb testimony of the specimens which he

has brought with him. Men might as easily create to themselves a sixth sense, as fabricate and keep in use a system of terms that have no archetypes in nature." Unquestionably. And the remark holds good even in those instances which this writer has suggested, and which some might use as exceptions to the truth affirmed by him. For it may be said, "Though we have the words 'griffin' and 'dragon,' we have not the things themselves." We will not say anything of Mr. Hawkins's specimens at the Crystal Palace, in answer to this difficulty—though, by the way, they would answer it, and in similar cases we might appeal to similar examples. We will rather employ these exceptive words as direct illustrations of what this writer has been saying. Let it be admitted that 'griffins' and 'dragons' are only productions of the fancy. But then, strictly speaking, the fancy cannot create anything. It can only bring together, in new shapes and combinations, things which are already in existence. If we separate those grotesque figures, or any others to which a word has been attached, into their component parts, we shall find that those parts are real. So that, in truth, there is no exception to the rule, that every word represents some thing, and may be brought forward as a decisive witness whenever the reality of that thing has been denied.

However, they are mainly words which are in common use to which we are alluding, when we say that realities may be inferred from them, just as we infer the existence of objects from the images which we look on in a mirror. And so, for example, it would have been a sufficient answer to the Indian who denied that water could be hardened, if the word "ice" had been brought before him in this manner. Just as for us, whose house foundations have never rocked beneath our feet, and who have never beheld huge masses driven like straws before the wind, the words "earthquake" and "tornado" are proof enough that such occurrences do in fact transpire. By this use of words, we may with little effort, and that made most pleasantly, find an immense amount of information which is both valuable and trustworthy. We might, for example, learn the character of a people, and have a good notion of the aspect of a country, by looking in this manner to their language. If we had never been across the channel, or looked on a Parisian, French, examined as we are now suggesting, would tell us what manner of men our neighbours are, and in what kind of country they are living. So, in like manner, the grave, majestic gait of the Spaniards, and the broad foreheads of the Germans, might be gathered from their words. From a people's language we may ascertain what their manners are, and how their skulls are shaped. There is a well-known saying of Charles V., which expresses, somewhat coarsely perhaps, what is here meant. "I should speak," he said, "in German to horses, and in French to fops; in Italian I should talk to ladies, in English to men, and in Spanish I should pray to God." So the features of a country, whether it is maritime or inland, whether it is level or mountainous, frozen or scorched, might be learned from the same source. And so we might discover the aspect of its cities. One who has never been in London might imagine its shape and position, and its constant advance into the suburbs, from hearing of its Streets, its Strand, its Hills and Lanes, its Rises, its Roads, its Woods and Groves. In this view, words are inexhaustible in their instructiveness as to facts of all kinds that are about us at this time. And so they are also in their unfoldings of the past. They have been called "fossil history" in this view of them. They show the character o nations which have long passed away, and they are often direct records of single facts in bygone times. Their very nature as expressions, as the signs of what is in the people or about them, imply that they necessarily bear this character as witnesses of history. The men who spoke the language of Livy and Tacitus were not a mercantile, or an agricultural people. They must have been distinguished by their military character; and they were not often beaten in their wars. "Let the entire Roman history," it has been said, "be repudiated or lost, yet give us only a complete vocabulary of Latin words; and from that source alone we should readily recover an authentic record of those successive triumphs which at length made the Cæsars Lords of the world." So, again, "Aristotle may have taught a false history of the universe, and Plato may have dreamed in politics and morals; but can we turn over the pages of a Greek lexicon and then doubt that the Greek mind was of philosophic cast? With the Greek language, with its mere words and idioms before us, we want no historians, no poets, no temples or marbles, to assure us that the race of men using that tongue, were, in mind and taste, all that historians, poets, marbles, and temples show them to have been."

By far the best illustrations of this part of our subject are given by Archbishop Trench, in that invaluable book of his, "On the Study of Words." In one chapter on what he calls "History in words," he says, "We might almost reconstruct our history, so far as it turns upon the Norman Conquest, by an analysis of our present language, a muster of its words in groups, and a close observation of the nature and character of those which the two races have severally contributed to it. Thus we should confidently conclude that the Norman was the ruling race from the noticeable fact that all the words of dignity, state, honour, and pre-eminence, with one remarkable exception (to be adduced presently) descend to us from them. 'Sovereign,' 'sceptre,' 'throne,' 'realm,' 'royalty,' 'homage,' 'prince,' 'duke,' 'count,' ('earl,' indeed, is Scandinavian, though we must borrow his countess from the Norman), 'chancellor,' 'treasurer,' 'palace,' 'castle,' 'hall,' and a multitude more. At the same time, the one remarkable exception, 'King,' would make us, even did we know nothing of the actual facts, suspect that the chieftain of the ruling race came in, not upon a new title, not as overthrowing a former dynasty, but claiming to be in the rightful line of its succession; that the true continuity of the nation had not in fact, any more than in word, been entirely broken, but survived in due time to assert itself anew."

This long extract shall close the illustrations, which are also proofs, of the assertion that words are trustworthy witnesses of facts; that, over and above their uses when woven into continuous discourse, they are, singly and separately, depositaries of knowledge which is invaluable with respect to our outward life and circumstances.

Then, again, they will, in the same way, give information concerning the real nature of our mental and moral constitution; and, in giving this information, they will also securely protect us from the poisonous blight of much that passes amongst men as philosophy, or knowledge of mankind. Thus, as Isaac Taylor has remarked, "If the question should be asked, 'Am I responsible, am I to be held accountable for my disposition, or my conduct?' it is at once answered by simply appealing to the mere words that must be employed for its enunciation. More convincing, we might say, than any argument in proof of the reality of that moral scheme about which you are in doubt, are the terms to which you are compelled to have recourse in making known your scepticism. If man be not a moral agent, how comes he to talk as if he were? If, indeed, he be only a brute of finer form, born of the earth, and returning to it, whence is it that, in respect of virtue and vice, of good and evil, the dialect of heaven is employed by him? When and how was it that he stole the vocabulary of the skies?" That is to say, the fact of man's responsibility, the certainty that he is morally accountable, is surely vouched for by the existence of the terms "right" and "wrong," "ill-doing" and "punishment," "merit" and "desert." So, again, "The language of every civilised people abounds with words and phrases expressive of the benignant emotions which belong to our relationships. They carry into all minds a meaning, more or less deep and full, and it is a meaning which is perfectly distinguishable from that of certain other words and phrases, such as 'self-love' and 'selfishness,' which are employed in opposition. These words, and many like them, such as 'anger,' 'hatred,' 'malice,' 'revenge,' 'envy,' are truly understood by all men when employed as representing genuine and uncompounded states of mind. Neither philosopher nor satirist has ever ventured to say that hatred is a mere disguise of love, or that revenge is a circuitous benevolence, or that envy and jealousy are amiable hypocrisies. No! all take these terms really to mean just what they appear to mean. On the other hand, however, some do say that this is not the case with such words as those of which 'love,' 'sympathy,' 'compassion,' 'self-devotion,' are the principal. This is affirmed by writers who go about to prove that all men are as base and frivolous as the most base and frivolous of men know themselves to be; that, in fact, human nature is a flimsy manufacture of cardboard, gold-leaf, paint, and varnish. They say there is no love which is not self-love; no sympathy which is not a feeling for myself; no benevolence of which my particular ease, comfort, and welfare is not the reason, the beginning, and the end."

Such is the human-nature theory of some writers by whose popularity we were, if we are not still, disgraced. And how shall it be confuted and driven from the midst of us? Argument, in the common forms of argument, is of no service in such cases. Indeed, these libellers of humanity will tell you that they court an application of reason on the subject. 'Come with us,' they say,

'into the laboratories where our investigations are carried forward. Here are specimens of human nature! Let us apply the fire and the tests! Our analysis is perfect. And you see that what you thought gold and silver are mere brass and tin; and your diamonds are only icicles, or at best they are but sparkling stones!' It is of no use pointing out to these men the fact, which they have lost the power to recognise, viz., that their specimens of human nature are not true specimens, and that their tests have been unfairly used; or that the results of their analysis have been misread. All this is of no use, for the simple reason that our philosopher has himself lost the power to discover the element for which he is searching. He cannot find love, and nobleness, and self-devotion! No! nor can the blind man find the richly brilliant colouring that, you tell him, is clothing the rose or the lily which you put into his hands. Such men, natively base, or base by self-indulgence, have quenched their souls' light; and wisdom, at one entrance, is quite shut out from them. And yet there is a witness by which they even can be silenced and convicted. We find it in the very words which they must use in uttering their libels. How came these terms of virtue into existence, if, in fact, all virtue is unreal? These persons say deliberately, and at their leisure, what David tells us he said "in haste," that "all men are liars." But, in the first place, "liars" is an epithet of relationship. There can be no liars where there are no true men. We can only imagine falsehood in reference to truth. Only where equity is known and practised, can iniquity be even spoken of. By the relative form of his terms, therefore, our libeller is at once convicted. But the verdict, with no recommendation at all to mercy, must be given against him when we confront him with the great principle, that words can only be accounted for when they are regarded as being, directly and immediately, the evidences of things, so that when we speak of love we are testifying that men have real affection for each other; when we speak of compassion, it is a witness that there is, in fact, genuine pity in men's hearts. Benevolence and self-devotion could never have been talked about, if such feelings had not been actually realised. We might as well speak of an image without an object, or of an expression without mind, or, in short, of an effect without a cause, as deny the reality of the things of which these signs are habitually used.

In this principle we have a protection against the debasing maxims of the base. And it is, indeed, most wonderful, nay, it is solemnly impressive, to observe how false teachers must thus bear witness against themselves. They cannot shape their accusations without giving evidence, in the very words that must be used by them, through which they are confuted. The declaration is literally true that "out of their own mouths they are condemned." G. S. DREW.

THE SON OF MAN IN HIS KINGDOM.

"I am among you as he that serveth."—St. Luke xxii. 27.

THOU who rulest with the lowly,
Stooping that the weak may reign;
Pure One in a world unholy,
Health mid weariness and pain,—
Love Divine in men that love us,
Strength of angels that defend,
Thou wilt bring the heaven above us
Round our footsteps to the end.

Can there be an abject hour
Waiting on the heavenly call
For a spirit that has power
To receive Thee, Lord of All,
Coming in Thy might to save us
Through these crumbling paths of dust,
Through the very cares that crave us
With our heritage of trust?

Frailty upon frailty pressing,
Need to need for succour bound,
One Almighty Arm confessing,
Lead us over holy ground.
In the kingdom of a Brother,
We before our Father's face
Live by want of one another,
To the glory of His grace.

Wide the weary hand extending,
Filled with help it may not see,
For a service never ending,
King of Kings, we welcome Thee.
Toils shall cherish and restore us,
Pains the failing flesh will nerve,
If Thy Presence put before us
But a little child to serve.

We shall find a holier treasure
Than our vanished ease could bring,
In the pure, unbroken leisure
Of communion with our King.
And the wide domain Thou knowest
Of a will in God at rest,
Bending to its last and lowest
As the greatest and the best.

With Thy watchers true and tender
Sings my heart in concert whole:
Love, whatever it surrender,
Is the safeguard of the soul.
Faithful are the cares that win me
From a life that passes by,
Boundless room for One within me,
Higher evermore than I. A. L. WARING.

SOMETHING BETTER THAN GASLIGHT FOR DENSE DISTRICTS.

A YOUNG man was startled by what was to him a new revelation. He was one of the favoured flock of the late Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod, of Glasgow. His heart had been touched by the fire of heaven into earnest endeavour to save the lost from the fires of the pit. And the field of his choice was a mill and foundry district, in Glasgow, full of men, women, and children, without a single one of the twelve gates of pearl open night and day, or any one to echo the call of Spirit and Bride, and bid them come in, while there were plenty of dance-houses, and drink-places, as open gateways, inviting them to destruction.

As for methods of work, he, like most of us, had unbounded confidence in the old adage, that an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure, and it had not entered his head that the Sabbath-school had not in it, if fairly worked out, the full ounce of prevention. And the revelation which so startled him, was the fact, that the lads and lasses, as soon as they entered foundry or mill, and began to think themselves no longer children, dropped out of his school and were altogether lost to his care.

Whether this revelation was made under gaslight, and in scenes of dance-house and drink-place, amidst the kindling fires of death and hell, does not appear. Very likely it was. But whether so or not, it made the matter perfectly clear, that something more was required if they were to be saved.

Reasoning, however, as so many of us have done, he jumped to a conclusion. He said in his heart, "They begin to think themselves men and women, and they leave the Sabbath-school because they look upon it, and think others do, as the place for children. Therefore, if I form them into Bible classes, and dignify them with higher-sounding names, I shall be able to hold them."

With full confidence in this conclusion, he formed a "Young Men's Bible Class," and a "Mill Girls' Bible Class."

Judge then his disappointment and new quandary, when he found that the associations of foundry and mill, and the attractions of dance-house and drink-place, were altogether an overmatch for his Bible classes, with all their added dignity of name.

Then what? Should he give it up? No. His position in one respect was that of Jacob at Jabbok. Not that he or his goods were in peril from an Esau, but his children were, and the man—the angel—the Lord had taken hold of him to wrestle with him in a matter upon which blessing to many tens of thousands was suspended, and he had sufficient understanding of the matter to get a firm grip of the invisible Angel of the Covenant, and never to let go until Jabbok should become Peniel. His disappointment was only one turn in the long night of wrestling, and he knew that the day must break at last. The present defeat, therefore, served only to bring him more firmly into the imperative mood for victory. Not the imperative mood of self-will. No. But of dependence upon God in the assurance that, however long the night of wrestling might be, the morning of blessing would come.

Here let it be understood that the pentecostal fire which had touched his soul into unquenchable ardour for the salvation of the lost, was quite that of the upper chamber. He had long been a Christian, but a little book, which fell into his hands at the right moment, had convinced him of a higher life as for him, and he had reconsecrated himself to Christ and been greatly enriched by a wonderfully enlarged acquaintance with Jesus as the Saviour of His people from their sins. But for this he might, indeed, when defeated in his Bible-class campaign, have doggedly determined to fight it out on that line; but he would hardly have been brought into the imperative mood, and yet been as he was, as teachable as a child, and inquiring of the Lord what must be done.

In this mood he met, one autumn day in 1858, in one of the hotels of Stirling, a gentleman who, like himself, was deeply interested in the children of the poor. They talked long and earnestly about the dark problems of the dense districts of our cities, and were of one mind both as to the insufficiency of Sabbath-school and Bible class, however perfectly worked, to hold the lads and lasses, and as to the necessity for some other provision for them if they were to be saved. But neither of them had so much as a hint about what that provision must be.

After all, was it not presumption in a young man, a layman, to take the imperative attitude before so great a problem? Let the facts answer. This young layman was

Mr. J. Wakefield MacGill. He has not abandoned or neglected his calling in business, but kept prosperously on amid all competition. Yet he is now General Superintendent of Grove Street Home Mission Institute, Glasgow, in the centre of the dense district which was then so baffling to all his efforts and plans, and the Institute has now about three hundred earnest volunteer workers in its connection, and something like two thousand five hundred men, women, and children under its wing, with an ample and excellent hall as the home and centre of its operations. And already we have in its organization, spirit, and proximate results, a noble example of the dark problems in question fairly worked out.

How this has come about is well worth knowing.

The gentleman met in Stirling by Mr. MacGill, advised him to see Mr. Michael Connall, of Glasgow. And on his return he did so, and was invited to visit Mr. Connall's "Spoutmouth Bible Society." This name, of course, was not adopted as indicative of its speaking character, and yet, it would seem, that one of its characteristics was to do no little talking, both in and out of their meetings.

However that may have been, Mr. MacGill, following the general plan of Mr. Connall's Society, organized the lads, in his own work, into a Young Men's Bible Student Society, and the lasses into a Mill Girls' Religious Society.

What was the essential difference between these and the Bible classes?

The working principle, with the added strength it gave to the social bond.

In their Bible classes they were learners mainly, while in the new societies they were workers together with their superintendent both for the mutual benefit as members, and for the ingathering and salvation of the multitudes beyond.

The difference, therefore, was radical and great. The morning had broken, the day had dawned, the great principle that God had acted upon in the salvation of men was seen in its application specifically to the dark problems of the dense districts of our cities, and even to the lads and lasses in the years of their greatest peril.

Strange that we should be so slow in the application of this principle! We see it clearly in its importance in mission fields among the heathen. We understand that while we may, and must, send Christian men and women to initiate the work among them, it is only by those among themselves converted to God that the work can be effectually carried on to completion.

Yet at home, and especially among the young, we have almost utterly failed to apply this principle. The truth is, that it is universally applicable. Children saved must in the main, and under guidance of those more mature, be the witnesses to and intercessors for their fellows. Drunkards saved must be the heralds to those unsaved of the power of Christ to set them free from the awful bondage of their appetite and habit. The moralist saved is best able to deal with the moralist, the infidel with the infidel, the fashionable with the fashionable, and so on to the end. Each class must in the main, under God, be instrumental among its own, one with another, of its own salvation.

Gideon and the Midianites illustrate this principle. The Midianites in countless numbers come up against Israel; Gideon is called to deliver the land; God sifts out all but three hundred of those who volunteer to go against the Midianites, and arms this little band with trumpets in one hand and lamps hidden in empty pitchers in the other, entirely without any other armour or weapons. Then the Lord leads them in the darkness of the night into the sleeping camp of the enemy, and has them, at a signal, blow their trumpets and break their pitchers, and let their light shine; that is all. Then He causes the awakened and alarmed Midianites to fall one upon another until the whole host melts away.

Ah! that is the principle: to get the lost and hopeless, the young or the old, the hardest as well as the tenderest, awakened and engaged in falling one upon another until all shall be saved.

Jonathan and his armour-bearer is another illustration for us. Led by the Lord, the two went heart in heart, in the dark, over from the little camp of Israel, only six hundred in all, to the great camp of the Philistines. And first making sure that the Lord was leading them, they climbed up the steep rock, and fell on the Philistines, and slew about twenty of their many, many thousands. And what then? Then the awakened Philistines themselves began slaying each other, and they went on slaying each other, and there was a great trembling in their camp until they were all *hors de combat*.

This is the thing. We are to follow the Lord wholly, as Jonathan did, though He shall lead us singly against countless numbers, entrenched and armed. And what

then? He may give us twenty, and then what? If the great work is done, it will be by setting them to saving each other until there is a great trembling amongst themselves, and the conquest shall be made complete for the Lord.

One Samaritan woman saved will bring to Christ more of her fellow-townsmen in a day than a host of Jews could in a year.

The admirable working of this principle has a great many truthful exemplifications, and amongst these it might not be easy to find a better than one among the lads of the Grove Street work. A boys' prayer-meeting was started. The lads were hard to manage; order seemed impossible, and without order there was little prospect of good. At last one of the boys was put in the chair, while all were made free to take part in the meeting, whether in praying or speaking. It worked like a charm. That meeting, week by week, now numbers one hundred or more; the boys are the same, only more of them; and you might search in vain for a more orderly or interesting prayer-meeting, for its class, in the whole kingdom, or indeed in the world.

We have as yet scarcely begun to avail ourselves of this great power of organizing our converts as workers together with us, and especially with God, among those of their own classes and of their own associations in daily life.

It is doubtful whether even in this Grove Street work all has been done that might be. For example, there is in its connection a children's church, with about one thousand on its list, and with an average attendance of some seven hundred, conducted well, too, by Mr. William Ferguson, a partner in business and an admirable fellow-worker with Mr. MacGill; and he calls in to his aid the best talent he can command for leading the children to Christ through prayer, singing, and speaking. But the children themselves are mere listeners and learners in all exercises save that of singing; and singing is the only exercise in which they take such a personal interest as to be all taken up with it. And the question is whether something might not be done in the way of employing the children themselves in other acts of worship as well as in singing—whether, in smaller meetings, they might not, with some one to guide them, be allowed themselves to pray and to speak as far as they are able to do so, as well as to sing.

In a home for orphans in London (Mrs. Genivers, No. 3, Manor Road, Holloway) there are now nearly forty little girls, and they are each and all deeply interested in the home itself, and in the salvation of all who come into it. As soon as a new lot of little ones are to be admitted, all in the home begin praying for their conversion, and never rest until satisfied that the Lord has done His work in their hearts. Some who were the worst when they came in are now the sweetest little Christians, and all are showing from day to day that they have been with Jesus; and they have their meetings for singing, speaking, and prayer, full of interest and perfectly orderly, among themselves.

Just how similar results could be secured in a children's church of one thousand is a much more difficult question, yet is it impossible to God, or to them that believe?

But was this working principle all? It was a great revelation in the right direction, but was nothing more needed than to work it out thoroughly? Mr. MacGill soon found something more to be required. He had gathered, with the aid of his new helpers, some three hundred of the lasses into a Mill-Girls' Religious Society, with about thirty (one to ten) of their own number true Christians, as workers with him for the salvation of all the rest, and probably about the same number and proportion in the Young Men's Bible Students' Society; and they all (the converted ones) united with him in his plans for a thorough work in the district. But very soon he found an insuperable barrier to his direct efforts in behalf of the people. Drink, drink, drink seemed like an impregnable outer line of fortifications, defeating every attempt to reach and carry the inner lines around the hearts of the people. The children failed to win their parents to Christ because of their love of drink; and often when they had gotten them to promise to go with them to the gospel meeting, and began to feel much hope for them, their hopes were dashed through the overmastering love of drink.

In one instance a strong corps of skirmishers (Mr. MacGill among the number), armed with lanterns and bills as usual, scoured the lanes and closes as well as the streets; and they obtained promises to attend the meeting from people enough to have filled the place over and over again. But when the hour came, not a single soul appeared save the workers themselves. Afterwards two sailors—godly men from Granmouth, belated in their sloop at Port

Dundas, but with no "Sunday clothes" to go to church in, attracted by the statement in the bills that none would be admitted except in working dress—did come in. But this was very discouraging. Discouraging? No; it was very inspiring. Things of this kind, with the well-ascertained cause, and things of this kind only, could have pressed the inquiry as to what *must* be done to an efficiently practical answer. They learned to *hate drink*, and to see it as they never had seen it before—as the outer line of earthworks which must be carried before they could get at the hearts of the people to win them to Jesus; or, as Mr. MacGill most forcibly put it, "We saw, as it were, the poor perishing on yonder wreck, and drink as the wild hungry waves that lay between us and those whom we yearned to rescue."

And, to quote further from his own account of the matter, "It was at this point in the mission's history that we began, led by God's providence in the most wonderful way, to get the parents of our children to take the temperance pledge; and from the first Sunday after we began, we had no need to complain of empty halls. The room we had was soon found to be too small. Those who took the pledge came almost uninvited to the gospel meeting. Many poor fellows

Grove Street Mission Hall, Glasgow.

came to hear, and, hearing, to be saved, and, saved, to bring others, until within six months several hundreds of the hardest drinkers in the district were sober men, working with indomitable perseverance to bring others.

This new feature of the work brought blessing to the children and to the lads and lasses, as well as to the poor drunkards. It changed the abodes of many of them which before had been miserable places of drunkenness, rioting, quarrelling, and violence, into holy happy homes, and gave to them parents out of whom the legion had been cast, now clothed and in their right mind. And it added to the number of earnest workers not only the large number saved in the work, but it brought to their aid also a corps of ladies and gentlemen from outside the work, to share with Mr. MacGill his increasing responsibilities in council as well as in work. These new workers visited in the homes of the poor, taught in classes, and gave a new consistence and position to the work.

These ladies and gentlemen soon saw the necessity for commodious halls and class-rooms. Three thousand pounds were speedily collected, and in 1866 Grove Street Hall was completed and occupied. This was another great good resulting from the new phase of the work.

But perhaps the greatest benefit of all was that of the discovery that any partial aim like that of mere prevention by saving the children, or these with the lads and lasses, must be utterly inadequate to the solution of the dark problems of the dense places in our cities. And that social organization for working and for learning must embrace all classes, old and young, or their purpose can never be fully accomplished.

The result of this discovery was a more complete and thorough organization of such departments of the work as required it, and a grand combination of all in one, under one government, and that not democratic, not republican, not autocratic, not a one-man government, or a many-man government, but a theocracy with the Lord as its head, Mr. MacGill and his council as its ministry and upper house, and the workers of the district its commons, and the whole district as its domain.

The departments, five in all, of the work under this general government are, for the young,—

1. The Mill Girls' Religious Society.
2. The Foundry Boys' Society.
3. The Sabbath-school and Children's Church Society.

And for the parents of these children and youths,—

1. The Bible Students' Working Men's Society.
2. The Mothers' Mission.

This new all-comprehensiveness of the work enabled the workers to reach at the same time parents with their children, and bring them not only out of drinking habits into union with Christ, but also to bring them into common fellowship with each other in the same work, each in the suitable department. And this has made the work itself one for elevating to Christian privilege, and peace, and purity, whole families together.

And is not this the only way in which whole communities in the dense places of our cities can ever be effectually brought into the marvellous light of the kingdom of God?

Ten years have now passed since the Hall was built, and the Grove Street Home Mission Institute was formally inaugurated. Its consistency and capacity has had the test of time and opportunity, and what has been the result?

It stands; and is a unit in heart. Those in its counsels have been greatly enriched in their own personal experience both as Christians and as workers. The workers have grown in numbers, and in stature, and in favour with God and man. The numbers within the organic circumference of the work in its five departments have greatly increased. And the holy, happy homes of saved families have multiplied from year to year, while who will count the broken hearts bound up, the precious souls saved, the lost found, the dead made alive?

And now with the Hall for its home, and its government perfected, its work in hand, its experience enriched and ripened, the Institute is in position for the yet greater works before it until its mission shall be fulfilled.

One feature of this work remains to be mentioned. It is not a church, but an association of thoroughly organized departments of work wholly undenominational.

This feature saves it in great measure from the narrowing influence of church selfishness —sectarianism in its vitiating power over those engaged in the work.

It saves it also from church jealousy on the part of those deeply interested in building up their own particular denominations and congregations, and brings to its aid those of different churches who would otherwise stand aloof.

Most of all, however, its influence for good is felt in the district itself, in its neutralising power to the thought in the heart of those to be saved, that it is just a sectarian business.

Here, then, is this example of the something better than gaslight for dense districts and dark problems. Here is Grove Street Hall, and here are the essential principles which have been wrought out and wrought into the Grove Street Home Mission Institute.

First, full consecration to God and abiding union with Jesus as the type and standard of Christian experience and character.

Second, the organization, as workers in their own circles, of those who are saved for the salvation of others.

Third, the removal of drink as a barrier to salvation.

Fourth, the all-comprehensiveness of the organized work, including and saving whole families.

And finally, here are the two problems worked out,—

1. How shall we hold the youth, between dawning and matured manhood and womanhood?

2. How shall we bring the glad tidings savingly home to the masses in the dense quarters of our cities?

The motive which has impelled this recital of facts can be easily stated, but the joy the facts themselves have brought to my own heart cannot be put upon paper. Full six years of my own life, early in my course as a worker, were given to multiplying and improving Sunday-schools in connection with the American Sunday-School Union. More than five thousand Sunday-schools were gathered, by the aid of many helpers in those years. And, as I believe, it was by my suggestion and efforts that Union Sunday-school conventions, to perfect the schools in teaching and management, were originated. Yet during all those years the two problems, so happily worked out in the Grove Street Institute, were becoming every day more oppressive to me, and have never been solved since to my view, until now in this work in Glasgow. And now, after having had an arduous but joyous week there among the workers, and seen the various departments of their work in action, and something also of its blessed fruitage, how could I help trying to give others something of the cheer which has come to my own heart? And how could I help endeavouring to set the working out of these dark problems plainly before my beloved, known and unknown, fellow Christian workers?

W. E. BOARDMAN.

FESTIVAL WEEK IN THE WUPPERTHAL.

CROSSING Holland from Vlissingen to Venlo on a hot summer day is not very lively work. It may have been rather a strong saying that some one was guilty of, that when you have been a quarter of an hour in the country you have seen Holland; but as you roll over its level plains you feel there is some truth in it. But as soon as you pass the frontier, and find yourself in the Rhine country, you are sensible of a decided change. Your drowsiness passes off, and looking out on wooded heights and the spurs of hills, you feel a new sprightliness pervading your being. In our case we were sensible of the change before we had time to think of the cause; but the fact of our passing thus unconsciously from drowsiness to animation, as we were carried into the region of hills and valleys, seemed to illustrate the bearing of the physical features of a country on the character of its people. We seemed to understand better how the Germans should be more lively than the Dutch after our own experience in their respective countries.

Our ticket was for Elberfeld, in the valley of the Wupper. We had several reasons for directing our steps thither. We had felt an interest in Elberfeld, where Krummacher laboured, ever since we read his "Elijah the Tishbite," and our interest had been deepened by the perusal, a few years ago, of his Autobiography, a sketch of which we gave at the time in the pages of this Magazine. Moreover, we had occasion to consult on some matters with Christian friends in the Rhine Province, and we found that the most convenient time to do this would be during "die Wupperthaler Festwoche," the festival week in the Wupperthal, held at Barmen and Elberfeld, in the month of August. The festival is an annual gathering of clergy and laity, chiefly of the Rhine Province and Westphalia, but, like the Mildmay Conference, which it somewhat resembles, drawing members from other quarters, far and near. They come to hear sermons and lectures, missionary reports and addresses, and to get and give that impulse in Christian labour which is so valuable a help to scattered workers. Many a country pastor looks forward to the Festwoche as the one break in the level line of the year's work, and goes home to his people after it with a lighter heart and a more radiant look. Many of them bring wife and children with them, and the happy reunions of some who have not met for years seem to reflect the brightness of the past on the more sombre hues of the present. Altogether it is a happy time, reminding one of the Hebrew festivals, where around God's holy place so much of the happy spirit of social fellowship was evoked. Who would grudge such secondary emanations of meetings for sacred employment, or dream that Christian festivals would be more acceptable to God if they wanted this bright human element, and no man cared for one worshipper more than for all?

The Wupper is a mountain stream flowing westwards, and falling into the Rhine not far from Düsseldorf. Elberfeld and Barmen, along with some smaller places, constitute in reality but a single town, spreading itself along the banks of the Wupper, and forced to stretch itself an unconscionable length, because the narrowness of the valley does not admit of breadth. The town is the manufacturing capital of the district, and

contains a population, to a large extent gathered recently, of some two hundred thousand. It is amusing to read in the guide-books how the clear waters of the Wupper first attracted the manufacturing industry for which the town has become famous; for in place of clear water you now see a thick inky fluid, the product of the process of dyeing "Turkey-red," which prevails extensively in the town. From the top of the hill on either side of the valley we get a striking view. It may remind some of certain Yorkshire and Lancashire valleys, where the picturesque and the profitable form such odd combinations of beauty and ugliness; or of the Vale of the Gala, or of the Teviot, at Galashiel or Hawick; or of that rich and beautiful scene at Pittsburg in Pennsylvania, where two great rivers unite to form the Ohio, amid wooded hills of unprecedented beauty, spoiled by the most lavish combination of long chimneys and iron-works. In the capital of the Wupperthal, many a beautifully wooded height runs down into the heart of plain factories and dwelling-houses, while here and there a phalanx of such houses may be seen pushing its way as far as it can get into the bosom of the hills. Hardly any attempt has been made, in the interest of art, to accommodate the city to the site, or to rear any but the plainest buildings that can serve their purpose. We must own, however, that if the new buildings are not very tasteful, they are sometimes remarkable for other qualities; and we cannot but say that for size and substantiality the new schools deserve no little praise, and show how earnestly the people of the Wupperthal join with the rest of Germany in the onward movement of popular education.

The Church of the Rhine Provinces and Westphalia has long been known as one of the most evangelical of Germany, preserving more of the old spirit of the Reformation than in any other region. Krummacher, in his Autobiography, gives some very interesting anecdotes of the spirit of the people, among whom the hymns of Gerard Tersteegen took deep and enduring root, and fine samples of devotion to the cause of God were of no uncommon occurrence. Of late years the population of Elberfeld and Barmen has increased very rapidly. The "ugly rush" of a mining and manufacturing district has created a mixture of moral elements, and caused a change resembling that which we have adverted to in the waters of the Wupper. Still a large measure of the old spirit remains, and it comes out strong in the festival week. Nowhere else in Germany, it is said, would the meetings draw so large a proportion of the people, or be attended with such deep and abiding interest. The Rhine Church has always had a large measure of the popular element in its government, the people in most cases electing their pastors, and contributing the greater part of their salaries. Church-going may not be so common as it is in this country, but it is much more general than in most parts of Germany.

It was impossible for us to be present during the earlier part of the week. In consequence of this we missed one of the most interesting days. The Foreign Mission day is looked on as the most important of the whole. On that day, besides the report of the Missionary Society, the audience have speeches by some of the missionaries or pastors on mission topics, while the young men from the Barmen Mission House who have completed their studies, are set apart for the various foreign fields to which they have resolved to give themselves. The addresses of Dr. Fabri, the Director of the Mission House, are always listened to with much interest, combining, as they do, the counsels of a father with the wide views of a missionary statesman, and the earnestness of one thirsting for the salvation of the world.

On the first morning of our visit, the public meetings began at nine o'clock. Entering the great church of Unter Barmen a little after nine, we found the vast area already crowded, the galleries occupied two or three seats deep, and the proceedings of the day begun. The audience were in fair proportions male and female, and with every eye fixed on the speaker, were obviously deeply interested. Even a careless eye might have been struck with the plain dress of the young women, many of them without hat or bonnet, wearing their hair bare, neatly braided, and satisfied when out of doors with the protection which their parasols gave them from the sun. The question of the day was the sanctification of the Sabbath. It is the custom in these conferences to have the subject introduced by a "Referent," who in this case was Herr Pfarrer Schuster, of Duisburg. The referent is followed by two "Redner," who deliver shorter addresses, and these were Herr Prediger Rathmaun of Berlin, and Herr Pastor Ehni of Geneva. Mr. Schuster's address was vigorous and interesting, but very long. He spoke for fully an hour and a half. His arguments referred chiefly to the social benefits of the Sabbath, its influence on the health and strength of

the individual, and on the prosperity and progress of nations. Of course Britain and America were introduced as arguments in favour of the Sabbath; while France, abolishing the Sunday during the Revolution, and substituting the plan of Decades, furnished an argument from the other side. After the two Redner, there rose up a layman, who was evidently received with much interest. His name, we understood, was Mr. Metz, a manufacturer from Friburg, near Strassburg, a gentleman whose fortune goes freely for Christian objects. He was not quite satisfied with the previous speakers. In particular, he laid it down plainly and strongly that men might speak as long as they pleased upon the personal and social benefits of the Sabbath, but that they would make little impression until they recognised and urged its divine foundation in the law and appointment of God. But not content with this, he proceeded to pluck a crow with the clergy. He was not satisfied either with what they taught or what they did on the Lord's Day. He would have them to be much more explicit in impressing their people with the sanctity of the day, and much more careful in their observance of it in their own homes. It was easy for one familiar with the way in which the Sunday afternoon and evening are sometimes spent in the houses of German pastors to perceive his meaning. Cards and similar games he evidently regarded as quite unsuitable for that day. Let the pastors begin the work of reformation at home. Let them see to it that the Lord's Day was spent in their own houses with due regard to its sanctity, and they might cherish the hope of being followed by their people. Every other hope but this was vain, and to this he called his audience with all the earnestness of a father.

A few shorter addresses followed, but the hour of adjournment—half-past twelve—had come, and the audience, after their light German breakfast in the early morning, were now evidently ready for dinner. But during the whole three hours and a half the most perfect attention had prevailed. No one spoke, no one went out, no one moved about, no one even applauded. They listened to everything in solemn silence, with the single exception of Mr. Metz's lecture to the clergy. Some of the people in their eager attention might have been made pictures of, particularly one plain, elderly man near us, whom we almost fancied to be a country elder from Scotland. His stern rough features never relaxed their look till Mr. Metz began to be jocular, and even then his smile was half a minute late, as if it had needed Sydney Smith's surgical operation to let in the joke. A day or two later we unexpectedly met with our friend at Kaiserswerth, and learned that for many years he had been a much-esteemed helper in one of the departments of Fliedner's great institution.

Three o'clock found a large proportion of the morning audience re-assembled in the hall of the Vereins-Haus. This great institution needs a word of explanation. Close to the railway station at Barmen is a large and handsome building, which combines the purposes of a hotel, and of rooms for all manner of Christian meetings. The hotel affords ready and comfortable accommodation for ministers from the country or other friends, and the rooms—particularly the large Hall—are adapted to soirées and social gatherings generally. It is greatly to the credit of the Christian people of Barmen, and in particular of an excellent Christian layman, Mr. Klein, that so handsome and complete a building should have been reared for such purposes. The afternoon meeting was not unlike ordinary soirées at home except in two particulars—the extraordinary length of the addresses, and the free use of the cigar. Both, we fancy, are old customs, and as the Germans seem quite reconciled to them, it would not become us to complain. The Sabbath question was again taken up, and addresses were given also on African missions and on missions in Spain, the meeting lasting altogether for about four hours.

Once more, though on a private occasion, the subject of the Sabbath was discussed in the evening. At eight o'clock our good friend Mr. Klein had a large number of his friends at supper. When the wants of nature had been sufficiently satisfied, and every man had lighted his cigar, the discussion was renewed. Each person was asked to say briefly what he thought on the subject of the day. The opinions on it were somewhat diverse. Some thought that the revival of the Sabbath was hopeless in Germany, and that there was no use trying. To some it appeared that the Sunday of Britain and America was due to the influence of the Legislature, and that as the German parliament would not legislate, nothing could be done in the matter. But the general opinion was that the clergy must begin the reform, both by preaching on the subject more earnestly, and showing in their own practice a greater regard for the day. On one point there was thorough unanimity—there was no question as to the benefits of

a well-kept Sunday, and the need of a great reform of practice in regard to it in Germany.

Next day the subject of discussion was liberty of conscience. The place of meeting was only for a small audience, as the interest of the subject was limited to a narrower circle. And practically, the discussion turned chiefly on the liberty of Churches. Some rather sore points came into view here also, for the German Churches feel keenly the restrictions to which they are subjected. In the Rhineland, as we have said, the Church has more freedom than in most other parts of Germany, but the longing for more liberty, more real self-government, came out very clearly. In this point of view, the new constitution which has been lately given to the Church of Prussia is far from satisfactory to many. That constitution provides a complete gradation of courts, from the congregational council, on through the district and provincial assemblies to the general synod; but in the general synod a large number of the members are to be appointed by the King. The effect of the Falck laws on the Protestant Church seems to be different from what is commonly supposed. So far as we could learn, these laws subject the Church of Rome just to that amount of persecution which, by rallying her energies and rousing the sympathies of her people, does her much ultimate good; while the Protestants who are not persecuted are subjected to endless little annoyances and interferences which tempt even earnest men to engage in no undertaking whatever beyond the most ordinary and unchallengeable duties of routine.

There were open-air meetings in the Anlage in connection with the festival, which in such hot weather were very enjoyable; and meetings of tract societies, Sunday-school unions, and young men's associations, where addresses of the usual character were delivered. One saw that the army of earnest Christians was moving here along the same lines which are commonly followed elsewhere. For ourselves, we could not help recalling a prayer-meeting held in Edinburgh not long since, where town upon town and country after country were presented for prayer, and a member asked and offered prayer for Germany. It was a country, he said, to which the Christian Church had at one time been under obligations that could not be overvalued, and that ought never to be forgotten; although during a more recent period it had done great evil to the Christian cause. But even now, as in the case of Israel, there was a remnant according to the election of grace; and might we not suppose that God who had made the German nation such an instrument of good in the days of Luther, had some great use in reserve for it in after times? And if Germany should come to be pervaded by a believing and earnest spirit, and its learning and research, its science and philosophy, instead of being used in the service of infidelity, should be consecrated to God, what a blessing might not the country again become to Europe and to the world at large. Granted that the change implied in this vision of the future is in appearance so unlikely that it may only raise a smile on the faces of many; nevertheless, to us the sight of the Barmen meetings, of so great an assemblage of men and women from one part of Germany profoundly interested in the cause of Christ, seemed to bring the vision a considerable step nearer to possibility, and quickened the prayer that at no far distant time it might become an accomplished fact.

We have not said a word as yet about the Barmen Mission House. It is the head-quarters of one of the mission establishments of Germany, corresponding in its general arrangements and objects to the Mission House of Basle, in Switzerland, described in this Magazine about two years ago. A plain, spacious house in the suburbs of Barmen gives quarters to some forty young men, most of whom are destined for the mission fields of the society. It is presided over by Dr. Fabri, a man eminently qualified for the post, and in its two departments of preparatory and missionary study, furnishes a complete training for the three mission fields of the society. These three fields are South Africa, where it has sixteen missionaries; Dutch East India, where it has twenty-two; and China, where it has five; the missionaries now at home not being included in these numbers. And, happily, all the mission-fields are in a state of prosperity, outward and inward. The mission in Borneo and Sumatra seems to have been especially blessed during the past year; blessed, indeed, in such a manner as to give quite a decided impulse to the faith and hope of its friends and workers.

There is a remarkable fact in connection with the management of the poor in Elberfeld and Barmen which derives much significance from the religious character of the place. Any one wishing a full account of this arrangement, will find in the first number of GOOD WORDS a most interesting

paper by our friend, Mr. Fleming Stevenson, entitled, "Dr. Chalmers at Elberfeld." He must not, however, expect to find an account of any visit actually paid by Dr. Chalmers to the capital of the Wupperthal; but only an account of the manner in which his principles on the management of the poor were carried out there. It is well known how thoroughly Dr. Chalmers hated the Poor-Law system. He held it to be contrary to nature, and contrary to the Bible. The poor, he believed, were allowed to exist, not as a curse and a burden on the rich, but to exercise their sympathy and all other Christian virtues, by becoming the objects of kindly visits and warm Christian love. It seemed to Chalmers an outrage alike on charity and Christianity that the money for the support of the poor should be wrested by force from the hands of the citizens, and doled out by paid officials, as likely to vent maledictions as to pour out blessings on the thankless and ill-doing creatures to whom the law sent them with its dole. Dr. Chalmers showed, moreover, that this poor-law system was fearfully expensive, and in his parish in Glasgow he was so successful with his agency of Christian volunteers that he reduced the expenditure for the poor from £140 to £30 per thousand of the population, while at the same time there was much less pauperism than before. About the time when these experiments were going on, the compulsory poor-law system was making great progress in Germany; but in Elberfeld it aroused great dissatisfaction. A few earnest friends set to work to provide a volunteer agency for visiting the poor. The town was divided into small districts, and a visitor was appointed to each. The visitors engaged to visit the poor in their districts every fortnight, and while providing for their more pressing wants, to endeavour by every means to place them in the way of self-help. The assessment raised for the poor was distributed by these visitors, under the inspection of superintendents and a poor-law board. When the plan was first started, no fewer than three hundred visitors offered their services, and the method has been followed out from year to year. In 1852, Mr. Stevenson remarks, the town was in embarrassment; the poor rates were enormous, and the number of poor was one in twelve. In 1857, the town breathed freely, the reduced assessment much more than covered the need; street-begging had disappeared, and the number of poor had fallen to one in thirty-eight. We were happy to learn that both in Elberfeld and Barmen the same method continues to be followed. The army of volunteers continues to do its work. The old insinuation that after the first year or two the visitors would become tired and drop off, is heard no more. Many persons have learned a lesson from Elberfeld. But not every one, probably, understands the secret of the success with which the plan has been attended there. In Dr. Chalmers's parish in Glasgow it was the impulse of the evangelical spirit that made the work successful.

What we have written about Elberfeld and Barmen shows that there also the same cause was at work. And from the two cases together we get a fresh proof of a fact which in these days cannot be estimated too highly —that the gospel is the great force that moves men's souls to work for the good of their fellows; and that those who would abolish the gospel would abolish the only force that can check human selfishness, and make man his brother's keeper.

W. G. BLAIKIE.

"YEA, RATHER—RISEN AGAIN."

THERE is nothing which strikes an English traveller in some parts of the Continent more than the outward signs by which you are constantly reminded that you are in a Christian, or, at least, a Roman Catholic country. You can scarcely move without being confronted with a cross or a crucifix. In some cities, like Antwerp, you will find them protruding from the corner-houses of the streets. In some country places you will find them by the wayside, every mile or two you travel. On bridges, where highways cross each other, and in many other positions, you find them. For the most part they are exposed to the weather. Sometimes a measure of shelter is provided for them, by means of canopies over them, or recesses in walls. In many instances the figure which represents the Crucified One on His cross is as large as life; in others it is but a foot or two long. In all cases—at least, the exceptions are very rare—the carving is hideous as a piece of art, and most painful to look upon. The crucifixes which are found in churches, at least in city churches, are of a higher order, so far as art is con-

cerned; but still equally painful to look upon. The highest art of Roman Catholic countries deals with the same class of subjects; and some of the greatest paintings the world has produced are paintings of Christ on the cross, or of Christ being taken down from the cross; paintings to see which many a lover of art has crossed sea and land.

Thus perpetually meeting with these crosses and crucifixes, the first reflection which might occur to one's mind is this: How devout and religious this people must be! Their roads, their houses, their farms, their fields, their mountains, their grave-yards, seem all baptized into Christ. This people live as in constant fellowship with Christ, ever reminded of Him, ever thinking of Him. Very pleasant would it be to suppose all this. But the delusion is dispelled by knowing that where such externalism prevails, it is usually in proportion to the ignorance of the people, not their knowledge. These crosses and crucifixes are not reminders of spiritual truth, but mere charms, by virtue of which protection and blessing are obtained. The reflection which took strongest hold of my mind, when brought constantly face to face with them, is one which may be indicated by the words, "It is Christ that died; yea, rather, that is risen." This perpetual representing of Christ in the agonies of the cross, with the crown of thorns and the bleeding side, is a most imperfect representation of Christianity; yea, becomes a positively erroneous representation of it. It is true that Paul said, "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of Jesus Christ." But the work of the cross was finished once for all, not to be repeated; and therefore Paul said, "It is Christ that died; yea, rather, that is risen again." Now, why this "yea, rather?"

Not that he was ashamed of the death of Christ, ashamed of its shame. Far from it. He threw no veil over the cross; he did not screen it from the eyes of men. The historians of the life of Christ all record the circumstances of His death, and the Apostles preached them in the like manner. But, because we are not ashamed of these circumstances, shall we make the agony and shame of the cross the standard representation of our Christ? He is risen. He is glorified. If we must have a visible representation of Him before the eye, let it be in His glory. But that is impossible. Then none at all.

"Yea, rather," again. Not because Paul held the doctrine of atonement by the death of Christ as in any sense subordinate. He gave the utmost prominence to it; he expounded it, enforced it. He preached it to sinful men, as their only hope. But then Paul preached the atonement as complete and finished when Christ died, and proved to be so by His rising again. Pointing to the cross, he said, "There Christ died for you;" pointing to heaven, he said, "There Christ is now, ever living, able to save you to the uttermost. It is Christ that died; yea, rather, that is risen again."

The constant representation of Christ in the act or state of crucifixion seems to say that His work was not finished; that it must be repeated, renewed, or perpetuated. And this is what Romanism professes. The Lord's Supper is turned into a perpetual or perpetuated sacrifice. The bread and wine are the true body and blood of Christ, offered afresh in the service of the mass. And Romanism is consistent with itself in this; it represents Christ as on the cross still, as if He were ever dying or ever dead. But Paul condemns the representation when he says, "Yea, rather, risen again."

Romanism is consistent with itself, I have said. In the city of Antwerp may be found a painful illustration of this consistency. In connection with one of its churches there is a structure intended to represent Calvary. You ascend it by a gentle slope, to indicate its being on a hill. You enter, and find before you a round inner building, in which there is no doorway; but there is a slit a few inches long through which you look, and within you see the dead Christ lying in His grave. Were Paul to visit that spot, he would exclaim, "What mean ye? He is not in the grave; He is risen and glorified." But this Antwerp Calvary is consistent with itself. Beside that grave in which Christ lies there is a representation of purgatory. There are cells in the wall, in which are seen men in the fires of hell, pleading to be delivered. A Christ in his grave cannot deliver them. The two things are well put side by side. The work of Christ is still an unfinished work, according to the Church of Rome; it must be repeated, or perpetuated. And the salvation of those who believe in an unfinished work must itself be an incomplete salvation.

"Yea, rather," once more. Not that Paul overlooked, or forgot, or made light of, the dark and painful aspect of personal religion. Christ died, and we must die with Him; He was crucified, and we must be crucified with Him. Paul insists on this, and speaks of himself as dying daily with Christ. Now a crucifix may seem the most suitable symbol and remembrancer of this aspect of our

Christian life. But here, again, we apply Paul's "Yea, rather, that is risen." If we have died with Christ, we have also risen with Him. If we die to sin daily, we live unto righteousness, and in hope of eternal life.

Romanism is essentially a gloomy religion; Christianity is essentially a bright and joyous religion. Romanism is consistent with itself in making the crucifix its chosen symbol; Christianity has not ordained for itself any symbol. But if it had, it would be one not of a dead, but of a living Christ. Romanism is gloomy, I have said. True, it allows its votaries all manner of gaieties and indulgences. It adopts even heathen festivals, and baptizes them with the Christian name. To Romanism we owe that our Christmas and Easter are seasons of heathenish revelry. The inveterate habit which it sanctioned the Reformation has not been able to cure. Still it is gloomy. While it allows all manner of jollity and revelry, it is itself gloomy. Its views of God are gloomy; its views of salvation are gloomy; its views of the future state are gloomy. Christianity proclaims a finished salvation, joy to the chief of sinners, an open and immediate heaven. The highest form of piety which Romanism inculcates is the ascetic; the greater the mortification the holier the saint. The Christian ideal is "peace and joy in the Holy Ghost," and our whole common human life made "holiness unto the Lord."

JOHN KENNEDY.

INDIAN SUMMER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

WEEP, weep, November rain:
White mists, fall like a shroud
Upon the dead earth's ended joy and pain;
Wild blasts, lift up your voices, cry aloud,
Dash down the last leaves from the quivering boughs,
And wail about the house,
O melancholy wind,
Like one that seeketh and can never find.

But come not, O sweet days,
Out of yon cloudless blue,
Ghosts of so many dear remembered Mays,
With faces like dead lovers, who died true.
Come not, lest we go seek with eyes all wet,
Primrose and violet,
Forgetting that they lie
Deep in the mould till winter has gone by.

—Till winter has gone by!
Come then, days bright and strange,
Quiet, while this mad world whirls reckless by,
Restful, amidst this life of restless change.
Shine on, sweet Indian summer, tender, calm,
The year's last thankful psalm
To God you smiling bring.
—We too will smile: and wait the eternal spring.

"INDIAN SUMMER."

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THE LITTLE PURITAN.

"I WISH we were like other people," the little girl said to herself. "No, I don't want grandfather to be different, but still I *do* wish we were more like other people. It is so lonely."

She shook back her shock of pale-golden hair impatiently as she said it, and looked up with dreamily longing eyes at the patch of blue sky which covered the little green graveyard in which she sat.

It was walled in, like the bottom of a well, with grimy, slimy brick and mortar. The windows of dingy Works and a jumble of mean garrets commanded it, but they were too bleared by smoke and dust and rain, too manifoldly blotched with paper patches, old hats, and bulging rags to seem to *look down* into the yard and break the spell of its solitude. A long goods-train rumbled past on arches level with house-roofs, and a robin that had been singing on the blackened head of an old grey tombstone ceased his soberly cheerful song, and fluttered to the ground. Back again, however, he flew, and merely stood mute upon his perch when a passenger-train flashed by, and here and there in its long line a wondering eye caught a glimpse of the little maid in black shut up in the dimly-green old graveyard,—itself buried, still as the calm in the core of a cyclone, in the heart of a huge city's busiest bustle.

Around her were old tombstones, leaning at drowsy angles, as if weary of the long sentry they had stood, and longing for a rest upon the turf they had shadowed by sunlight and moonlight for so many a year; and box-tombs, which were sinking into the ground upon one side, like swamped boats into the sea. Some of the stones which had fallen had been lifted and propped aslant against the walls. Only a few of the inscriptions were completely legible. The cherubs' faces were almost as noseless as the death's heads in the sculptures. In the midst of a multitude of old memorials of the dead, time-mellowed even if time-stained, stood a very few modern stones, looking in their comparatively smokeless uprightness very uncomfortably prim and trim.

A rowan tree, that looked like an imprisoned mountaineer thinking sadly of far-off fresh hillside, sleeping tarn, and rushing stream, warmed a few scanty clusters of coral berries in the autumn sunshine. Two smoke-dried hawthorns, that had made the air sweet as a cow's breath in forgotten Mays, and still, as spring came round, felt a faint stirring of their sap, which hitherto had prompted them to put forth a sprinkling of pathetic leaves, were reluctantly letting them fall as if they doubted whether next autumn they would have any leaves to drop. In a corner of the graveyard a black-edged, flabby sunflower plant, heavily hung its waning head. One angle of the Ordained Elder's dark house, built up to the darker meeting-house, had hairy ivy-stems writhing about it like a brood of snakes, and one little clump of ivy-leaves, although smoky, gave a little freshness to the smokier tiles.

On the other side of the meeting-house stood a squat tenement with a flat, lead-covered penthouse, a cottage of the almshouse order of architecture, inhabited by solemn Izaak Siggers, the chapel-keeper. Across the graveyard frowned a deserted old-fashioned school-house of two floors. The church to which the premises belonged was stranded—left high and dry by the ebb of opinion, but a faithful few still clung to it, and its founder, although long dead, still by his comfortable endowment administered to their spiritual wants.

Stranded in England, I should have written. On this side of the Atlantic the church could claim but one other congregation. In America, on the other hand, it had grown into a body respectable in numbers as well as in character, and American votaries of its faith would cross the sea, as religiously as pilgrims used to throng to Jerusalem, for the single purpose of visiting their mother church, the grim old meeting-

house behind which spread the graveyard I have described.

Little Ruth, our black-frocked, golden haired, blue-eyed little friend, could not understand what made them come so far to see, as she thought, so little. As she listened to the animated tones in which they described the *culs de sac* in which they had been brought up short, the difficulties they had experienced in threading the maze of thoroughfares which they had been compelled to traverse in order to find the parent-shrine of their seventeenth-century faith, Ruth sometimes was inclined to think that the American visitors must be half silly. As, however, she could see that in everything except their devouring zeal for the dusky old house of the Lord, hidden away in the great city's slums, they were quicker and shrewder than the very few other people with whom she came in contact, Ruth arrived at the conclusion that America must be a very uninteresting country, or else, surely, those sharp New Englanders would not make so much fuss about the old English meeting-house of which she was so tired.

It was in the interval between morning and afternoon service, on a day on which other Christians went about their ordinary secular business, but which her sect held sacred, that poor little Ruth, left by herself in the graveyard, complained of being so lonely. She had seen the half-dozen men and women who made up her outside world in the morning, she would see them again in the afternoon, and then would come the long dull evening. If grandfather let her sit with him in his study—and she hoped he would, for though he scarcely ever spoke to her, she knew the kind old man loved her in his way—still she would have to be as mum as a mouse; and if Hannah, the old servant-housekeeper, made her sit in the kitchen, she would be lectured as well as kept quiet. Perhaps, however, solemn Izaak would look in upon Hannah, and then if grandfather did not take her hand when he went up to his study after tea, she would stay in the little parlour, close by the fire for the sake of its company, and bring out Dolly from the drawer in which she had been immured since sunset on the day before, to help her in keeping up her courage whilst she watched the fire-cast shadows suddenly vanish, suddenly reappear, dance, elongate, and contract themselves in a very eerie fashion, and gather in corners and under the sofa in ghostly congresses of silent gloom. Ruth would have liked to have Pussy with her, too, but Puss, she knew, would prefer the more cheerful warmth and other comforts of the kitchen-hearth.

The silver-haired, simple-minded old Elder sincerely loved the little orphaned grand-daughter he had adopted. He would have been deeply distressed if he had known how lonely, how heart-freezingly frightened, she often was, in the house he wished her to feel to be her home.

But she had visions of another home—did she remember it by fitful glimpses, or had she merely created it in her fancy?—a home in which her mother's eyes looked down upon her with a warm light, very different from the grave Elder's calm benevolence, and a fond father encouraged and joined in all the frolics of his roguish little pet. Her grandfather, however, no doubt thought that he was performing his duty to her very satisfactorily. He kissed her night and morning, and sometimes, between whiles, patted her on the head. He had given Hannah instructions that his grand-daughter should not lack for food or change of raiment, and laid strict injunctions on both Hannah and Izaak that she should never be allowed to use unseemly language or to wander into the streets in order to play with any rude children she might find there. Sometimes when he went abroad, he took her with him, but it was very seldom that he went abroad. He not only kissed her night and morning, but prayed for her specially at family worship, invoking blessings temporal and spiritual on "this thy young handmaiden who hath come to sojourn with us;" and he bade Hannah be strict in seeing that Ruth did not neglect her "private devotions." When he could spare time from his own perusal of the books which lined every room in his house, lumbered a good many of the floors, and had surged in dusty overflow into the deserted school-house and the gallery-pews in the meeting-house, and the drift of still dustier papers which any stranger entering his study had to flounder through, like a boy kicking up dead leaves in a wood, or, save for the dryness of them, a carthorse splashing through a pond,—the old man heard his grandchild read, and taught her arithmetic (writing, like Dogberry, he seemed to think would come by nature), geography, English grammar, history—sacred, secular, and ecclesiastical—logic, blackletter, Latin, Biblical Greek, and controversial theology. Hebrew, of which she already knew the characters, Chaldee, Syriac, and perhaps Arabic, were to follow.

Hannah superintended Ruth's domestic education, which consisted chiefly in wearisomely unbroken sewing. She had a great ambition to make an apple-pudding, or, at least, a suet-dumpling; but Hannah would not allow her to touch the flour-kid, or even manipulate a surplus segment of her own somewhat ponderous paste. To help shell peas was the only kitchen work in which Ruth was permitted to participate, and the pleasure she derived from this was dashed by the scoldings she got, both rightfully and wrongfully, for her carelessness in letting maggoty peas get into the basin, and full pods into the pile of empty shucks; to say nothing of the penance she endured in hunting on her hands and knees for all the stray peas which either she or Hannah had scattered on the floor. Mistress Hannah was a very masterful personage. She did all the Elder's marketing for him, decided what he must have for dinner, and made herself, generally, the Grey Mare of his presbytery. Even she did not venture to tidy up her master's study (if so meek a head of a household may be honoured with the magisterial name); but she dusted him for the pulpit with as little aid on his part as if he had been a lay figure, combed his bleached mane, tangled like tumbled hay, into sleek venerability, and put on his cravat, made, washed, starched, and ironed by herself, much as a groom slips a collar over the head of a lazy horse.

It was a wonder how Hannah ever came to let Ruth have a doll. Half-grudged sufferance was the tenure on which it was held. That doll was Ruth's great treasure, a playmate a great deal better than the cat; for very often Puss did not choose to play, and when she did she would only play in the ways that pleased herself, and in the very middle of a game suddenly turn sulky, or go off after a sparrow or something equally void of pertinence.

But how many parts that doll had played, to the perfect satisfaction of the author of the pieces! It was a Tiresias both as to sex and age. It had been baptized by immersion in the water-butt, whipped from the vestry-door to the school-house, pilloried on the scraper, imprisoned in the coal-hole, hanged on the hawthorns, and finally drawn, quartered, and decapitated (in make-believe) on Izaak's chopping-block.

As a Caroline constable it had dispersed a congregation of Seventh-Day stray cats; it had been a Royalist magistrate, a Sabbath-keeping minister, a confessor or martyr in the ways I have described. The Elder would have been shocked if he had been aware of the gusto with which at times his little granddaughter persecuted his sect and their brother Puritans.

But the feminine instinct soon re-asserted itself. Dolly, after having been thrown, as a primitive Christian, to Pussy, was caught up, cuddled, smothered with kisses, and incongrously metamorphosed into Daniel rescued from the den of lions; and after long languishing as a persecuted Baptist in the school-house cellar, it had been shipped to join its brethren in Rhode Island, represented by the solitary sun-flower.

Poor little maid, it is not wonderful that she felt lonely; that she half thought sometimes that the old persecuting days must have been livelier than those in which her lot was cast.

She was a caged little bird, whose pinion-feathers were growing; and the shooting of the quills made her beat herself against the bars.

Besides the "sports" I have described, her amusements consisted in trying to decipher the old epitaphs, and making flesh-and-blood lives (again for company's sake) out of their stony records, and in turning over and reading in the old books.

They were in divers languages. *Lipsiæ* and sundry other foreign names figured pretty frequently on their title-pages. There were a good many folios and quartos amongst them. Their odour was musty for the most part, but here and there a Russia binding breathed out fragrance, like a hidden bank of violets beside a dusty road. Some were coverless; some had covers of coarse blue and grey paper; others of vellum and parchment, with blood or rust-red edges to the leaves; others of thick leather, quaintly stamped and thickly sown with fading stars. Some were commonplace books, with outside staircases of the letters of the alphabet inked on little squares of paper and parchment, running down them diagonally, with very irregular intervals between the steps.

Ruth had a long picture-gallery of damp-freckled divines, in broad bands, skull-caps, and mustachios, to wander through, or, rather, over; but to these she preferred the man with the very substantial beam in his own eye, and kindred cuts in Quarles's "Emblems," and the illuminated initial letters, "Certaine Mappes of Cosmographie," and other illustrations of her favourite old Bible.

The views of Palestine, with ranges of mountains like rows of dumplings, and men-of-war bigger than Judea cruising off the

coast; the tents of the Twelve Tribes, with their heraldically-emblazoned shields set up in front; and the Vision of Ezekiel, with its geographical "Aqvilon" and "Midi," and alphabetical references to "The Lickenesse of Amber, or the Pale Colour," &c., were some of her chief favourites, pleasing her all the more because they puzzled her.

There was a good deal of witch literature in her grandfather's library, and Ruth read far more of it than was good for her. Nutcracker-faced old women in steeple hats haunted her slumbers, mopping and mowing at her; dogged her about the grave-yard when she wandered in it after dusk, and looked up at her with hideous grimaces from among the tombs; or rode high over head, racing the cloud-wrack, when she peeped fearfully from her bed-room window at night; as if to avenge on her the barbarities which her Puritan ancestors had inflicted on the poor old creatures of which they were the eidola, during the time of the Long Parliament, and, later, by the hand of that eminent Congregationalist, Cotton Mather, whose works enriched the Elder's too ample store of books.

Foxe's "Martyrs" was another subject included by fortune in the little maid's curriculum of self-culture. Sinews cracking above the lighted candle held beneath the wrist; right hands thrust into the fire; stakes, flames, blinding sour smoke from faggots of wet wood; babes born in the flames, and pitchforked back into them; and sudden explosions of gunpowder, too slight to be merciful, joined with the witches in making the ill dreams that disturbed the little maiden's rest.

In his historical teaching the Elder was rather dry, and so were the books from which he taught. History told in books more to her taste, Ruth found in her kid-like browsings in her grandfather's library, if kid-like be not too frisky a word to apply to the cramped child, and browsing too fresh a word to indicate the miscellaneous manner in which she devoured the musty, mildewed tomes. And yet these books might seem strange favourites for one so young; old stiffly-written Lives, Letters, Autobiographies, Diaries, and such like, of devout personages, in quaint type and queer spelling. It was, however, the personal element in them that constituted their attraction for Ruth. She made complete stories out of them, as she did out of the epitaphs; and the old books gave her more dry bones than the old stones did to clothe with flesh.

The times in which her sect, or, rather, her grandfather's, arose and struggled, through much persecution, into some measure of peaceful enjoyment of its own opinions, were the periods which Ruth most affected. The old meeting-house and school-house had been built in those times. Some of the learned and painful ministers she read of in the old books had preached from the old pulpit up to which grandfather toiled every Sabbath, on long bygone May mornings, when the fragrance of the then young hawthorns floated through the open windows into the then crowded chapel, when only a few new tombstones cast their shadows on the grass of the graveyard, and no dense mass of dusky masonry crowded around it, as if enviously bent on stifling and squeezing the life out of its turf and trees.

Ruth could have passed a strict examination as to the provisions of the Founder's will: "Probatum Londini coram venerabili viro, Domino Johanne Cooke, Milite, Legum Doctore, Surrogato," &c., &c., &c.

She rolled out as roundly as her silvery little voice could give them, to an imaginary audience in the upper schoolroom, its imprimises, that-is-to-says, and items, messuages, lands, tenements, and hereditaments, heirs and assigns for ever; and all the rest of the technical phraseology of the Last Will and Testament, in two parts indented, each part containing the same words as the other doth, and each part being of the same force and date. Ruth wondered whether Ann This, though she did get some moneys left her, liked being reminded that her father was in debt to the testator's estate; what William, her son, an infant, thought of the arrangement according to which he was to receive one hundred pounds when he had served his apprenticeship, only on condition that he should have approved himself to the wisdom and care of the executor as being a sober and careful young man; how the servants who got no praise, and only a guinea each, looked at the one who was called a faithful servant, and got ten pounds; and why kinswoman Mary was left twenty-one shillings, and cousins That and T'other only ten shillings and sixpence apiece. She speculated much, moreover, as to what the Marys and Sarahs, Johns and Henrys, only mentioned by name, had done to get their guinea each left them; whether the Peters and Thomases, whom the will simply discharged from any sum or all sums of money, by bond or otherwise, owing to the testator at his death, would not have felt a good deal more grateful if in addition he had left them a little ready cash; and as to the ages, faces, figures, dress, and circumstances of the four devout men who received

the guinea each for carrying the testator to his sepulchre.

With still greater interest did Ruth read his own record of his life, printed for distribution at his funeral, as his last legacy to the Church and to the world, which still scoffed at him, perchance, but which had not prevented him from accumulating a very respectable little pile of filthy lucre, to be purified and sanctified by appropriation to pious uses.

She went with him, in imagination, to hear the "silenced" lecturers preach, when, as a youth, he was drawn forth to thirst after their ministry. When his father, having openly taken the Parliament's side after Edgehill Fight, was forced to flee from home, through the King's having made the city of Oxford, not far off, his garrison, she saw, almost as plainly as, when for a moment she looked up from her book, she saw solemn Izaak sweeping the dust out of the little vestry—the Royalist soldiers breaking into the shop at midnight, spoiling the goods by plunder and by waste, insulting the sick mother, and threatening to pistol her son when he prayed them to have mercy.

Next he was keeping a shop for his master on the green undulating northern border of Worcestershire, vexing his righteous soul from day to day, like just Lot, with the drunkenness, bull-baiting, and other unlawful deeds of the wild nailers, and getting but little edification from the sermons he listened to, for want of better, in the parish church. Then he was back at his master's house, but out of his favour, and despised by all the family, because he had been dipped, and persisted in turning a deaf ear to the learned and painful minister who had condescended to argue with him. He had not long been married before there were deplorable divisions among the professing party, those called Presbyterians having correspondence and making confederacy with those that carried on the interest of King Charles II. When the king entered London, Ruth once more saw her grave hero in the hands of Royalist soldiers, and though oftentimes tempted to drink the king's health, steadfastly refusing to be guilty of so vain an action. Again the Philistines were upon him. Horse and foot being up to put down Venner's insurrection, a captain of the county troops entered his shop and took him prisoner, pillaging his goods. And yet again he lay in Oxford Castle; and when released, was sent to prison once more, because he would not give his pledge that he would never again frequent a separate assembly.

In the dreadful plague year, which filled the huge churchyard pit, whose site the Elder had pointed out to Ruth in one of their rare walks, the Puritan confessor had been let out of prison, like a leg-tied bird, just long enough to see his wife die, to put his children out to nurse, and otherwise settle his affairs. Then he had gone back to gaol and pined there in body, but waxed strong in spirit, until, in 1672, our most religious and gracious king of that date, being moved with piety, and of his own special grace, certain knowledge, and mere motion, pardoned, remitted, and released from prison some five hundred dissenters, amongst them the Founder of the old meeting-house, and John Bunyan. Ruth loved John Bunyan, the "Pilgrim's Progress" and the "Holy War" being her only light literature; but high above these in her *reverence* ranked the epistle which the Founder, like a second Paul, had written when in bonds to the brethren which were in Rhode Island, called to be saints. Ruth's church had miracles also to command her veneration, narratives of blind women who had recovered sight, as a sign that its doctrine was of God, and such-like. It had a martyrology of its own likewise. Not far from the old meeting-house, there was a squalid alley to which the Elder had taken his grand-daughter as reverently as if he had been a Catholic conducting her to the shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury. There one of the fathers of his church had suffered death in the cruel Stuart times. The greasy, blood-stained butchers, and pale-faced German sugar-bakers, in their filthy sabots, who had jostled against Ruth when she went upon this pilgrimage, stood around the scaffold, savagely rejoicing, in her mental picture of the martyrdom. The little girl, with high-pressure modern life at work all round her—overshadowed by Works and bonded warehouses, and within a stone's throw of docks, into and out of which ships from all parts of the world were ever passing, lived almost entirely in the past. It cramped and chilled her, and yet it seemed to have more warm blood and freedom in it than her present, since she was almost entirely cut off from the outside world.

In the ring of that world lying immediately around her were squalor, coarseness, vice, and crime, and yet, though the glimpses she got of her neighbours made her half afraid of them, in spite of the monastic protections that hemmed her in, she could not help envying them their liberty and company. *They* could come and go as they

pleased, and had people to talk to and laugh with, instead of being cooped up all alone in the midst of faded books and grey gravestones. From the outer world, however, there blew in upon Ruth a far more pleasantly freshening breeze than any that could have come from her immediate neighbourhood.

Her heart was like a well in a wood, overshadowed by dark trees and cumbered with dead leaves. This "meadow-gale of spring" scattered the relics of many autumns, waved aside the tree-tops, and let in sunshine on the water that had long bubbled in gloom and suppression.

There came to visit her grandfather a brother minister, but a much younger man, a keen but kindly Yankee, with his pleasant English wife and their bright little boy.

The Rev. Luke Bradgate had not confined his labours to the United States of America. He had been a missionary in the West Indies and the East. He told Ruth droll stories about the negroes; and sitting down on the floor with her and his little Luke, led off their swayings backwards and forwards, as the three chanted together at the top of their voices a lesson in Arabic, in imitation of the little school children of Syria. There was no starch in the Rev. Luke's behaviour, any more than there was in his cravat. Solemn Izaak glanced at him askance, with knitted brow of disapproval.

But it was not the Rev. Luke's levity alone that displeased Izaak.

The American tried to put the old place in order, and to teach Izaak brisker ways. It was simply from good nature and surplus nervous energy that he did so; but his conduct gave the old chapel-keeper dire offence. Englishmen of Izaak's stamp and age are very indocile old dogs, especially when the would-be teacher of new tricks is not of English birth. Upon the Elder also his American brother tried his hand. A comfortable endowment that only commanded a congregation of half-a-dozen struck him in the light of a powerful water-force wasted on a toy-mill. He got the Elder to let him preach for him, and preached in a lively style, so different from that of the good old man, who boomed out his learned sentences like a benevolent bumble-bee, that his hearers, although they did not exactly approve of the new fashion, could not forbear speaking with some pride to their friends of other churches of the able American brother who was supplying for their good old minister. Some of the friends came to hear the able brother. His fame spread abroad; and he persuaded the Elder to suffer him to announce, by means of little handbills, headed, in large type—

"THE HOLY LAND!
BY!!
ONE WHO HAS BEEN THERE!!!"

a course of week-day lectures in the meeting-house.

The lectures took; the last nearly filled the body of the chapel, and the good old Elder began to wonder whither he must remove his books in the galleries if the cause went on prospering at this rate. He was not in the least jealous of his young brother; but the American's activity bewildered the old Englishman, who had got accustomed to steady paces and rest in shady places.

He gasped for breath, so to speak, when hurried along at such a rate, and often blinked beneath some quick-glancing remark of his friend's, as he might have done if a mischievous urchin had turned his sunlight-reflecting fragment of looking-glass upon him with a sudden flash, when "falling asleep in a half-dream" in his arm-chair after dinner.

The Elder's feelings towards his brother were mixed. He was thoroughly hospitable towards him and his, and seemed soothed, indeed, by Mrs. Bradgate's daughterly attentions. Like his congregation too, especially since they manifested no desire to fix the star, the old man felt rather proud that brethren of other denominations should have discovered that his church possessed a luminary so brilliant, if erratic. But yet, save that he would miss the quiet cheerfulness of the wife, he could not help thinking that his old manse would be an easier place to live in when the Bradgates had taken their departure and his household had gone back to its old ways.

Hannah was, far more emphatically, of the same opinion. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Bradgate found favour in her eyes. I am afraid that when she and Izaak got together there was a lamentable rarity of Christian charity in their respective comments on wife and husband. As was natural, it was the wife whom Hannah disliked the more. It is very hard for a woman, however gentle-spirited, to be a guest in a house governed by a housekeeper without treading on the housekeeper's toes. Mrs. Bradgate trod very heavily on Hannah's.

Her old master seemed to care more for the interloper of a week or two than for her after long years of service, or rather, reign.

To gratify some whim of the interloper's, he had actually plucked up courage enough on more than one occasion to set aside the Median and Persian regulations of the rightful ruler of the house.

Ruth, too, was completely taken out of Hannah's hands, and said her prayers now with her playmate, little Luke, at Mrs. Bradgate's knee. She pitied the motherless little girl, and tried to give her a mother again, if only for a fleeting month. She encouraged Ruth to play with little Luke at more childlike games. He was the younger of the two; but, owing to his superior, indeed, in many cases sole proficiency, gave himself lordliest airs of supremacy over his companion when they were at play. The minister's wife modernised Ruth's dress, and modernised her modes of thought by simple talk, chiefly about what goes on in simple homes on both sides of the Atlantic.

Very simple were the lives gossiped about, but the glimpses of home-happiness thus given were to the little girl very much what green meadows sprinkled with buttercups and daisies, fringed with elms and tangled hedgerows, or willows shading clear quiet streams and lush bank-herbage, and dotted with sheep, would be to a lamb, if seen between the blistered, dusty bars of a grassless, waterless pound. Mrs. Bradgate, moreover, took Ruth with her once or twice when she went shopping, and comforted the little maid's mind by showing a little natural womanly anxiety about the matching of a ribbon. Ruth in her heart loved pretty apparel, as all Eve's daughters do. Those who profess to despise it utterly really give a strong proof of their love for it by making their exchange of it for clumsy cut and sombre hues, *the* outward and visible sign of their renunciation of all earthly joys. But until she knew the American minister's wife Ruth had somehow believed, or, rather, had striven hard against her instincts to force herself to believe that she believed, that it was "wicked" to have any care for dress.

But if good Mrs. Bradgate liked pretty things, of course *she* might, and, better still, her kind friend enabled her to gratify her taste for beauty on her own person. It was on a very small scale; but the pretty things bought for her set off and were set off by her sweet face, which, when her friend had first seen it, had looked, in contrast to her dark, coarse, ungainly dress, like a cluster of golden and blue and white and pale-pink flowers springing from a cranny in volcanic rock. A few books, too, both in letterpress and illustrations, better adapted to her age than those which she had previously studied, like a honey-seeking little butterfly fluttering over dead leaves, were provided for the child. Ruth for the first time was introduced to delightful fairy lore, and as she read it was half inclined to think that Mrs. Bradgate must be a fairy godmother. But it was as a mother that Ruth liked best to look upon her Anglo-American friend. The little orphan could not definitely remember her own mother, and yet a vivid past seemed to come back to her when she said her prayers at Mrs. Bradgate's knee, and when the kind guest who had made herself hostess tucked her up and gave her a good-night kiss, came to sit by her side and hush her off to sleep again when her grim nightly visitants broke her slumbers, and welcomed her in the morning with a smile as bright and as fresh as the sun's.

Such a treat as Ruth had never enjoyed before, scarcely had dreamed of enjoying, was hers just before the little American party recrossed the Atlantic. The Rev. Luke was too busy a man to have much time, or, indeed, taste, for pleasure-taking, pure and simple; but, wishing to visit the old Cardinal-built palace up the river, in which the Stuart Pedant held conference with and browbeat the Puritans, for the purpose of contributing a paper on it to the journal of his sect, for which he acted as a kind of roving correspondent, and which, when it had anything of his in it, he "mailed" to friends and acquaintances in the most oppositely remote corners of the earth, Mr. Bradgate determined to make out of his journey of piety and business a holiday excursion for his wife, son, and Ruth. The old minister was asked to join the party, but prayed to be excused. The prospect of once more enjoying an undisturbed day in his study was as delicious to him as to his grand-daughter was the anticipation of the one holiday of her life. Clouds had gathered on the eve of the eventful day, and many times in the intervening night had Ruth got out of bed to scan the sky. Anxiety about her holiday had driven away her dread of the witches, as one serpent eats up another. But day broke beautifully; a mild May morning, with a cloudless sky. Spring had not forgotten even the old graveyard; the mountain ash was in blossom. Ruth wished that she could take it with her into the country to refresh its flowers. As for the poor old hawthorns, those, she feared, were too far gone to put forth a flower-bud even in the sweetest air.

Except the river, which she had never crossed before, she saw nothing on her journey to the railway-station, which greatly interested her; disappointing, mean masonry and malodours characterized the first part of her railway ride also. But soon her heart leaped up as she beheld lilac and laburnum blossom, and milky guelder-roses in the gardens along the line, elder-flowers in the hedges, and ragged robin on the side of a cutting; and, lined with elms and willows, rich sheets of real country grass waiting for the scythe. Cows lowed, sheep bleated in the sunny pastures. How different were their voices from those of the flocks and herds driven to their doom in noisome dungeons round about her home! Larks were singing ecstatically over head, and larks, too, Ruth had heard before

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—captives hung out in the smoke in high-up barred cells. Perhaps their songs had really not been less joyous than the strains she heard upon that bright May morn, but these seemed to her childish fancy like the voices of young angels frolicking outside the gate of heaven, whilst those had been the utterance of piteously-passionate longings for the sky.

Although so recently initiated in fairy-lore, Ruth had read enough history to take an interest in the lion-guarded palace of brick and stone very different from that which it excites in the great majority of its Cockney visitors, to whom its attractions are of the tea-gardens kind. As she wandered through its courts and galleries and grounds, she could not help pitying the proud cardinal who had built it for himself, but was obliged to pretend that

all the time he had designed it for the king. She remembered that her favourite Edward VI.—it is fortunate for the hero-worship of little English girls that that good young prince died before he had much chance of doing anything bad—that Edward VI. had been born there, and that Charles I. had been kept in durance there, and had escaped thence by the back stairs and court, leaving his cloak in the gallery of the private way, and some letters of his own handwriting upon the table in his withdrawing-room. She remembered, too, that Oliver Cromwell had lived in the old palace, and that George Fox, meeting him as he rode into the park at the head of his Life-Guard, had seen and felt a waft of death go forth against him. Mr. Bradgate held forth on James I., Archbishop Whitgift and the rest of the formidable Anglican array that confronted Dr. Reynolds and his three brethren; and altogether Ruth's thoughts at times went back into the past, almost as much as they had ever done in the old graveyard; but this was so much pleasanter a way of taking the journey.

The paintings on the grand staircase seemed rather pagan to the little Puritan, and yet the gods and goddesses, the lions and the peacocks and the swans were a feast to eyes which had long kept a constrained fast from colour. As she wandered on through the galleries, now letting her eye flutter like a butterfly over a parterre, now burying it like a honey-sucking bee deep in a flower-cup, in some single picture that had allured her, a suspicion that some of the beautiful things she saw were not quite "proper," whether the subject were Pagan or Christian, would sometimes make her feel as if she had come upon lovely blossoms of unexpectedly offensive odour; but she was too young and innocent to be often thus checked in her delight. She eagerly recognised the scriptural subjects in both pictures and tapestry, and having thus done her duty, as she thought, went on to enjoy, with an easier conscience, the secular subjects, the stained glass, the flags, the grouped arms, and the carved stags' heads crowned with natural antlers.

But even greater was her outdoor delight—to lose herself in the maze, to wander in pleached alleys, to gaze in wonder at the huge oak and the huge vine, and the trees that bore the golden fruit which, hawked about in rough baskets lined with blue paper, had sometimes solaced her beauty-craving eye when she looked forth from the front-windows of her sombre home, in spite of the unbeautifulness of the hawkers; to watch the gold and silver fish gliding round and round, and the fountain flashing diamond dust in the sunshine; to look down the long avenues of lime-trees, with the old church tower at the bottom, and down the broad walk to the Thames, with wager-boats glancing over it like bright water insects; to drink in the beauty and the fragrance of the Bushey Park thorns—oh, how unlike the poor old trees at home—and to stroll between the Bushey Park chestnuts, pyramids of green, whose lowest fans swept the ground—spired from soil to summit with pagodas of purely rich-coloured blossom!

"I hope, child, your day hath been satisfactory," her grandfather said to Ruth on her return.

The speech seemed to her so poverty-stricken, so ungratefully insulting to the sources of her delight, that she could not answer the good old man; indeed, she almost burst into tears.

But that day brightened Ruth's life for many a year. That and the memory of her kind American friends, freshened every now and then by a letter, which had come, expressly for her, all the way across the wide Atlantic Ocean, glorified the old graveyard in her eyes, thanks to her rich fancy and quick imagination; robbed the old school-house of some of its mouldy gloom, made the old meeting-house seem something more like a church through which the blood of the present ran, and the old minister's house, in spite of Hannah who, together with Izaak, exulted grimly over the flight of their foreign foes, put on something of the warm look of Home.

RICHARD ROWE.

THE MINOR PROPHETS.

I.—HOSEA AND JOEL.

UNDER the head of "Minor Prophets" are placed in the canon twelve prophetical writings, the work of different authors, and composed at different times. They have received the title "minor" because of their brevity, not because they are of less importance than the greater prophets. Because also of their brevity they were from an early period collected into one volume, and were probably written on one roll. Hence in the canon they are regarded and enumerated as one book; and this explains why, in the catalogues of the sacred books given by Josephus and the Rabbins, the later prophets are enumerated as four—viz., Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and the Twelve.

The principle on which these prophetical books are arranged in the canon seems to be primarily a chronological one, respect being had for the subordinate arrangement to the comparative size of the books. Hosea, Joel, Amos, Obadiah, Jonah, Micah, and Nahum were contemporaries, or nearly so; Habakkuk and Zephaniah were somewhat later; Haggai, Zechariah, and Malachi appeared after the exile. Hosea was placed first, we may suppose, because his book is the largest, and his prophetical activity stretched over a longer period than any of his contemporaries—a period within which theirs were included. Obadiah and Joel were probably as early on the field as Hosea, but they did not continue so long, and their prophecies are very brief compared with his. Amos was certainly somewhat later than Joel; Obadiah, who was probably earlier than either of these, is made to follow them because of the extreme brevity of his prophecy. Jonah may have appeared as a prophet earlier than even Hosea, but his prophetic activity at Nineveh probably belonged to a later period, and hence his book, which relates exclusively to that, is placed after that of Amos. Nahum did not prophecy till after the overthrow of the kingdom of the ten tribes; Habakkuk was slightly before Zephaniah, and his is the longer book of the two; Haggai and Zechariah were contemporaries, but Haggai had slightly the precedence in the delivery of his message; Malachi was the last of the prophets. In the LXX. the order of the six first prophets is different from that in the Hebrew, the books there being arranged according to their size in the following order:—Hosea, Amos, Micah, Joel, and Obadiah, while Jonah is placed last because probably of the peculiar character of his book.

HOSEA.—Hosea (הוֹשֵׁעַ *Hoshea'*, *Deliverance*) was the son of Beeri, a subject of the kingdom of Israel, of whom nothing is known beyond the name. Patristic tradition assigns Belemoth in the tribe of Issachar, or Belamon in the north of Samaria, as the birthplace of the prophet (Pseud-Epiphan. de Prophett. i. 11; Schol. prefixed to Ephraem Syrus on Hos.; Dorotheus, p. 143, &c.); but these traditions are without foundation. That the prophet belonged to Israel, and not to Judah, as some have supposed, is rendered almost certain, as well by the peculiar character of his diction, which is that of the northern part of Palestine, as by the intimate acquaintance he displays with the localities of the kingdom of Ephraim, his designating that kingdom simply "the land" (i. 2), and his calling the king of Israel "our king" (i. 5). It is with Israel almost exclusively that his utterances are concerned, and though a prophet of Judah might have been sent to convey God's message to the people of Israel, yet this was so extraordinary an event that some special notice of it would in all probability have been given, such as is given, for instance, in the cases mentioned 1 Kings xiii. and Amos vii. That in the superscription of the book of Hosea the names of several kings of Judah are given, and only one of Israel, affords no proof that the prophet belonged to Judah, because every true prophet of the Lord must have regarded Jerusalem as the place where the Lord dwelt and whence His word came forth; and those who belonged to the northern kingdom, whilst rendering civil obedience to their own sovereign, nevertheless must have regarded the kings of Judah as alone the representatives of the true King of Israel (comp. Hos. viii. 4; iii. 4, 5). Jeroboam is mentioned probably to fix Hosea's prophesying to the time when the kingdom of Israel had reached its highest pitch of power and greatness, and only very partial symptoms of internal weakness and decay had begun to manifest themselves, so that his announcement of the overthrow of the family of Jeroboam and the total decay of the kingdom appears as a real prediction, and not as a prophecy after the event, or a mere sagacious conjecture. Hosea's prophetic activity must have stretched through a period of not less than

sixty-five years if he prophesied in the reign of Uzziah, and was still on the field in the time of Hezekiah. This receives confirmation from the contents of his book; for it appears from i. 4 that he began to prophesy before the fall of the house of Jehu, which he announces as near at hand; and from x. 14 it appears that he survived the first expedition of Shalmaneser against Israel (2 Kings xvii. 3), the Shalman of that passage being only an abbreviated form of Shalmaneser, and the Beth-Arbel which he spoiled being the fortified city of Galilee, called elsewhere Arbela (1 Macc. ix. 2; Joseph. Antiq., xii. 11, 1). This was shortly after the accession of Hezekiah, and the prophet continued to prophesy after that. "Thus," as Calvin remarks, "it appears with how much and what invincible fortitude and constancy of the Holy Spirit he was endowed."

The book of the prophet Hosea is one continuous whole, the contents of which relate, as already observed, chiefly to the kingdom of Israel. It is from beginning to end the one "word of the Lord" which the prophet was commissioned to bear; and there is a perceptible advance from wrath and threatening to mercy and promise, indicative of a definite plan, in the composition. The book may be divided into two parts. The former of these (i.—iii.) presents in symbolic representation the relation of the people to God as on the one hand unfaithful to Him and severed from Him, and on the other hand after chastisement restored; the symbol employed being that of marriage.* This section relates to the earlier period of Hosea's prophetic activity, during the reign of Jeroboam II., when the nation was beginning to sink into moral corruption and apostacy, by which the way was prepared for the divine judgments to fall upon them. The latter part of the book (iv.—xiv.) contains a continuous discourse, in which the prophet sets forth, on the one hand, the sins of the people which brought on them the judgments of the Lord, and on the other the mingled severity and goodness of God, accompanied with exhortations to repentance and promises of blessing to the nation when penitent and restored. Though chiefly directed to Israel, the view of the prophet occasionally glances to Judah, whose sins are declared, and whose people are exhorted to take warning from the fate of Israel (i. 7, 11; iv. 15; v. 5, 10, 14; vi. 4, 11; viii. 14; x. 11; xi. 12; xii. 2).

The inscription announces Hosea as the author of this book, and its claim to be regarded as his composition has never been seriously called in question; nor has any doubt been thrown on the integrity of any of its parts. Whether the prophet wrote the book whilst he lived among the Ten Tribes, or whether, after labouring there, he retired to Judah and there wrote it, cannot be determined. It was possibly written before the overthrow of the kingdom of Israel, and if written there must have been known in Judah very soon afterwards, as the allusions made to it by Jeremiah in his delineations of that kingdom prove.

The spirit of Hosea's discourse is earnest, vigorous, and strongly ethical. He deals chiefly in censure and reproof, denouncing the prevailing iniquities and corruptions of the people, and threatening the divine indignation because of them. At times, however, his language becomes that of entreaty rather than of denunciation. The prevailing severity of his tone is tempered by words of bright promise and joyful anticipation, and a vein of tenderness and pathos runs through his discourse. His style is for the most part concise and somewhat abrupt; he abounds in similitudes and imagery; the greater part of his book is in the form of poetry, and the poetry is of a high class, though the rhythm is sometimes harsh, and the parallelism not always accurately preserved. His diction is, on the whole, pure, though he uses many peculiar words and unusual constructions; and to many passages much difficulty and obscurity attaches, so that he has been pronounced "among the most hard to interpret of the prophets and the Old Testament writers generally."*

Joel (יוֹאֵל *Yah is God*).—This prophet, the son of Pethuel, of whom nothing is known beyond his name, lived and prophesied in Judah, probably in Jerusalem (i. 9, 13, 14; ii. 1, 15, 17, 32; iii. 1, 2, 6, 7, 16, 17, 20, 21). One patristic tradition assigns Bethem, a place said to be in the tribe of Reuben, as his birthplace (Pseud.-Epiphanius, De Vitis Proph., c. 15; Scholion prefixed to Ephraem Syrus, Comment. on Joel); another makes him a native of Bethomeron, that is, Bethhoron (Dorotheus, Tyrius Synops. in Bibl. Patr. Mag., iii. p. 143;

* In the judgment of the best interpreters the things mentioned in this section are not to be regarded as what actually happened in the outer life of the prophet, but are either purely symbolical representations, or what happened only in vision to the prophet. See Henderson, "Minor Prophets," on the place; Hengstenberg, "Christology," vol. i. 179ff. Dr. Pusey, on the other hand, contends for the literal interpretation, and not without force, "Minor Prophets," pp. 4, 8.

* Bleek, "Einleit," p. 524.

Isidor. Hispal. De ortu et obitu Patrum, c. 42). Neither of them is authenticated, but as of the two Bethhorons, one was in Judah (Joseph,. xii. 7, 1; comp. Josh. xvi. 3; xviii. 13, where Bethhoron the nether is placed on the boundary line between Ephraim and Benjamin), the latter tradition may possibly be correct. It has been conjectured that Joel belonged to the sacerdotal tribe; but as the only ground for this is the frequent reference in his book to the temple, its officers and its services, the conjecture cannot be held as established. There is great difference of opinion as to the time when Joel prophesied, some placing him as late as from 870 to 850 B.C.; others contending that he was not later than about 800 B.C. On the latter supposition he was by much the earliest of the prophets whose writings have been preserved. That he was earlier than Amos appears from the fact that Amos evidently had his book before him, for he begins his prophecy with a quotation from it (comp. Amos i. 2 with Joel iv. 16), and ends with promises closely similar to those in Joel's concluding utterance (Amos ix. 13; Joel iv. 18). Now as Amos prophesied in the time of Jeroboam II. and Uzziah, Joel probably was on the field at the very commencement of Uzziah's reign; that is, about 810 B.C. He would thus be somewhat earlier than Hosea, and as Uzziah reigned long, a good deal earlier than Isaiah. There are no reasons, however, for assigning to Joel an earlier date than this. It has indeed been argued that as in this book there is no allusion to the Syrians or the Assyrians as the assailants of the kingdom of the theocracy, the only enemies referred to being the Phœnicians and Philistines (iii. 4), the Egyptians and the Edomites (iii. 19), it is to be inferred that Joel prophesied before the death of Joash, king of Judah, which was hastened by the invasion of Hazael (2 Kings xii. 17 ff; 2 Chron. xxiv. 23 ff). But the irruption of Hazael was not an invasion of Judah by the Syrians; his expedition was directed against the Philistines, and only a small part of his army went up against Jerusalem, and simply accomplished God's purpose of transient chastisement against the king and his people. It is therefore more probable that this points to a time before Jotham's reign, in whose days, as we read, "the Lord began to send against Judah Rezin the king of Syria." It is further to be observed that Joel prophesied at a time when the nation was in a religious respect prosperous; though he mentions sins and calamities, and calls to repentance (ii. 12), he does not dwell on the prevailing sinfulness of the people; and his message, consequently, is not one of denunciation and threatening, but one rather of joyful assurance and gracious promise. This would seem to point to the period of the reign of Azariah or Uzziah, who "did that which was right in the sight of the Lord," and during whose reign the nation as such served the Lord. Putting these reasons together, we are led to place Joel in the time of Uzziah and during the earlier part of his reign. It may be added that both Joel and Amos refer to a season of drought and a desolation of the land by locusts (Joel i. 2; Amos iv. 6—9), which would seem to indicate that they were nearly contemporaries. Both of them also use a name for the destroying insect (גָּזָם *gâzâm*), which nowhere else occurs; and by both, as descriptive of a season of prosperity and blessing, the remarkable expression is used, "the mountains shall drop down new wine, and the hills shall flow with milk" (Joel iii. 18; Amos ix. 13).

The prophecy of Joel is one throughout; for though a distinction may be made between the earlier part of it as containing a description of calamity and a call to repentance, and the later part as containing promises of blessing, this does not affect the unity of the book; both these are parts of one whole; God's call to repentance is the proper prelude to His promise of blessing. The prophecy opens with a description of a season of distress arising from a great drought (i. 12, 19, 20), and from an extraordinary visitation of locusts (i. 2 ff; ii. 2 ff); and which had lasted for a considerable time (ii. 25). The prophet represents this as the consequence of transgression (ii. 12), and as the precursor of the great and terrible day of the Lord (i. 15; ii. 1, 2, 11); and he calls on the people to assemble in the temple to fast and weep before the Lord and seek His mercy (i. 14; ii. 1 12—17). The prophet then in the name of the Lord gives assurance that their repentance and prayer shall not be in vain; the Lord will visit His people, and not only remove from them the dreaded calamity (ii. 18—20), but more than repair all the evil that had been done (21—27). From this the prophet passes to loftier themes, and in an utterance which has reference to Messianic times predicts the spiritual blessedness and perpetuity of the Church, and her triumph over all her enemies (ii. 28—iii. 21).

It is a controversy of old standing whether the description of the locusts in the early

part of this book is to be taken literally as setting forth what had actually happened in the land of Judah through an invasion of these destructive insects, or whether under a symbolical representation the prophet predicts an invasion of Judah by the destroying armies of a foreign conqueror. By those who adopt this latter view it is urged, 1. That the invading army is called "the northern army" (ii. 20), an expression which applies well to a body of invaders coming upon Judah from Chaldea or Assyria, which countries are constantly represented by the prophets who follow Joel as sending their hosts from the north, whilst it can only very doubtfully be used of an army of locusts, which were more likely to invade Judah from the south or the east than from the north. 2. That the prophet speaks of "the day of the Lord" as near at hand (i. 15; ii. 1), therefore still future, which would seem to indicate that what he has in view is not a visitation under which the nation had already suffered, but one which was to be dreaded as still in the future. 3. That Joel uses many symbolical representations, such as the vine and fig-tree for the Church, the mountains and hills dropping with new wine as representing times of great prosperity and peace, &c., and that by a people like the Jews the symbol of locusts as representing an invading and destructive power would be readily apprehended. 4. In other of the prophetical writings armed invaders are undoubtedly presented under the symbol of locusts (Amos vii. 1—4; Isa. xxxiii. 4; Rev. ix. 3, 7), and may consequently be well understood as so represented here. 5. That as the prophet uses four different words to designate the locusts, viz., *gâzâm*, *'arbeh*, *yâleq*, and *chasil* (i. 4), this is best accounted for by supposing that four successive invasions of the enemies of Judah are thus indicated. On the other side it is argued, 1. That the whole tenor of the prophet's description is opposed to the idea that he is predicting a future invasion, and not depicting a calamity under which the people had actually suffered, and on the ground of which he summons them to repentance. 2. That the description of the locusts as in appearance *like* horses, as running *like* horsemen (ii. 4), and *like* mighty men, as climbing the wall *like* men of war (ii. 7), and as entering the windows *like* a thief (ii. 9), clearly indicates that it is not of an invading army of men and cavalry that the prophet speaks, but of a natural plague that came and operated after the manner of such. 3. That had the prophet intended to depict the ravages of an invading army, he would not have given prominence in his picture to the wasting of the vine and the fig-tree as with the teeth of lions, to the making white of the branches by the peeling off of the bark, and to the withering of the trees and corn (i. 6, 7, 12, 17), which are not the evils dreaded from the invasion of a host of armed men. 4. That as these effects are exactly such as locusts produce when they come upon a country, and as the whole description so exactly tallies with what we know to be the characteristics of an invasion of locusts, it is arbitrary to understand it of anything else. 5. That the designation of the invading force as "the northern army" does not necessarily exclude the supposition that this was a swarm of locusts, for as these abound in Syria and the Syrian desert, a host of them might come from thence upon Judea. 6. That as the four names given to the locusts are the proper designations of different species of that insect, it is preposterous to suppose that four different invasions of the same enemy are thereby symbolized. 7. That as respects the declaration that the day of the Lord is near at hand, this cannot prove that the visitation which the prophet describes had yet to come, for the plague of locusts might be regarded by him as only the precursor of a still sorer judgment in the future. Influenced by these considerations, the majority of interpreters take the prophet's description as that of an actual calamity under which the nation had suffered, and not as a symbolical representation of what was yet to be.

Some writers have suggested that the passage in Isa. ii. 2—4 and Micah iv. 1—3 is a fragment of a prediction by Joel which these prophets have quoted. This is a mere fancy for which not a shadow of reason can be assigned. It is probable, however, that only a portion of Joel's writings has been preserved to us in the canon; for his style is that of a cultured and practised writer. In purity of language and vividness of description, boldness of conception and grace of composition, he is surpassed by none of the prophets. His descriptions of the locusts and of the devastation caused by them, of the judgment and punishment of the heathen (iii. 1—15), and of the future blessedness of Israel (iii. 16—21), are in respect of vigour of expression and vividness of imagery nowhere surpassed. There is great harmony in his representations, and beauty in his similitudes. The parallelism is carefully preserved by him, and the rhythm of his verses is smooth and animated.

W. LINDSAY-ALEXANDER.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

ONE day, in the year 1714, there was a considerable stir in the Bell Inn at Gloucester. The women from the country, who, with their baskets of eggs and vegetables, turned into the Bell for a little refreshment, whispered together solemnly; the servant-girls ran about looking flushed and excited; the page-boy, having no one to look after him, played tricks at his leisure in the pantry.

Was some guest expected? Yes, a guest was expected, but a guest for whom neither the big bed in the best room nor the oak-wainscoted parlour were prepared; only a basket filled with trim little snowy garments, and a warm place in a mother's heart.

That day the cry of a newly-born infant was heard in the Bell, but as there was nothing unusually eloquent or expressive in the sound, and as there was certainly nothing connected with the pulpit in the surroundings of the hostess mother, not the most lively imagination in all the street ever dreamt that this child, whose voice was now for the first time audible upon earth, would be one of the greatest preachers that ever spoke to a Christian congregation.

There was not anything peculiarly thoughtful or studious about the childhood of George Whitefield; he was only a bright, intelligent little lad, who was always ready for activity of either mind or body.

It may, however, reasonably be supposed that the glorious Protestant memories connected with his native city worked quietly upon him, and had something to do with shaping his future opinions. These streets were trodden by the feet of Tyndal as he meditated on the English translation of the Bible. In this square Hooper bore at the stake a good testimony to the Reformed Faith, turning his funeral pyre into a lamp that lights England still. At the door of that cathedral good old Bishop Miles Smith stood and protested against the Romanist practices of Laud the dean, saying that he would never cross again the sacred threshold unless the signs of Popery were swept from the building. We may well believe that stories like these, hanging, as it were, in the very atmosphere of the town in which his early years were spent, often wove themselves into the fancies, and painted themselves in clear pictures, before the thoughts of a boy of lively intellect such as was George Whitefield.

Whitefield was educated at the Gloucester grammar school, where he acquired a considerable degree of both classical and general knowledge. The chief way, however, in which he distinguished himself at school, was by his declamation. The most difficult piece of poetry on field days of display before parents and relations, the address from the school to the head master on his birthday, the longest speech when the boys held a mimic parliament on any subject, were all entrusted to young Whitefield, and spoken by him with the applause and wonder both of his teachers and his companions. There was a grace in his action, a subtle power in his voice, which seemed as much born in him as song in a young nightingale. In after years, Whitefield often attributed his self-possession, when speaking before vast multitudes, to the practice which he had had in his school days.

At fifteen Whitefield left school. Things had gone badly with the hostess of the Bell, and she could afford no money to give her son a fair start in life. There was nothing better for him to do than to become a general servant in the inn.

His duties were now commonplace and uninteresting enough; but young Whitefield did them with his might. He had not, as the saying goes, an idle bone in his body; whatever his work might be, it was an absolute necessity of his nature that he should do it with earnestness and energy. Besides, his religious convictions were already beginning to be singularly clear and strong for a youth of his age, and already he was growing to understand that the only answer of peace to the mystery of human existence, about which sceptics were writing and cynics were laughing so much in his day, was to be found in the Life and Death of which the Gospels told. He therefore took his humble position at the Bell cheerfully, as the sphere of action that God had appointed him for a season.

It was, however, only for a season. Perhaps through his school companions, perhaps through old frequenters of the Bell, George Whitefield had made several rich, kindly friends, who saw that such a youth was being thrown away in his present situation. They resolved to enable him to go on with the cultivation of his mind, and before long, by their help, he found himself at Pembroke College, Oxford.

Here he made a friendship which deepened yet more the religious tone of his whole nature. John Wesley was then in Oxford, waking up the spiritual life of the old city.

Whitefield heard and was struck by his preaching, and made with him an acquaintance which soon ripened into intimacy. Though in after years they differed in certain points of doctrine, Wesley and Whitefield never ceased to be friends, and to see each in the other a mighty soldier of Christ.

From this time forward, George Whitefield's vocation in life was fixed. One, and but one, should be his work—he would lead men and women to heaven.

The doctrine of the atonement now became the whole joy and comfort of his spirit. All the time he could spare from study while at Oxford was spent in works of mercy. He visited the prison, and shook with his words the stronghold of sin in the heart of many a criminal. He knelt by sick beds in dark garrets where this world's sunshine came seldom, and gospel light never. He took little children by the hand, and put them into the Saviour's arms.

When he left Oxford the fame of his good deeds went before him to Gloucester, and Bishop Benson offered, in consideration of his high character, to ordain him at twenty-two. At that age, therefore, he entered the ministry, and preached his first sermon in a Gloucester church, among his own town's-folk. Even on this early occasion he is said to have charmed his congregation.

He now took the curacy of the little village of Dummer in Hampshire. He tried to do his duty well there, but an out-of-the-way country parish was not at all the place for George Whitefield. He wanted a larger sphere of action; the very energy of his nature required it. In a short time, therefore, he gave up Dummer.

Wesley now asked him to go with him to America, to visit a colony of his own followers who had settled in Georgia. To this Whitefield agreed, and crossed the Atlantic for the first time. In America he preached with considerable success, and helped to found near the town of Savannah an orphanage, on which, throughout his whole life of crowded work, he always kept a father's eye.

On his return to England, Whitefield was ordained priest. It was now that his real warfare with evil, a warfare which lasted as long as he breathed upon earth, began in good earnest.

One day, as he was taking a walk near Bristol, he saw a number of colliers standing idly about, probably in their dinner-hour. They were rough men, with coarse coats and coarser minds. It struck Whitefield that these were people who would never come into church or chapel to look for gospel truth, but that, nevertheless, gospel truth might be brought out into the fields to them. He therefore mounted a little green knoll near at hand, and began to preach.

The result exceeded his expectations. The colliers listened first wonderingly, but very soon attentively. Then tears began to flow down grimy cheeks, and the precious dew of prayer was on many a lip that had long been parched by the malignant breath of sin. Whitefield thanked God that night, and was encouraged to make further efforts in the same direction.

Before long he went to London, and began there his ministry. But both the Church and the Dissenters, with the exception of the little band that followed Wesley, were sunk in a sleep which seems almost incredible to us, living as we do in the midst of the unwearying work, the active charity, which, to the glory of the nineteenth century be it spoken, now characterize the ministers of every denomination of English Christians. Whitefield, with his burning earnestness, which would not let him be half an hour without doing something for his Master, seemed to his brethren a mischievous agitator, and hardly a man among them would admit him to his pulpit.

Being thus driven from temples made with hands, Whitefield went out into the fields, and took the green earth and the blue sky for his church. Not a whole phalanx of divines could keep the population of London, from the lord to the street beggar, from flocking to him. Out they all streamed to hear and see this great new preacher who had risen up among them.

Let us try for a moment to sketch a picture of one of these vast open-air meetings. Though not far from the great city, it is a quiet country place enough in general, where leaves whisper and streams murmur; but today it is as full of human life as a town thoroughfare.

In that long line of ponderous coaches drawn up yonder sit the ladies of title. How proudly their jewels flash in the sunshine! With what languid dignity they throw themselves back on their cushions, and spread out their stiff brocade skirts, as though they were protesting against the injury done to their own greatness by coming here at all; and yet their ladyships cannot, any more than other daughters of Eve, resist the curiosity which drives them out to hear the famous preacher.

This carriage has a much lighter and more jaunty air than the heavy coaches of the

nobility. What a fluttering there is here of many-tinted feathers, what a sparkling of bright eyes, what a twirling of fans, what a brisk exchange of airy repartee between these pretty women and the gentlemen who crowd around their carriage door! These are the actresses from the great theatres who are come to see if the preacher can outshine the stage hero of last night.

Here is a little knot of gentlemen who but yesterday were at King George's court. Some are still sitting gracefully on their glossy, highly-groomed horses, some are leaning against the trees with an air of elegant indifference, as though they were come hither merely to comply with a whim of fashion.

A little apart from the rest of this group are two men, who are distinguished from the others by their haughty superiority of bearing. Their eyes flash with satiric fun, and keen sarcasms leap from their lips as they glance towards their less intellectually gifted companions; their delicate jewelled hands, round which the lace ruffles fold so softly, play lightly with the gilded hilts of their rapiers; every now and then their heads bow in stately

homage to some highly-favoured lady in the carriages.

We start as we hear these two men's names; they are Chesterfield and Bolingbroke. What! Bolingbroke the fastidious freethinker, and Chesterfield, the man whose Bible is a book of rules of court etiquette, listening to the innkeeper's son! Yes, for that spell of the highest truth which sounds from Whitefield's lips has fallen even upon them, at least for a season. They have been to hear him before, and somehow they cannot choose but come to hear him again.

This man, who now saunters up to join the assembly, is of a very different type from the gentlemen of the court. His brow is knit; at intervals he murmurs some word to himself as if he wished not to forget it; something very like a proof-sheet is peeping out of his pocket. People stare at him, half with curiosity, half with wonder, as though they were surprised to see him here. David Hume has, in truth, not much time to spare from his history, but he cannot deny himself such an intellectual treat as listening to Whitefield.

In and out among the well-dressed many, there moves a crowd of people who wear neither silk nor velvet. There is the artisan,

with his wife and children, who have come out here chiefly for the sake of the fresh, sweet country air; there are the city clerk and his sweetheart doing a little flirting to while away the time; there is the poor needlewoman, whose pale face has such a wistful look, that we fancy her heart must be beginning dimly to guess that if she could grasp the meaning of the great preacher's words, it might possibly bring into her life even more warmth and colouring than there is in the dresses she stitches for the grand ladies.

Suddenly the murmur of voices, which has been running through the vast assembly, is hushed. The duchesses and countesses incline their heads a quarter of an inch forward; the fans of the actresses cease to flutter; the mass of the people make a little rush all in the same direction. Every eye is fixed on a man who is ascending slowly a green bank near at hand.

At first sight, there is nothing very remarkable in his appearance. His figure is tall and spare, his dress is homely; when he turns towards the audience we see that he squints, and he has no especial beauty of feature.

But the moment he begins to speak his face is forgotten in his voice. How does it thrill with holy passion as he tells of his dear Lord; how does it ring with stern indignation against sin, and yet how does it melt with tenderness over the sinner! It is so clear that it is heard at the further end of the wide assembly; and yet so sweet that music is the only word that can give an idea of its tones. His face, too, and his figure have changed since we last looked at him. Meaning has come into every movement of his hand; each feature answers to the theme that is upon his lips, as does the lake to the lights and shadows in the sky above; his form seems to have grown majestic, and to be like that of the desert preacher, or of him who cried against Nineveh.

When he speaks of heaven, we almost believe that he has been there; when he tells of the Saviour's love and sufferings, it seems to us that he must have walked with Peter and John at His side; when he tells a story by way of illustration, as he often does, the description is so vivid that we listen breathlessly, as though we really saw the scene he paints with our bodily eyes. For two hours the tide of eloquence flows on unceasingly, and still the listening crowd remains enthralled. Different signs of emotion appear among them. The daughters of the people stand with clasped hands, looking up at the preacher as though he were an angel bringing them the good tidings which are the especial birthright of the toil-worn and weary; the actresses sob and faint; the great ladies actually sit upright to listen.

The sterner sex, too, are affected in their own way. The hard faces of the mechanics work with unwonted feeling; the brow of Hume grows smooth; even Chesterfield, who hitherto has stood like a statue of one of his own ancestors, so far forgets himself when the preacher, in a lively parable, is describing a blind beggar on the edge of a precipice, as to start forward and murmur, "O save him, save him."

No wonder they are thus moved, for the preacher himself sets them the example. Sometimes his voice trembles so much in his intense earnestness, that he can hardly go on; sometimes he even weeps.

At length the sermon ends in a grand wave of heaven-aspiring prayer; then the crowd disperses, some to spend the night at a masquerade or at the gaming-table, some to criticize, some to forget, some to keep the good seed silently in their hearts.

In a short sketch like the present, it is impossible to follow in detail all the changes of Whitefield's varied career. Now he was riding along a muddy country road, bringing the gospel to some remote Welsh town; now he was back again in London preaching thirteen sermons a week; now he was tossing on the Atlantic on his way to America, where his ministry always met with especial success. Sometimes he was preaching in a green Devonshire meadow, and sometimes on a purple Scotch heath.

In one of his journeyings he stopped at Abergavenny, where he made acquaintance with, and married his wife, whose name was James. It may have been that this lady was dazzled by his fame, and so, in order that she might attain to being the great preacher's bride, simulated many graces of heart and mind that she did not really possess; it may have been that he was captivated by the mere outward charms of her person; but be this as it may, one thing is certain, and this is, that she was by no means worthy of the high position which it was for any woman to be George Whitefield's wife. She was no comforter to him, no helper. The marriage was a childless one, and death, after some years, dissolved the union.

Whitefield had many ladies, some of high rank, among his closest personal friends. Indeed, wherever he went, women generally crowded round him; they felt that the cause he advocated has been, in all time, the cause

of womanhood; they understood that those delicate sensibilities which Whitefield possessed in common with all men of genius, made him appreciate all that is best in woman's nature.

Like all God's most favoured servants who have lived upon earth, George Whitefield had his faults. He was often too hasty in judgment; his language in controversy was often unwarrantably violent; his burning zeal often led him into extremes. No one was more conscious of his own shortcomings than Whitefield himself; indeed, a simple and deep humility was one of the most marked points in his character.

We have no great book left us by Whitefield, in which we may now know and love him. His only printed remains are his letters, which are chiefly interesting as giving a glimpse into his inner nature, and a volume of his sermons, which are unsatisfactory from having been taken down as he preached them by unpractised reporters, and having never been revised by himself.

Whitefield was the most disinterested of men. Money was often pressed upon him by his admirers, but he would never accept it. His habits were simple and inexpensive, and corresponded to his manners, which were very unassuming; he walked through the world no long-robed pharisee.

George Whitefield stayed fifty-six years on earth before he was called from work to rest in heaven. When we consider what an incessant exertion of every power of mind and body his life was, we are almost inclined to wonder that he lived so long.

His death was characteristic. One day, when in New Hampshire in America, he was going to preach at Newbury Port, some one met him and asked him to come and deliver a sermon at a place called Exeter. Though feeling ill at the time, he at once consented; for when did Whitefield ever refuse to bring the gospel message to those who asked for it? The sermon at Exeter lasted, as did most of his sermons, a good deal beyond an hour, and he arrived at Newbury Port that evening almost worn out.

At the house where he was to sleep, he was met by a little band of his most intimate friends in the town. With these, though weary, he sat up late in loving converse, and is said even to have lingered on the stairs on his way to his room, exhorting them till the candle burnt down in his hand.

It was the last time his voice was ever raised to cheer and to warn. That night he was seized by a fit of spasmodic asthma, and before the morning broke George Whitefield heard the words, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

ALICE KING.

LOVE AND THE VIOLET.

FROM out a wintry sky did sudden gleam
Of sunshine reach a violet where it grew,
That grateful sprang to meet the tender beam,
Unfolding all her leaves of delicate hue,
And shedding perfume in a fragrant stream.
But ere her beauty opened to the view
Descending clouds dispelled such blissful dream,
Nor ever more than that caress she knew.
And thus doth love awake the slumbering heart
To quick response: it opens like a flower
Whilst thousand aspirations yet unknown
Burst into life in one all-tremulous hour.
They shall not die! but higher aims inspire,
And flow in noble deeds, though love hath flown.

AUSTRALIA.

PLEASANT RECOLLECTIONS OF SHADY PLACES.

By the RIVERSIDE VISITOR.

I.—BARGAIN LANE.

IN the picture of the social life of so poor and "low" a district as mine, the darker hues predominate, but there is still a fair amount of light mingling with its shade, and toning it down. The silver linings as well as the dark clouds are visible. You will see brotherly love abounding, neighbourly help nobly given, poverty borne uncomplainingly, and suffering borne bravely, and above all, such a general cheeriness "under creditable circumstances," as one should be sincerely thankful to witness.

Many a pleasant recollection have we of some of the shady places of our district, and none more pleasant than one which well illustrates that general cheeriness of spirit of which we have just spoken—the recollection of the scene to be daily witnessed in the street of our district, popularly though not postally known as "Bargain Lane."

The street in question branches from the High Street, and being short and narrow, and old and dirty, would be accounted a bye street, but that the fact of its consisting of shops redeems it from being so classified; this, and the circumstance of its running through a very poor neighbourhood, making it a sort of Poverty's High Street. The lane being in a poor quarter is of course rich in those national institutions wherein—

> "Hundreds of men are turned into beasts
> Like the guests at Circé's horrible feasts."

Though, as we have said, it is a short street, it numbers its half-dozen public houses. Of these particular establishments, however, it is but fair to say that they are less aggressively self-assertive than most of their kind. Outwardly, at any rate, they are not flaunting in plate-glass and gilt. The flashy barmaid, and glittering paraphernalia of the ordinary gin-palace, are here conspicuous by their absence. The presiding geniuses of the bars are stalwart landlords or barmen, whose trade acquirements are expected to include the art of deftly ejecting any customer who may be making a noise out of proportion to their consumption of liquor, or who may be guilty of the still graver offence of distracting others from the business of drinking. And while in appearance the public-houses partake of the dinginess of the lane, they have not, as public-houses so frequently do, managed to secure the "most commanding" positions of the street; to wit, its corners. These "coigns of vantage" are more worthily occupied. At one end of the street the corner shops are a draper's and a butcher's, at the other end both corners are occupied by bakers' shops. A majority of the other shops are in the provision line, the fishmongering and greengrocery businesses being largely represented, for in these days of dear meat the bulk of the poor live chiefly on the cheaper kinds of fish and vegetables. Next in point of numbers come the general or chandlers' shops, and completing the food-supplying resources of the lane, are a tripe-dresser's, an offal butcher's, a cheap coffee-house, and a cheap cook-shop. After shops devoted to supplying the wants of the inner man, come those for supplying the needs of the outward man. There are three second-hand clothes shops, one of them combining the trade of leaving-shop; the same number of second-hand shoe-shops, one new shoe-shop and a hatter's. There are two shops carrying on the trades of tobacconists and news-agents, two coal, coke, and wood sheds, and two rag-shops. Among the other establishments are a second-hand furniture dealer's, a new and second-hand tool-shop, a shop uniting in itself the basket, tin-ware, and crockery trades, a medical herbalist's shop, and a hybrid affair, half-surgery, half chemist's shop, dubbed by its proprietor a "Medical Provident Society." Lastly, but by no means leastly, there is the pawn-shop. This is the "swell" establishment of the lane, and a stranger seeing it and contrasting it with its surroundings might well be reminded of the fly in the amber, and wonder how it got there. The other shops in the street present a uniform fadedness, and blackness of appearance, the result of the dust and weatherstain of years upon their unrenewed paint. But the front of the pawn-shop—which towers a story above its neighbour houses—is refreshed at frequent intervals, and its trade insignia—the three golden balls kept so well polished that they glitter in such sunshine as penetrates Bargain Lane. Its windows are of plate glass, in carved and coloured frame-work, and its "sale" window is gorgeous with an extensive show of watches, jewellery, plated and china services, vases, lustres, statuettes, and the like. Looking at the

poverty of the habitual frequenters of the lane, such a display in such a quarter looks like madness; but it is a madness with method in it. Jack ashore is often to be seen in the lane. He has come home to see relations, who are among those who shop in the lane, and with perhaps a couple of years' pay in his pocket. He may want a watch for himself, or a brooch for a sweetheart, or a set of china for a wife or mother, and entering the shop—attracted by its window-displays—he buys these, and perhaps other things which he really does not want, but takes because they are bargains. The particular "Uncle" of the lane considers, besides, that he owes it to his reputation and to his standing in "the trade," to set forth his sale window in this style. He is a man that hath waxed rich as a professional "friend of the needy." He has half a dozen other establishments, most of them in neighbourhoods in which an exhibition of plate and jewellery is quite in keeping, and where a trade in them may be done. It is a selection from the surplus stock of these more fashionable establishments that form the glittering window-dressing of the one in Bargain Lane, and proclaims it as pertaining to the great Mr. B——, who, like his own sale-window, is always gorgeously dressed. It is by the pawning business that he makes his money here. His transactions in this line are very small individually, but they are very numerous; and in this trade, more than most others, the "nimble ninepence" is more profitable than the slow shilling. Watches, wedding and ear rings are the most valuable classes of goods "left on deposit," and of these, all sorts of male and female clothing, bedding, and such "handy" domestic belongings as flat irons, spoons, candlesticks, and the like, a constant stream is flowing in and out of the shop. The same articles, and same "lots," are pawned and redeemed thirty, forty, ay! and fifty times in a year, and on each transaction a month's interest and a fresh ticket is charged. Some women will regularly pledge a bundle of clothing about Thursday, when the week's money will have run out, and redeem it on Saturday night, when the weekly wages come in. With others, again, it is a matter of course to pawn the husband's "Sunday" clothes on Monday morning, and "get them out" on Saturday night; while a third set will on completing the week's washing, as regularly pawn the flat-irons and (say) brass candlestick, which added, make up a negotiable "lot." These habitual pawnings bring most grist to the mill of the pawnbrokers.

It is in the street whose outward features we have thus attempted briefly to describe, that the main body of the poor of our district do their daily shopping, and the scene presented here during business hours shows the poor, as we have already said, under a very cheery and cheering light. The problem of "How to live on sixpence a day" is generally held to be a very difficult one, but in Bargain Lane it is solved by scores every day; the difficulty there, indeed, very often being not so much how to live on sixpence a day, as how to get sixpence a day to live on.

Between eight and nine in the morning the lane begins to show signs of animation. By that time the fishmongers and greengrocers have returned from Billingsgate and Covent Garden, and are busy sorting and arranging their stocks; and shopping, with a view to breakfast, has commenced. The latter business is for the most part carried on by children—children as yet unwashed, and with their scanty clothing huddled on "anyhow;" very young children, some of them, but keen-eyed, self-possessed, old-fashioned looking. They are used to the work and "know their way about" in it, and are quite capable of holding their own against the sharpest of shopkeepers. Some are bound for the coal-sheds, to obtain the day's fuel, in the shape of a halfpenny bundle of wood and seven pounds of coal, while others are going to the baker—a more coveted errand, since, by the "use and wont" of the neighbourhood, the "make-weight" pieces become the perquisites of the errand-goers, who may be seen proceeding homewards, munching their make-weights with the greatest gusto, more especially when they take the shape of a roll or a piece of currant cake. The mission of the other young shoppers is to the chandlers' shops for such things as a farthing's worth of milk, a quarter of a pound of sugar, an ounce of that celebrated one-and-eight-penny tea, which, with more truth than is probably intended, is labelled "Our Curious Mixture," an ounce of coffee, or two ounces of "Prime Shilling Dorset, Warranted." A few may have commissions extending to "relishes," and it is at once wonderful and amusing to witness the connoisseur-like air with which a youngster of seven or eight will hold an egg up to the light to judge of its freshness, or handle a plate of herrings in quest of a hard or soft roed one, according as their taste or instructions may be.

After breakfast there is a lull, followed by a rush lasting from about ten to half-past twelve in the day. During those hours the

lane is so crowded as to be impassable, save by moving with the stream slowly passing in either direction, and skirting the crowds gathered around the fishmongers' and greengrocers' shops, where business is chiefly carried on in front. It is now that the women turn out in all the strength of numbers, and the shopkeepers in all their strength of trade allurement. It is now that the corner butcher arranges his board of "block ornaments" to the best advantage, and volleys forth his "Buy! buy!! buy!!!" in tones that are at once stentorian and persuasive. It is now that the corner draper puts out his largest boards announcing those tremendously self-sacrificing sales for which, on his own showing, he is justly famous. There are not wanting cynics who openly express opinions to the effect that these announcements of "tremendous sacrifice" sales are all moonshine, and it must be admitted that the names of the wrecked ships and localities of the fires are never forthcoming, and further, that the alleged "salvage" goods suit the requirements of a Bargain Lane trade with a curious exactitude. Other tradesmen act in much the same manner. The bakers inscribe in as large and ornamental figures as the size of their window panes will allow, the current price of the quartern loaf, or hang out the welcome announcement that the price of the said loaf is "Down Again." The tripe-dresser puts forward his choicest rolls of tripe, his largest cow-heels, and plumpest-looking trotters, while the offal butcher brings his meatiest sheeps' heads and finest bullocks' hearts to the front, and the greengrocers pile their vegetables on the plan of using the best for "top-dressing." But it is at the fish-shops that the noise and bustle of the scene reaches its highest point. They are next door to each other, and the proprietors each employ a special "bawler," who, mounted on a barrow in the roadway in front of the establishment to which he is attached, and brandishing a fish aloft, attempts to outbawl his rival. A good deal of the noise made by these brazen-throated gentlemen is literally mere exclamatory bawling such as "Hi! hi!!" "Ho! ho!!" or "I say! I say!!" Their more intelligible discourse consists in exaggerated assurances to the effect that "fish is very cheap to-day;" that you can "take it off at your own price, and have a few little ones in for carrying them away;" that each and every fish is "Alive, alive O!" and that now is the time to give yourself a treat and lay out your money to the best advantage. As might naturally be expected, a good deal of rough chaff and interchange of stock witticisms goes on between the rival bawlers, and even between them and the customers. But though the women can hold their own in these encounters, and occasionally join in the laugh which one bawler may raise against another, they do not allow the "patter" to distract them from the important work of bargaining. While the bawlers are holding forth, they are critically handling and *nosing* the fish, and chaffering as to prices.

There is a decided preponderance of flat fish, chiefly maids, skate, plaice, and (when they happen to be cheap) soles. After these, haddocks and cod are in most demand. During the time they are in season, fresh herrings, mackerel, and sprats become leading articles in the fish-trade of the lane, especially on the days of great "takes," when mackerel will be sold at thirteen a shilling and sprats at a halfpenny, or towards night even at a farthing per pound.

Mingling with the women, and shopping in common with them during this busy, dinner-buying two hours, may be seen a number of girls of the "little mother" type. They are the daughters of widows or widowers, or of parents who both go out to work, and have to play the part of housekeepers. They are sharp-eyed, grave-looking little maidens, ranging from eight to fourteen years of age. Already old in the ways of the world, they are keen bargain makers, and go about their business with an air of old-womanliness and self-possession that seems almost burlesque-like in its grim reality, the more especially as you may notice that the tradesfolk treat them as quite on a level with their adult customers, and chaffer as earnestly with them.

At this time, too, numbers of the young Arabs of the district also lend their enlivening if ragged presence to the lane. The tradesmen know them too well to leave them much opportunity for "snatching," but there is generally something to be rooted out of the *débris* cast forth from the greengrocers' shops, while odds and ends from other shops will sometimes be thrown to them, much as a bone may in a good-humoured way be thrown to a dog. Women who know them will perhaps give them an apple or a few cherries, or a handful of gooseberries, out of the fruit they are buying; or, better still (in the estimation of the fortunate Arab), present them with an odd farthing from their change; and here it may be observed in passing that the farthing is a very current coin here, particularly among the children, and compara-

tively speaking it may be said to be a coin of mickle might too. Even if there is nothing substantial to be picked up, the Arab has still the gratification of taking part in a bustling street scene; a thing dear to his streety nature. Failing all other forms of excitement, our Arab can indulge in what he calls "a ha'poth o' shop window" at the news-agents, where, throughout the week there hang the current numbers of the *Illustrated Police News* and the leading penny dreadfuls.

Many of the faces among the buyers in the lane are sadly careworn, others are hunger pinched, and the signs of this are not to be thrown off at will. Still the action and alertness necessary for the transaction of business excite the flow of animal spirits and bring lightness of heart. The scene in the lane is on the whole, as we have said, a pleasant one, its shady setting notwithstanding. Amid the buying a good deal of friendly chat is going; and even where they do not stop to talk, those knowing each other will exchange their

"Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles."

Being the place where the women of the district most do congregate, the lane is naturally a great centre for neighbourly news. It is here that Mrs. Smith learns that Mrs. Brown's children are down with the measles, but are "having them beautifully," or that the cause of the quarrel between Mrs. Black and Mrs. White was that the former had burned a hole in the frying-pan which she had borrowed from the latter. It is here, as they meet on their shopping expeditions, that Mrs. Harris informs her old neighbour, Mrs. Perkins—in confidence—that her daughter Polly is walking out with "such a nice young fellow," and that she thinks they will make a match of it, and hopes they will; and that Mrs. Perkins in return acquaints her friend with a thing "not generally known,"—to wit, that Lizzie Marshall's young man who went to Australia four years ago, and was supposed to have deserted her, has sent home fifty pounds to pay a passage and outfit for her in order that they may be married. It is here, too, that the women hear such sadder things as that Mrs. Matthews had died, leaving her husband with three helpless children; or Mrs. Taylor has been left a widow with a like number of children, or that Mrs. Thompson has had an answer to her letter, to the owners of the ship in which her husband sailed, and that they say that they fear it is but too true that the *Margaret Maitland* has been lost with all hands.

There is, of course, a good deal of comparing notes as to purchases, and criticisms and counter-criticisms as to the qualities of goods and the prices paid for them, and should it be found by these comparisons that any given tradesman has been coming it too strong in the way of charging "two prices," it is more likely than not that the woman who has been charged the higher price will return, and give the offender "a piece of her mind," but a "tongue dressing" seems to fall lightly upon the traders of the lane, who, by the way, if put on their mettle in this respect, can generally "give as good as they get."

By half-past twelve the morning shopping is pretty well over, but from one to two o'clock the lane is still kept lively by the passing through it of troops of working men and women on their way home to dinner, some of them perhaps pausing to make small purchases. From two to half-past four the lane is comparatively deserted, and its shopkeepers resting on their oars. At the last-mentioned hour the tide of business begins to flow again, for tea-time is then approaching; and the laners, it is scarcely necessary to observe, live from hand to mouth, and shop for each meal. Children are again to be seen flitting about with farthingworths' of milk, quarter of pounds of sugar, ounces of tea, and the like; and at five o'clock the homeward-going workpeople commence to stream through again, many of them now buying herrings, eggs, or other relishes for their own teas. It is not, however, till eight in the evening that the tide of business in the lane once more reaches high-water mark. About half an hour before that time a change comes o'er the spirit and the atmosphere of the place. The air becomes suddenly and strongly redolent of fried fish, especially in the immediate neighbourhood of the fishmongers' shops, from which the fishy (and oily) odour proceeds in such volumes that the young Arabs, who at this time are the first section of the public to show up in force, seem to derive a considerable degree of stomachic gratification as they stand around inhaling it in long-drawn sniffs. This is the explanation of the apparent superabundance of flat-fish seen in the morning. The remainder, a good half of it probably, is now being cut up for frying. One or two hands in each establishment are slicing it into square pieces, which, though cut "by the eye," run wonderfully equal in size; while another performer is busy frying in oil those already cut, the cooking being performed in specially prepared pans and

stoves. The cooked slices are sold at a penny each, or two for three halfpence; and pepper and salt are given in to such as eat their slices at the counter or in the street. This fried fish is the great supper dish of the laners, nor is its consumption solely confined to them. Mingling with the habitual frequenters of the lane, there may, in the evening generally, be found a servant or two, distinguishable by the little cap, "the badge of all their tribe." They are the retainers either of families residing on the borders of adjoining "genteel" quarters, or of shopkeepers in the High Street, who in fried fish find an economical supper for their shopmen and "young ladies." Many of the latter class object to the dish on the score of its vulgarity, but they can have no substantial reason for grumbling, for the fried fish of the lane is really excellent. It is fresh, fried in good oil, and "done to a turn;" and, "seasoned to taste," it makes a capital light supper, as we can ourselves testify from personal experience. Fried fish is one of the most wholesome articles of food generally within the reach of the poor, and is popular among them. It is palatable, digestible, and, most important qualification, *satisfying;* and we often wonder that no poet of the poor hath hitherto sung its praises in verse. It is cheaper than bread and cheese, and infinitely preferable to the clammy pease-pudding and peppery "skins of mystery," in the shape of faggots and saveloys, in which the cook-shop of the lane is at this time doing a brisk trade among those of the laners who prefer this possibly more savoury but certainly less wholesome form of supper.

Before the first batches of the fish are out of the pan, women are waiting with plates, anxious to get the first pick and secure their slices piping hot. Those who come later generally take away their portions wrapped in paper; and among these customers you may detect a goodly sprinkling of widows, who are returning from a day's charing or washing with little parcels in their hands, containing probably broken victuals given to them by the families for which they have been working; and with a couple of slices of fish added to this supply, they have a good supper for themselves and their expectant children. A majority of the counter customers are courting couples, it being the correct thing for a young man to treat his sweetheart to a supper in this style. A reddish gleam at the end of the lane, and the cry of "All hot! all hot!!" kept up with a mechanical regularity, indicate the presence of baked-potato cans; and many of those who can afford it add a hot potato to their repast, thus making up a very substantial supper. By ten o'clock the supper-trade of the Lane is pretty well over, and comparative silence falls upon it, save in the immediate neighbourhood of the public-houses, from which proceed "a sound of revelry by night." As the other shops are putting up their shutters, they are just getting into full swing. As you pass their portals, the usual pothouse Babel of sounds greets your ears—a Babel made up of idiotic laughter, maudlin snatches of songs, inane disputation, fierce wrangling, frightful oaths, and hideous scraps of slang, intermingling with a jingling of glasses and clashing of pots. Drunken men and (alas that it should be so!) drunken women are reeling in and out, while without each house of woe, dimly moving about in the shadows beyond the circle of light thrown by its lamps, may be noticed miserable wives and children, who are waiting there in the hope that some fortunate chance may enable them to lure the husband or father from the den in which he is worse than wasting the money which should go to buy them bread. A weary watch is theirs, poor things! and quite as likely as not to end in their being met with blows and curses. This is the dark spot of the social life of Bargain Lane, but it is a spot so common to the general social life of the country, and is only one of the so innumerable like spots that go to make up the great national blot, that it can scarcely be held to detract, *in any special degree*, from the generally pleasant aspect of the lane.

One contrastful feature there is in the lane which we should not omit to mention ere we quit the subject. On one side a considerable space is blank so far as regards houses. It is occupied by the great grim entry gates and front boundary wall of the old and long-disused parish burial-ground. Here some of the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep their last long sleep, for at the time it ceased to be a place of sepulture the district must have been but as a hamlet compared with what it has now grown to be. It is a good-sized piece of ground with an avenue of trees running up its centre lengthways, the grass growing tolerably green over its surface, and ferns and weeds clambering up the few weather-stained tombstones scattered about it. Here and there it is a little rubbish-littered, and altogether in point of picturesqueness it would compare very unfavourably with a

country churchyard. As a city churchyard, as compared with its own surroundings it has almost a refreshing appearance; and as you turn your back on the lane, and looking through the bars of the gates, gaze along the length of this burial-place of a past generation, a wonderful sense of quiet and stillness—the solemn stillness of the grave—steals upon you. The sights and sounds of the lane seem to fade, and all sense of incongruity to vanish; so that for the moment you might well imagine yourself

"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife."

Even the young Arabs, to whom so few earthly things are sacred, appear to be impressed with a due sense of the sanctity of the last home of the departed mortals; for it is the only one of the few spots of vacant ground in the district that they treat with respect, or leave free from intrusion.

It is only when you turn from contemplating its rugged elms and mouldering graves that you are struck by the contrast between the old churchyard and its environments; that the thought arises, is it in the fitness of things that it should still be there? Many there are who would "do away with it," but for our own part we would not wish to see it gone. The noise and bustle of the lane cannot disturb the dreamless sleep of those who are laid to their rest in it, while its constant presence there, notwithstanding the familiarity that is said to breed contempt, may sometimes give rise to thoughts that prove fruitful in good. Then, as regards the lesser matter of appearance, it is certainly more quaint and contrastful, more of a relief to the eye than anything that would be built on its site would be likely to be.

Other features of the life of Bargain Lane might be mentioned, but those upon which we have dwelt are its leading ones, and to us who have to see so much of the sadder phases of life among the poor, these features, on the whole, afford really pleasant recollections of a shady place.

OVER THE MOOR.

THEY say no beauty's to be seen
Over the moor so bleak and dreary:
That flock of lambs brought here to wean
Deem it a paradise of green,
And frisk and play all young and cheery,
Bleating their joys in thanks and praises
Among the buttercups and daisies.

Here, round this tiny lakelet grows
Willows, and graceful hawthorns, blooming;
Here honeysuckle and wild rose,
Twining with wood clematis, blows,
Wafting abroad their rich perfuming.
Hark, how the honey-bees are humming,
For spring is here and summer's coming.

See the bright gorse and golden broom
Amidst a colony of bushes,
Irradiant in their golden bloom
Where the next autumn's blackberries loom—
While linnets, nightingales, and thrushes
Pour out a flood-tide of sweet singing,
And the lark's hymn o'erhead is ringing.

I scent the marjoram and the thyme,
Like modest virtue stern in duty,
Softly they breathe their odorous rhyme
And hyacinths blue come just in time
To shade the cowslip in its beauty,
Rejoicing on the moor together
In the clear sunshine of spring weather.

A river ripples through the moor,
Shining like molten silver streaming,
Dancing and singing evermore:
The moorhen loves its reedy shore,
And the swift kingfisher flies screaming;
And, whirr! up spring the grouse and plover,
And flights of lapwings hover over.

The heather-moss beneath my feet
And little wild flowers smile, unbidden,
And lilies of the valley, sweet,
White as driven snow, in congress meet
Beside the babbling streamlet hidden.
Such fragrance yields the lilies only—
Silent and pensive, sweetly lonely.

The moor is beautifully bright
To all who cross it—fondly tracing
Its beauties by celestial light,
And own the God of love and might,
The sterile moorlands ever gracing
With tokens of His loving-kindness,
Too oft o'erlooked in pride and blindness.

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

"OVER THE MOOR."

ERRANDS OF MERCY.

I.—THE FLOWER MISSION.

IT is of the nature of a seed, cast into the soil, to grow; it is of the essence of Christian work to expand. Indeed, this might almost be laid down as a test of its genuineness: so much done, so much more to do—the sense of capacity increasing with the demand made upon it. In few cases has this been more directly realised than in that of Miss Annie Macpherson, of whose noble work in the training of Arab children, and the transporting of them to the midst of fairer prospects in Canada, an account was given a short time ago in the pages of this magazine.* In choosing to speak now of a work which has branched out from her greater undertaking, and most fitly supplements it, the reader will soon discover for himself the sense in which we mean to use the general title, which we should otherwise have been far too bold to appropriate.

It is a dull cold forenoon in the end of August, one of those half-wintry days which seem by stealth to interject themselves into the waning summer, to maintain for the seasons of the year a right to shadow forth the checkered and changeable character of human life. We have made our way to Commercial Street, East; and find it busy and crowded as usual. We see that here the unexpected change of the weather has its own effect. The glaring public-houses at the corners are receiving, we are fain to fancy, more than their customary quota of guests; reaching Flower and Dean Street, and looking down it, our eye lights on the visible tokens of the wreck and ruin they cause. It is a relief to glance up and see in the wide windows of a solid, warehouse-looking building, which occupies the corner here, the Gospel invitation in large letter-texts. "Home of Industry" is written over the front; it is the place we are in search of, and we ring. Before we have time to reflect on the fitness of the situation, the door is opened by a little fellow of eight or so—a cheery candidate for Canada—who says he will convey our message to the proper person. On her arrival, we are ushered into a neat but plainly-furnished room where, perhaps, thirty poor widows sit engaged in sewing. Here they gather on certain days, and thus earn a trifle, and the garments made by them are either given to the poor or form parts of the outfits of Miss Macpherson's little emigrants.

* See SUNDAY MAGAZINE, pp. 669, 745, for 1874.

Then, we pass through this room, and thread a longish passage and find ourselves in a small hall, with desks and long deal tables laid out in such a way as suggests that it yields itself easily to a double purpose. Clearly it is meant either for meetings, or to be used as a schoolroom, but just now it is in brilliant *déshabille*, empty hampers and baskets lie here piled one above another; there are two ladies at a table opening others which have just been delivered; and at a second a little further on, a group are busy making up and sorting. We peep inside some of the hampers just opened. Just under the lids of the hampers a letter or a slip of paper is frequently found with little messages such as these:—"Flowers for Jesus' sake," "From the children of B—— School, with much love for the poor sick people in London," "First flowers from little Ethel's garden." The time is long past for primroses and violets, and we are regretfully told the finer flowers have gone out; but, nevertheless, neither colour nor odour is wanting. Creamy roses are set in sheaths of green leaves; bright geraniums and peonies compete with fuchsias, convolvuluses, and pinks of many kinds; there are ferns innumerable of all species, and the variety of uses to which simple green leaves have been tastefully put to complete the little bouquet is almost beyond belief. In some of the hampers—which are skilfully fitted with shelves that slide out and in—the flowers are already done up into little nosegays; in others, they are merely packed. Sometimes, indeed, packets are conveyed by post that on receipt seem merely floral wrecks, but skilled hands can cunningly detach and adjust, and do much even to revive. From all parts of the country they come, as we were told—from Hastings, from Bristol, from Suffolk, from Oxfordshire, from Dorset and Somerset they come—from rectory and country-house, along many lines of railway. And surely in few ways could those who have gardens and a little leisure purchase a purer pleasure at a cheaper rate than by making-up and despatching such packages to London.

But we return to the labours of the members of the Flower Mission. Not only are a large proportion of the flowers sent loose, and need to be made up into bouquets, but to each little bouquet a Scripture text must be attached. These texts are also sent from

various places, and in the doing of them many hundreds of ladies and children must have been engaged. We are impressed by the taste and ingenuity shown in the lettered devices, and in the cutting out of the card-boards into diversified forms—into scrolls, stars, leaves, hearts, and many others. To produce something novel and pleasing to the eye was clearly what was aimed at, if perchance the message of mercy and love might thereby be the better recommended. We observe that the ladies, who have, through practice, attained great quickness in assorting and in matching flowers and texts, have a preference for those cards which at once present, so to speak, question and answer; that is, state the peril and prescribe the remedy.

As the work goes on, a Bible-woman calls for a few flowers for the invalids of her district; or a poor woman comes in to beg a bouquet for a sick neighbour; or a little girl for her mother who is bedrid; or a boy who has been sent by an aunt for flowers to lay on her dead baby's breast; but these, and such as these, are the only interruptions to the work, which goes on steadily and almost silently during the allotted time.

The flowers sorted in large numbers, are now divided and put into round netted bags and laid in a place apart till the whole has been gone through; then, a note having been taken of the numbers for each institution, and praise and prayer for a blessing on the work having been engaged in, the ladies divide into parties, each taking her bag, and making her way to her specified beat—the wards of hospital or workhouse.

The same thing at certain times is done at the various branches—at Miss Pennefather's at Mildmay Park, at Dr. Barnardo's at Stepney Causeway, and at George Yard, Whitechapel; and this leads us to say that a scheme is just now under consideration to consolidate and to extend the work, to multiply and develop these branches and simplify the management in the matter of accounts, &c.

In the various hospitals and workhouses which are visited different rules obtain. In some the ladies are allowed to converse with the patients, in others not; but wherever they go, they give to each patient a flower; and never till the establishment of this mission was the fact of the power of the "ministry of flowers" so absolutely demonstrated. Never yet has a flower been refused—or if, in one or two instances, they have been so at first, the poor creatures have invariably repented of their rudeness and begged to be forgiven. The pleasurable excitement which arises on the entrance of the "flower lady" is abundantly testified; and the numerous shifts resorted to by the patients in order to find suitable substitutes for vases in which to preserve them is very touching, if in some instances calculated to raise a smile. The good effects are unmistakable. The records of the Flower Mission are bright records. To many poor heavy-laden souls, hardened yet yearning for comfort, though all unable to turn to the only true source of comfort, has the sight of flowers brought softening memories, preluding the mood in which the card-text might be read with effect, and words of "good cheer" spoken. The following is an account one of the ladies has given of her visits :—

"On reaching the hospital we are kindly received by the Lady Superintendent, who looks forward, she says, 'with as much pleasure as the patients' to the pretty bunch of flowers, which gives quite a cheerful look to her somewhat dingy little room. She leads the way up a long staircase, and we enter one of the wards. A murmur of pleasure greets us and the flowers as we do so. It is a sad, sad sight, those long rows of beds and the pale wan faces that rest on the pillows. We must tread softly, and speak gently, for some are dying, and all are suffering. As we pass from one to another, giving a fragrant bouquet to each, it is so touching to see how the languid faces light up at the very sight and smell of the flowers. For a little while the poor sick ones seem almost to forget their pain. Sometimes the pretty offerings are received with smiles of gratitude and delight, but not unfrequently with a burst of tears! A little buttercup or sprig of honeysuckle will bring back memories of happy childhood in the country home; and hearts are softened that have been hard and stony for years. Then is the precious opportunity to read the little text; to tell the story of 'Jesus and His love;' and to bid the weary and heavy laden go to Him for rest. Sometimes, when we just mention His dear name, the sufferer's eyes will brighten, when speech is almost gone; and what a joy and privilege it is to minister to the children of God, to whisper promises of cheer and comfort as they are passing through 'the valley of the shadow of death,' such as, 'Fear thou not, for I am with thee,' 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee,' 'In my Father's house are many mansions, I go to prepare a place for you.' As the dying fingers clasp the sweet flowers, we think of 'the Paradise of God,' where 'there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.'

"When the patients are able to bear it, we sing softly, 'The home over there,' 'I left it all with Jesus,' and 'The great Physician now is near,' which are special favourites. On leaving, we were overwhelmed with thanks."

The following extracts will show what other Christian workers, who have shared the benefits of the Flower Mission, think of its labours. This is part of a letter from Mrs.

Meredith, of the Prison Mission, Nine Elms:—

"When the daffodils arrived they really made quite a sensation in the wash-house,—that a Christian lady should have thought of them in the Isle of Wight! Then, the beauty of the flowers! Every woman and girl got a bunch. We have about twenty-six girls in our school here, and they were so pleased to have them to lend for the Sunday evening mission service, to put on the table to show to and please our other congregation of waifs that comes in then. It was really very touching, and a week later, when I was at the class, the remains were carefully treasured and put before me. It is, indeed, beautiful to see the way in which the flowers and texts are preserved. Some flowers are kept for three weeks. Others have been carefully dried, and tied in strings round the glass, while the texts have been nailed to the walls—'that they may always read them.'"

The next extract will convey the feelings of Mrs. Ranyard and her Bible nurses toward it:—

"We sometimes call the flower gifts the embroidery of our mission, and it had need have some pleasant points, for to those who practically know its desperate details, and the scenes of woe and want into which our nurses daily penetrate, it is a marvel that they are able so long to persevere. It is easy to supply the nourishment with which they are intrusted, easy to wash and care for the babies, and a joy to bear the message of mercy to the anxious and the dying, or by timely aid to strengthen towards convalescence; but the real nursing is laborious, and the dirt and the drink render it sometimes hopeless."

The next two snippets will show how hospital doctors and nurses welcome the 'Flower-ladies,' and long for their visits:—

"In the first hospital entered by our ladies, a doctor thankfully welcomed the flowers, saying he had been thinking of establishing a little flower-mission for the patients; and in the wards a nurse cheered them by telling how once, last year, she felt very tired and downcast, and going up to a sick one's bed, her eye fell on the text encircling the flowers: 'Be not weary in well-doing, for in due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not.' It was God's message to her soul, and as a cup of cold water refreshed her to go on in her arduous work for the Master's sake."

"From Guy's Hospital we had the message that the 'poor patients seemed to take a new lease of life from the freshness of the flowers, and bright, happy, contented faces were to be seen on all sides after their advent;' whilst from the Fever Hospital we received the following encouraging words: 'Even if the flowers fail to bring their message of joy to the sick and weary, the well-chosen texts that accompany them tell of our Heavenly Father's everlasting care, and the perfect happiness of those who have taken Jesus Christ for their own Saviour and Friend. And when we look at the faded flowers, they remind us that 'we all do fade as a leaf.'"

This small extract will show how the youngest children may be enlisted to help.

"That love is very ingenious, we have had abundant opportunities of witnessing during these months. 'Some Irish babies' have sent the quaintest little labels, in curious shapes and colours, and queer baby-writing calling up such fancies of the patient little round fingers toiling over the cutting out, the painting, the choice and writing of Bible texts. How the dear Friend of little children must smile as He sees the efforts of His tiny ones to please Him by blessing others! Figures of birds, fish, butterflies, fruit, flowers, cups, jugs, fans, lighthouses, gates, harps, open books, post-cards, anchors, wells, &c., &c., have all been used to bear the inscription of an appropriate text, and thus make a pretty and more enduring token to keep after the flowers have died."

The origin of the mission was extremely simple. A flower sent from the country having on one occasion been actually handed from one to another in a sewing class of two hundred women, that "each one might have a smell," suggested to Miss Macpherson when a lady had sent her a sovereign to be spent "in cheering some of the weary ones in the poverty-stricken East End," that a part might go for flowers. Boxes of toys for the little children in hospital were procured, and produced, as we can easily believe, quite a sensation; while the treat for the older folks took the form of two hampers of flowers—bunches of roses, sweet-williams, pinks, and cornflowers, from Covent Garden market. The effect amply rewarded the pains and led to the experiment being repeated. Miss Macpherson, who often had occasion to penetrate into places where few ladies would have gone, in connection with her boys for Canada, now invariably took advantage of her flower-protectors; and the story of one of her earliest adventures in this way is thus told in the little tract called "The Ministry of Flowers:"—

"A letter from a dying emigrant girl to her mother, who lives in one of the worst courts, has to be taken. But a short time since, it was said to be impossible for the workers to venture there; however, the work must be done, so Miss Macpherson sets forth, accompanied by one of her helpers, and carrying a bunch of the flowers. Entering the court, she is besieged by little children, and rough women, whose eyes are black from fighting, all clamouring for a flower. One by one the flowers are given, and oh, the softening influence they exercise! for, as the ladies proceed and find out the poor depraved mother sitting on her doorstep, then read the letter from her Eliza, telling her of the joy she had found in Jesus, and how she is soon going to be with Him, and not only so, but that George, whose passage out his sister helped to pay with her own earnings, is so well, happy, and strong, a head and shoulders taller than when he left London, and more than all, that George too had become a Christian, and brother and sister alike long that 'mother should share in their joy;' though the words fall on the mother's deadened ear as the echoes of an unknown tongue, the inhabitants of those terrible dens cluster round, and listen quietly to the gentle, holy words, telling of God's wondrous love in Jesus to them, lost, degraded sinners. And thus the tiny flowers point from their own beauty with silent though powerful voice, to Him who

made them for His glory, to speak of Himself, who is the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley. Their mission, however, is not yet ended, for, as with a magic key, the way into that court is now opened for the preaching of the gospel."

This suggested the visitation of the low lodging-houses, the abodes of the lowest and most abandoned characters, of which there are too many in Spitalfields, as in other low districts of London :—

"In the low lodging-houses the plan has been to give a bouquet to each inmate, and then after singing a hymn, and speaking a few words collectively, deal more personally with individuals, who by the moistening eye, or hasty turning aside, seemed to be more or less impressed. Thus many a precious opportunity has been given for pleading earnestly with the perishing, telling of Him who will forgive if they only believe.

'Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter—
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving heart, wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.'

"One day we were warned not to go down —— Street, being assured it was not safe, 'such a queer lot of people down there;' and, indeed, it has the character of being one of the worst streets in London. Thanking for the kindly warning, we replied, we had already been welcomed into every lodging-house in that street. In every instance we have been courteously received, yes, even asked to partake of their 'dish of tea;' and most attentive has been the listening to God's message of love. Once, indeed, a drunken woman made a disturbance and wished to turn us out, but the others begged us to return, saying they valued the visit very much, and we must not mind the disturbance. A poor fellow, bearing a superior stamp about him, was reading attentively the verse, 'The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all;' and mentioned that a lady had given him and his 'tiger' (*i.e.* chum), each a bunch lately."

Owing to the great increase of other work, it has been found impossible to keep up this visitation of the lodging-houses; but we are hopeful that, with the access of more workers, it may be resumed; for no means is so likely to reform their inmates, in our idea, as is such an agency as the Flower Mission.

And all this does not by any means exhaust its uses. If a Sunday-school teacher wishes to entertain his scholars to tea; or a missionary to treat some of his poorer people; if a philanthropic gentleman has invited a class he has been teaching to a display of the magic-lantern or a lecture, and wishes to make the hall more than usually attractive; or if a lady wishes to give a gala-night to a mothers' meeting or a sewing-class—he or she has only to send to the Home of Industry, and flowers, in some measure, will gladly be supplied to help to achieve the end in view.

We are told that, in the earlier stages of the work, when the wild flowers were over, the supplies were diminished so greatly, that at times they had only a hundred bunches to send where they were expected to give, as usual, five hundred. This was, of course, a sore trial to the Flower Mission as well as to the poor sufferers. The same difficulty is still, in some measure, felt; but the interest having spread, many kind hearts and willing hands are now active to adopt means to surmount the difficulty; and we are sure that there are many of our readers who could do much to aid in this, if they would but make a beginning. The tender bond of interest and care which is thus established, not only with the poor and suffering in the distant city, but amongst the children of a neighbourhood, who may be engaged in such work and interested in it, is so richly educative, that parents ought not to raise any difficulties to their engaging in it.

In the Hull Flower Mission it has been found a simple and useful plan to collect flowers by means of a "village basket." These special baskets are of strong wicker work, with wire trays inside, and midway between the bottom and lid, a flap hung on hinges, rests on corner pieces to prevent the flowers being crushed; each bears an oval enamelled plate, lettered as follows :—"Flowers for the Sick and Infirm Poor of Hull, from ——." They work as follows :—"A resident in the village undertakes the charge of a basket, which is supplied with two permanent labels, one addressed to the Flower Depôt, the other bearing the address of the resident in the village. Printed cards, kept for the purpose, are then filled up and addressed to all those who are likely to contribute to the basket, and they are told where it is, and the day and hour it will be despatched. Flowers are received, and the basket is despatched, either by carrier, rail, or boat, to the Depôt, and is returned the same day, to be ready for the next despatch. Village baskets have been established at several places, and one is worked by the common carrier who collects on his road. To undertake the charge of one of these baskets might be found a pleasant way of filling up the time which now hangs heavy on many hands in the country, and such labour would bring a delightful sense of "something accomplished, something done," for the poor and suffering. So that those who stay at home can still in spirit go on "Errands of Mercy" with the ladies of the Flower Mission.

H. A. PAGE.

FALSEHOOD A COMPREHENSIVE SIN.*

"A righteous man hateth lying."—PROV. xiii. 5.

WE may regard these few emphatic words either as asserting a fact, or as involving a moral precept, or, further, as offering an important test of character.

But the fact may seem too obvious to require that we should assert it. Nothing is more certain, or more universally admitted, than that a righteous man, or, as in this view we are wont to speak, a straightforward truthful man, will hold in abhorrence the want of truth and straightforwardness in others.

The precept, again, may appear so elementary in morals, that to make it the subject of a Christian sermon, and to enforce the virtue of truthfulness on a Christian congregation, might seem at first sight not only unnecessary, but in some sort derogatory.

And, again, to use these words as a means to self-examination, and as a test of character, may appear for the same reason below the requirements of the case; a proceeding trifling and inadequate, when the conduct to be examined is that of a follower of Jesus Christ, when the character to be tested is that of one whose lowest qualification might be supposed to be, that he be a man of strict integrity.

But the truth is, that for the Christian such words as those of the text have a breadth of meaning which they cannot have for those who judge of righteousness and truth by any lower standard than that which a spiritual interpretation of the Scripture presents to us. A man of mere worldly honour shall be so sensitive for his character for truth, that to seem to doubt his word shall be to offer him the highest dishonour; but this chivalrous truthfulness amongst the irreligious will exist, we believe, in any society in proportion to the degree of reflected and diffused light, so to speak, which religion—true religion—has spread throughout it. In other circumstances, and in societies which Bible light has not permeated, the cunning man will rather be regarded as the wise man, and the true man as the fool. All who know the character of native heathenism, whether in India or China, or elsewhere, unite to testify that truthfulness is not to be expected from it. How awful a commentary on those words of the beloved disciple, "We know that we are of God, and the whole world lieth in the wicked one!" The god of this world hath blinded the minds of his victims. God, who commanded at first the light to shine out of darkness, must shine yet again in the hearts of men, if light and truth and righteousness are to have their home and dwelling therein. Truth in its unblemished perfection, and falsehood in its unrelieved vileness—these are the two extremes. Verily and indeed to walk in truth, this is to walk with God. "This is the message which we have heard of Him, and declare unto you, that God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all. If we say that we have fellowship with Him, and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth. But if we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

Now, a man who has thus been cleansed from sin, he, in the sight of God, is a righteous man; and of such a man, washed, sanctified, justified, the word of God declares that "a righteous man hateth lying." He is a child of light, and he cannot bear darkness. Yet he is a sojourner in a dark and evil world, and he still bears within him the infection of an evil nature; and his work in this world is to fight against the evil, to wrestle with the darkness, to mortify his members which are upon the earth. And this by the grace of God he will do: for "the path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

And you who know anything of the deceitfulness of your own hearts, and of the purity and delicacy of Christian truthfulness, will not be startled and offended that I should think that this text, whether regarded as a truth, or a precept, or a test, should be useful and applicable to you. If really you are righteous, and if really you do hate lying, you will know that the struggle to maintain truth is one which enters into every portion of your Christian warfare, and that if you were able to keep absolutely clear of that lying which you hate, in all things, and towards all, then you would in fact have attained, even now and here, that condition after which you aspire, and to which you shall attain—to be made meet, namely, for the inheritance of the saints in light.

For, rightly considered, truth, a spirit of fidelity, is the very shrine and guard of all Christian virtues. And therefore, perhaps, St. Paul puts first "whatsoever things are true," amongst that beautiful enumeration of

* A sermon preached in the English Church of the Holy Trinity, Geneva.

things excellent to which he exhorts the Philippians: "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

And therefore, exhorting the Ephesians to put on the new man, he says of it that "after God it is created in righteousness and true holiness," or, as more literally it should be, "holiness of truth;" and then he adds, as the first thing to be done in this new creation, "Wherefore, putting away lying, speak every man truth with his neighbour: for we are members one of another." Mark the argument: we are members one of another; we are so bound together in one body, so animated by one spirit, that, if the union were perfect, as little would one Christian be capable of deceiving another, as one member of the body is capable of doing that which another member shall not know. "Let not your left hand know what your right hand doeth," said the Head of the body, the church; urging an impossibility, in order to show with more emphasis how secret in general should be His people's almsgiving.

But, consider now how truth is, as I have said, the guard of Christian duty, how much it comprehends, and regulates, and secures.

To illustrate this I will take very familiar examples, and I will speak first to the young.

There are many young persons in this congregation whose object in their present residence in this city is that they may obtain secular knowledge, and in that way be advanced in one important part of their education. Their parents or their guardians provide, perhaps in many instances with difficulty and at great personal sacrifice, that they shall have this opportunity of acquiring the knowledge, say, of modern languages. There are many who, in such circumstances, faithfully discharge their duty, and improve the opportunity. There are others, who too often may remind those who desire their advancement of that question of Solomon (Prov. xvii. 16), "Wherefore is there a price in the hand of a fool to get wisdom, seeing he hath no heart to it?" Now, viewed in one light, idleness under these circumstances is an act of dishonesty. To use the time in self-indulgence which you ought to devote to study is to defraud the parent or the guardian of the sums of money which are paid for your instruction. Under such temptations we might bid you—"whatsoever things are honest, and whatsoever things are just," to "think on these things." But in another view, and one which embraces the rest, we bid you, dear young friends, to think on "whatsoever things are true." If you would be servants of Christ, we remind you that "a righteous man," a righteous youth, a righteous maiden, a righteous child, "hateth lying!" That hour which your instructors believe to be devoted to the prescribed study—will you be so false as to spend it in dreamy sloth, or in what at a proper time would be innocent reading or amusement? See here, then, how the true includes and guards the honest and the just.

I need not point out the application of this principle to the next case which the Apostle mentions, "Whatsoever things are pure." Truth is light, and impurity has its home in darkness. "Marriage is honourable in all;" but do we not sum up all that tends to violate the sanctity of that holy estate, under the general name of untruth—infidelity? Here, again, truth guards and secures the purity, and the man who has offended against the purity stands out to view as a traitor to solemn engagements—not only an unchaste man, but a liar. And virtually all shameful things which are done in secret, whether of impurity, or dishonesty, or injustice, are works of falsehood too, for "he that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest that they are wrought in God."

But here it may be said that we are speaking of that which can have little practical application to such as I am addressing now. Be it so, and God grant it be so; though one said of old, "I was almost in all evil in the midst of the congregation and assembly." But the text, whether as a doctrine, or a precept, or a test, may yet have amongst the holiest a very close application—"A righteous man hateth lying."

Consider it for a moment in connection with that apostolic precept, "Let love be without dissimulation." Here is an aspect of truthfulness of the highest importance, its aspect, namely, as what we know commonly as sincerity. How often do the words of seeming affection conceal dislike, and coldness, and aversion! And here observe that the struggle against untruth in any mind will be common and embarrassing in proportion to the actual lack of that expansive Christian love which should exist between the members of that family which is born of the incorruptible seed, and who are bidden to love one another with a pure heart fervently. If you would walk in high and blessed liberty, un-

fettered by that conscientious difficulty which arises from the conflict between courtesy and truth, you will seek to drink largely at that fountain of love which is laid up for you in Christ your Lord, and so your love shall be more and more love like His—forbearing love, compassionate love, unselfish love, and so "love without dissimulation." Meanwhile, and until you can reach this level, and "walk about in love," beware of sacrificing truth to courtesy. Forbear the insincere compliment; avoid the exaggerated language which flatters and misleads. Give not the untrue excuse. "Putting away lying, speak every man truth with his neighbour; for we are members one of another." Remember that "a righteous man hateth lying."

And now I think I have said enough to direct your meditations on this subject, and to justify, in some degree, what I have said of the comprehensive nature both of the virtue of truthfulness and of the sin of falsehood. And we may understand how it should be the beloved disciple, the Apostle of love, who, whether in his Gospel or his Epistles, should more than any other discourse of truth, as of that atmosphere in which alone love and true fellowship can flourish. Hear him, for example, in his Second Epistle, "The elder unto the elect lady and her children, whom I love in the truth: for the truth's sake, which dwelleth in us, and shall be with us for ever. Grace be with you, mercy, and peace, from God the Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of the Father, in truth and love. I rejoiced greatly that I found of thy children walking in truth, as we have received a commandment from the Father."

Well, then, dear brethren, let this be our prayer, more constant and fervent, to the Father of lights: "Send out thy light and thy truth: let them lead me, let them bring me unto thy holy hill, and to thy tabernacle."

Let us well remember, that "without holiness"—without truth and righteousness in their perfection wrought into our innermost being—"without holiness no man shall see the Lord!" "Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart." This is the answer of the Old Testament to this solemn question; and hear now the answer of the latest record of the New: "There shall in no wise enter into it"—that holy city—"anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life."

Does conscience witness of a life not framed as yet in accordance with such a standard of truth and of righteousness? Does it whisper to any that they have not hitherto in such a sense hated lying? that, in truth, they are not the righteous? O that to such the solemn thought might come in demonstration of the Spirit—that God is a God of truth, that Jesus Christ is "the faithful and true witness;" that if a righteous man hateth lying, much more God will not break His word; that He will punish sinners; that He will keep the Heavenly City pure from all that defileth; that "without"—outside its crystal battlements—shut out from its angel-guarded doors—"are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie." Oh, yes, if we believe not, He is the God who cannot lie; He abideth faithful—faithful to His threatenings even as to His promises; He cannot, He cannot deny Himself.

But, blessed be His holy name, He "declareth His almighty power most chiefly in showing mercy and pity." He invites now to the fountain opened all who will confess and forsake their sins. "The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Oh come, come unto the fountain. Come with David's prayer, "Wash me throughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin: for I acknowledge my transgressions; and my sin is ever before me." "Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom."

Oh, who does not need this prayer? Who has meditated on truth to-day, and has not blushed for many a word and act of falsehood? Yea, brethren, you who most are righteous, who most hate lying, have mourned over the weakness, and the insincerity, and dissimulation, and the want of love, which perplex, and distress, and embarrass your Christian walk and warfare. But if you hate the evil, then it is not imputed; you are in the Righteous One; you are followers of Him who is the Truth; you are "accepted in the Beloved." Take courage, for "there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." You, "through the Spirit, are waiting for the hope of righteousness by faith;" and meanwhile "sin shall not have dominion over you; for ye are not under the law, but under grace."

HENRY DOWNTON.

OUR MONTHLY SURVEY.

I.—HOME NOTES.

THE EASTERN HORRORS.

NEVER, since the Indian Mutiny, has the British Empire been traversed by such a wave of indignation and horror as that which has passed over it, from east to west and from north to south, during the last two months. That fifteen thousand human beings should have been massacred in Bulgaria, innocent and defenceless, by Turkish soldiers; that women, and even girls of the tenderest years, should have been exposed to disgraceful treatment, and then barbarously murdered; that villages should have been plundered and burned, dead bodies piled in heaps in churches and churchyards till the stench became intolerable, and all the other atrocities perpetrated which have usually filled up the measure of such deeds;—that all this should have been done in the broad daylight of the nineteenth century, and under the flag of one of the great powers of Europe, was so incredible, that for a time the report sounded like a dream of the night. But when everything that had been at first reported by the *Daily News* was fully confirmed; when it appeared that our very representatives in Turkey had been hoodwinked while all this was going on; and when it was surmised that in other quarters financial interests had aided in producing the concealment, the indignation of the people of Great Britain rose to intensity. And when it was further considered that all these horrors had been committed by the soldiers of a country with which we were in alliance; that twenty years ago we had spent precious lives and precious treasure to protect that country from dismemberment; that still we were its avowed friends, that our fleet was actually in its neighbourhood, and that general opinion regarded us as encouraging Turkey in all that she was doing in her disaffected Provinces, the indignation of the country passed all bounds, impatience mingled with indignation, and from ten thousand voices the cry arose that the country should demand justice on the criminals, and change its attitude to Turkey for the future.

The spectacle is in many ways very instructive. It is instructive to remember that what has just been witnessed is no new exhibition of Turkish violence; that at the first entrance of the Turks into Europe, and long after, such massacres were but too familiar, and that it was such deeds that made the name of Turk a symbol of all that was terrible. Possibly the Turk may not have been worse than other Eastern nations. Eastern warfare was signally barbarous, and much that we read of in the Old Testament must be read in the light of that prevailing barbarity. It was not God's way to work perpetual miracles on the spirit of the Hebrew people, and exempt them altogether from the influence of the spirit that prevailed on every side around them; but the Hebrew code, and still more the Hebrew spirit, tended to a more humane mode of warfare than that which prevailed universally; and the Hebrew idea of the great King who was "to deliver the needy when he cried, the poor also, and him that had no helper," rose like a creation of Heaven from among the blood-stained portraits of Assyrian or Babylonian monarchs.

But it is the Turk that in modern times has been the representative in Europe of Asiatic barbarity and heartlessness. What an untold amount of misery has he inflicted from first to last on the nations of the West! In some of the picture galleries in the East of Europe we find old pictures, not very artistic perhaps in their conception, but awfully vivid in their lessons, representing the barbarities of the Turk. At one part of the picture is a group of victims, suffering crucifixion; at another part Turkish soldiers are throwing women and children over a precipice; another group are suffering the bastinado; and so throughout the whole length and breadth of the canvas varied forms of horror are portrayed. Europe was not unwilling that this horrible past should pass into oblivion; but these Bashi-Bazouks in Bulgaria have resuscitated the frightful history, and brought it up, reeking with corruption, alongside the great horrors of the present day.

The instinct of justice is raised very strongly in all true hearts, when such atrocities have been committed. So strongly, indeed, that the voice of mercy is apt to be unduly disregarded. One seems to understand better, in the view of such deeds as have been brought to light, the spirit of the imprecatory psalms. One sees how hearts, that, in ordinary times and circumstances, would cherish only mild and gentle thoughts, should be carried along as with a flood, by the experience of dreadful atrocities like those which have been perpetrated, and should be constrained to cry to the God to whom vengeance belongeth to bestir Himself. At all events, one sees that it does not do to judge those who have had experience of the most heart-rending cruelties by the standard which is applicable to ordinary times. In regard to the psalms, it is one of their most remarkable features, that whenever the church is placed in new circumstances of trial, she finds much in the psalms that precisely suits her, much of which she knew not the force before; and it may be that it is only those who have had trial of the worst forms of oppression that are fitted to appreciate rightly some things in the picture. Yet the cry for vengeance, even when gratified, will leave the afflicted heart in little better plight—will assuage but little of its anguish; it is when we turn to the gospel that we find a still higher exercise of the afflicted spirit than that which cries for retribution, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

The atrocities of Bulgaria, coupled with what is so well known in the past history of the Turks, may prove an argument for the view of some interpreters of the Apocalypse, that the Turks are the power symbolized by some of the most awful scourges re-

presented in that remarkable book as let loose on the Church and the world. Whether this may be true to the full extent represented by some commentators, we do not know; but it seems impossible to doubt that in the singular forecast which the Spirit gave in the Apocalypse of the various forces with which the Church would come into collision, as she moved on through the ages then to come, the Mahometan power, in its dreadful aspect as a military force, was very prominent. The minute interpretation of the Apocalypse is encumbered with many difficulties; but if we regard it generally as a symbolical view of the fortunes of the Christian Church, in her connection and collision with the other great forces of the world, it is wonderfully interesting. We should be glad to think that the battle with this great Mahometan power, as well as other great battles delineated in the Apocalypse, was near its close. The complications that have arisen baffle the skill of earthly politicians; and all that has now happened may just be designed to rouse the Church, throughout all her borders, to cry to Him to whom all power is given in heaven and on earth, "to take to Himself His great Power, and reign."

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The practice of publishing the last will and testament of our more conspicuous and wealthy men has prevailed for a considerable time, so that the public are now tolerably familiar with the manner in which those to whom much has been given are in the way of performing their last act of stewardship. It may be doubted whether the practice is altogether unexceptionable, whether it does not involve an unwarrantable trespass on the affairs of private life. It does not appear, however, to be much objected to on the part of those who might be supposed to dislike it. One thing that strikes us in modern wills is their eminently dry and business-like character. Old wills had often a vein of piety, and a considerable aroma of affection. Some of them contained good advice for the benefit of those who were to succeed. All that is now completely done away with. The change may be more convenient in a business point of view, but it has its drawbacks. What a precious insight into the character of Shakespeare in its highest aspect we should have wanted, if his will had not contained the clause in which he commended his soul to the Lord Jesus Christ, by whom it had been redeemed! The handing over a solemn trust from one steward to another is an act worthy of more recognition of Him from whom all our gifts and property come than it commonly receives. And generally the last act of the stewardship of a Christian man deserves to be done in terms charged with deeper feeling than the printed forms commonly made use of alike by the most thoughtless and the most devout.

In dealing with vast sums of money, our great will-makers seldom exhibit any great breadth of heart or force of intellect. We believe, indeed, that they are often more baffled in their last than in any previous investment. It is often a disappointing thing for a man to indicate the final disposal of all that has been accumulated amid so much labour, anxiety, and skill. And he often does it helplessly and foolishly. Exceptions there are, as in the case of the late Mr. Peabody. There was something of genius, as well as wise philanthropy in the bold and decided course which he adopted in disposing of his wealth. In the case of most rich men, it does not appear that they recognise any claim on the part of their country for a share of their accumulations. In the case of others, a certain amount distributed among the established charities denotes the somewhat crude result of their benevolence and their wisdom. They just help what everybody helps. It is the part of a wise rich man to think of some good object which does not rouse the sympathies of everybody, but which stands in great need of help. A few rich men have founded colleges where they are much needed. With the vast increase of large towns in our empire, such benefactions might be multiplied at least tenfold. Men have only to look round them, round their country, and round the world, to find innumerable cases, not obvious to every eye, in which they might do great permanent good. One would fain hope that under the head of "wills and bequests," future years will exhibit a greater number of cases in which wealth has been turned to noble uses, and made an instrument of really advancing the true good of the world.

THE EDUCATION REPORT.

The report for 1875 for England and Wales of the Privy Council Committee on Education contains some interesting statements regarding the progress of the work during the past few years. In regard to school-supply, it appears that in 1869 accommodation existed for 1,765,944 scholars, while now, in 1875, there is accommodation for 3,146,424, or 13·13 per cent. of the estimated population. This is a great and rapid increase; but the schools represented in the increase are not all of the first quality; their efficiency is not in all cases tested by the visits of inspectors. In regard to attendance, the average in aided schools had risen from 1,225,764 in 1870 to 1,885,562, and the number in the registers from 2,259,411 to 2,774,300. The number for whom elementary schools are required is about 4,500,000.

The returns which show the attainments of the scholars are admitted to be unsatisfactory. They show that a large number of children are not known to be attending efficient schools; that even of those who attend such schools the number of regular attenders is small; that even of these a large number are not presented to the inspector for examination, and that of those examined the results attained by many are but meagre. In some degree these results are due to the comparatively recent introduction of the compulsory system in Board Schools, the children

brought in by this means being generally behind the average of their age.

In regard to the supply of teachers, a great increase has taken place in the number both of teachers and pupil teachers. In place of 12,842 pupil teachers, 1,236 assistants, and 12,027 certificated teachers as in December, 1869, there were in 1875 29,138 pupil teachers, 2,421 assistants, and 21,952 certificated teachers. In the training colleges, many are excluded for want of room. The training colleges can supply 1,500 teachers per annum, a number about sufficient to fill up the waste in a staff of 25,000 teachers. This may be enough in the future, but it is quite inadequate at present. The Department have accordingly authorised inspectors to grant certificates without examination to teachers whose schools have been found efficient for several years. This arrangement, it is believed, will be a great boon to many deserving teachers throughout the country.

The election of School Boards has taken place over a great part of England and Wales. It has taken place in—

London, with a population of . . .	3,266,987
104 English boroughs, ditto	5,308,423
1,784 English parishes, ditto	3,201,025
15 Welsh boroughs, ditto	185,582
360 Welsh parishes, ditto	560,520
Total population having School Boards	12,522,537

It is the duty of the Department to make inquiries where additional schools are needed, and to require them to be supplied either by voluntary effort, or, failing that, by the compulsory election of School Boards. The notices already issued have resulted in the compulsory election of 870 School Boards, 13 for boroughs and 857 for parishes.

Many other particulars have been furnished, showing that notwithstanding the progress that has been made, a vast space has got to be traversed before the provision for education in England and Wales can be pronounced complete.

THE WESLEYAN ANNUAL ADDRESS.

The change that has just taken place in the admission of laymen to the Conference invests the annual address to the Wesleyan Societies with unusual interest. The address begins by calling attention to the widespread tokens of divine blessing that had attended the operations of the Church during the year, the spiritual interest having been specially remarkable in some districts, while an addition to the membership of some 14,000 was a proof that substantial results had followed the increased religious interest. Calling attention to the change in the constitution of the Conference, the address says that the Conference adopted the recommendations of the committee to whom the question had been remitted, viz., that laymen be admitted into the Conference during the transaction of the financial and temporal business of the Connexion, while the details of the scheme had been remitted to the consideration of the district meetings, and a committee that were to report to next Conference.

The chief stress of the address, however, is laid on the importance of greater efforts to carry out the work of evangelism, and especially the duty of each member to care for the soul of his brother. But this implies deep personal concern for his own spiritual state.

"We would remind you that employment in the Lord's service depends upon fitness. This is a law which pervades every part of His kingdom. He does not produce grapes from thorns, nor figs from thistles. He does not employ worldly men to teach spirituality; nor lovers of ease to conduct great enterprises; nor selfish men to generate the enthusiasm of love. He works by instruments fitted for His work. Those who bear the clean vessels of the Lord must themselves be clean. Unless we be 'steadfast, unmovable,' we cannot be 'always abounding in the work of the Lord.' The unvarying conditions of successful evangelism are inward purity, strong, realising faith, and complete devotion of self to God. Christian labour is born of Christian love. The concern we feel for our own souls is the true measure of our concern and efforts for the souls of others. Our power to do good cannot rise above the level of our own inward life. Our first care, therefore, must be to maintain and invigorate the life of God within us. Having found rest to our souls through faith in the atoning blood of Christ, 'let us go on unto perfection;' let us seek to be more and more imbued with those heavenly tempers and affections which are not only the proximate cause of obedience, but the very soul of Christian energy and the true qualification for the work of the Lord. Baptized with the spirit of our gracious Master, it will be our joy to deny our own will and obey His, to confess His name, to bear His cross, to rebuke sin, to labour for souls, and, like the Apostle of the Gentiles, to be made 'all things to all men,' that 'by all means' we 'might save some.'"

Spiritual earnestness is further recommended as furnishing the best antidote to the spirit of worldliness, and the best solution of the vexed question of amusements.

"Walking with God, and ever remembering your high vocation to be His witnesses, you will separate yourselves from all evil; you will, in the fear of God, abstain from all rash speculations in business, from all undue absorption in the secularities of life, and from everything that is not thoroughly upright in your business transactions. In your dress and style of living you will not be conformed to this world; recreations and amusements which are doubtful, and have a tendency to dim the brightness of your piety, to diminish your strength and unfit you for communion with God, you will sedulously avoid; in a word, you will guard against all such compliance with the customs and maxims of the world as tends to deaden your sense of duty, quench the ardour of your devotion, and weaken your authority in reproving sin. And it will be our privilege, as your pastors, to rejoice over you as 'a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people.'"

THE CHILDREN'S HOME AT WINCHESTER.

We are exceedingly sorry to hear that this Home so languishes for want of funds, that the question of either stopping it, or reducing the number of children at present in it, has been under consideration. Our

readers will remember that last year we gave an account of this Home, in which we told how it had grown out of Sir Walter Crofton's effort to provide a Refuge for Criminal Women in Winchester; piteous and hopeless cases of young children of such women being brought so frequently before the managers that they felt impelled to do something. In not a few cases the children had been taken possession of by former friends of the mothers for the most nefarious purposes, and the mothers themselves had become anxious that their children should be taken from such a life and "have a chance," and some of them had done all they could to help to recover the young ones. The children, being under the age when the Government allowance can be claimed for children in industrial schools, the Home has never enjoyed anything from Government, though it was founded on this expectation. There are now eighteen children in it; Miss Pumfrey, the superintendent of the Battery House Refuge, taking upon herself the additional charge of the Home; and as the children cost only some 3*s.* 6*d.* a week and are well schooled and taken care of, it would surely be a great pity and a great loss to the country, if such a work should be curtailed instead of being extended, as there is so much room for its being.

II.—GLANCES ABROAD.

THE WALDENSIAN SYNOD AT LA TOUR.

(*A Letter from a Correspondent.*)

September, 1876.

I had no idea till I was among them that the Waldensian Valleys were so beautiful. I knew, indeed, that no valley among the Alps could fail to be beautiful; but I was not prepared for all the loveliness that greeted my eyes when I looked on these memorable scenes. No doubt the weather was very favourable. One morning, as I travelled on the diligence between Pinerolo and La Tour, the sun was just rising, and a more glorious scene could hardly be imagined. First came a great flood of red, and for fifteen minutes the mountains glowed in that exquisite delicate pink, which removes all the grossness of earth, and makes them look like the bulwarks of heaven. Then came the clear bright silver of the dawn. The sky-line of the mountains was thrown gloriously against the clear blue, and the deep morning shadows contrasted magnificently with the bright clear ridges on which the sun was pouring all his riches. A towering conical mountain rose grandly above its fellows, and proudly asserted its claim to be monarch of the whole. It was only when a bed of cloud lay on his breast, while his noble forehead reared itself aloft, that one realised the wonderful height of the mountain. La Tour is an insignificant little town, busy indeed with a varied industry, but not otherwise remarkable. The first building you come to is the Catholic church. You wonder to see such a building in the capital of Waldensia; but you are informed that of late years so many new manufactures have been established in the neighbourhood as to draw to it a large proportion of Catholic workers. The Waldensian church is in the other end of the town; so is the college, and so are the houses of the professors, and most of the other buildings that are associated with the cause.

People generally are hardly aware how small the Waldensian Church is. The valleys are three in number, and they contain sixteen parishes, and of these sixteen parishes the Waldensian Church mainly consisted, till she began lately to lengthen her cords and extend herself in Italy. The most celebrated of the valleys is that of Angrognia. Here was offered the most chivalrous and determined opposition to the Savoy troops in the days of the fiercest persecution. In another of the valleys stands a bare head of rock to which on one occasion the Waldenses had removed their women and children; sad to tell, their hiding-place was discovered by the enemy, who barbarously flung them down the rock, on the sides and at the base of which they were dashed to pieces. Every portion of the little territory has some memorable and touching tradition. One cannot gaze on these valleys without a very peculiar emotion. It is with profound enjoyment that one looks for the first time on the valleys which God chose out of all the valleys of the Alps to be the depository of His truth, and where there was such steady and uniform opposition to all that Rome tried to introduce, that even now the Waldenses say they are not a *Reformed* Church, and that it is unhistorical to class them with those who are truly described as the "Reformed Church of Europe." The danger is lest the Waldenses be a little spoiled by the notice taken of them, and by the memory of the achievements of their fathers. On the other hand, that very memory may become a power to move them in the direction of great and noble deeds; and in this point of view it is most interesting to see the large views they have on the evangelisation of Italy, and the extensive missionary operations which they have undertaken in that fold.

It has been well for the Waldenses that they have had some very zealous friends. The late Dr. Gilly did them good service in many ways, especially by recording their history in a book that has done service too. It happened once that a young soldier of the name of Beckwith, who had lost his leg at Waterloo, was calling at the Duke of Wellington's, and waiting in the ante-room. His eye fell on Dr. Gilly's volume, and he became so enthusiastic in the cause of the Waldenses that he devoted his life to it. He found things very dilapidated among them, but effected a wonderful change. I think the number of schools which he got built was something like a hundred. Churches, college, professors' houses, all owed much to his indefatigable zeal. There is no mistaking his likeness, for there is no concealment of the artificial leg. In the hotel, you cannot doubt that mine host is a Waldensian, for on the wall you see the valiant general, and the likeness occurs in almost every considerable house. General Beckwith died a few years

ago, but his widow survives, and lives in La Tour. The late Dr. Guthrie, as our readers know well, was one of the most earnest and enthusiastic friends of the Vaudois. And of living men, no man has been more zealous in their cause than Dr. Stewart of Leghorn.

Another English friend helped to rear the orphanage. The orphanage for girls is a little way out of the town, and that for boys, we believe, is in Turin. The girls' orphanage is most charming. The situation is beautiful, and the neatness and cleanliness in every cranny and corner is something wonderful. We went over the whole house. Clothes so beautifully folded, kitchen so scrupulously clean, dormitories so speckless that it seemed as if they had taken out a patent for annihilating dirt and disorder. The matron seems to be singularly well fitted for her place. Even the garden was a model of order, and the children are the gardeners. There were some fifty girls; they sung one of Sankey's hymns in French, and another in Italian, somewhat slowly, after the Continental fashion, but very sweetly, and with apparent feeling.

Let us enter the church, and see the synod. Some sixty or seventy grave men, partly pastors, partly elders, are discussing the affairs of the Church. One day they are busy with a case of discipline, which has grieved them greatly, but in reference to which they show a most eager desire to be faithful. Faithfulness in discipline, in fact, is one of the great characteristics of the Church. They cannot bear inconsistency or sham. They are careful about their students, whom they subject to a long and very careful training, careful about their evangelists and their colporteurs. Another day they are considering the state of their schools and college. A third day, they are occupied with evangelisation. And sometimes they have meetings of special interest. At one of these, during the present session, two of their young men were solemnly set apart for the ministry. At another, delegates from foreign Churches were heard. They had delegates from Scotland, from England, from Canada, from the Evangelical Societies of Geneva and France, and from the High Alps in France, the delegate in the last case being a successor of Felix Neff. The church had a somewhat singular appearance on that evening. There was a large attendance of the public, but they were hardly visible. Three or four paraffin lamps and as many candles on the table of the moderator of the clerks served for little more than to make the darkness visible. But it was an interesting exemplification, in a literal sense, of the Waldensian motto, "Lux lucet in tenebris." It was indeed just a picture of the Church and its work—the light concentrated at one part of Italy, and trying to send its rays over the length and breadth of the country. The day will probably come when the more modern methods of lighting churches will supersede the handful of lamps. When that day comes, may the splendour of divine truth in like manner be found spreading far and wide over Italy, so that no part of the peninsula shall be hid from the light thereof.

The chief work of the Waldensian Church, beyond its own borders, is that of evangelisation. Their mission spreads over five districts: 1. Piedmont; 2. Lombardo-Venetia; 3. Tuscany; 4. Rome and Naples; 5. Sicily. In these they have forty churches, sixteen stations, and fifty places statedly visited; they have thirty pastors, sixteen evangelists, and fifty-three other labourers. And they have at their worship an ordinary attendance of 3,836, occasional of 13,325; they have 2,278 communicants; and they have 1,847 children at day-school, and 1,493 at Sunday-school.

The more interesting particulars which were presented to the synod regarding these missions I may be able to bring under your notice in another letter. Meanwhile, I think it well to submit one or two independent testimonies to the value and character of these Waldensian operations. I met with the American consul stationed at Venice, and his wife, who have been six years in Italy, and have made it a special object to investigate the working of the Waldensian evangelisation. At first, they told me, they were somewhat prejudiced against it, but the more they learned of it the more they esteemed it. Their opinion of it now is very high, and they expressed their regret that their friends in Philadelphia, and throughout the United States, did not know more of it. Americans, they said, seem to give their money to every one but the Waldenses; if they would only take them under their wing, there is no end to the good they might do.

I find also in *Evangelical Christendom* for this month (September) the following notice of the Waldenses among the other missionary agencies in Italy. It is taken from an American paper, the *Congregationalist*. "The place of honour in the list belongs to the Waldensian Church, which, coming out of its compulsory hiding-place in the valleys of Piedmont, has extended itself throughout the length and breadth of the land, and into the very heart of Sicily. The last report states that exclusive of the churches in the valleys, it has fifty stations, forty-four pastors and evangelists, 2,140 members, and 59 day-schools, with an attendance of 2,000 children. It has also a faculty of Theology in Florence, conducted by three able professors, where young men are being regularly trained for the Christian ministry. Next in order comes the Free Christian Church, composed of thirty-seven congregations, under the care of twenty-one evangelists, some of whom have been ordained as pastors." This writer expresses his great regret that there should be so much division among Italian Protestants. The divisions of Protestantism furnish its greatest triumph to Rome; yet, even in Rome itself, the divisions of Protestants are thrust forward, and the various missions are not always conducted in the best spirit one towards another.

I left the valleys with a pleasant impression. Yet I do not think that everything is *couleur de rose*. I do not suppose that all the pastors are equally actuated by evangelical zeal, and many of the people seem to take things easy—to be content with the form of religion, without troubling themselves much

about evangelisation, or anything else of the kind. Even the valleys are in need of a gale of the north wind and the south; if such a blessing should come, one can hardly set limits to the glorious effects which Italy would in all likelihood come to experience.—B.

MR. F. FLIEDNER'S WORK IN SPAIN.

Fritz Fliedner is a son of the celebrated Pastor Fliedner of Kaiserswerth, the founder of the Deaconess' Establishment. For a few years he has been labouring at Madrid, in Spain, in connection with one of the German missionary societies. Besides performing the ordinary duties of a missionary, he and his wife (a member of a well-known Scotch family) have been doing much other work, and particularly they have been caring for orphans and other needy or neglected persons, trusting to their fathers' God, and the servants of that God, for the means of carrying out these labours of love. Mr. Fliedner issues occasional papers under the title of "Leaves from Spain," in which he gives a lively account of the work in which he is engaged. The Leaves stretch over a considerable period, and give interesting sketches of the country, its past history, and its present condition. Among other places, Mr. Fliedner has paid a visit to America. This was on the occasion of the great meeting of the Evangelical Alliance there three years ago. Some people disparage such meetings, as if, because they are not in the strict sense meetings for work, they must be good for nothing. Mr. Fliedner's testimony is very different. "Only those who are placed in lonely posts of missionary work," he remarks, "can imagine what spiritual reviving, and what a fulness of new power flowed from the communion of so many old and young soldiers of Christ, so many enthusiastic young recruits, so many tried veterans, and one or two experienced leaders, to whose countenance every new scar only gave more distinctly the expression, 'More than conquerors.'"

The latest of Mr. Fliedner's "Leaves" is before us, dated Madrid, July, 1876. Among other interesting matters of information, it contains some account of an orphanage, and of the present inmates of the same. At the head of the list stands a name which all friends of the cause of the gospel in Spain pronounce with honour—that of Carrasco. Our readers hardly need to be reminded of the young confessor and orator, who seemed so likely to be a new apostle in Spain, but whose life came to an untimely end as he was returning from the Evangelical Alliance at New York by the collision of the *Ville du Havre* and the *Lochearn*. It is a happiness to know that the orphan children of Carrasco are under the charge of Mr. and Mrs. Fliedner.

"Maria Carrasco, of whom we have already spoken, and who was the first child we took into our house, as she required special care, is now, together with the others, in the orphanage in the street of Calatrava with their foster-mother, Juliana. Juliana is the mother of a dear little pupil who died last summer of cancer, caused, our doctor assured us, by poverty. He also said her other children would follow their sister if they were not removed from the miserable garret in which they lived. I wish our friends could see them now, with their foster-brothers and little sister, in the pleasant, sunny and airy rooms, we have through their kindness been able to offer them. Their mother is most grateful, and proves her gratitude by the care she shows to the ten stranger children I have entrusted to her, who certainly give more trouble than her own well-trained children do. I always comfort her, that if they were not so wild and neglected I would not have had need to send them to her, and it is cheering to hear every week in our teachers' conference good accounts of the improvement of 'the orphans,' and to be asked for more advanced school-books for them.

"The eldest boy, ten years of age, Manuel Fernandez, has attended our day school for more than a year and a half, and is a boy of some talent, but he was getting into bad ways. His mother is a widow, and has struggled hard since her husband died to keep herself and her boy on three reals ($7\frac{1}{2}d.$) a-day, gained by working in the tobacco factory till late at night. The poor fellow was quite left to himself out of school hours, and, cold and hungry, it was no wonder that he was getting into vicious ways. Twice our German teacher, Don Enrique, or Herr Ruppert, as we call him, found out that he had been drinking, and begged me earnestly to take him into the orphanage. Two others, who are not real orphans, but perhaps worse off than many orphans, are brother and sister, Lorenzo and Amparo, eight and six years old. Their mother used to sell cakes in the street; but two years ago she got into a quarrel with another woman and struck her. The woman fell, and after a few days died. At the time, the medical men declared that she was already diseased, and her death was not the consequence of the blow; but five months ago the poor woman was again arrested, and is now in prison on a charge of manslaughter, and no one knows when she will be tried. Lorenzo used to attend our school, but after his mother's imprisonment he led a vagabond life along with an elder sister, who now keeps the cake stall. His father could not, or would not, make him go to school, but was very glad when I offered to take him into the orphanage. He even brings me regularly seven reals a week for him, the third part of the board I give Juliana. His little sister, Ampora, was with her mother in the prison till within a fortnight ago, when a Christian woman connected with the congregation in the Jesus Chapel, which is in the same house in the Calatrava Street, persuaded her to let her take her away, promising to ask me to take her. The father says that he can at present do nothing for her, so I have taken her, believing that for the matter of a few pence daily it would be wrong to leave the child exposed to the temptations of the streets, when she was, as it were, offered to me.

"Lucas and Petra, the brother and sister of our little Juanita, had been sent by their mother, who is a widow, to distant relatives in Asturias, but they could not remain there, for these relatives were themselves as poor. So they came back to Madrid, and the mother tried to support them here. She was, however, unable to do it properly, and they reached such extremity that she with her three children, not being able to pay for a room, were obliged to sleep in a passage. When the weary little Juanita said in the evening, 'Mother, put me to bed,' the mother could only reply, 'My darling, wait a little till the other people, who have to go through the passage to

their room, have gone to bed.' So it was not till half-past eleven that the poor little sufferer, scarcely four years old, could get to rest, and then all the bed she had was a few rags spread on the floor, which she had to leave again as soon as the morning dawned. Her leg got worse every day, so, at last, in God's name, we took all the three children into our Orphanage, and when the mother was crying over the separation Juanita comforted her, saying, 'Do not be sorry, mammy, here I have at least enough to eat and my nice clean bed.'

"Then there came to the flock another Lorenzo, a little older than the first one: his father is a widower, and assists us a little in return for his food. While he was serving as waiter in a coffee-house, his boy was running through the streets the entire day, and utterly neglected.

"Then there came another Manuel, whom we call Manolito, as he is younger and smaller than the other. As his mother needed to be out the whole day, as she was a servant, she entreated us earnestly to take him, and at last we did so. Our last accession is little Andrew. He was one of the most miserable and neglected boys that can be imagined, for he had no father, and his mother was a worthless, bad woman.

"Thus it is that our little flock, with the three of Juliana, has reached the number of fourteen.

"May the Good Shepherd help us in this work, undertaken with the wish to fulfil His parting injunction, 'Feed my lambs,' and not only enable us to satisfy their bodily wants, but to train them for His service."

THE BIBLE IN SERVIA.

The British and Foreign Bible Society inform us that,—

"So far as Servia is concerned, the Bible is no unknown book. In the Society's report for 1875 it was stated that 'the Servian field has been now for many years under cultivation, and the wonder is that the demand remains so steady. Those who know and follow the Lord Jesus form a compact and growing band, whose influence is considerable. The power of their religion is felt; and the book which is their one confession of faith and sole code of laws, is regarded by their neighbours with awe.' Bulgaria, the scene of the recent atrocities, has long been cared for by the Society. There is a principal depôt at Rustchuk, and three colporteurs work respectively in the eastern, central, and western divisions of the country. The committee trust that they may be able to strengthen this agency at the present juncture. But their friends will not need to be reminded that the difficulty is, not how to send in a vast number of copies—for that would be easy—but how to provide that what are sent in shall be judiciously distributed with a reasonable probability of their being read and valued."

Information furnished to ourselves from a source on which we can rely confirms these statements. From one who laboured several years in Servia we learn that in many of the schools the Bible is read, and that the sale of the Scriptures there has been remarkably steady. That gentleman has now gone with others, on the part of the Bible Society, furnished with Bibles and suitable books for the sick and wounded to whom he may be able to obtain access. We are sure that any tidings that tell us of good done in time past in Servia must soothe the hearts of the myriads of Christians that are now bleeding over the wrongs and outrages of that unfortunate people. Who knows but that in many more instances than man can reckon up, such psalms as the forty-sixth and similar passages of Scripture, may have led them to the refuge and strength in times of trouble, or some bright gospel text may have shone like a star when the floods of great waters came in on their souls? What an impulse ought such thoughts to give to all loving efforts to spread the gospel!

III.—JOTTINGS FROM THE MISSION FIELD.

JUBILEE OF THE CHURCH MISSIONARY COLLEGE AT ISLINGTON.

The jubilee of this useful institution was celebrated in the course of the summer. At an early period in the history of the Church Missionary Society, the desirableness of such an institution was apparent. For a while, however, missionaries were trained for their work by individual friends of the mission cause, one of them being the Rev. Thomas Scott, of Aston Stanford, the well-known commentator on the Bible. After considerable delay, caused by the slow acquisition of funds, the foundation stone of the Islington institution was laid on 31st July, 1826.

"During the fifty years existence of the College," says the *Church Missionary Intelligence*, "there have been five Principals—viz., Rev. J. N. Pearson, 1825—1838; Rev. C. F. Childe, 1839—1858; Rev. T. Green, 1858—1870; Rev. A. H. Frost, 1870—1874; Rev. W. H. Barlow, 1875 to the present time. We must not omit the name of the Vice-Principal, the Rev. J. G. Heisch, whose service has already extended to five-and-thirty years.

Between four and five hundred men have been trained at Islington. The list is a goodly one indeed, name after name testifying to the stamp of missionary the College is designed to send forth, and has to a large extent been successful in sending forth. We can but mention a few of the most eminent. *Africa*:—C. L. F. Haensel (first Principal of Fourah Bay College), J. F. Schön, H. Townsend, J. Beale, T. Peyton, C. A. Gollmer, D. Hinderer, J. L. Krapf, J. Rebmann. *Africa and the East*:—S. Gobat, S. W. Koelle. *Africa and India*:—C. W. Isenberg, J. Erhardt, J. G. Deimler, W. S. Price. *Northern and Western India*:—T. Sandys, W. Smith, J. J. Weitbrecht, C. B. Leupolt, C. H. Blumhardt, C. C. and J. P. Mengé, J. S. S. Robertson, J. Long, S. Hasell, H. Stern, W. T. Storrs, A. P. Neele, S. Dyson, J. Sheldon, J. Vaughan, E. L. Puxley. *South India*:—Paul Schaffter, Joseph Peet, John Thomas, Stephen and Septimus Hobbs, J. Hawksworth, J. T. Tucker, E. Sargent, H. Baker, jun., A. Dibb. *Ceylon*:—W. Oakley, C. Greenwood, G. Parsons. *British Guiana*:—J. H. Bernau. *Palestine*:—F. A. Klein, John Zeller. *New Zealand*:—J. Hamlin, C. Baker, A. N. Brown, J. Matthews, B. Y. Ashwell, R. Burrows. *North-West America*:—Abraham Cowley, James Hunter. *China*:—J. S. Burbon, A. E. Moule, J. R. Wolfe. We mention none who have gone out within the last fifteen years, although not a few of the younger men have proved themselves well worthy of

being specially named. The Universities have given the Society some good men (about 140 in all, we believe); it will suffice to mention the names of Jowett, W. Williams, John Tucker, Maunsell, R. Taylor, Haslam, Chapman, Noble, Fox, G. Smith, Cuthbert, Ragland, Russell, Bowen, Gough, French, E. C. Stuart, R. Clark, Fenn, Meadows, Cobb, Hubbard, Keene, Frost, Royston, Greaves, Alexander, Shackell G. E. Moule, Bruce, Gray, Davis, Barton, Speechly, Welland,—besides some who, like Batty and Paley, went out only to die; yet the College at Islington has had by far the largest share in providing men for the great work."

It is interesting to think of the progress in the work of missions since this College began. Mission work in foreign lands is spoken of now in terms very different from those which were common then. The mission spirit is recognised as essential to every living and earnest church.

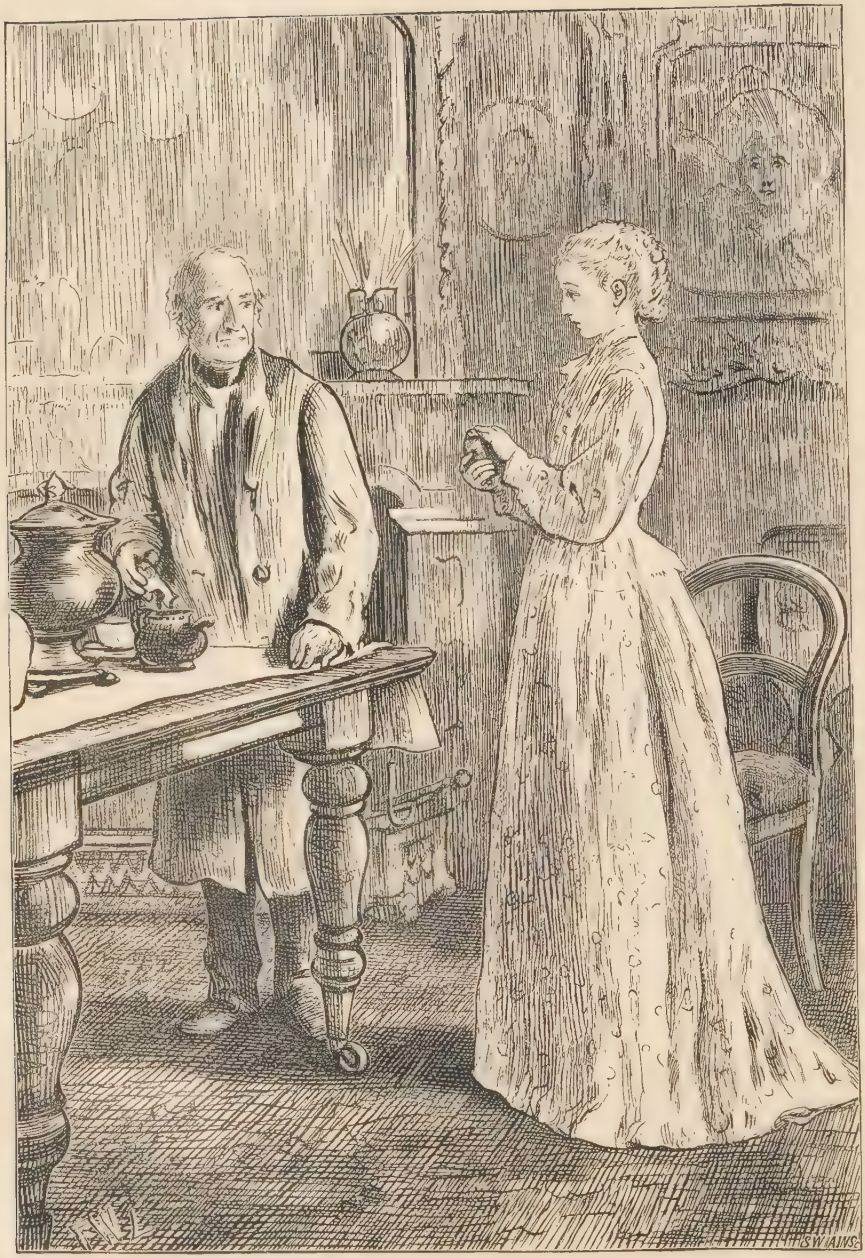
LEPERS IN CENTRAL CHINA.

On the subject of lepers in India, we gave a note some time ago, and we now add a few remarks on lepers in Central China, culled from a recently published medical report, by Dr. A. G. Reid, who for some ten or twelve years past, has largely devoted himself to the good work of relieving the poorer classes of Chinese at Hankow, on the north bank of the great river Yang-tsze, a place which, from its geographical position, has almost of necessity become one of the busiest and most populous in that busy and populous empire. After some brief observations respecting recent medical writings on the contagiousness of leprosy, Dr. Reid very appositely remarks that if the spread of leprosy were only due to a specific and contagious poison, living or chemical, developed in the bodies of the sick, it is difficult to understand why it should not have extended more widely in the neighbourhood of Hankow, where the lepers are not driven from society, and compelled to associate together in certain villages, but where they continue to reside with their relatives, and mingle with the healthy population. A few lepers are found in the cities, but not, so far as Dr. Reid has been able to ascertain, among families which have resided in towns over several generations. The great majority of the cases, he says, come from the wet, aguish country districts, where the inhabitants are collected in small hamlets, consisting of one to several hundred people, who are extremely poor, subsisting on vegetables, rice, the produce of uncultivated land, and only occasionally partaking of fish or animal food. In many of the villages one or two of the adults are leprous, and in most instances males are the victims. According to the testimony of both sick and healthy, leprosy does not spread over various families, but clings to one, and it has shown the same character in past times, so that there is a prevalent belief among the Chinese in the hereditary nature of the disease. Youths who show symptoms of leprosy rarely marry, but in many instances where the symptoms have not been developed till after adult years, the lepers have been married to healthy women, and although particular inquiry was made concerning their condition, they were never found to have contracted the disease. It is remarkable, continues Dr. Reid, to find how frequently phthisis also exists in leprous families. In alluding to the manner in which leprosy is transmitted, he does not mean to deny the possibility of its being contagious under certain circumstances, for how can its spread in the Sandwich Islands otherwise be explained? But it is evident that Hankow, or rather in the neighbourhood of that town, where it has been endemic for centuries, the disease has not a tendency to wide propagation by infection. In conclusion Dr. Reid takes occasion to correct a statement made by Dr. Liveing, in the "Gulstonian Lectures" for 1873, that leprosy is not found in China north of the Yang-tsze kiang. This, he says, may be so as regards some of the provinces through which the river flows, but it does not hold good in Hoopei, for the disease extends along the banks of the river Han in a northward direction. We may add that Dr. Reid has found by the test of experience that "in Gurjun oil Dr. Dougall has discovered a remedy highly beneficial in alleviating the skin manifestations of leprosy, for, under its use and without any alteration in the patient's customary diet, ulcers healed up, thickenings and tubercles disappeared, and there was a gain in weight and healthy looks. Improvement, however, in the anæsthenic symptoms was a much slower process, but 'in some cases described in detail' it was asserted that the numbness had become less intense, and this could be further shown by the scratch of a needle being felt in parts where sensibility had formerly disappeared; a difficulty was experienced in thoroughly testing the remedy from the unwillingness of patients to remain under treatment longer than a month or two, either their families or their occupations inducing them to return home."

IV.—OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

We are exceedingly pleased to draw attention to a work of peculiar missionary importance which has just been issued by the Religious Tract Society. This is "Life in the Southern Isles," by Mr. Wyatt Gill, who not only tells us of the results of his work in Mangaia, where he has laboured for upwards of twenty years, but in a series of short interesting chapters presents us with powerful pictures of life among the people—sketches of native preachers, and a popular *résumé* of the natural history of the places. Some of the anecdotes of native preachers are very good indeed.

There is also a chapter on New Guinea which should be read with special interest just now. Altogether it is one of the most instructive and stimulating books we have read for a long time, and we can cordially recommend it to our readers. It is also full of pictures calculated to attract the younger folks.



"HARTLEIGH TOWERS."

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HARTLEIGH TOWERS.

A Story of English Life.

By the AUTHOR of "Andrew Gray's Story," &c.

CHAPTER IV.—HUGH HARTLEIGH'S INHERITANCE.

"Whereof the nightmare sat upon his youth,
Repressing all its seasonable delights."
B. Browning.

ABOUT a mile from where the grassy bridle-path skirted the old graveyard wall, among dense masses of foliage which wound away towards a westward park, stood the old manor-house of Chadsthorpe. It lay in a hollow, so low that from no point in the valley could you see more than its cluster of grey Tudor towers. Even if you approached it from its long spacious avenue, it gave you a feeling of surprise when the great lowering mass of building came in view. Its discordant architecture, altered and added to at various periods since the reign of Queen Elizabeth, seemed to harmonize in one effect only, that of giving to the huge grey pile an undefinable aspect of gloom.

It seemed, indeed, as if each of the bygone owners of Hartleigh Towers had resolved to leave some additional impress of general dreariness on their ancestral dwelling. And yet the pigeon-holes of its parchment room, as well as the popular traditions of Chadsthorpe, held many a record that it had been a happy home. Many an heir had led his bride up the time-worn steps to begin the story of wedded life with hopes of happiness destined to be realised as fully as generally falls to the lot of mortals. The gloomy corridors had often resounded with joyous young voices and hearty older tones intermingling, and the long darkened windows, thrown open to sunlight and sweet scents, had made the grim old mansion wear a smile in spite of itself.

The valley of Chadsthorpe had belonged to the Hartleighs long before the present house was placed there. Given to some remote ancestor in Norman times, they had held it ever since. That they never had a title in their family was a source of pride to the long line of esquires whose boast was in their pure descent and unblemished military honour.

When Lady Susan Nettleship married the grandfather of the present squire the alliance was considered in every way fitting for a peer's daughter. From the coming of this rather elderly bride the villagers dated the desertion and gloom which had overhung the manor-house for so long. Having first instigated the building of the ugliest of all the additions which belonged to that composite piece of architecture, she then lured the home-loving English squire away from his parks and preserves to fashionable foreign resorts, where he spent the remainder of his life. Not even in death was his body restored to his ancestral valley, and it seemed an additional sorrow to the loyal tenants that their squire should lie under a dewless foreign sod with popish wreaths and crosses strewn about, and notwithstanding all the promises made by Lady Susan that she would take up her abode at the Towers, she remained abroad, rearing her son, pretty much as she did her favourite poodles, to sloth and uselessness.

And so the years passed, and most of the generation who remembered a Squire Hartleigh moving to and fro among them, passed away also; and still the grey mansion stood prison-like in its solitude and silence till one autumn morning the news came that Lady Susan was dead, and that her now middle-aged son was coming with an infant boy whose mother had died at his birth, to take up their abode at the Towers.

Chadsthorpe was pleasurably stirred by the tidings, and prepared to give a hearty welcome to their long-absent squire, when a great disappointment followed in the shape of a peremptory proclamation that no demonstrations of welcome were to be offered by the tenantry. The business of the estate had all been hitherto conducted by the

family lawyers in London, but, in the present instance, a new representative appeared on the scene. There was a mystery about him, inasmuch as he introduced himself as Dr. Rushworth, a physician, and yet he seemed to perform towards his patron the duties of courier and land-steward. The arrangements for the arrival of the family were all made by this stranger—a short, dark man with small, keen, black eyes, a pale fat face, and still whiter, fatter hands, which he kept perpetually rubbing as he flitted about, speaking polite soft words to everybody, yet with a repressed air of command. He made one or two preparatory visits to the Towers previous to the return of the squire and his son, though to the surprise of the neighbourhood, nothing was done to restore the dreary domain to cheerfulness either without or within. But the squire would put all things straight when he came, the villagers said confidently, with traditional pride and belief in the race who had held by hill and stream for so long. Although their enthusiasm was somewhat damped by the request that no general welcome was to be permitted, they maintained that nobody should prevent their gathering on the day of the long-hoped-for arrival to join in some hearty cheers of welcome, and catch a glimpse of the Hartleigh faces.

The scene of the arrival was well remembered by many—the sombre afternoon of the grey November day, the eager groups gathering about the road leading to the great stone gateway with its square prison-like lodges, which was the principal entrance to the manor grounds. The ponderous gates which had been locked for so long were flung open, and the park stretched away sear and desolate with clumps of leafless trees reflected in the artificial ponds which lay black and shivering in the chill, gusty atmosphere. Fallen, unswept leaves lay in drifted masses, rustling under the feet of the village children, who romped among them until the sound of wheels was heard, and the signal given for old and young to welcome their returning squire. But at the window of the old, lumbering family coach there was only visible the bland face of the stranger physician, bowing and smiling in all directions to the disappointed tenantry, while in the depths of the carriage, a bent figure cowered, quite unheeding of the burst of welcome which was followed in a moment by breathless, mystified silence, as the villagers caught a glimpse of the half-hidden, unresponsive face of their squire. The greetings were, however, renewed when from the second carriage, on the top of which the luggage was piled, there looked out the face of the baby boy. A pair of dark thoughtful eyes seemed to scan the groups with wistful interest, and a little hand was stretched down in passing, as if to try to catch hold of some possible playmate among the children who clustered round. The rosy-faced nurse held up her charge to fuller view in evident delight and satisfaction at the appreciation he was receiving. But they were swiftly carried on towards the gloomy avenue, and the little hand outstretched for a playmate could only grasp the straggling leafless boughs of the overhanging trees.

This was Hugh Hartleigh's first home-coming, which as he rode along the woodland path, on this afternoon, seemed to stand forth suddenly from the dim chamber of infantile memories, a clearer mental picture than it had ever done, the first of a series belonging to the weird life of his early childhood.

The mystified tenants were not long in discovering the reason of the squire's strange home-coming and of accounting for the presence of Dr. Rushworth and various other circumstances which puzzled them. The squire was mad. The malady had been slow of growth, but now, thirty years of idleness and pleasure-seeking seemed likely to be followed by a long period of mental vacuity, so it was decided that the most suitable retreat was the solitary old family mansion. Dr. Rushworth, who had been in attendance for some time, was deputed to carry out the arrangements. Considerable power seemed to have been delegated to him, which he proceeded to use in many ways which caused him to become an object of suspicion and dislike to the tenantry. One of his first acts was that wresting of the common from the villagers and the establishing of the mines under cover of the squire's authority. He also monopolized for himself the post of doctor to the parish; but in proportion as he succeeded in feathering his nest in one quarter, a bed of nettles was his portion in the evil repute in which he was held by the natives of the valley, till at last the day came when it suited his purposes to rid the neighbourhood of his unwelcome presence.

The dwellers in Chadsthorpe soon became accustomed to the weird figure of their squire, wandering ghost-like among his woods, with distorted face and muttering lips, or cowering among the cushions of his

carriage by Dr. Rushworth's side, as they saw him first. Much wonder and pity were at first expressed on all sides. Never before, in the annals of the Hartleigh diseases and deaths, was one of their number known to be similarly afflicted, the villagers said, shaking their heads sadly over the dark cloud which seemed to have fallen on the race, some considering it a punishment for their neglect of the fair inheritance which providence had assigned to them.

The neighbouring families had long since been accustomed to look on Hartleigh Towers as a deserted spot, and, after its occupation by the afflicted squire, it did not naturally become a place pleasant for visitors to frequent. To stranger friends, who were being introduced to the valley, they would point to the glimpse of the lichened towers, peering from their dense masses of wood, and tell "that was the house where the madman lived."

Dr. Rushworth presently proceeded to close the pleasant little paths through the greenwood, which had grown into thoroughfares during the long absence of the owners, and even before they went away. Threatening placards warned off trespassers; but during these days they were unnecessary, for few ventured to stray into the Hartleigh woods. Village mothers who adopted that line of maternal discipline, found a new and effective threat in cases of naughtiness, by whispering to the delinquent that the "mad squire" would come and take them if they didn't be good. Obedience would immediately be restored, and the curly head hidden, clinging in the folds of the mother's gown, at the hint of such an alternative.

There was one little head, however, who had no sheltering folds of a mother's gown in which to take refuge, and who, perhaps, feared the mad squire in a more hurtful way for his young heart than the village children; and that was his little son. The boy showed an early precocity which proved that, whatever else he might have inherited from his unhappy father, he had not shared his mental malady. His intelligence was the boast of his rosy-faced nurse, who tried all that careful nurture could do to make his pale cheeks glow with health as the beautiful eyes sparkled with intelligence. Her charge, however, as he grew out of babyhood, still retained his appearance of delicacy, due, perhaps, more to a dreamy wistfulness of expression than to any direct signs of a feeble physical frame. There were some troubles from which the faithful Kathleen could not shield the boy. Visions of the face into which most children gaze as into a sanctuary, haunted Hugh Hartleigh's childish thoughts with terror in his dreams at night; nor did the daily sight of it appear in any measure to dispel the feeling of shrinking with which he regarded his father. Yet the one object of interest still remaining to the father's darkened life was his little boy. He jealously resented his absence from him even for an hour, and was never so peaceful as when in his company.

When, at last, the father died, and Hugh exchanged his pathetic and unwholesome bondage for the routine of school, the painful past seemed to have so burnt itself into his memory and imagination that he could never be induced to revisit Chadsthorpe. Since leaving the university, he had spent his time chiefly abroad, wandering among old continental cities, enjoying in rather an aimless way their historical associations and art treasures, but specially absorbed by neither; purposeless in his travels as he had been in his studies, though appreciative and intelligent. Simple and frank as his manners were, there was something shy and reserved about his whole bearing which had hindered any growth of close friendship. His visit to the neighbourhood of Chadsthorpe was owing to his having accepted an invitation to join his acquaintance, Captain Lake, whose regiment was at the time stationed in St. Oswald's. Captain Lake was, of course, aware of Hugh's avoidance of his old surroundings, and his satisfaction was mingled with surprise when his younger friend consented to join him, and he was still more agreeably astonished when, two days after his arrival, Hugh announced his intention of riding to Chadsthorpe on a tentative visit. No intimation had been given of his coming, and when he and Coles, his servant, rode into the old courtyard, and knocked for admittance at a small side door, which seemed the only one capable of performing its functions, they were greeted with scowling suspicion by Mr. Foggins, the steward, to the great indignation of the loyal Coles, who seemed to think that the old functionary and his wife should have had some inner consciousness that their young master stood before them.

After spending two miserable hours among the dreary old rooms and echoing corridors, Hugh Hartleigh left the precincts more convinced than ever that life would be unbearable for him in his ancestral home. He had been so impatient to hurry away from the

spot, that it is not to be wondered that Coles was extremely puzzled by his master's sudden decision to linger in the uncongenial place; and, indeed, the young man himself seemed seized with sudden hesitation as he reined his horse at the corner of a road to which one of the dilapidated finger-posts pointed as leading straight to Hartleigh Towers.

"Suppose we do a little exploring, and not go back to that grim old place to-night, Sircom," he said, as he turned into a little winding path, of which the finger-post volunteered the information, "To the mines."

"Come, let's have a nearer look at those poor fellows; they don't seem to be quite so well off as you and I," he continued, stroking his horse's glossy neck as he rode slowly along.

The aspect of these pale, over-wrought men whom he saw standing round Dr. Carew's grave had touched him with a warmer thrill of interest than he had ever before felt in his poorer brethren. He thought he should like to see those places where so many human beings had been spending their lives in dangerous toil, winning wealth for him, while he had been wandering restlessly under sunny skies, scattering his wealth of youth and gold for that which had not satisfied.

He rode leisurely along, thinking of the scene which he had witnessed this afternoon, and always going back upon it to wonder what sort of a man the successor of the hated Rushworth could be to have so won the hearts of a lawless community such as these miners were reported to be.

After he had gone some distance along the solitary path, he saw in front of him a woman carrying a large bundle, who had entered the path by a road which crossed it. An hour ago he would have shrunk from any words with the dwellers in Chadsthorpe, but the scene in the little graveyard had somehow awakened a new curiosity regarding them. Resolving not to let slip an opportunity for gathering some quiet information, he rode towards the woman, who had quickened her steps at the sound of the horse's hoofs.

"That's a heavy-looking bundle you're carrying," he said, accosting her in his quiet tone. "Let me give it a lift on my saddle here," he added, dismounting as he spoke, and holding out his hand for the bundle of rough blue miners' clothing which she was carrying.

"No, thank you. We must learn to bear the burdens we make, and I'm used to mine," was the rather repellent reply to the young man's kindly offer. It seemed, however, to attract him more than, perhaps, a more courteous one would have done. The words had been spoken in a clear musical voice, and there was an indication of culture in the tones which made Hugh Hartleigh glance again to see whether the threadbare cloak and rough bundle had not misled him. The woman seemed elderly, though her step was still firm and light, notwithstanding the load she was carrying. He had noticed the easy graceful outlines of her tall figure as he came up, and now he looked with some curiosity into her face, but it was almost hidden by a heavy lace veil. She was walking on, evidently disinclined for further conversation; but the young man's interest was aroused in this dignified-looking native, and besides he felt sure that she would be able to give him more intelligent information about the miners of the unofficial kind which he wanted, than old Mr. Foggins at the Towers, to whom they appeared merely as the representatives of lawlessness.

"I saw a strong muster of miners in the churchyard this afternoon," he said presently, hazarding another remark as he walked along leading his horse. "How came they all to be so fond of that doctor, can you tell me? One can't help envying a man so many true mourners as they seemed. Sircom, my friend, you are the only soul who would make any moan for me," he added in an undertone, as he turned to stroke his horse's neck.

The woman turned with a quick gesture, and glanced towards the speaker. She had not even deigned to look or slacken her pace, as she replied to him when he offered to carry her bundle, but not even the thick veil which she wore could have concealed the eager scrutiny of her glance, if Hugh Hartleigh had not at the moment been occupied in caressing Sircom. She seemed suddenly to become oppressed with the weight of the bundle. Her steps began to flag, and she finally stood still, as if in doubt whether she should continue her journey. Just at that moment a rabbit darted across the path, startling the horse, who gave some plunges and required his master's attention for the moment. He was about to mount again, when the woman came hurrying forward.

"Sir," she said, in such a low tone that Hugh could scarcely detect the clear musical ring which he had admired before, "you asked me a minute ago how it was that the village doctor was so beloved

by the miners. It was because he cared for them that they loved him. If you would only bestow on such as they half the kindness you lavish on your horse, he would not be the only mourner at your grave. You seek love; but you must serve, if you would be loved." There was a tremulous repression about the words which made the young man glance at the speaker with silent questioning astonishment. Before he had time to make any reply, she glanced hurriedly round, and darting on him an almost furtive look, said in her former brusque tone, "Good evening, sir," and turned to retrace her steps.

Hugh Hartleigh watched the retreating figure till the long grey cloak was lost in the vistas of green. Then he made a sudden movement as if he wished to follow his strange new acquaintance and prolong the conversation, but he seemed to decide against this course, and, with a gesture of impatience, turned his horse's head towards the moor, which at this point skirted the woods of the manor, one of the old finger-posts indicating that across the stile the path led to the mines. Sircom seemed to clear the fence with great satisfaction, and soon horse and rider were galloping across the upland road.

Then the grey-cloaked figure also emerged from the trees, having evidently lingered near the place where she had parted from the young squire. She seated herself on the low mossy wall which divided the plantations from the moorland. Laying her bundle by her side, she folded her hands with a weary gesture, and sat watching the figures of the horse and rider which stood out clear and dark against the brightening sky-line. Her veil was raised now, and the mellow evening light shone on a face marked by ineffaceable lines of beauty. Dark eyes looked out from underneath delicately arched eyebrows, with a light in them which neither time nor sorrow had been able to quench. Her grandly curved lips met firmly together, revealing possibilities of scorn and self-will to the uttermost; but was it the sunset light merely, which was now bringing a glistening light into those flashing eyes and overspreading with a tender glow the ageing face as she sat motionless with straining glance fixed on the moorland road?

Not until the horse and rider had disappeared from view did she relax her eager gaze, and then she rose from the mossy wall, and lifting her heavy bundle, began slowly to retrace her steps in the direction of Chadsthorpe.

CHAPTER V.—MRS. TUCKETT'S LODGER.

"Still folded lips that shut in history,
Eyes that might come from where the palm-trees wave,
Shadowed with half unconscious mystery;
Gazing and gazing till the heavy tear
Wearily gather and neglected fall."

SARAH WILLIAMS.

WIDOW TUCKETT'S parlour was just such a room as you would have expected it to be had you known her. Traces of her were everywhere visible, though she was not an inmate of the room, having domiciled herself in the kitchen end of her cottage two years previously, when she relinquished her right to her best apartment in favour of a female lodger. This lodger had several characteristics which caused her to find special favour in the eyes of Mrs. Tuckett, who used occasionally to expatiate upon them to her neighbours in glowing terms; the most prominent was a remarkable spirit of acquiescence that the worthy landlady should have her own way in certain matters dear to her heart, namely, the arrangement of her household gods. It so happened that these divinities were of a very commonplace, not to say vulgar description, and had been more than once hurled from their high places by fastidious lodgers. In describing the iconoclastic tendencies of the previous tenants, a young couple who had come to enjoy a month's holiday at Chadsthorpe, Mrs. Tuckett used to wax eloquent. "If she didn't drag down that 'andsome crystal cornucopier with them pretty feathers o' furrin birds that Tuckett hisself fixed above the mantel-shelf, and stuck up in its place some papisher potograph of the flyin' figure o' a woman acarryin' of an infant, and two little things o' hangels lookin' on—pretty enough little dears they was, and allays reminded me o' my Tommy who died in his teethin'; but to think o' draggin' down the very cornucopier that my husband set up when he was in life!" And then the widow would go on to narrate with heaving bosom how these æsthetically inclined lodgers would stick half-finished sketches up to dry within the shining frame which encircled the speaking likeness of the late lamented Tuckett, until she would finally burst into tears at the bare recollection of such sacrilege.

The present occupant, however, showed no disposition to remove or add to the existing decorations of the little sitting room. The blown-glass cornucopia again supported triumphantly its bunches of waving feathers, which to Mrs. Tuckett's mind were probably the fitting emblem of plenty, seeing that her subsistence was eked

out by a thriving poultry yard. Prim little china dogs, dotted with patches of colour in the proximate region of nose, tail, and eyes, reposed on crochet mats on the side-table. Perennial geranium plants, surprisingly prolific in fully-blown flowers, formed the decoration at the windows, which looked into the straggling village street of which the cottage formed a part. The late Tuckett's rubicund countenance looked down unobscured by layers of higher art, just as it had done on the evening when the present inmate made her first survey of the little room, and with a quiet "This will suit me nicely, thank you," took up her abode, introducing as its only new furnishing a worn leather travelling-desk, which she placed in an obscure corner, leaving the Tuckett divinities sole possession of their temple.

Mrs. Hilton is seated now at the little square table in the centre of the parlour, busily bending over some sewing. Her work, like her home, is of an unornamental description. A finished bundle of it is lying tied up on the table, and a rough blue garment seems rapidly growing into shape under her diligent fingers. The bundle is the one which we saw on its way to the mining village last evening, and its return has proved a topic of pitying remark from Mrs. Tuckett. She looks upon it as an unmistakable symptom of her favourite lodger's declining strength, the evident proof of this being that the lodger has engaged little Tommy Tuckett as her future messenger on these errands. Tommy belonged to a more ragged branch of the Tuckett line, and his bird-nesting and top-playing habits had been a source of frequent complaint with his aunt, who was much gratified by her lodger's selection of him for this mission. Mrs. Tuckett had, however, always resented the idea of her lodger being the bearer of her own work, "a carryin' of a bundle as heavy like, sure enough, as the one we read o' in the Progress, only, bein' on a body's back makes a thing lighter," as she used to remark in her frequent conferences with her neighbours.

Mrs. Hilton had a visitor with her this afternoon. Margaret Carew is seated opposite her on the little haircloth sofa. The little parlour and its surroundings is a very familiar place to her. She was so used to her friend's present attitude, stooping over her heavy work, that if she had ceased her work to talk with folded fingers and meeting eyes, a new and embarrassing element would have entered into their intercourse. It seemed so much easier for Margaret to say exactly what she wanted, and to bring hitherto unspoken thoughts to the surface, as she watched those busy fingers, stained with the blue dye, at work. Sometimes, indeed, Margaret used to suspect that the bent head was making mental journeys into regions not bounded by Chadsthorpe, and her own hitherto narrow range of youthful joys and troubles; still she never felt that either attention or sympathy was lacking. With the unconscious selfishness of youth she had been content to share her own thoughts and hopes without any sympathetic inquiry into the undivulged chronicle of her older friend's yesterdays. Perhaps it was this frank willingness to trust and love without any trace of prying curiosity which had given to the doctor's daughter the place which she held in the friendship of this stranger, whose habits were solitary to eccentricity, and about whom the gossip of Chadsthorpe had almost ceased to speculate from absolute lack of material. That she was Widow Tuckett's lodger, and was called Mrs. Hilton, and also the evident fact that from morning till night she sat in the dull little parlour sewing miners' shirts, was all that they had been able to glean concerning her during her two years' residence in the little village. That she was "a real lady as 'em as has eyes can see," was Widow Tuckett's oracular contribution to the information concerning her mysterious lodger, of whom indeed she knew no more than the rest of the little village world.

Margaret's first meeting with Mrs. Hilton was in a beechwood, which was the favourite haunt of both. In her lonely journeys to the store in the outskirts of the mining village, she generally chose the path leading to the moor which lay through the woods, and often rested among the pleasant mossy glades. There was one nook of which she was especially fond, where a little cascade hurried down a rocky bed, and everything round was kept smilingly green all the hot summer through by the gentle spray. Overhead there was a wealth of arching boughs and interlacing creepers, and the downfall of one or two veteran trees left an open chink in the green tracery which framed the distant landscape—a fair dreamy scene, stretching seaward.

It was with considerable discomfiture that Mrs. Hilton discovered one afternoon that her chosen bower had been invaded. Traces of another occupant were visible in the sketching materials which were strewn about, and a half-finished water-colour drawing lay

on the turf. Notwithstanding her annoyance, she glanced with some curiosity towards the sketch to see what the subject was, for there were many lovely things in this little bower which she often longed to paint. She shook her head disapprovingly when she saw that it was an attempt to catch the distant landscape, which certainly looked temptingly arranged for a picture as seen through the interlacing green framework. Presently the sketcher appeared, and Mrs. Hilton, who had been watching her as she came sauntering along the green path, said in rather a brusque tone, as she pointed to the half-finished picture, "You'll never manage that. It might be done by some wonderful lines, but it would be either chance or genius; you should put your trust in neither. Why don't you try that splendid old stump, for instance? He is my admiration. If I were you, I would copy every wrinkle of the bark, every tuft of woodsorrel and patch of lichen."

And Margaret did copy it through many laborious but memorably pleasant afternoons, until she felt that the gnarled stump had grown into the face of a familiar friend. And out of this incident there had sprung a warm and admiring friendship for the stranger. Soon she found that Mrs. Hilton's suggestiveness was not confined to the region of art alone, though she never could bring herself to accept the assertion that she could not hold a brush or mix a tint, and that her sole accomplishment lay in the manufacture of a given number of miners' shirts within a given time, not, however, as a labour of benevolence, as somebody had suggested, but a grim toil for daily bread.

Mrs. Hilton had rejected all overtures of acquaintanceship on her first coming to the village. Mrs. Carew, on hearing Widow Tuckett's assertion that the miners' sempstress was a "real lady, and no mistake," had called upon her, deciding that, in spite of her humble calling, she might prove a relief to the social dulness of Chadsthorpe; but nothing would lure her from her little parlour, though she had always a warm welcome there for the doctor's daughter, to whom it had become an almost daily resort. She had sought it now in her sad-heartedness, and sat glancing mechanically at the busy blue-stained fingers, as she talked in a low troubled tone. "Would you believe it, this about Frank seems harder to bear than even my father's death—he seemed so brave and calm, and so sure that it was the right time; but then I know one of his happiest thoughts in leaving us was that Frank had started in the profession he loved so much. You've no idea how much he talked about it that last day, Mrs. Hilton. In the midst of his worst pain the mention of Frank brought a happy smile to his face. It seems as if Frank had deceived him so cruelly—and, worse than that, as if God had."

Mrs. Hilton raised her head, and, glancing at Margaret's troubled face, seemed about to speak, but she bent again silently over her work, and the girl, rising from her little sofa, began to walk restlessly up and down.

"Everything in heaven and earth seems confused and dark to me," she continued impetuously. "My father's whole life seems a story of cruel thwarting, more like as if it had been planned by some malignant enemy than the loving Will you have been talking about."

"And yet he believed in that wise loving Will to the end, in spite of all that must have seemed strange to him, as to you, in the shortening of his life," said her friend in her gentlest tone.

"Yes, but mightn't that have been because he was so ready to believe the best of everything and everybody?" replied Margaret impatiently. For instance, he died feeling happy in Frank's having got his degree, and it wasn't so, you see. If he had lived longer, even one day, it would only have been to have a bitter disappointment. Oh! Mrs. Hilton, can you believe it? I feel sometimes almost glad that he's gone, and that we are left with the burdens of life. Frank says it's wicked and morbid and like a girl to feel so. But don't you understand the feeling?"

"I fear there's some truth in what Frank says," replied Mrs. Hilton with one of her rare smiles, as she added, "though it's hardly fair of Frank to ascribe wickedness and morbidness as the special characteristics of womanhood. Unfortunately, they seem pretty equally distributed between the sexes. But, my dear Margaret, your father did not feel glad to leave the world because he would be rid of his earthly toils and burdens. It seems to me, from even the little I knew of him, that life here and there were so linked by his faithful service to the Lord of heaven and earth, that there would always have been many real joys even in the midst of his unfulfilled wishes."

"Yes, indeed, he had many unfulfilled wishes," sighed Margaret, catching hold of the last words still to harp on regretful chords. "Think of all the materials for

that book he never had time to write. And I know that he looked forward to Frank's doing it, for one day, quite lately, while looking over some manuscripts—notes of experiments, I think—he said, as he folded them away, 'I have not much gold to leave to my boy, but these are some thoughts that perhaps he may think worth using some day, if the world has not got hold of them from some other quarter before then.' So I knew then that papa had given that up to Frank too. And when I remonstrated, and tried to coax him into using his notes himself, he laughed, and said I was ambitious, and that I must transfer my hopes to Frank. Perhaps I was ambitious, but that's all gone now," wound up Margaret, with a sigh.

"Well, my dear, I congratulate you on having so quickly got rid of a troublesome companion," said Mrs. Hilton, in a quick incisive tone she sometimes used, and then she seemed to fall into a reverie. Presently she glanced up from her sewing with a quick gesture, as if a new thought had struck her. "But, Margaret, did you say that Frank had given no reason for his sudden retreat from his chosen profession—that it is sheer fickleness on his part? Have you talked frankly to him about the matter?"

"Oh no. I could not have trusted myself to speak about it again. Frank hasn't mentioned it since that terrible evening when he came too late. I think he wanted to talk about it to-day, but I came to take refuge with you here."

"But was it quite wise or kind not to be willing to talk, Margaret? I believe I shall find myself veering round to Frank's side directly," said Mrs. Hilton with a smile, as she folded away a finished garment, and then, glancing up, she caught sight of Margaret's face written over with its indignant thoughts. She immediately put away her work, and seating herself on the sofa, took the feverish hands into her own, saying in a low pitiful voice, very different from the cynical tone in which she sometimes spoke,—

"Oh, Margaret, be warned. You think you do well to chafe against this trouble about Frank; that he has betrayed a trust to your father, and therefore your anger has something righteous in it. But take care that in your loving jealousy for the dead, you are not wronging the living. I don't think your father, if his ears had not been closed to all earthly voices before your brother came, would have shut them to his plans as you are doing. Go home and listen to Frank's story, my dear."

"Indeed, Mrs. Hilton, I should only have ended by being more unkind if I had been led into talking about the matter to-day. I needed to come to you first. Besides, I've no doubt we shall have plenty of talk about it all soon enough. Mamma's headache is better to-day, and she has begun to speak about the future—that dreadful future without our father. We shall leave Chadsthorpe as soon as possible, she says; so the days are done in the dear old home and the beechwood—and in this little parlour," said Margaret, with gathering tears.

"I knew it would be so. I shall miss you much, Margaret," Mrs. Hilton was saying as the parlour door opened, and Widow Tuckett appeared on the threshold with an air of gracious benevolence on her face, carrying a basket of fruit. She wore her best clothes, and had a markedly festive appearance.

"Just a tasting o' pears from the Towers garden that I've fetched for Miss Margaret and you. I've been a-callin' on the gardener's people, and he gave 'em to me—ain't they beauties?" she said, as she laid them triumphantly on the table.

Margaret glanced uneasily towards the worthy landlady, with whose ways and manners she had become tolerably familiar in her frequent visits to the cottage. Mrs. Tuckett's introducing of her gift had been brief, but Margaret, knowing that behind it there lurked a torrent of repressed volubility which would presently pour forth if it were not discreetly checked, hoped that Mrs. Hilton would do so, for she felt that she could ill afford to have one of these last talks abridged by a tiresome flow of gossip. A narrative was a necessity with Widow Tuckett after one of her walks abroad—a sort of safety-valve, Mrs. Hilton used sometimes to remark with a smile—and Margaret knew that she shared her dread of such chronicles; but to-day, somehow, Mrs. Hilton did not seem so anxious to dispense with the landlady's garrulity as usual, for she actually put to her quite a leading question.

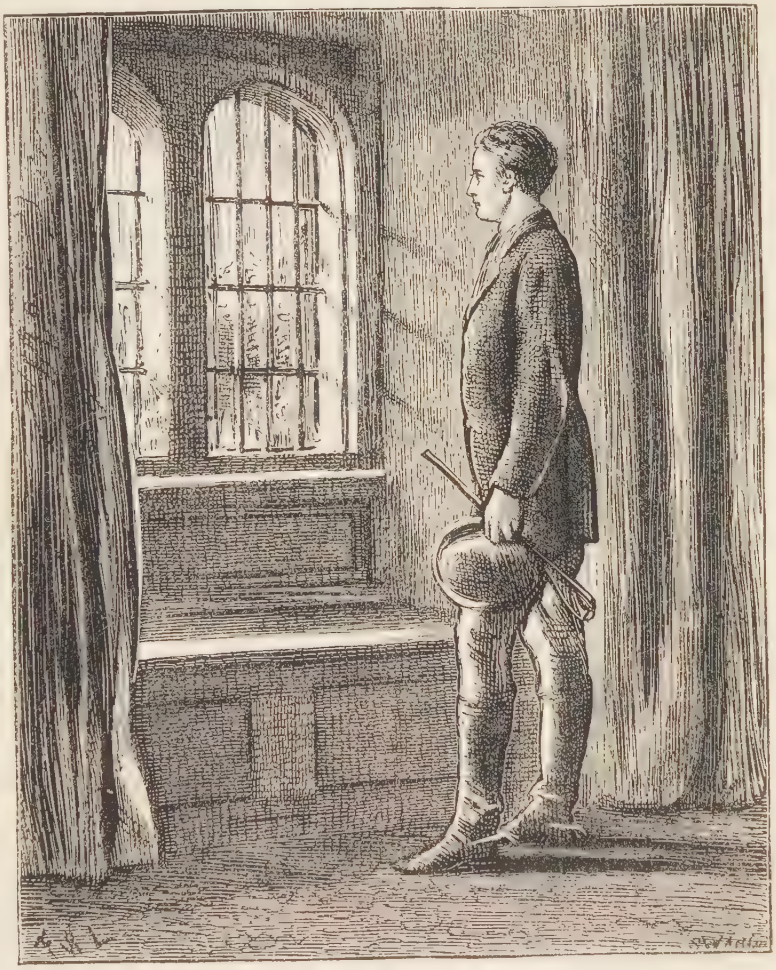
"I daresay you saw these pears growing, Mrs. Tuckett. They must have a fine sunny exposure to have such a ripe hue all round as this," she said, looking at one of them which she held between her fingers.

"That them has, ma'am. They growed on walls as might have made a wing for the towers o' Babel; and 'deed some bits is just a crumblin' down just as them towers did, but to be sure that was the Almighty's doin', and this comes by neglect of the gentry. But we musn't say much more about that now.

Who do you think was at the house yesterday? Why, the gardener's wife says, Fenton has looked another man since he got the promise of a new glasshouse for beddin' out plants, and all them furrin' bulbs he has worrited for so long."

"But what good fairy has been making all these golden promises, Mrs. Tuckett?" asked Margaret.

"Fairy, Miss Margaret! we're not seekin' the like o' them at Chadsthorpe. It's a real live squire we want, and that's what we haven't had for many a day—for you may say the last squire was worse than none, and this young man has never set foot on his lands since he was a little lad; but, bless him, he's come at last. It was a sad day to come to Chadsthorpe, Miss Margaret, and they say



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he looked as sorry as the rest o' them when he was standin' in the graveyard."

"Then it was Mr. Hartleigh who was there. Somebody told mamma that he had come to Chadsthorpe at last, but we thought it must be a mistake. How glad it would have made my father to hear that he had come!" said Margaret with a regretful sigh. "He wanted so much that he should see how wretched the miners' houses were, and all that—and now he has come just too late. Does it not seem hard, Mrs. Hilton?"

Mrs. Tuckett's lodger was at the moment stooping to pick up some shreds from her sewing which had fallen on the carpet. She was one of "the partiklerist of ladies," Mrs. Tuckett frequently remarked, and her present occupation was one of her pet pieces of

tidiness in which she appeared to be so absorbed that she made no reply to Margaret's remark. The landlady again took up the thread of her narrative, and went on volubly rehearsing the catalogue of virtues which the gardener had ascribed to the young squire after a ten minutes' interview with him.

"He has left again, did you say?" asked Mrs. Hilton, still diligent in her picking up of stray threads from the carpet.

"Why, yes, he's gone, that's the pity, before any soul has got a peep of him either. But they say he ain't gone no further than St. Oswald's, so maybe he'll find his way back again before long. Excuse me, ladies, but I think that's my nephew a-knockin' at the door—come to fetch the parcel," said the landlady with a curtsey, and then she hurried to the door to admit Tommy, who stood there with shining face and well-patched corduroys, feeling rather like a fish out of water in his clean and mended condition, though filled with importance regarding his new duties as messenger to his aunt Tuckett's lodger.

The landlady cast an inspecting glance on him which Tommy stood like a man, supported by the consciousness of his recent ablutions.

"Ay, Thomas, you'll do for once. 'Tis wonderful what folks can do when they're willing. I really didn't think it was in your poor shiftless mother to mend up your jacket so well," remarked Mrs. Tuckett, as she examined it with a critical air, having an avowedly poor opinion of the powers of her sister-in-law.

"She was up at it near all last night, mother was," exclaimed Tommy, who felt warmly grateful to his sickly mother for her recent services.

"Nothing more than should be with such a family to make and mend for," replied the childless matron, rubbing her comfortable hands. "Now, Thomas, where are your manners? Off with your cap, and I'll take you to the ladies. Miss Margaret is there, poor dear, in her black things."

Tommy seemed to hesitate a little as he lifted his hand to his head to pull off his cap. "Please, aunt, mother said as how perhaps I'd better keep it on," he stammered forth, "I was a trying to cut my hair this morning, and she says I've made it look queer."

Before he had finished speaking, his aunt had pulled the cap from his head, exclaiming, "Why, boy, queer ain't the word. You're like a runaway convict, as I've often said you would be, if you didn't mend your ways. In all my born days saw I ever such a fright," and Mrs. Tuckett gazed at her nephew with shocked eyes and uplifted hands.

Poor Tommy blushed up to the roots of the hair that remained, as he encountered her gaze. His little head looked like a patch of stubble. Little remained except a forelock, which he had preserved, so that he might clutch it in making his salutation to his new employer, as he had observed the boots at the Hartleigh Arms do.

"For all the earth like an escaped convict; a critter out o' Bedlam. What's to be done!" ejaculated Mrs. Tuckett.

Tommy began to feel desperate. He thought he knew what must be done. His aunt seemed even more shocked than his mother had been with his hair-cutting performances, and probably the ladies within the parlour might be more shocked still. He decided that his only safety lay in flight, so bounding past his aunt's portly figure, he made for the door and galloped away, splashing through rain-pools which lay on the uneven village street, and sadly bespattering the results of his poor mother's midnight labours.

Mrs. Tuckett stood for a moment speechless and open-mouthed. This was certainly an unexpected result of her remarks on Tommy's cropped head, and a very awkward one. What could she say to Mrs. Hilton? What a shocking ruin of Tommy's prospects! His cap had stuck on the handle of the door as he rushed out, and he had not waited to disentangle it.

"Worse and worse—away that fright without his cap!" exclaimed his dismayed aunt, deciding that he must be stopped in his mad career; and, gathering up her skirts, she proceeded in pursuit of him. Presently, however, after a vain pursuit, she reappeared at the door of the parlour, crestfallen and bedrabbled, telling her tale as coherently as her agitation admitted, interspersed with the severest strictures on Tommy's conduct.

Mrs. Hilton, however, rather appeared to take Tommy's part, and pointed out to the indignant aunt that even the abortive attempt at hair-cutting was a favourable symptom that Tommy's thoughts were struggling above tops and mud pies. Taking the cap, she said she would convey it to his mother, and see for herself the ravage which Tommy had committed among his locks, but she did not think it likely that it would unfit him to be her messenger.

CHAPTER VI.—MURIEL MORGAN'S HOME.

"With fairy foot and fearless gaze
She passes pure through evil ways;
She wanders in the sinful town,
And loves to hear the deep sea-music
Of people passing up and down."
ROBERT BUCHANAN.

IT was an August morning in London. The air was already stiflingly close and stale, though the sun had only been up for the last three hours. Its white fierce rays streamed mercilessly down on the dingy, dejected-looking trees and withered grass of a city square. The houses round, like the faded trees, had a look of having seen better days in the spring-time of their lives. The sun shed baking rays on frontages which had once been handsome, but now bore traces of the scorching of many summers and the frosts of many winters in their chipped, peeled facings, damp spots, cracked paint, and various traces of an unlovely old age. In some cases the owners had made an attempt at redecoration, but the fresh stucco and glistening paint had an unsuitably gay appearance among the grey-tinted walls and dust-lined panes; and one felt inclined to decide in favour of unadorned decrepitude. Ingrave Square naturally bore its most forlorn aspect during these holiday months, with its many paper-lined windows and flights of unwashed steps, where emaciated cats crouched furtively waiting for the breakfast that never came, their feline philosophy of the comfortable entirely upset by the sudden heartless closing upon them of the door of their winter dwelling, while their owners ate shrimps at Margate, or scurried through a hackneyed continental tour.

Number 15, a corner house on the west side of the square, had evidently suffered from no stucco restorations, and certainly bore the palm as being the gauntest and dreariest-looking of this cluster of decaying habitations. No stray leaves of the *Daily Telegraph* or the *Standard*, covering the window-panes, indicated the winter politics of its owners or their present absence from home. A stream of sunshine was now slanting on the threadbare carpet of its old dining-room, lighting up its dingy recesses and blackened ceiling. It was a large, lofty, well-proportioned room, whose now mouldy walls could probably tell a tale of brighter fittings and gayer doings than was their lot at present. Its dark massive furniture looked dim and worm-eaten with age, and the faded red window-curtains were so brittle and perforated by age that one might imagine their belonging to a Pompeian home. A coarse linen cloth was spread on the breakfast-table, of dimensions so scanty that the four black mahogany corners protruded. Two covers were laid. In the centre of the big table there was a plate with some fossil-looking scraps of bacon, and another with companion scraps of toast.

Surmounting the teapot there stood a large black urn, which looked as if it might be as suitable a tenement for the family ashes as for the boiling water for breakfast. It was, however, evidently the latter function it was performing at present, for the master of the house had just walked into the room. His frail bent figure and withered skin certainly looked as if the dust-returning stage could not be far off, but Mr. Josiah Morgan did not like to dwell on that contingency, and was resolved that if possible no funeral tenement should receive him for many a day. He was shambling now towards the breakfast-table in slippers which seemed of the most unadhesive description, and clothes that the bright sunlight showed to be green with age. After fumbling for some time in the recesses of his pocket, he drew forth a ponderous bunch of shining keys, the only bright thing which Mr. Josiah kept about his dingy person. His long thin fingers groped about among the various keys for the one of which he was in search, as he crept along to a distant corner of the room, where the supply of tea was stored in an ancient little box table. Carefully opening its lid, he brought a cup from the table and proceeded to measure some tea into it. Then glancing critically at the amount, he abstracted a little, but still apparently unsatisfied, returned the whole into the tea-caddy again, and proceeded to measure anew the regulation amount. This time the balance seemed to satisfy him, and carefully closing the box, and restoring the keys to his pocket, he proceeded to infuse the tea. This initiatory rite over, he began to creep up and down the side of the room on which the sun was beating, spreading out his cold blue fingers to its rays as if it had been a winter fire.

Presently, a quick light footstep was heard on the uncarpeted staircase, echoes of a sweet trilling voice came sounding through the gloomy passages, and the musty dining-room was lit up by the bright figure of a girl. English maidens have often been by complimentary persons likened to their national emblematic flower, and never was the comparison more fitting than in the case of Muriel Morgan. In delicacy of outline and

pureness of colouring, she was unfolding like the lovely blush rose. Her flaxen hair had the bright sheen of seventeen summers upon it. The pink-cotton dress which she wore was paled by many washings, but the faded tint suited her better, perhaps, than the shade of the season would have done. A tame canary was perched on her forefinger, and he and his young mistress were chirruping to each other like familiar friends.

"Good morning, grandpapa," she said in a gay tone, coming up to the old man and kissing his sunken grisly cheek. "Jacky and I are rejoicing in the sunshine. Isn't this a nice day?"

"Yes, yes, the sun is comfortable. It would be well if it would always give so much heat in these days of dear coals," he replied, in a thin querulous voice; and, looking sharply at her, he added, in a whining tone, "Another clean starched dress, Muriel! Dear, dear, that will never do. Just think of the washing bill. Why, it will be many shillings more this six months. You are getting more and more extravagant, Muriel. You will ruin me, child!"

"Now, dear grandpapa, don't worry yourself about that on this beautiful morning," said the girl in a coaxing tone. "Besides, my clean dress won't add a penny to the washing bill, for good kind Betsy did it up for me without my knowing—every bit herself. She brought it to me this morning, and I couldn't help putting it on, the sun was so bright."

"Betsy Skinner washed it! Just as I suspected. She won't do the washing, because she says she hasn't room to dry things at the back, though she knows what a saving it would be—and yet she goes washing other things, and wasting starch and soap. It's the way of them all; they begin well, and then go on to waste. Betsy Skinner was a saving woman once, but she's just going into extravagance like the rest. There now, she has done a whole slice more bacon than I told her to do. We'll just put it on another plate for to-morrow, shan't we, Muriel?" he added, coaxingly.

"Oh, certainly, grandpapa, but please don't scold Betsy for washing my dress. She is so good and kind," said the girl with a little sigh.

"Just so, you call her kind because she squanders my money. Mark my words, girl. We shall end in the workhouse if you go on like this. We're on the straight road to it, I tell you. I'm a poor penniless man, and you won't believe it," said Mr. Josiah in the whining tone which he always used in speaking of his finances.

The postman's knock at that moment sounded at the door, and he again began to fumble for his keys, and went shambling away to open the letter-box in the hall. An expectant expression came into Muriel's face as she heard the knock. She had been feeding her canary with some sippings from her teaspoon, but Jacky felt that he was suddenly being neglected, and began to chirp remonstratingly. Presently Mr. Josiah reappeared, scanning the addresses of the envelopes which he held in his hand, as he took his seat again at the breakfast-table. The sunlight seemed to get paler, the room dingier, and Jacky too importunate, when Muriel saw that the company of envelopes were all of the blue business type; for she had counted on this morning's post bringing to her a letter for which she had been looking in vain for several days. Having finished a prolonged and suspicious inspection of the post-marks and addresses of his correspondence, her grandfather proceeded to examine the contents, and there was silence for some little time, which was only broken by Mr. Josiah's various muttered grumbling ejaculations as he read his letters.

"Why, girl, didn't I give you your letter?" he said looking across to her presently. "I thought I saw one for you, but it's not here," he added, fumbling among the envelopes. "It was from that fellow Carew, I think. Surely I must have dropped it on the mat."

Quick as a bird Muriel bounded to the door, where she found her missing letter on the mat, as Mr. Josiah intimated. She had half expected a visit from her correspondent that morning, and this letter might very likely be an intimation of his return to town, she thought, as she smilingly broke the seal. Presently she looked up with a little cry, "Oh, poor, poor Frank! only think, grandpapa, he found that his father had died suddenly on Thursday evening, just before he arrived. He was buried yesterday. Oh, grandpapa, just think of what Frank must have been suffering, and I never knew!"

"Ay, it must have been rather a surprise," said the old man as he rubbed his blue fingers while his eyes were meditatively fixed on the remaining piece of bacon. "Well, you see, Muriel, after all the fuss he made, and you into the bargain, about his giving up medicine because it would disappoint his father, he won't have to consult him, after all. That's what he went to Chadsthorpe for, wasnt it? I'm glad I was firm, for, you

see, things have fitted in neatly enough, after all."

"But, grandpapa, it is Frank's greatest sorrow that he hasn't been able to tell his father about him wishing to give up medicine and everything," faltered Muriel as her blue eyes filled with tears.

"Nonsense, girl. That young idiot's full of sentiment. He doesn't care a pin for you, Muriel, depend on it, or he wouldn't have made the fuss he's done about giving up that poor-paying business, and when that fool of a brother of mine has made him such an offer too."

"Yes, Frank knows that uncle Richard has been very kind, but, you see, grandpapa, he liked his profession so much, and his father had set his heart on his being a doctor. Oh, dear, it makes me very unhappy to think of all that he has given up for me. I sometimes think it was really wrong of him to do it," said Muriel in a perplexed tone.

"Bless me, girl, I believe you'd defend that lad against your own grandfather. When I've been looking so sharp after your interests, too. It's ungrateful, I say. Why, do you know Carew will have a chance of making a big fortune with Richard at his back—a money-making-chap is Dick. The lad would never have made a penny out of his doctoring, I saw that. He's as proud as Lucifer—wouldn't go in for manufacturing sensational pills or anything of that paying kind. I sounded him upon that when he came first. Besides, I can't abide doctors, and I've brought you up and paid for you, girl, and it's I who have a right to say who you're to marry, and I say you shan't marry a doctor—mind that, Muriel. So, if the young spark changes his mind, he doesn't darken this door again," and gathering up his strewed letters, Mr. Josiah walked away. But as he reached the door a new idea seemed to strike him, which made him turn and say, "I'll tell you what, Muriel, you'd much better change your mind and have young Beamish. He would give his ears for you, his father told me so. Why, one of his diamond rings would buy up the village doctor and his whole family. I wish I could ask young Beamish to dinner, only things are so dear, and Betty is so extravagant; but we'll see," he added musing, gradually endeavouring to gird himself up for this trying bout of extravagance.

"Oh, please, grandpapa, don't. You are surely joking, it isn't kind, when poor Frank is in such trouble," cried Muriel with a sob while Jacky chirruped into her face.

"Well, well, girl, take your own way, but for my part I'd rather have young Beamish than that young jackanapes Carew. If he holds to his bargain about giving up medicine, I shan't say more, and there's a lot of money to be made out of Richard's business, there's no denying that. He might be as rich as Beamish yet if he sticks to it," added Mr. Josiah in a reassuring tone, as he blinked into poor Muriel's troubled face, and presently he was shambling along the hot pavement on his way to his city haunts.

Muriel, after she had watched her grandfather go, turned with slow step and wistful face to climb the staircase which led to her little room. It had been her sleeping-place since she was brought a lonely little orphan to this loveless home, and always seemed its least dreary corner to her. Its windows looked into a mews, but that landscape had formed its great attraction to her during her childhood. The stable court below was made lively by the pastimes of a coachman's large family of boys and girls, and when these were not visible, there was interest to be found in a company of pigeons who pecked and puffed and quarrelled among the gables round, affording frequent amusement to the companionless little child.

Mr. Josiah Morgan's fingers were scarcely less blue and clawlike, nor his face less indented by lines of sordidness, when seventeen years before the little flaxen-haired, rosy, baby girl had been entrusted to his keeping by his only son, who had followed his young wife to the grave a year after the little Muriel was born. It was a strange shelter and a weird companionship for the tender little flower, who, nevertheless, had blossomed with a rare purity and sweetness, amid the many-sided gloom of that city home. If Mr. Josiah Morgan cared for any living thing, it was certainly for this young creature, who treated him with a love and confidence which no other human being would have dreamt of bestowing on him. She seemed somehow to preserve an attitude of sweet unconsciousness towards his eccentric miserly ways, never sitting in judgment on them, yet not certainly contaminated by them in any measure, accepting their many-sided unpleasantness with a meek guilelessness natural to her. She did not dream of doubting her grandfather's constantly repeated assertion that he was a ruined man, and often dwelt with regret on the thought of the inevitable expenses which her upbringing had caused. Beyond her home circle, consisting of her grandfather, and the faithful Scotch servant, Betsy Skinner, who, as far as it had lain in her

power, had been the only lovingly protective influence of the girl's life, Muriel had come in contact with very few. Her education had been conducted at home by a threadbare, though efficient, preceptor, from whom her grandfather contrived that she should have the greatest amount of teaching for the smallest possible payment. A music master, and afterwards lessons in singing, had been added to the educational expenses after many grudges. Though not exceptionally talented, Muriel had a good ear for music, and it had been an extreme joy to her during many lonely hours of her girlhood. She sang her favourite songs in a sweet warbling bird-like way that suited her, and which struck one as more natural and pleasing than the musical feats of more accomplished vocalists.

But Muriel's great gift lay in a power of loving—a tender, unobtrusive devotion to those among whom her lot was cast, which had kept her heart glad and warm amid the chilling influences of her unlovely home. Lately, one or two new warm human interests had been competing with the older ones and changing the current of her life. The little waifs and strays of the dreary surrounding neighbourhood had always excited her interest and compassion. The crossing-sweeper in particular, who had his station near Ingrave Square, had a special place in her kindly regard. He was an eager, ragged little boy, faithful in his small work as he was unobtrusive in his demands for reward; and many a coin from Muriel's slender store of pocket-money was laid in Tony Larkins's little soil-stained palm. The boy was sometimes accompanied by a wilful small sister, whom it appeared necessary he should "mind" in addition to his other duties, when his widowed mother managed to get a day's charing. Tony had contrived to add a blacking-box to his sweeping functions, so that even without his nursing duties he had a busy time of it; and one day, while he was absorbed in the high polishing of a gentleman's boots, the rather unruly little Fan walked right under the noses of a prancing pair of horses at full pace, naturally suffering more or less inconvenience to her small limbs. She was picked up shrieking and mud-stained by poor Tony, who, as he retreated with the little screaming girl, humbly acknowledged to the exasperated coachman that little Fan had "runned in among the 'osses' feet and been werry naughty." The small investigating crowd which had gathered quickly dispersed after the carriage drove away, and Tony was standing greatly perplexed as to what course to pursue, making vain efforts to soothe his sister, when Muriel Morgan happened to come along the pavement, much to the boy's relief. She soon gathered the details of the little story; and seeing that Fan's leg seemed hurt, she decided that the best thing to do was to take her to an hospital, which was not far off. Tony did not know the way to it, so Muriel had to conduct them thither, Tony carrying the still wailing Fan. She did not mean to do more than point out the gates of the hospital, but Tony looked so scared and helpless with his burden that she felt she could not leave him till little Fan was deposited in healing hands. But Muriel was really almost as much at a loss how to proceed as Tony, and stood hesitating for a moment, with a look of perplexity on her fair face. They evidently seemed a strange trio to a group of medical students who at the moment happened to be passing out of the gates. One of them, after a minute, retraced his steps, and coming up to Muriel, inquired, in a tone of kindness and courtesy, if he could help in any way; and finally Tony and his poor little maimed sister were consigned to Frank Carew's care. After that incident the young doctor had felt moved to take some news of his patient to Ingrave Square; and so the acquaintance had begun and progressed, and, in process of time, Frank Carew found himself seated in the threadbare dining-room enduring the scrutiny of Mr. Josiah Morgan's foxy eyes as he asked for his granddaughter's hand. And then more difficulties had arisen. Mr. Josiah—partly, it seemed, out of a genuine superstitious dislike to the medical profession, as well as from the innate love of driving as hard a bargain as possible—said that Frank must choose between Muriel and his present profession. Mr. Richard Morgan, Mr. Josiah's half-brother, happening to hear the state of affairs, and having a kindly interest in his grand-niece, offered her suitor a place in his mercantile house in St. Oswald's, with a good salary to begin with, and the prospect of a partnership, if all went well. Frank Carew's budding scientific enthusiasm did not prove strong enough to resist the counter enthusiasm of his first love, and he had started for Chadsthorpe, eager to lay before his father the many-sided advantages of a place in the firm of Messrs. Morgan and Green.

But now a cloud of uncertainty seemed suddenly to have darkened the blue sky of happiness that had been shedding itself

round Muriel's life during the last few weeks. Though her life-weather had been sad and grey, yet it could not hitherto be said to have been marked by any sharp storm of disappointment. There was a look of perplexed, almost childlike wistfulness in her face as she sat by the window, glancing dreamily out on the familiar roof landscape. Presently she turned again to the letter lying on her lap. "Poor Frank!" she said in a tearful soliloquy after reading it, "how selfish of me to be thinking about myself at all, when he is in such trouble! And yet it would have been so much nicer to think that he had told Margaret about me and everything. I wish he had; she might have sent me a message," she added with a sigh, as she took her writing-case on her knee and began to compose a little letter by dint of many pauses and sighs, addressing it to the village to which she had made so many mental journeys lately as she sat at her window through hot summer days. Jacky, who had been indulging in a period of pensive silence, now began to chirp and hop about, evidently deciding that things were looking a little brighter, as they ought to do on this sunshiny morning. Presently Muriel arrayed herself in some dark out-door garments, and taking a little covered basket she went down-stairs, having first safely deposited the disappointed canary in his cage, out of the reach of prowling cats. "Betty, are you there?" she called as she stood at the top of another stair which led to more subterranean regions. No answer came, so she began to descend the steps and went into a dilapidated kitchen, which, however, bore the marks of being made the best of, in its brightly shining pewter articles hung in rows on the walls, and the well-polished glitter of the old grate, where a little ash fire burnt to the best of its capacities.

A short, square, middle-aged woman, with pleasant, honest grey eyes and a round comely face, out of which even the stale atmosphere of an Ingrave Square kitchen had not been able to extirpate the rosy hue, now emerged from the inner kitchen, drying her weather-beaten hands. "Betty, I'm just on my way to see Tony's sick mother. Have you anything for my empty basket, I wonder?" asked Muriel in a cheerful tone.

"That I havena, Miss Murral. There's only that drop of soup, and the maister lookit weel intil the dish afore he gaed awa' this mornin'. I'm feart to part wi' ae spuneful," replied Betsy, looking hesitatingly into the dish, and then glancing at Muriel's rather disappointed face, she said, "It's verra hard nae to hae ae scrap to gie ye, Miss Murral, but I'll hae something scraipit thegither afore the morn, may be."

"Oh, yes, dear, kind Betty, I know you always give all you can. Mrs. Larkins is so weak, I would like to have taken her something, though; but I saw 'fresh eggs' written up at a corner shop; if they were really fresh, I will buy some of them. I think she likes eggs."

"Ay, and gang scrimpin' yersel when you're so needin' a pair o' boots to keep ye aff that burnin' pavements," replied Betsy in a vexed tone. "'Deed, Miss Murral, I was jist thinkin' yestreen, that the good Lord himsel' makes us stewards o' what we hae, no o' what we havena; an' ye're as muckle needin' boots as Tony's mother is needin' eggs, I say. Poor crater!" added Betty in a softer tone, "she did tell me though, the last time I gaed to speir for her, that to hear ye singin' ane o' yer bonnie hymns did her mair good than a' the bottles o' mixter she gets frae the dispensary."

"Oh, I'm glad to hear that she likes listening to a hymn, Betsy. I wasn't quite sure. I shall give her the very nicest one of all my store to-day, to make up for the soup," said Muriel with a little sigh, as she walked away on her ministering errand to offer what she had. And who shall measure how much that might be?

DECISION.

"As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."—JOSHUA xxiv. 15.
"As for me, I will come into thy house in the multitude of thy mercy."—PSALM v. 7.
"As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness."—PSALM xvii. 15.

EACH of these verses, in various ways, expresses strong individuality. A man cannot be always swept along by the tide of numbers without having a distinct will of his own. There are times in which he must make his choice, form his plan, declare his hope. What others do is at such a time of no moment to him, he must carry out his own resolve, whether they agree with him or not. Thus did Joshua utter his memorable decision, and being the head of his house, and responsible for them, he did not hesitate to declare their allegiance as well as his own to the Lord God of their fathers. His brave and true words called forth the response of all Israel in the sudden shout, "God forbid that we should forsake the Lord,"—leaving a noble example to encourage men in faithfully and honestly expressing their decision to serve God, an example for which others may live to bless them. "As for me," said Joshua—and the echo which his words called forth has not ceased even yet to repeat itself in the hearts of the true soldiers and servants of Christ, as they come forward at the call of the gospel message, and own themselves on the Lord's side. A like firmness with that of Joshua in making his choice, is shown by the Psalmist in forming his plan, —"As for me, I will come into thy house." He had been considering the ways of those who were afar off, the workers of iniquity whom the Lord would destroy; the more he looked at them, the less he found himself in sympathy with them; from such he felt himself separated, but this only made him draw nearer to his God. "I will come into thy house"—reconciled, forgiven, accepted—"in the multitude of thy mercy." This is the decision of one not now coming for the first time, but well acquainted with the privileges of God's house, and rejoicing in the "temple of his holiness."

To those who can thus declare their decision, and make it known, not by words only, but in their lives, a glorious hope is reserved, made all the more bright by contrast with the portion of those called by David "men of the world." "They have their portion in this life,"—"they are full of children, and leave the rest of their substance to their babes;" but whatever they have, the man of God has something better, and does not envy them; unlike them in their ways, he is also unlike them in their end; and he is content, and more than content. A glorious and ineffable hope is before him; a prospect almost too wonderful for mortal gaze, and yet a prospect freely offered to all who put their trust in God's promises, and seek to live in the belief of unseen realities. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God"—this now and hereafter is the hope of His people, and who shall say that it is not infinitely to be preferred to all that is meant by the man of the world's "portion in this life?" If we could see as the Psalmist did, the vanity of earth, and the glory of the kingdom of God, surely none of us would hesitate in our decision—that decision which each soul has to make. The choice, the life purpose, and the hope are alike set before us; may God enable us to say, "As for me, I will serve the Lord;"—looking forward to the glorious hope that in the multitude of His mercy through Christ, we may also say, "As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness."

M. A. S. M.

AFTER HARVEST.

COME and wander o'er the fields;
The coppice still looks gay,
Lovely autumn flowers it yields,
And the heather on the wealds
Is in bloom to-day.
Though the harvest-hum is still,
Beauty lingers on the hill.

Stubble-fields look brown and bare,
And orchard fruits are gone,
Save an apple or a pear,
On a tall branch here and there,
Overlooked, alone.
Still there's beauty in the scene,
Meads and pastures smile in green.

Woodland foliage I behold
  Wears a yellow hue,
Brightening here and there like gold,
When the sunny rays unfold,
  Very rich to view,
Brighter now than early spring,
Or the flash of summer's wing.

See! the countless starling-flight
  Swiftly sweeping by
To the sheepcotes on the height,
Or yon sea-side marsh in sight;
  In one-will'd haste they fly,
Like a living cloud dispread,
Passing with shrill cry o'erhead.

Here beside the river slow
  Pliant willows bend
O'er its wavelets as they flow,
Whispering music as they go,
  A song without an end;
And the moorhen clucks, and leads
Her young ones through the quivering reeds.

Say not beauty's witching smile
  Is with harvest gone;
See the rich rewards of toil
Gathered from the fruitful soil
  Round the farmyard drawn;
Cheerful homesteads, garden plots,
Mansions fair, and labourers' cots.

Now at eventide I hear
  Children's shout and song;
Healthy peasants have good cheer,
'Tis their brightest time of year,
  Waited for so long.
So their tide of gladness swells,
And they ring the evening bells.

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

WORDS AS WITNESSES.

II.

WE must now pass to another view of our subject, and proceed to consider words as representing the laws or conventions by which our relations to the surrounding things of which they have informed us, are determined. This division of the matter in hand grows out of the other, and is in truth a branch of it. For these very conventions or laws of which we are going to speak, are themselves realities: the relation of one object to another, and therefore of ourselves to the external world, or to our fellow-beings, is itself a fact; and in this aspect it should be looked upon.

And here we may begin by fixing our attention upon the nearer relations in which we have been placed, on our rightful position with respect to surrounding things, and the bonds whereby we are connected with each other.

The instinctive recognition of them by a people is expressed in forms which graphically represent their genuine character. Thus, for example, in the word "virtue"—that is, manliness, the conduct which befits a man—we have the witness of how a human demeanour, if in very fact it will be human, should be characterized. As, again, the words "humane" and "kindness," applied specifically to our intercourse with our fellow-men, remind us that it is human to be merciful; and that all our acts of love and friendship should be discharged under a remembrance of our kindred with those who are their objects. In course of time the signs which words of this description originally carry, are obliterated, or at least obscured. The image and superscription which was originally stamped upon them, is worn away; the coin becomes a mere counter; the sign ceases to be significant. But its significance can always be restored by directing a steady look on it: the films, the rust, with which it was covered, will pass away, and it will again speak out the expression which it originally bore in the minds of those who first employed it. So that more copious and more impressive than all the precepts of all the moralists, are those which are laid up in the commonest phrases which we use in our conversation with one another. In fact, we are admonishing ourselves, and our neighbours, as often as we speak. One of the most valuable chapters in Archbishop Trench's book is accordingly entitled by him, "On the Morality that is in Words." And it is in reference to this very use of them, as indicating our actual position in the universe, and the duties which consequently devolve upon us, that he affirms;—"We may truly say, 'Vox populi, Vox Dei,' the voice of the people is the voice of God; a proverb which, shallowly interpreted, may be made to contain a most mischievous falsehood, but interpreted in the sense wherein, no doubt, it was spoken, a deep truth. We must only remember that this 'people' is not the 'populace,' either in high places or in low; and that this 'voice of the people' is not any momentary outcry, but the consenting testimony of the good and wise, of those who are neither brutalised by ignorance, nor corrupted by a false cultivation, in all places and at all times." We believe it was Coleridge who remarked "Vox populi" may be "Vox Diaboli." But if it be, then by "people" we do mean "populace." And the voice is not a true voice; it is rather an echo, an echo from empty heads and corrupt and hollow hearts. The true voice of the people, their genuine words, will show what God made and meant them to be; what they should be towards Him, towards His works, towards one another. Hence, as was said, words always do, and they may be always made use of to, admonish ourselves and our neighbours. We do not mean that we are habitually to weave our discourse into admonitory forms, and all take upon ourselves the office of moralists and preachers; but rather this, that we should be studious of simplicity and of originality in our language; of originality in the proper meaning of that term, which is rather significant of old thoughts than of new ones, so that he is an "original man" who keeps his eye on the origin of things, not he who is only studious of new aspects in which things may be presented. If in this sense we were all "original" in our discourse, and called things by the names which originally and properly belonged to them, we should do more than in any other way we possibly could do, to promote the interests of morality, and nobleness, and truth. For instance, if we invariably confined the word "worth" to worthiness, so that a man should always be said to be worth, not what he has, but what he is; if, as Archbishop Trench reminds us, we called passionate men not "strong," but "suffering" and "weak;" and spoke of the life of him who has done nothing else in it but pile

up bags of gold, not as prosperous and successful, but as unfortunate; if, instead of calling him "gay" and "spirited," we should rather speak of the man as a sad mean creature, whose constant mirth is like the "crackling of lighted thorns," and who manifests an utter deficiency of all power to exercise control over his own self; if we called "free thinkers" and "free livers" what they really are, the slaves of prejudice and lust; if in these, and a thousand other instances like these which will readily suggest themselves, we would only be "original" in our discourse, and call the things we have to speak of by their proper names, we should soon witness results in the purer, manlier habits of our young men, and in our young women we should see—— but this sentence must be unfinished: my readers may end it themselves, severely or leniently, as they may think the case requires.

The very opposite course to this which we are recommending, is taken by those who live on the follies of the world, and who profit by its corruptions. For, as old Dr. South says, "The multitude, like a drove of sheep, or herd of oxen, may be managed by any noise or cry which their drivers shall accustom them to. And he who will set up for a skilful manager of the rabble, so long as they have but ears to hear, needs never inquire whether they have any understanding whereby to judge; but, with two or three popular, empty words, well-tuned and humoured, may whistle them backwards and forwards, upwards and downwards, till he is weary; and get upon their backs when he is so. As for the meaning of the word, that may shift for itself. Only let it sound full and round, and chime right to the humour which is at present agog—just as a big, long, rattling name is said to command even adoration from a Spaniard—and then with this powerful, senseless engine, the rabble-driver shall be able to carry all before him, or to draw all after him, as he pleases."

We cannot deny that such is the case; that, severe as the doctor is in his picked and pithy phrases, he is, in respect of this matter, hardly too severe and strong. And, as we said, these habits of speech are naturally kept up by those who live on human follies and corruptions. So, accordingly, we find that men's words have been most strongly marked by conventional smoothness, or by heartless jingle, when society has been most fearfully corrupted. This could be illustrated in detail by the phrases of social intercourse in our own country, and by its popular literature just after the Restoration, or at the beginning of the second half of the last century in France, if we may speak of *popular* literature as belonging to those times. Just as men's bodies were then found far underneath the huge wrappings and swathings, the big wigs and thick layers of powder which they placed on them, so their meaning, their feelings and their thoughts, were enclosed and hidden far beneath their words. And this was partly the cause, and partly it was the effect, of their being foolish and idolatrous, and cruelly selfish too, of their being in fact debased. What they were, and what all societies like theirs must be, brings out by contrast the reasonableness, the rightfulness and beauty also, of those habits of speech which, in the interests of society, high-minded men and women practise. In few ways have we a better opportunity than we have here, of "serving our generation according to the will of God," and of promoting the interests of goodness, of nobleness and truth. As for health, as well as comeliness, we have taken our bodies out of their ancestral swathings, and have eschewed powder, and thrown our full-bottomed wigs away, so, for health's sake, let us in like manner bring our minds, our thoughts and all the inner realities of our life, into more clear expression. Let us be more truthful and transparent, more original in our discourse; uttering in genuine speech the truth we mean, and always calling things by the names which rightfully belong to them.

And now, if any fears that rude coarseness may be engendered by such sincerity, should suggest themselves, they will be immediately dispelled, when we connect, what was named as a third quality and use of words, with this second one on which we have been dwelling. For, as was said, they are also expressive of conceptions, of the hues and aspects, of the mind-colouring, which rest upon the facts of our existence, and on the relations in which we stand to them. The grace and beauty, the tints and fragrance, of a landscape, which are as real as its grass and corn, as the animals which browse upon its pastures, and the minerals which lie embedded in its soil—are the symbols of those realities which we would now bring forward as having been expressed in words. They are as much realities as those facts, and those relations of which we have been speaking; and our mindfulness of them will always

prevent us from being coarse and rude, even when we are most original, plain-spoken and sincere. Reverence, modesty, grace, are not illusions, as they are often called by some of our popular writers, who tell us that the fragrance, the blushing beauties of our life, are merely fancies which those who are studious of reality, may, nay, which they should, contemn. "What," say they, "is this fragrance but the accidental result of certain ingredients being in contact with one another? The blush is nothing but the distension of certain vessels under a transparent skin. The grace! Nay, the muscles and bone articulations, are, if you will, real, but the charm, the poetry of the motion, are—just what the others are—illusions which the strong clear-visioned man will look through and disregard."

So some will speak, in that same spirit of scepticism which, as we have already seen, makes other men deny the existence even of the very elements out of which these so-called illusions have arisen. And as they may, in relation to that scepticism, so here also, words will protect us from the coarseness and vulgarity of those who, in thus speaking, would do the same kind of mischief which he would perpetrate who would wash the dyes out of our landscapes, and kill their odours, and mar their beauty and their grace. Words will protect us from the coldness and the coarseness of those defective souls. For they will show that such souls are indeed defective; that these very men, who so pride themselves upon their manliness, and represent their teaching as that of the clear-minded and the strong, are in reality blind and weak, maimed, imperfect men. We repeat, words will show us this by showing that that colouring, and those graces, of our life are not illusions, but realities. If they are not real, how has this universal language respecting them arisen? It can only be accounted for by acknowledging that in truth they are as real as any other of the realities around us. Those who speak otherwise respecting them, prove nothing, except, indeed, that of some human faculties they are lacking, or they have been bereaved. And when they act in accordance with their professions, without decorum, or reverence, or modesty, in shocking disregard of all the beauties and graces of our existence, they disturb us—just for the same reason that we are disturbed by the mistakes, or outrages, of the blind or the insane. As imperfect members of the race, they are sources of discomfort to men who are full-visioned, to those who retain their souls perfect and entire.

This is our last view and use of words. As they will protect us from the scepticism which denies facts, and as they also impress upon us the relationships in which we have been connected with those facts, so, if we are heedful of them, they will conserve the hues of beauty, the aspect and the tone of grace, which the love of our Father has thrown over this world and its affairs. Of all these things he who is mindful of his words, who thinks about what he says, is constantly admonished. Such an one is leading a genuine, a true, a rightly ordered, and also a beautiful and gracious, life. Witnesses of where he is, and how he should demean himself, are ever uttering in his ears their solemn testimony; and lovely voices and visions are continually gladdening him as he goes upon his way. It is to the thoughtful, not to the merely reserved speaker, that we are alluding in speaking thus. Silence for a purpose, or mere reserve, which is so often mistaken for the wisdom we have in view—for "even a fool when he holdeth his peace is counted wise; and he that shutteth his lips is esteemed a man of understanding"—is quite distinct from it, and may be very soon, and with little skill, distinguished. No! The man we are thinking of, will probably speak often, and speak much. His wisdom will not show itself in mere reserve, any more than it will in that volubility, that brainless chatter, the mischievousness of which our reflections will also help us to appreciate correctly.

How mischievous mere chatterers are, we all know, for no part of the community is exempt from them. But perhaps we are often too severe upon them for what they do. "Adders' poison is under their lips," and they drop the venom as they flit along, upon their busy errands from house to house, with what they call "the news," though, alas! for the most part it is not new. It is some old story of man's weakness or of his misfortune, which a wise, not to say a good, man will try to conceal and to forget. They drop the venom as they go, and instantly it festers. Yes, and perhaps some precious life may be slain by it. But we should not always charge them with all the mischief which they occasion in this manner. Empty-headed, hollow-hearted, as, for the most part, they are, how can they realise the solemn, awful power of the words which roll and flow across their lips? "Life and death are in the power of the tongue." It will "cut like a sharp razor;" and for this purpose it may be deliberately used. Yet not by these people,

for the most part. They are ignorant of what they do. Nay, perhaps, they might grieve were it known to them; the insight which our subject gives into the reason of their mischievousness may make us rather pitiful than angry, when we are smarting from the wounds they give. We see that words are living witnesses to things; and by a wise man they will always so be used and recognised. But the foolish man when he pours them forth!— Did one ever see a child playing with a revolver, or an idiot brandishing a sword?—if we have, we have seen what, in his brainless chatter, the foolish man is often doing, and we should be terrified rather than indignant with, or amused by him.

Our subject explains many things. And among them it shows why we are right in cherishing that repugnance and contempt which such persons instinctively awaken. We have seen that it is a subject which every man may be better, as well as wiser, for considering. We have had such uses of it in our mind all through these papers, which may be fittingly closed with one of our Lord's most solemn utterances, when He said that "a good man out of the good treasure of his heart, bringeth forth good things"—when his mouth speaketh; "and the evil man, out of the evil treasure of his heart, bringeth forth evil things." And, "I say unto you that every idle word," every word spoken idly, in unconsciousness of the living treasures contained in it—here we have the foolish, as in the previous verse we have the evil, man—of every such word "men shall give an account. For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."

G. S. DREW.

THE CRUCIFIX.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRONICLES OF THE SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY."

"Into thy hands I commend my spirit."

(This very ancient crucifix is sculptured on the exterior wall of the Abbey Church at Romsey. Its characteristic is a *hand* reaching down from the clouds, over the cross. It is said to be unique.)

IN a quiet nook it standeth,
Which careless eyes might miss,
That Image of Thy sorrow,
And fountain of our bliss.

Low within reach it standeth,
Close to the old church door,
And by the common pathway,
Appealing evermore.

Low on the wall, that never
The dimmest eyes may miss,
And the lips of the little children
May reach the Feet to kiss.

That humble, simple Image,
Wrought by the hands of old;
Good hands! that so many ages
Helpless have grown and cold.

That blessed, sacred Image
Born of the heart of old
That through the endless ages
Shall nevermore grow cold.

In the common stone rude-carven,
By no great artist's touch;
Yet never the wide world over
Will you find another such.

You may search the wide world over
From freezing to burning zone,
You will never find another
Quite like this only one.

Deep, deep the nails are driven
In the Hands they crucified—
So deep, the nails you see not,
But only the arms stretched wide.

And over the Head, so weary,
Bowing itself to die,
An open hand down-reaching
Forth from the clouded sky.

The torturers' hands have finished;
His hands are nailèd fast;
"*Into Thy hands my spirit—*
Father, Thy hands!"—at last.

* * * * *

Lord, ere Thou call our spirits
Within Thy hands to be,
Give us some such dear likeness
To leave behind of Thee.

Hid in some quiet corner,
Cut in the common stone,
Poor, *yet our best*, we pray Thee,
Our best, and our very own.

* * * * *

Dear Lord, our hearts grow bolder;
We dare to ask much more,
Knowing, the more we ask Thee,
Thou art but pleased the more.

Give us to *be* that Image
By the common paths like this:
Low, where the dimmest vision,
The features need not miss;
Low, where the lips of the children
May reach to cling and kiss.

Where the nails to the Cross which fix us,
So deep in the wounds may hide,
That men see no more the torture,
But only the arms stretched wide.

A humble, simple Image,
Cut in the common stone;
Like Thee, yet like no other,
Because Thy very own.

SKETCHES IN A TRAINING-SHIP.

AMONG the fine vessels which once constituted "the wooden walls of old England," but which have now found peaceful employment, like pensioners in the autumn of life, there are several which have been lent by the Admiralty to benevolent societies in some of our great seaports, for the purpose of training poor boys for service at sea. Their inmates, although the very sole of Fortune's shoe, cannot be classed either with paupers or criminals, but are respectable lads who are thus being helped to a footing in the world. The organization and functions of these institutions have been made more generally known since public attention was called to them by the disasters of last winter. Besides schooling and drill, their inmates have to do everything possible for themselves, even to making their own clothes; so it will be readily understood that little time remains for amusement. But the dull routine of work is not always uninterrupted; and I propose to make a few sketches of the brighter side of such a life, as observed on board the *Indefatigable*, one of the training ships on the Mersey.

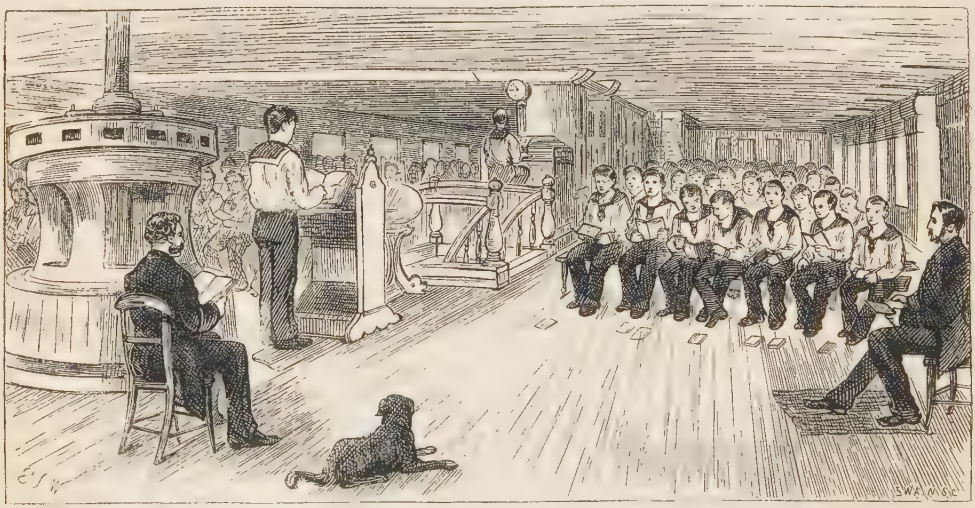
Let us take a walk round the main-deck on "play night," which occurs once or twice a week. About two hundred boys are amusing themselves according to their various tastes. Some are at draughts or dominoes; some are making nets or toys. Here, a bout at innocent wrestling is in progress; there, a party is practising the sailor's hornpipe to the sound of a whistle played by one of their messmates. Others are chatting in groups—perhaps with one of the instructors, who is telling them of the smart seamanship and gunnery in the navy, many years ago, when he was captain of the foretop in a fine frigate—or with another who can entertain them with the wonders of the South Sea Islands, or the horrors of a wreck in the Atlantic. Every boy has his individuality—in some cases strongly marked. This comical youngster is the wit of the ship, as may be guessed from the droll glance of his eye. He will dance you a "break-down," or he will form a class of three or four of his messmates, and mimic the schoolmaster teaching them. One boy has a facility in learning verses, and will recite you a long poem from memory; another is clever at arithmetic; this is the swiftest runner in the ship; that, the best swimmer—and so on. Every boy has his history too. This fine lad, with the petty officers' badge on his arm, is the son of a ship's carpenter, and his widowed mother is now stewardess in a mail steamer. The father of that one was a sailmaker, lost in the *Jessamine*—his mother, employed as a housekeeper, has just sent a modest expression of her gratitude for some little kindness shown to her boy when sick. The master of a coasting vessel dies, and leaves his wife and child unprovided for—here is the boy, eager to follow the father's vocation. Those two little fellows sitting side by side are the children of two stokers who went down together in the wreck of a large steamer. The captain's register is full of such brief chronicles of misfortune.

Once a quarter the relatives and friends of the inmates are permitted to visit them on board the ship. Those who come are mostly women. Some of them are evidently superior persons, meekly holding their own against poverty; others are of rougher stamp; but all seem glad of the opportunity, and throng the decks on these occasions. Here may be seen a family re-union; there, a pert little blue-jacket in the centre of an admiring group. Brothers and sisters romp together; various pic-nics are going on in corners; apples, nuts, and children's dainties are plentiful in the ship. Amid this bustle, a few boys may be seen quietly occupying themselves apart. Nobody comes to visit them with kind words and welcome little presents. But some of their more fortunate messmates will share with them; and a nurse in a hospital, whose boy was received on board, but died of consumption, remembers the friendless ones, and sends on visiting days a few cakes to be given to such as these. The same poor woman contributes annually a widow's mite to the funds of the ship, in memory of her dead child.

Besides ordinary drill and practice in handling sails and boats, the ship's company is also trained to meet such emergencies as fire or a man overboard. The large bell is struck with a rapid stroke, and, whether he

is at work, or at play, or in his hammock, every boy runs at once to his station. Some man the lower and main-deck pumps, others attach the hose and lay them along, the locality of the fire being indicated by bugle-calls. Parties stand by with buckets, and all ports are closed. At the same time, the boats are lowered away and manned, each by its proper crew, and they lie off a few yards from the ship, on each side, awaiting orders. The pumps are vigorously worked by gangs of the strongest lads, and the jets they throw are directed by the officers. If the fire is supposed to have gained the mas-

On board a Training-ship.



Divine Service in a Training-ship.

tery, and nothing more can be done, the bugle sounds the retreat, and all hands fall in, by watches, on the main or upper decks, while the boats come alongside to receive them. Promptitude and discipline are thus ensured, and the apparatus is kept in order by weekly use.

In summer, the boys learn to swim in a floating bath moored near the ship; and useful work is done here by some gentlemen, members of Liverpool swimming clubs, who voluntarily come to give them lessons. The ship's band is much engaged at flower shows, cricket matches, and similar gatherings, earning enough in this way to pay all its expenses. It plays every afternoon on the upper deck

at four o'clock, when school is over. A day's excursion or a trip in a steamer is occasionally offered by kind people, and is appreciated in a way only known to those who have no other holidays during the year. In winter, songs, recitations, and short plays are got up to enliven the evenings, and audiences from shore are invited to these entertainments, and to see the decorations of the main-deck at Christmastide.

On Sundays, visitors are admitted to morning and evening service, and few can remain uninterested in the congregation of smart, healthy-looking lads, whose clear young voices ring between the oaken decks as they join in the anthems and hymns. Books and periodicals are given out in the afternoon, and sometimes a party of senior boys goes for a walk on shore, when some friend offers to take them. To some of them, born in large towns and brought up in a ship, the common objects of the country are new and strange. They are interested in the most ordinary circumstances of rural life, and eagerly learn the names of trees and birds. Their simplicity in this respect, compared to other boys, is due to no lack of intelligence, for they are shrewd enough in their own way. "The masts, and the spars, and the ropes, sir—them's the wegetables we has to know about," remarked one of them, after a talk in a woodland path. Such a subject as even the Queen's titles is not beyond the range of their discussion, bits of biography sometimes come out unasked for, and novel views of life occasionally crop up in their conversation. Any educated man taking charge of such a party, and frankly encouraging them to chat, would find his Sunday afternoon by no means unprofitably nor unpleasantly spent. Among the Sunday visitors are not unfrequently old boys, come back from foreign parts, grown into fine bronzed seamen, getting on well, but not too proud to remember the old ship that was once their home.

Portrait of Boy on Training-ship.

W. LITTLE.

CHRIST AND HIS CHURCH IN THE FIRST CHAPTER OF THE APOCALYPSE.

THE first chapter of the Apocalypse may be regarded as the key to the whole wonderful book which follows it. As the prologue of the fourth Gospel (i. 1—18) contains a summary of all the most essential features of the picture of Jesus that is to be presented to us by the Evangelist, so the first chapter of the Apocalypse groups together under one point of view the principles of all that is afterwards to be described by the Seer; and as in the former, so in the latter, the writer, with all that he has to say present to his mind, gathers it up in a few comprehensive sentences before he begins to delineate the details. In both cases, therefore, to understand the opening words is to have the best guide to the understanding of the book, not, indeed, in its minute particulars, but in its substance and aim. Keeping this in view, we propose to examine in one or two of their more general characteristics, those parts of the first chapter of the Apocalypse, which set before us the Great Head of the Church, and the Church herself, and we hope that the examination may prove both interesting and instructive to our readers.

The following passages are those relating to our present purpose. We translate them with a few alterations on the Authorised Version, the more important of which are rendered necessary by well-attested readings of the later criticism.

"John to the seven churches that are in Asia, Grace unto you, and peace from the Which is and Which was, and Which is to come, and from the seven Spirits that are before His throne, and from Jesus Christ the faithful witness, the first begotten from among the dead, and the Prince of the kings of the earth. Unto Him that loveth us, and washed us out of our sins by His blood, and made of us a kingdom, priests unto His God and Father, unto Him be the glory and the strength for ever and ever. Amen. Behold He cometh with the clouds, and every eye shall see Him, and the such as pierced Him, and all the tribes of the earth shall wail towards Him. Yea. Amen. I am the Alpha and the Omega, saith the Lord God, which is and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty.

"I John your brother, and fellow partaker in the tribulation and kingdom and patience in Jesus, was in the Spirit on the Lord's day, and I heard a voice behind me, great as the voice of a trumpet, saying, What thou seest write in a book, and send to the seven churches, to Ephesus, and to Smyrna, and to Pergamos, and to Thyatira, and to Sardis, and to Philadelphia, and to Laodicea. And I turned to see the voice that spake with me. And when I had turned I saw seven golden candlesticks, and in the midst of the candlesticks one like unto a Son of Man, clothed with a garment down to the feet, and girt round at the breasts with a golden girdle. And His head and hairs were white as white wool, as snow, and His eyes as a flame of fire, and His feet like glowing brass, as if they had been burned in a furnace, and His voice as a voice of many waters; and having in His right hand seven stars, and out of His mouth was a sword, two-edged, sharp, going forth, and His countenance as the sun shineth in his strength. And when I saw Him I fell at His feet as dead. And He laid His right hand upon me, saying, Fear not, I am the first and the last, and the living one; and I became dead, and behold I am living for evermore; and I have the keys of death and of hades. Write therefore the things which thou sawest, both which are, and which are about to be after these things, the mystery of the seven stars which Thou sawest upon my right hand, and the seven golden candlesticks. The seven stars are angels of the seven churches, and the seven candlesticks are seven churches."

Before proceeding to the special use to be made of these words at present, it may be well to note the manner in which the Seer shows that they really embody the contents of the revelation given him as a whole. He does this by his frequent references to them in the subsequent chapters of his book. Again and again he returns to one or other of the traits which they contain, as if he would tell us that he is simply unfolding in detail what he had at first stated to be his theme. Thus the "seven Spirits" meet us again in iii. 1, "These things saith He that hath the seven Spirits of God," and in v. 6, where we read of "the seven eyes of the Lamb, which are the seven Spirits of God sent forth into all the earth." The idea of Jesus as a "witness," comes before us in iii. 14; xii. 17; xix. 10; xx. 4; xxii. 20; and that of the "faithfulness" of his witness in iii. 14; xix. 11; xxi. 5; xxii. 6. We see the "first begotten from among the dead" in ii. 8, and the "Prince of the kings of the earth" in xvii. 14; xix. 16. The love with which Jesus loves us is spoken of in iii. 19, the washing us from our sins in v. 9, the making a kingdom of us in v. 10. It is needless to say that the "Coming" of the Redeemer is the great event to which the eye is directed throughout the whole Apocalypse, where "I come quickly" falls ever and again upon the ear, as in ii. 5, 16; iii. 11; xxii. 7, 12, 20; while chapter xviii. is the long and bitter wail at the sight of His judgments when He comes. That He is the Alpha and the Omega, that He is the first and the last, is repeated in ii. 8; xxii. 13; and the remark has been often made, so often that we shall not spend time in illustrating its correctness, that each trait of the Son of Man in the verses we have quoted is introduced into one or other of those Epistles to the seven churches which convey to the Church of all ages and of every land the message of her exalted Head. Just as the fourth Evangelist often returns in his Gospel to some statement made in its prologue, so the Apocalyptist often returns in his revelation to something that he had said at its beginning, thus binding all the parts of it together, and intimating to us that it is all nothing more than the depicting, upon the field of the actual realities of life, of what he had seen in the first vision presented to his enraptured eye.

What was it that he then saw?

I. He saw the great Head of the Church Himself, the once crucified but now risen and glorified Lord, the High Priest and King of His people. Few things are more instructive than to compare the picture of Jesus in the first verses of the fourth Gospel with that in the first verses of the Apocalypse. In the

former, we behold the Son in all the glory of His eternal existence, the Word which was in the beginning, which was with God, and was God, by whom all things were made, and without whom was not anything made that was made, in whom was life, and the life was the light of men, in whom, even when he was made flesh and dwelt among us, we beheld a glory, as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth, the only begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father, and who hath declared that God whom no man hath seen at any time. All is primarily, essentially, divine; even through the garb of humiliation, when it is spoken of, the eternal glory of the Godhead shines. In the latter we behold one "like unto a son of man," clothed with a dress worn by erring though exalted mortals, witnessing to the truth amidst the difficulties and trials that always meet those who will confess God faithfully among men, who had to exercise patience, who was pierced upon the cross, who became dead, who washed us from our sins in His blood. It is true that just as in the first description we find the eternal, the divine, Son made flesh, coming into the world to be a partaker of our humanity, so in the second we find traces of the originally divine glory of Him who thus humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. He is the Alpha and the Omega, the first and the last, the living one, that is, the one who hath life in Himself, to whom are due the glory and the strength for ever and ever. Amen. Yet the general contrast of the two descriptions cannot be mistaken. In the one we have the Son of God, in the other the Son of Man.

It is not enough, however, to say this. The description with which we are immediately concerned does not present Jesus only as the Son of Man. His death is brought before us with peculiar distinctness. We read of His "blood," of that being "pierced" with the soldier's spear whose effect had made such a profound impression upon the writer long years before (John xix. 34, 35), of his "becoming dead." Again, His resurrection and glorification are not less distinct, for He is "the first begotten from among the dead," and although He had become dead, yet "behold He is living for evermore, and He has the keys of death and of hades;" He is the conqueror of the grave, the triumphant deliverer from the king of terrors of those who would otherwise have been subject to his sway. The whole redeeming work of Christ, presented in its two great parts, death and subsequent glorification, is thus brought before our view in these verses. We see not only one who is both divine and human, but one who both died for us and rose again.

Even this is not all. There is a special aspect of Jesus here upon which it is peculiarly important to dwell, for it is obviously the leading aspect of Him in the eyes of the Seer. It is that in which He is presented as both the High Priest and the King of His people. That He is not one of these only, but both, is clear from the imagery employed; imagery, it ought always to be remembered, in which, according to Hebrew ideas, verisimilitude, or what we should esteem artistic propriety, is of no moment, in which the only thing to be thought of is fitness to convey the intended impression. Thus He is "clothed with a garment down to the feet," that is, with the long linen garment covering the whole body except the feet, which was worn by priests; which, following the translation of the Septuagint, was put upon the High Priest in Zech. iii. 4; but which was also worn by kings (1 Sam. xv. 27). Nor this alone; he was "girt round at the breasts with a golden girdle." The position of this girdle, not round the waist but at the breasts, shows at once that it cannot be the girdle worn by all, and seems to show also that that idea of the calm dignity and repose of sovereignty found in it by many is out of place. It was really the girdle of the priest that was thus worn (Josephus Antiq., iii. 7, 2), and that it should here be of gold, while that even of the High Priest was only ornamented with gold (Exod. xxviii. 8; xxxix. 5), arises in part from the fact that in Daniel (x. 5), from which so much of the imagery of the Apocalypse is taken, Gabriel has his loins girded with "fine gold of Uphaz," but still more, no doubt, from the desire to express the high dignity of the wearer and the preciousness of the blessings symbolized.

Other considerations confirm the conclusion that Jesus is before us as both Priest and King. For, in the first place, only those articles of dress which were common to priests and kings are here referred to. The more peculiar articles of the priest's dress, such as the mitre and the ephod, are not spoken of. Had St. John beheld the Redeemer as a priest only, still more had he beheld Him only as the High Priest, he would surely have seen Him clothed in the more characteristic insignia of his office. In the second place, it is worth noticing that the two articles of dress selected are precisely those that we meet with in Dan. x. 5, and Isaiah

xxii. 21, the long robe and the girdle, and that in each of these passages the combination is associated with governmental and royal rather than priestly functions, for in Daniel Gabriel is to fight with the princes of Persia and Grecia, and in Isaiah Eliakim, the son of Hilkiah, is to have the government committed into his hand. In the third place, such a feature of the vision as that of the sword out of the mouth corresponds to the office of king rather than of priest. And, lastly, what Jesus has been spoken of as doing for His people is making "of them a kingdom, priests unto His God and Father," that is, making them kings as well as priests, and it is unnecessary to say that He makes the members of His body nothing that He is not Himself. There can be no doubt, therefore, that the Saviour is brought before us in this chapter as the Head of His Church, as once crucified, now glorified, as its great Priest and King.

II. St. John saw the Church in union with her Great Head, and partaker of His fortunes. The point now before us may not be so easily granted as that just considered, but it is neither less important nor, if true, less pregnant with instruction. That the Church is here every one will at once admit; and so generally will it be allowed that the seven churches of Asia represent not the churches of these cities only, but the Church of all countries and of all ages down to the very end of time, that we may be excused if, to save space, we do not enter on the argument. A more difficult question to answer is as to the relation in which the Church is represented as standing to her Lord. Is she in the world merely to be protected by Him, and to lighten the surrounding darkness with the light that she receives from Him? Or is she here as He is, one with Him, called to His conflict, even now partaker of His victory? According to the answer given to these questions will our conception of the position, of the duties, of the privileges of believers in this world greatly differ. Now there are one or two expressions in these verses that favour the latter supposition rather than the former. Thus we read, "I, John, your brother and fellow-partaker in the tribulation and kingdom and patience in" (not "of," as in the Authorised Version) "Jesus," where the preposition "in," reminding us of the "in Christ Jesus," so frequent in the writings of the Apostle Paul, carries us at once to the thought neither of a patient waiting for Christ, nor of a patience like Christ's, but to the thought of an enduring patience given us *in* Him, of which He in whom we are is the very soul and strength. Again, the Saviour is described as "*the first begotten* from among the dead," language which distinctly implies that the privilege, the position, which is bestowed upon Him as such is already ideally, and shall in due season actually, be the portion of all the other children begotten in His Father's house. And, once more, we read as part of the doxology of this chapter "to Him that made of us a kingdom, priests unto His God and Father," words which do not mean that we were made a kingdom *for* Him, but that we were ourselves made kings and priests—that is, that we were placed in the very position which we have already seen He occupies, that of both priest and king.

These considerations help to lead us to the thought of unity between the exalted Redeemer and His people. They are *in* Him; they are members of the same family; they are clothed with a responsibility and honour like His. The main proof, however, that this unity is intended to find expression in the chapter before us rests upon the correct interpretation of that figure of the seven stars, said to be "angels of the seven churches," by which commentators have been so greatly puzzled. Let it then be observed that these *seven stars* are, properly speaking, only another form of expression for *one star*. The mysterious number seven was to the Hebrew mind, in a certain sense, the same as unity, except in this respect, that it presented unity, not absolutely, but in the manifoldness of its operations. Hence, in the very chapter with which we are now dealing, we read of the "seven Spirits of God," not really seven Spirits in number, but the one Spirit, the third person of the Trinity, conceived of under the number seven, in order to set forth, not His individual unity, but the completeness and fulness of His actings towards the Church in all its various conditions. Hence also the "seven churches," really one, the universal church, although thought of as seven, in order to find utterance for the fact that that one Church exists with various gifts and in various states, not a uniformity, a sameness, but a living unity, whose different portions exhibit many different talents, and occupy many different positions, without losing that unity in which they are truly one.

But if the seven stars are really one star, as the "seven Spirits" of God are really the one Spirit of God, we can at once understand the

place assigned to them, and we are upon the high road to the interpretation of the figure. For as to the former, all inquirers have felt the difficulty of comprehending how the stars should be spoken of at one time as "in the hand," and at another time as "upon the hand" of the Son of Man. The idea of signet rings upon the fingers has justly been thought incongruous, for the rings will be seven, while the fingers are only five, in number. The idea of a wreath, again, suspended from the hand has no foundation in the text, and is even incompatible with the prepositions employed in it. Let us think of the stars as really *one*, and difficulties disappear.

We recall the words of Jeremiah xxii. 24, "As I live, saith the Lord, though Coniah the son of Jehoiakim, king of Judah, were the signet upon my right hand, yet would I pluck thee thence," and of Haggai ii. 23, "In that day, saith the Lord of Hosts, will I take thee, O Zerubbabel my servant, the son of Shealtiel, saith the Lord, and will make thee as a signet, for I have chosen thee, saith the Lord of Hosts." The idea of a signet is thus no longer attended with any improbability, and the stars upon the right hand of the glorified Redeemer are the one signet with which He expresses and seals His covenant will to men. Then, again, as to the interpretation of the figure. In xxii. 16 it is said of Jesus that He is the "morning star," and in ii. 28 the promise to those in Thyatira that overcome is, "I will give him the morning star." In other words, Jesus Himself is a star of peculiar brightness upon the right hand of the Almighty, and He has a star upon His own right hand to which He gives himself as its portion and reward. What can that star be which is thus ONE, though viewed in the words before us in its sevenfold form? Surely nothing but the one Church of the Redeemer, the "signet upon His right hand," and the expression of His glory.

It may be said, indeed, that the Church is represented by the seven candlesticks, and that the seven stars must be something different. They *are* different; and we shall understand the difference if we attend to the explanation of the figure given by the Seer. "The seven stars," he says, "are angels of the seven churches." What are the "angels" thus referred to? We put aside several explanations that have been given, as from one cause or another entirely untenable. They are not actual messengers sent by the churches to St. John, and now addressed by him as the bearers of his message in return. They are not the subordinate officials known in the Jewish Church as the messengers of the synagogue. They are not guardian angels to whom the care of the churches had been committed. For only two meanings can plausible arguments be adduced: that they are either the bishops, if not bishops at all events the leading presbyters, of the churches; or that they are ideal representations of the churches, each church being supposed to be concentrated in its angel, or messenger, or star. But the former idea can hardly be accepted. Such an official, whatever he was, was not the church, and he could not be addressed either as responsible for all its sins, or as entitled to the reward of all its merits; while at the same time neither bishops nor moderators of presbyteries stand in such a relation to the church as to warrant their being spoken to in its name. The latter idea is by much the more probable of the two. It is thoroughly consistent with the symbolical character of the Apocalypse, and, what is of still greater consequence, it is in keeping with its general methods of expression. Both the leading persons spoken of in the book and the different departments of nature referred to in it have their angels. God proclaims and executes His will by angels (vii. 3; viii. 2; xiv. 6, 8, 9; xv. 1, 6; xvii. 1; xviii. 1, 21). Even where we might expect His direct voice, as when He addresses the Son, an angel is interposed (xiv. 15). In like manner Jesus acts and reveals His truth by an angel (xx. 1; i. 1; xxii. 6, 16). The waters have an angel who answers for them (xvi. 5). Fire has an angel (xiv. 18). The winds have an angel (vii. 1). The abyss has an angel (ix. 11). In some of these instances the angels spoken of may be real beings. In others it is not possible to think so. The method of expression seems to rest upon the view that everything has its angel, its messenger by whom it communicates its feelings, by whom it comes into contact with what is external to it. Hence the churches have their angels, expressive of what they are, communicating their feelings, and receiving communications designed for them. In short, the "angels of the churches" are not so much their ideal representatives as they are a mode of thought, by which the churches are conceived of as passing out of their absolute condition into one of intercourse and of action.

Thus, then, we find the difference of which

we are in search. The churches are "candlesticks;" more properly the whole Church is the one golden candlestick, when it is thought of in itself, as shining within the sanctuary of God, beheld mainly by His eye, and sending up its songs of praise for Him and for itself alone. But the churches are "stars;" more properly the whole Church is one star, when it is set in the firmament of heaven, and when it draws the eye of the world to it by its sweetness and its beauty.

We return, therefore, to the conclusion that we had reached. These seven stars, or this one star in its sevenfold aspect, is the "signet upon the right hand" of the exalted Saviour, as He is the "signet upon the right hand" of His Father (comp. again Haggai ii. 23). It is the very conception of the high-priestly prayer of Jesus, "That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us. And the glory which thou gavest me, I have given them, that they may be one as we are one."

Therefore is the Church before us in this chapter, not merely protected by her Lord, but one with Him in His work and privilege, in His conflict and victory.

For she has a conflict and a victory. That is the practical conclusion to be drawn; and, the remainder of this book is to set it forth. In the strength of her Great Head she is to carry on the contest which He carried on when He was in the world, assured only that she may be of good cheer, for He has overcome the world. She is placed in His position, is summoned to His work, is nourished with His Spirit, is already in germ partaker of His reward. Above all, her duty is not simply to save the world; that she remembers. It is to judge the world; this she too frequently forgets. She is clothed not only with a priestly but with a kingly robe and girdle. She ought to bear in mind that she has not only a message of mercy to the sinner, but a message of judgment on all sin. In the presence of the worldliness, the carnality around her, she has to contend and to overcome. With gentleness she has to mingle sternness, with love severity. Her eyes, as well as her Lord's, are to be like a flame of fire, her feet like glowing brass, her voice like the sound of many waters, out of her mouth a sharp sword, and her countenance as the sun shineth in his strength. Only when the Church of Christ remembers this is she in her true position; alive to her duty, and conscious of that heavenly might which even now is victory.

WILLIAM MILLIGAN.

"WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?"

IN common every-day life this question is often to be heard passing from friend to friend, "What think you of this or that public man?" "What is your opinion as to this or that question of politics?" Or it may be that some new book has been written, or some new picture has been painted, and people are talking about it. People are saying one to another, "What think you of this book?" or, "What think you of this picture?" Or again, some great philanthropist may have started up into public notice; or some great traveller may have come home and published wonderful stories of his doings; or some great military hero may have arisen, and have won glory and renown for our country, in some difficult and dangerous campaign; and the questions instantly go from lip to lip, "What think you of this man and his doings? Is he to be believed? Is he to be respected? Is he true or false? Is he right or wrong?"

But greater than any military hero whom the world has ever seen; greater than any philanthropist who has worked nobly and perseveringly for the safety or for the welfare of his fellow-creatures; greater than any voyager from some far-off clime, who comes to tell us of the wondrous sights he has seen and the wondrous deeds he has done—greater than all of these is He about whom this question is asked;—that great Hero who has fought a hundred fights for every one of us, that great philanthropist, whose large, loving heart beats so warmly for every human woe, and sympathizes so truly with every human sorrow,—that great Narrator of wondrous things, who tells us of His Father's home above, of the many mansions of rest and peace, of the joys and the beauties of the land that is very far off! It is to the Lord Jesus Christ, our Champion, our Friend, and our Saviour—it is to Him that this question refers; it is of Him that we must think; it is of Him that we must answer.

And to help us to answer this question

aright, let us look at two or three pictures from Christ's earthly life;—two or three scenes from that wonderful history of humility and condescension and love, which the four Gospels place before us.

I. Imagine yourself, first of all, to be in the court-yard of some eastern village inn;—imagine a rude cavern hewn out of a rock, in which the beasts of burden and their cattle find their nightly resting-place; imagine a rough trough or manger, used commonly for the provender of those beasts, but now transformed into an *impromptu* cradle, and holding a new-born babe; a gentle mother is bending over the infant; an aged man stands by her side; shepherds from Bethlehem are pressing in, and are gazing at the strange sight; while, perhaps, overhead are crowds of angels unseen, keeping silent watch over that lowly stable, and singing all night their songs of praise, and worship, and joy.

It is the Son of God, clothed in our flesh, who is lying there! That helpless babe is the Word of the Eternal Father, who has condescended to empty Himself of His glory, and to come down and dwell in this world of sorrow and of care. Think of that strange, mysterious picture; and write beneath it those well-known words, "He humbled Himself!"

II. Let us pass on some thirty years, and then let us look upon another scene. It is eventide, and we are standing in some eastern town; a great concourse of people has collected in the little street, after the toils of the day are done; and a multitude of sick folk, some lame, some blind, some deaf, some leprous, some paralyzed; some limping on crutches, some lying on couches, some carried bodily by their friends; a multitude of sick folk are waiting; presently a small band of men appears, some fourteen or fifteen people, headed by one, apparently some thirty years of age, whose calm, quiet, earnest face attracts our notice and rivets our attention. He casts many a glance of sympathy and tenderness at the sufferers who are awaiting His approach; He passes not one by; His touch, His words, nay, His very presence seems to have a marvellous effect; the lame cast away their crutches; the paralyzed stand upright; the glow of health returns to the pallid cheek of the bed-ridden invalid; the power of sight comes back to the darkened eye; the power of speech is given to the enchained tongue. A great cry of joy goes up from the assembled crowd, a wondrous awe takes hold of their hearts. It is the Christ! It is the Lord our Saviour! It is the great Physician of mankind! "Whithersoever He entered, into villages, or cities, or country, they laid the sick in the streets, and besought Him that they might touch, if it were but the border of His garment, and as many as touched Him were made whole."

Oh! think much of this glorious, this lovely picture, and write underneath it these words: "He hath done all things well: He maketh both the deaf to hear, and the blind to see."

III. Or pass to another scene. We are standing in the judgment hall of the Roman governor at Jerusalem. The governor is seated there amidst all the emblems of his power; soldiers and officials are gathered round; outside is a crowd of maddened, shouting, excited Jews, thirsting for the blood of a pale, care-worn prisoner who stands before the governor. Pilate declares that the prisoner before him is innocent; but he is at once met with cries of "Crucify him, crucify him!" from the infuriated mob. Pilate hesitates; he tries to save the sad, weary prisoner; but at last he gives way, and he pronounces sentence of death against that innocent man. Then begins an utterly shameful scene. The rough soldiers gather round the gentle Saviour, and insult Him with their coarse, rough jests; a scarlet robe is thrown around His shoulders, all bleeding from the recent scourge; a crown of sharp thorns pierces that gentle brow; a mock sceptre is thrust into His hand, and in derision and jest they, one by one, bow the knee before Him, and salute Him with "Hail, king of the Jews!" Yet more shameful grew the insults, for we read "they spit upon Him, and took the reed and smote Him on the head." Oh! let us think of this sad, terrible scene, and write underneath this picture, "He was bruised for our iniquities."

IV. One more scene let us witness. We are on the hill Calvary; that same innocent sufferer is hanging from a blood-stained cross; the crimson blood is trickling from hands and feet; the hue of death is stealing over that weary face; the crowd of bystanders are full of idle gossip, and brutal jests, and heartless indifference. Who is it of whom they talk? Who is it on whom they look? It is He who with one rough word could sweep that heartless rabble into utter and instant destruction! It is He who with one short prayer could bring mighty armies of glorious angels to His rescue, and could

descend at once from that cruel, blood-stained cross! But how then could His work be done? How then could He give Himself for us and for our sins? Oh! let us look well at that picture; let us gaze long at that scene; and let us write underneath that picture of woe and suffering and death, "The Son of God, who loved us, and gave Himself for us."

And now, before we answer the great question, "What think ye of Christ?" let us look once again at these four scenes from His earthly life. That manger-scene, does it not speak of His marvellous condescension? That scene of healing the sick, does it not speak of His unutterable pity and compassion? Those scenes in the judgment-hall and on the hill Calvary, do they not speak to us of His love, His patience, His assuring devotion to our welfare and our wants? And then shall we not remember this, that the Lord Jesus never alters, that He is just as condescending, just as compassionate, just as loving, just as devoted to the welfare of every one of us, this very day, as He was eighteen hundred years ago? He is Jesus Christ, the same, absolutely the same, yesterday, and to-day, and for ever!

Do we think of Him in this way? Do we look upon Him as the kindest Friend we have in the world? the best Master? the bravest Champion? the most glorious Leader that one can possibly desire? Oh! let our answer to this question be something of this kind, He is, and He shall be, my dearest friend; He is, and He shall be, my life-long Master and Lord; He is, and He shall be, my constant champion and King; He is, and He shall be for ever and ever, my all-sufficient Saviour, my all-conquering Redeemer, and my adorable God! "Lord, whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire in comparison of thee!" E. V. HALL.

PRAISE.

PREPARE sweet incense, not the fragrant gum,
Which, in the day of type and shadow, roll'd
Its dying tribute from the disk of gold,
Sweet though it be. The day of truth is come;
And all the incense that will bear its rays,
Finding a way to heaven, is praise, true praise.

Heap on that incense. Ransack bygone years,
When, fever stricken on thy little bed,
A blessed mother nursed the throbbing head,
And prayed, as mothers pray, and at her tears,
Her holy tears, the peril fierce and black
Passed harmless by, and joy and health came back.

Yea, heap on incense, gathered in thy flight,
To lands death-shadowed, where the devil reigns,
And men, bound fast in misery and chains,
Grope in the deep'ning gloom for life and light;
That light, true light, thy happy eyes can see,
That life, eternal life, is won for thee.

Praises! more praises! for a Sabbath spell
Has laid old feuds, that once burnt fierce and stern,
And cursed the land. The days of Bannockburn,
Flodden, and Marston Moor, have heard their knell;
Pennon and helm and ivy-mantled keep,
Drawbridge and dungeon, sleep an endless sleep.

Yea, Lord, we praise Thee, that our land has rest,
And life is cherished, and the Word is free,
And he who will may come this day to Thee,
And the most wretched be supremely blest;
For these Thy mercies, Lord, we bless Thy name,
And heap fresh incense on Love's sacred flame!

GEORGE S. OUTRAM.

"JOHN BULB, THE BARBER."

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JOHN BULB, THE BARBER.

DEFOE tells two of his ghastliest plague-stories of a Yard and an Alley at the back of Lothbury, and anybody who comes upon a bit of old London in that quarter, still retaining the old lines of thoroughfare, running in and out, and round about, like the burrows of a rabbit-warren, and the old huddled proximity of buildings, will not wonder that the awful epidemic should have raged there. Nevertheless, although I should not like to live in them, some of those old passages have a very snug appearance. When a bitter east wind drives between the high houses of broad main thoroughfares, peppering umbrellas and the asphalte with rebounding hail, turn into one of those crowded little colonies, and the squat little tenements, crammed together as close as they will stand, look, in comparison, almost as warm and cosy as a nestful of plump field-mice.

Hail is rattling down, lying white on the pavement for a minute or two before it melts, and making foot-passengers look very ill-tempered as it stings their ears and noses, when, turning our backs on the Bank, we start for Tanner's Buildings, let us call them.

On either hand palaces of commerce, of white and grey stone, with plate-glass windows, polished granite columns, and carved cornices, tower cliff-like; and from very cheerful caverns underground come richly unctuous, aromatic, air-warming wafts of the generous cookery, without which, it would seem, the City's business could not be carried on. A lofty pile of bright-red modern brick, antiquely fashioned, seems to block the way, but dodge round one of its corners, and you come on substantial but faded old brick houses, with pent-houses, flat or curved, strangely out of proportion to the cramped, paved foot-thoroughfares to which their worn steps descend: some decorated with brick pilasters so dim that they scarcely stand out from their façades, others cornered in palisaded courts, into which no wheeled vehicle bigger than a porter's barrow can enter—all, during business hours, with their front doors wide open, displaying dusky lobbies inscribed with many names, for domesticity long ago deserted them, and clerks' pens are scratching in almost every chamber.

It seems odd that this little house we come to, after more zigzagging in paved passages, should have troubled itself to have two floors—raise your hand and you can almost touch the beams which support the projecting upper story. A telegraph boy, looking queerly anachronistic in such a place, brushes past, and here we are in the Buildings—another flagged passage, with a gutter in the middle, winding between low houses, the *vis-à-vis* tenants of which could very nearly shake hands with one another without stirring from their door-ways.

It is quite a "self-contained" little colony. Within their own borders its inhabitants have a choice of butchers, bakers, and grocers; a china shop, a plumber and glazier's, a rag-bone-and-bottle warehouse, with a tariff of prices placarded on every pane, a second-hand furniture shop, a milkman's, a tailor's, a bootmaker's, a cobbler's hutch, a coffee-house, and, unfortunately, more than one public-house. The Buildings can also boast of a milliner and dress-maker's, a poulterer's, a fishmonger's, a fruiterer's, a coals-and-greens shed, a news-vendor and tobacconist's, and a German-sausage and tripe shop. Indeed, if I remember rightly, they possess all the ordinary requirements of life except a clergyman, a doctor, a lawyer, a druggist, a washerwoman, and a chimney-sweep. They do not contain an undertaker's, but as you pass through them you can hear a coffin-maker tapping his staccato *Memento Mori*, and, although there is no hairdresser's, with simpering waxen dummies, in the alley, an old-fashioned red-and-white barber's pole projects from one of its doorposts.

On the winter evening on which we peep over the whitened lower panes of the bar-

ber's window, John Bulb, the barber, had no customers in his shop, and yet he had plenty of company. As the plump, brisk, bright-eyed little man stood before the cheerfully glowing fire, with his coat on, in consequence of the coldness of the weather, as well as his short, pocketed, white apron, he looked not unlike a magnified bullfinch. Naturally, he had a quick-glancing, quick-moving, bird-like aspect, and as we all, chameleon-like, take more or less of colour from our surroundings, it had been intensified by the feathered company he had kept all his life. Cages all round his shop, from which proceeded blithe chirps and twitterings, and every now and then a little burst of song, together with a restless clatter of claws and beaks, on perches, wires, and sanded floors, proclaimed John to be a bird-fancier. A fine specimen of the bird which he so much resembled hung in the bow of the window, piping the tune which John had taught him. The barber's fame as a bullfinch-trainer had spread far beyond the Buildings—he was spoken of with respect in Great St. Andrew Street and Club Row, and dealers and fanciers made pilgrimages thence, to purchase or admire his piping pets. Their academy was a big closet in the little parlour behind the shop, and in it by day the bird-organ was almost always going. When it stopped, and John was unable to wind it up again at once owing to his being occupied with scissors, brush, or razor, he would take up the tune in a sudden burst of vigorous whistling—considerably to the astonishment of chance customers, and sometimes to the detriment of their involuntarily jerked-round chins. All over the barber's house, birds were stowed away. He bred canaries, and in very shady places the little golden beauties made their own sunshine, and sang and frisked and flirted as gaily as ever did their less lovely ancestors in their Afric island home. In fine weather a lark or two, and a thrush or a blackbird, generally hung outside John's house in turfed and bow-windowed and wicker cages, and cooled and countrified the close air of the Buildings with their gushing, trilling, fluting song. Occasionally the bird "most musical" joined the concert, in anything but "most melancholy" strains. Not often in the later period of the barber's fancying, for he was tender-hearted, and a good many nightingales that he had owned had pined to death. One he had set free when it was dashing itself wildly against its prison-bars at the time in which its uncaught fellows were winging their flight to sunnier climes.

In the shop there was an aged goldfinch, which looked upon the woodnotes wild of its coming and going uneducated brethren as utterances too frivolous for him to join in. They might come and go, singing, as John bought and sold them, but Old Goldy went on for ever—more of a fixture in the shop even than its master—drawing up its little bucketfuls of seed and water in uncomplaining patience and dignified dumbness. A white cockatoo, very fond of scattering his maize upon the floor, and of rattling his chain as he descended his pole backwards or head foremost, to recover the fallen food—of presenting his poll to be scratched, complacently chuckling at the same time, "pretty cocky," and of slightly raising his wings to provoke an invitation to show his "blanket;" a pair of dainty, loving little budgeree-ghas; and a pair of king-parrots, looking very much like a gorgeous green-coated, red-waistcoated flunkey, and the dowdy wife of whom he is ashamed, were other fixtures in John's shop. Every now and then he had a starling, a magpie, or a jackdaw, learning human English under his instruction—either pupils of his own selection, or entrusted to his care by other fanciers for the finishing of their education; and if you chanced to pass his shop on a summer afternoon, you might sometimes wonder what had suddenly brought to your mind the rustle of forest-leaves, the sea-like sighing murmur of the wind through the dark tops of red-boled firs, ankle deep in purple heather, until you made out plainly that it was the slumberous cooing of a pair of doves. John was, moreover, the owner of a hedgehog, which he had christened "Judge Chuny," and it had, indeed, a very judge-like look when its master made it sit, half rolled up, on his hand, with its bristles projecting like a wig over its gravely knowing face. Chuny had been purchased at the instance of Mrs. Marks, the bachelor barber's old housekeeper, to rid her kitchen of "black beetles," and at first she had been very grateful to Chuny for his services in this way. When, however, there were no longer hundreds left for him to slay, she began to think him as great a nuisance as the cockroaches had been. He blundered about so at night, knocking down tins, and butting up against doors, that poor Mrs. Marks awoke time after time in dread that burglars had broken into the house. He retired to rest, moreover, in such unexpected places. On one occasion Mrs. Marks found him in her boot, drawing back her foot with a

scream as if she had trodden on hot iron. On another occasion he was taken out of the house, like Falstaff, in a basket of dirty linen, causing the washerwoman, who pricked her hand in unpacking it, to go into hysterics. She brought Chuny back, swathed in as many wrappers as would have rendered a porcupine innocuous; but she also gave Mrs. Marks an indignant piece of her mind on the impropriety of keeping "sich a nasty beast as that jist to ann'y your neighbours;" so that the housekeeper was more anxious than ever to get rid of Chuny, who, in his solemn way, seemed to enjoy the joke. John, however, had taken a fancy to the quaint creature, and refused to part with it, unless Mrs. Marks would consent to kill and cook it after the manner of the gipsies. He knew well enough that she would be afraid even to touch it.

But on the winter evening of which I speak, Judge Chuny had ceased from going circuit, and was snugly curled up in hay, drugget, and old newspapers, slumbering, until Spring should come again, at the bottom of his hybernaculum, an old tea-chest.

John began to fidget, whisking his coat-tails in a fussy little way, again, just like his birds'. He was rather impatient, although a better little man, as poor humanity goes, could not be found amongst the millions of our huge City's population. He had taken his sister's two children off her hands, because she had married a drunkard. He clothed her, and often fed her too. Many a time he had been called on to get his worthless brother-in-law out of scrapes, to pay his rent for him, to pay fines for him, &c., &c. The scamp was not in the slightest degree grateful. "I know you don't do it for me," he would growl, when he received a favour. Still the little barber had a hold on his big brother-in-law. John's favours were not to be slightly forfeited. There was not another soul in the world, except his powerless wife, whom Lushy Luke could look to for a helping hand. Big though Luke was, too, he was a drink-enfeebled coward, and afraid of little John. Unless quite mad-drunk, therefore, he had given up beating his wife, who still clung to him with the strangely ineradicable affection observable in some women, because John had declared, that if ever a hand were laid on his sister in anger again, by the wretch with whom she was unlucky enough to be linked, he should first receive a hearty thrashing from him, the redoubtable John, and then be left to sink or swim, as best he could, without even his wife to help him. As I have intimated, the wife was sometimes beaten after her husband had received that conditional proclamation of war, but she took care not to let her brother hear of these beatings; for little John meant what he said, and although, as a general rule, he would not have harmed a fly, he would certainly have done his best to hurt Lushy Luke, if he had again figured openly as a wife-beater.

It was for his niece Jemima and his nephew Jack that John stood waiting before the fire in his shop. Tea was waiting in the parlour for all three, and John wanted his tea, but did not choose to begin it until he had his little family about him. He was a sociable little man, and formerly had had Mrs. Marks for his companion at his meals; but since the youngsters' arrival, Mrs. Marks, who was not a sociable woman—at any rate, found no pleasure in children's company—had chosen to take her meals by herself in the kitchen.

At length the children arrived: a gravely gentle little girl, and a curly-headed little boy, a year or so younger, with good-natured but roguish eyes, almost always on the look-out for a fresh opportunity of doing some, perhaps not very heinous, but often rather provoking mischief.

"Why, where *have* you been all this while?" asked John.

"Kept in, uncle," answered Jemima, looking somewhat shamefaced.

"Don't you tell stories, Mima," shouted Jack. "You don't never get kept in. You never do nothin' naughty. It was me that was kept in, uncle, and Mima waited for me."

"What have you been doin' of now, you young rascal?" rejoined his uncle. "Ain't you ashamed of yourself? They'll turn you out of the school if you go on that fashion. Keepin' your good little sister, too, shiverin' in the cold!"

John's speech was one of reproof, but neither his looks nor his tones seconded his words.

He seemed almost equally proud of his niece for being such a good, unselfish little soul, and of his nephew for being such a little pickle—and, indeed, there was very little malice in Master Jacky's mischief.

"Well, come along now," added John. "I want my tea, and I don't care to take it unless my little woman pours it out for me. Don't you give Jack no sugar in his cup to-night, Mima. He don't deserve it."

He spoke now so seriously that, at first, the little girl believed he was in earnest, and glanced up at him with a wheedling look of deprecation, but finding out her mistake, she seated herself before the tray, and began to make tea as solemnly as if she had been eighty instead of eight, and I am afraid that naughty master Jack got an extra allowance of sugar, simply because he had been kept in at school—a mode of proceeding which showed more love than logic on the part of Mima.

"We're like the grand folks you read about in the papers—we've music at our meals," said John, as the birds in the parlour, exhilarated by the turning up of the gas, burst forth in an almost deafening chorus.

"Ain't it wonderful the lot o' sweet sounds the good God has stowed away in them little mites o' things? It's no wonder it comes out with a burst when they do begin, for the music must be packed as full as they'll hold."

The barber kept no cat, and consequently two canaries, tame enough to be let out of their cages, could flit about with impunity. They soon alighted on the table and helped themselves to bread-and-butter and watercresses, looking round after each peck and pull, with a glance half-saucy and half-shy. Then they clattered on to the tray, perched on the slop-basin, pecked at the sugar, and ruffled their feathers in indignation at the distorted caricatures of themselves they beheld in the polished teapot.

When tea was over, and the canaries, after a sharp chase, had been—tweeting shrill protest—re-deposited in their cages, John went into the shop to attend to his customers, and the children sat down to prepare their next day's lessons. Even Jack sat down, but instantly dapped up again and bounded off as if he were made of india-rubber. Time after time Mima coaxed him back to the table only to see him dash off once more; until soon finding, as was usual, that neither would learn their lessons at that rate of going on, she laid gentle hands upon him, and kept him prisoner until he had mastered his tasks. When he had done so—easy work for him, although how long he would retain what he had learnt so easily was a different matter—his sister settled herself down to her more difficult and less lightly conquered studies, with a conscientious resolve to give them her undivided attention. This, however, was hard to accomplish with a brother in the room, who every minute or so was on the point of setting himself or the house on fire, and who, amongst other pranks, exhumed the hedgehog from its hybernaculum and bowled it at his sister's shins like a cricket-ball, loaded his little cannon with powder and peppercorns, and engaged in artillery practice against his slate, set up at such a range that his shot whizzed between Mima's nose and her book, not always avoiding both. Whilst John was lathering one of his most influential customers, Mr. Cleaver, the chief butcher of the Buildings, who was going to some evening entertainment, the old man of whom the barber generally bought his turfs, &c., limped into the shop. "You're late, Joe," said John, ceasing for a minute from his lathering. "I couldn't keep my birds waitin' for you, an' so I 've bought of another chap."

"Can't ye git on, Bulb?" growled the butcher. "I ain't a-goin' to set 'ere all night while you're a-talkin' to that beggar."

"Why, you see, Mr. Cleaver," answered John, "the poor old feller mayn't take it kind of me. I am about the oldest reg'lar customer he's got."

"All the more reason why he shouldn't disapp'int ye," said Cleaver. "That's 'ow it is in my line, 'cept when we want to nail a new un, and then at times we may keep a old customer waitin', if he's easy. The old wagabone was too lazy to get up to go arter your stuff—got drunk, or somethin' o' that, most like. But what's the good o' talkin' o' such rubbish? You git on wi' my beard. If I'd my way, there shouldn't be no poor folk in the world. What's the good of 'em? They're no good to me, I know, for I don't sell nought but prime meat. What ain't fit for a respectable man to heat I 'ont buy if I knows it. I hain't no need to horniment my blocks wi' cag-mag. Poor folk, indeed! They're jest ollus a priggin' an' a risin' o' the rates, that's all the good they are."

"You sit down by the fire for a bit, Joe," said John kindly. "You look as if you wanted a warm. I'll talk to you pres'n'ly."

The barber finished his lathering, raised, with some difficulty, and a rather tighter nip than necessary, the butcher's flat nose above the level of his soapsudded cheeks, mowed off his stubble, and deposited the swaths with a somewhat heavier hand than usual on his napkined shoulder. John disapproved of Mr. Cleaver's views on the proletariat population, but he could not afford to quarrel with his rich customer, and therefore only ventured on the ingenious

little modes I have indicated of manifesting his disapprobation.

"Well, Joe," he said, when the butcher was gone, "Mr. Cleaver there would kill you off—you an' such as you, p'ison ye like rats—if he'd his way. What do you say to that?"

"Cleaver needn't trouble his head about me," answered the old man, coughing like a sheep. "The cold 'll save him the trouble soon s' far as I'm consarned. There can't be much more o' my lungs left for me to spit up. You can tell Mr. Cleaver I'm a-goin' fast, but I ain't a-goin' to hurry myself for he. I've as much right in the world as him anyhow. What good's he to anybody, I should like to know, 'cept his own piggish self? Ketch him a-buyin' birds' food, or a singin' bird to eat it. Fat geese and turkeys is all he cares for. I'm sure he hain't no need to eat 'em to make hisself any fatter. If I was his widdy I'd sell his carcase to the soap-boilers. The body-snatchers 'ud be afraid to git it for the doctors, it 'ud take 'em sich an oncommon time to lift. But, of course, it's a sin nowadays to be poor. Chris'n folks says so; though Jesus Christ hadn't so much to bless hisself with in the money way, s'far as I can make out, an' good to the poor, He was. What He'd got He'd give 'em. He wouldn't ha' sent a poor man about from pillar to post as the charitable folk do nowadays, lettin' him run the chance o' starvin', instead o' puttin' their hands in their own pockets. Charitable folk is oncommon shy o' their own pockets nowadays. But Christ was ollus stickin' up for poor folk. Look at Him when there was on'y a little bread an' fish for him an' his lot, He made his men give it to the poor folk. 'Taint wonderful the swells had sich a down on Him. But He give 'em wuss than He got, told 'em plump that a rich man couldn't git into heaven, no more than a camel could through the eye of a needle. I should like to know what Cleaver thinks o' that, though, most like, he's a hignorant 'eathen as don't never read his Bible, even if he knows how."

"Ah, well," said John, "you leave the poor swells and Mr. Cleaver alone, Joe. He ain't a swell, whatever else you may say agin 'im. An' p'r'aps it would be as well, Joe, if you wasn't to speak quite so free of *somebody else* you've been a-talkin' about. I don't like that kind o' talk, though you mean well, an' there's no denyin' there's some truth in what you say. But you're out o' sorts, wuss than usual, poor old chap, what is it?"

Whereupon Joe related how, owing to his illness, he had gone late to work, and then, owing to the frost, had only been able to obtain turfs which nobody would buy.

"And so you wanted to try 'em off on me, eh, Joe? That wasn't grateful to an old customer like me. Anyhow, you might ha' let me have the refusal of 'em a bit sooner. I don't give my birds other folks' leavin's, thankee all the same.—Well, no, they don't look a promisin' lot," John went on, as he turned over the turf-seller's stock. "Reg'lar burnt black wi' the frost they are, an' not a mite o' shamrock as I can see. Might as well give the birds a double 'andful o' cinders. But tell-ee what, old man. If you'll take a reasonable price, I'll buy 'em for fuel. Mayhap they'll feed the fire, when they're dry."

Taking a turf up, John pitched it on the shop fire.

"Ah, you wouldn't be so ready to fling 'em away like that, Mr. Bulb, if you knew what a trouble they was to git," grumbled the seller. "You look at my hands—there's chilblains for ye, an' I'm perished all over as if my blood was friz, and I should never thaw agin, for all my settin' by your fire."

He was very glad, however, to receive the price which John gave him for his otherwise unmarketable goods.

"But what is't, arter all?" he continued to grumble, as he handled the copper coins. "That's a fat lot, ain't it, for a day's work? Miles I've had to walk. And now you've been good enough to buy of me, Mr. Bulb, when nobody else would, pretty nigh the whole o' this must go as soon as I've got it. 'Tain't much to eat and drink I shall git out of it, an' 'cept a old crust o' bread, and half mouldy that was, I hain't 'ad bite nor sup this blessed day."

"Well, you mind the shop, Joe, an' I'll see what I can get you," said John. "My old woman keeps the teapot on the hob mostly, pretty nigh till bed-time. It's queer the likin' women have for tea, whatever time o' day or night it is. However, that's better than if they took to Jacky. If anybody looks in while I'm gone, you can tell 'em you're my new journeyman as I've hired, becos my business is so increasin'. Only mind you don't try to shave 'em; else, perhaps you might cut 'em wi' those cold hands o' yourn."

When people are doing a kind action, they are often apt to think their own jokes very funny. John grinned a great deal more than Joe did over this mild facetiousness. Pre-

sently he came back bearing two white basins, one full of steaming tea, and the other containing fragments of cold beef-steak pudding, cold potatoes, cold cabbage, and a knife and fork.

"There, drink the tea up, Joe—it will put some warmth into you," said John. "You can eat your grub here or take it home, just as you like. I've put plenty of salt and pepper in, and some winegar over the greens. You'd better eat it here. I expect you hain't got much of a fire at home, poor old chap."

Joe drank off half the tea at a draught, and then, setting down the basin inside the fender, took the other basin between his knees, and fell to on the solid part of his banquet.

He seemed to enjoy it, but soon remarked with somewhat ungracious gratitude, "It was wery good of you, Mr. Bulb, to put sich a lot o' pepper in, helse cold wittles 'ud strike cold to the stomic sich a night as this."

Nevertheless, he emptied the basin. Having then drunk off the rest of the tea to fortify himself against the outside cold, he rose to depart.

"Good night, Mr. Bulb," he said, "and I thank ye for my supper. Ah, it's a fine thing to be able to buy sich a lot o' wittles as you can give away what you don't want without missin' on it."

"Joe don't say much of a grace before meat, nor arter neither," the smiling barber remarked to himself, when the old man had limped out into the snow which had been for some time falling. "Ah, well, poor old chap, it ain't wonderful he's crusty, he's a hard time of it. P'r'aps he's like the collier chap that said, 'Gie oi figgy pudden, an' oi'll ax a blessin', but not over taties an' zalt!' Though I ain't so sure that them as on't thank ye for a little, 'ud thank ye for a lot. Still there's mostly some kind o' truth in what the old chap says. Arter all, it *ain't* much to give away what you don't want. But that don't apply to poor Mrs. Marks. I emptied her pot for old Joe, and she can't ha' got another drawed to her likin' yet. But it's time I was lookin' arter my young uns."

John had got hold of the phrase *in loco parentis*, and was very fond of repeating it with a slight variation. "Them as I stands in loco payrientis to" was a favourite periphrasis of his when speaking of his niece and nephew. He certainly did his best to fulfil a parent's duties towards them—indeed many children left to their real parents' care were not so well off. Besides feeding and clothing them, giving them a comfortable home, with many little indoor and outdoor indulgences, and sending them to school, he looked strictly after their morals. For their sake he went regularly to church—a dim old City church in a corner looking down with blear eyes on a disused burial-ground—and every night before they went to bed he heard them say their prayers. When he went into the little parlour, the children had had their supper and were sitting on the hearthrug before the fire, with their arms round one another's necks,—Jack, for a wonder, as still as the little birds which were taking their repose all round the room on one leg, with their heads tucked beneath their wings. When Jack was too tired for play it was his custom to command his sister to tell him stories. She was finishing one as John went into the room.

"That wasn't half as good as the other, Mima," cried Jack when it was over. Nobody did nothin' naughty in it. You're half asleep."

"It's time you both were asleep," said their uncle. "Come and say your prayers."

They knelt in turns at the plump little man's knee, said their prayers, kissed him, and then went up to bed.

When John had put up the shop shutters, put out the shop gas, and fastened the shop door, he took his own supper, and when Mrs. Marks had cleared away, and bidden him good night, he drew up to the fire, as was his wont, with his pipe and tobacco jar, the day's paper, and a book or two. John dearly liked to have the children about him, he was very fond of his birds, and he relished the gossip of his shop, but he also greatly enjoyed the hours of quiet which he got when all his household were a-bed, and frequently sat up quite into the small hours.

That was the only time at which he allowed himself to smoke; then, the day's work over, he could glean the stray paragraphs which he had left unread in his day's dashes at the paper; and then he could peruse at his leisure his favourite natural history and poetry-books; and then, moreover, as the roar and rattle of the great city around him subsided into a more and more drowsy hum, until at last nothing could be heard except the ticking of his own clock and the church clocks striking the hours and chiming the quarters, he could dream, with his eyes open, of the Past and the Impossible.

For the bird-fancying barber was, in his way, a very sentimental little man. He had been disappointed in love, and not being

brought into contact with the not over-amiable matron into which his lady-love had developed, he still thought that his rival had done him a great wrong in robbing him of her, and built most romantic cottages in the air. His tastes were rural, although he wielded the razor in a crowded London alley, and he pictured himself to himself with scythe or sickle in hand, or superintending the operations of his mowers and reapers, in meadows hedged with hawthorn and dog-roses, and golden corn-fields set in dusky whispering woods, and returning, when his pleasant toil was over, through pastures sweet with the breath of kine, to a homestead begirt with ricks and roses and smothered in honeysuckle, clematis, and jessamine, within which his Beloved, ever fair and ever young, although the mother of twelve blooming children, would rise up with a sunny smile upon her lovely lips, to call him ever welcome. And then his thoughts would go back to the time when his poor, dowdy, draggle-tailed, depressed sister Jemima was a pretty, gentle, grave, but happy little girl, very like little Mima, and as fond of him as Mima was of Jack. He would remember how anxiously she watched over him, how she sacrificed her pleasure for his, how she screened him in his childish troubles, and tried to pull him out of his boyish scrapes; how pure and kind she seemed to him as she grew older, holding him back from worse outbreaks by her simple piety and enduring love; how, although he still made no scruple of availing himself of her services on all occasions, he no longer looked upon her as an inferior being created for his convenience, and bound to come like a dog at his command, but looked up to her as the best woman in the world, of whom no man would ever be worthy; how, although the lover was a very different man from the husband, he had scoffed at the idea of Luke Jameson marrying his sister, and with what an almost fiendishly jealous hatred he had regarded Luke when he found that his sister returned her admirer's love.

"Ah, if *she*'d only been disapp'inted in love, what a blessing it would have been for her!" the affectionate little fellow used to think, quite forgetting that he might have reason to thank Heaven for his disappointment also. "Disapp'inted enough she has been since her marriage, poor girl. I always knew it would be so, and said so plain enough—I could see through the scoundrel for all his smooth face and soft speeches—but she wouldn't mind me. I couldn't have believed she could have got so angry with anybody, let alone me, poor dear girl." His wrath against his brother-in-law would grow hotter and hotter as he thought of the coldness which for a time existed between himself and his sister on Jameson's account, of the anxious look which his sister's face began to wear very soon after her marriage, of her efforts to hide her husband's ever-increasing bestiality and brutality, of their public exposure, and of the wretched life she had ever since led, and—this seemed to make John most furious of all—the constancy with which she clung to the reprobate, professing still to be able to love him.

"Love him, pah!" John has indignantly ejaculated, as he thought over his sister's lot in the stillness of the night, rousing his birds from their slumbers by the energy with which he brought down his clenched fist upon the table. "It's my belief a woman could love a sewer-rat, especially if it flew at her throat.—If she 'd only fling him over and come to live with me," he often thought, "I'd take good care she wasn't molested, and try to give her a little bit of happiness in her life. If she don't get it soon, she'll never get it. She ain't three years good older than me, and yet her hair's quite grey. Anyhow she'd have her children with her. Thank God I've got 'em. Little Mima's the image of what her poor mother was. *She* shan't have a Lushy Luke, I'll wring his neck first. And Jack's a fine little chap; though he is a little limb for mischief. There's no sign of his sneaking wretch of a father in him yet, and never will be, please God."

On the night, or rather morning, referred to, John sat up so late that he fell asleep, and did not wake until the fire had gone out. It was not, however, the chilly feeling of the room alone that woke him. A trembling figure in white was hoarsely whispering in his ear—Mrs. Marks in her night-gown.

"Oh, Mr. Bulb," she was saying in a tone very queerly modulated, owing to her desire to make herself audible, and yet audible to her master only—"Oh, Mr. Bulb, there's burglars breakin' into the house. 'Tain't Chuny this time. I've looked in his box, and he's asleep, as sound as a top. They woke me up ten minutes ago, and at fust I thought it was the hedgehog—the frights that nasty thing 'as giv' me, shovin' chairs along wi' his nose like a Christ'an. But I soon felt sure as it was men, an' not mice nor rats nor anythink else I heared, an' then for a bit I lay a-bed afraid to stir, an' then I

couldn't stand it no longer, so down I came, and looked in the box, and it wasn't Chuny, for he was curled up with his nose to his toes a-sleepin' like a hinfant, and yet the n'ise was still a-goin' on, an' it's a-goin' on now—can't you hear it? Oh, Mr. Bulb, Mr. Bulb, they'll be in on us in two twos!"

Seizing the poker, John crept in the direction of the sounds. When he entered the scullery, plainly enough the shutter was being tried. It was shaking, and there was no wind to shake it. Now, as I have intimated, John, in his way, was a valorous little fellow. In broad daylight, and man to man, he was not likely to turn tail, but to tackle an unknown number of housebreakers in the darkness of the winter small hours, single-handed,

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was a very different matter. Accordingly, he made use of stratagem.

"Now, then, strike a light," he suddenly shouted at the top of his voice. "Run round and cut 'em off, constables, if they get away from us."

Whereupon he rushed at the scullery door as if bent on instantly unbolting it.

Instantly the shaking of the shutter ceased, and a sound was heard as of some one running across the backyard, and afterwards scrambling over the wall.

When all was still again, John lighted a lantern, undid the door, and examined his outside premises. There were footmarks on the snow, which had just ceased to fall, and some of the broken glass which fortified the yard wall had recently been still further

broken. On the other side of the wall was a narrow passage leading from the Buildings into another part of the maze of masonry round about.

John came back, rebolted the scullery door, looked to his other fastenings, and then, Mrs. Marks having blown up the smouldering kitchen fire, and made some tea, she and her master partook of that refreshment, the old woman went up to bed again, and John, for the rest of the night, dozed sentry in her patch-work-covered arm-chair before the kitchen fire.

By daylight John examined the footprints again. They had been made by boots which sadly needed soling. There was not much in that, but a queer look passed over John's face when he noticed it.

"Don't tell the children anything about the row last night, Mrs. Marks, as they did not hear it. It would only scare them," said John, stepping back into the scullery.

Just then Jack's voice could be heard upon the stairs, shouting, "Hooray, the snow's lyin' in the yard—come along, Mima, and I'll pelt you."

But John, to their astonishment, bade the children stay within, locked the scullery door, and put the key in his pocket.

"Have you found out anything, Mr. Bulb?" asked Mrs. Marks.

"Whoever it was must have cut himself nicely," answered John. "There's blood on the snow on the wall. Don't say anything about the affair to *any* one, Mrs. Marks. If we keep it quiet, we shall have a better chance of catching the rascal."

It was hard work for Mrs. Marks to hold her tongue, but supplied with such a motive, she was enabled to do so. John, too, resisted the strong temptation under which he lay to talk of his nocturnal adventures to his customers.

In the course of the morning, when there were no customers in the shop, his sister entered it, looking more woebegone than ever.

"Why, what is the matter now, my poor girl?" said John. "Of course, though, he didn't give you any of what I gave him yesterday morning. I didn't more than half—not half—believe his story about you having sent him for it. To tell you the truth, I shouldn't have let him have any, if it hadn't been to get rid of him. He walked right into the parlour when I'd got my cash-box out. The money was lying about on the table, and he looked uncommonly inclined to make a grab and cut. So I gave him a sovereign—I shouldn't have liked to be forced to give my sister's husband into charge for stealing, though he is a villain."

"Oh, don't be hard on him now, John," sobbed the wife. "He isn't long for this world, poor fellow, may God forgive him."

"Shamming," interjected John, whom long experience of his brother-in-law had made sceptical as to his asserted ailments.

"No, indeed, John—it's cruel to say so. He must have had a fall. He came home this morning frightfully cut about the hands."

"Phew-w-w!" commented John, in a low whistle.

"The doctor says it will be lock-jaw. I got a neighbour to sit with him while I ran round to tell you. You'll come and see him, John?"

"Yes," said her brother. "Mrs. Marks, will you mind the shop till I come back?"

John visited his brother-in-law, and gave his sister means to supply the poor wretch's wants. He also took back with him his brother-in-law's boots.

They tallied exactly with the footprints in the still unmelted snow, but he never informed his sister of that fact.

Neither did he tell the children of their father's illness. They had been removed from "home" so young that he was in their eyes only a vaguely "bad man," who somehow kept mother from living with them and made uncle angry.

The tortures of tetanus came upon the miserable man. Forgetting all his brutalities, and her bitter disappointment, his wife nursed him as tenderly as if he had been the best of husbands, and prayed as earnestly that he might be restored to life. She could not but rejoice when he was released from his agonies—but then she burst into lamentation as if she had lost all the brightness, instead of the darkener of her life.

She saw in the vice-marked corpse only the handsome, tender lover of her youth, and maintained, with a pathetic insistance, that in his last illness God had heard her prayers and changed his heart.

At any rate, he was dead, and John said no further word against him, but accompanied his sister to the cemetery when she followed her dead husband to the tomb.

Still the dead man had but one mourner. When, on the Sunday morning after the funeral, the widow and her children, wondering at their mother's and their own new black, walked with John to his old City church, to form in it no inconsiderable portion of the congregation, and just as they drew near,

the organ's music pealed out of the dim doorway, and sunshine, bursting through the winter clouds, lit up the grimy grave-stones, and the smoke-dried ivy on the churchyard wall, the good, sentimental little man accepted the omen as a prophecy of happiness after gloom for the little family reunited in Tanner's Buildings, behind the unromantic cognisance of a barber's pole.

RICHARD ROWE.

THE MINOR PROPHETS.

II.—AMOS AND OBADIAH.

AMOS.—Of the personal history of Amos very little is known. He describes himself as of Tekoa, a village in the south-eastern part of Judah (2 Chron. xx. 20; Jer. vi. 1; comp. 1 Macc. ix. 33), and which Jerome says was six miles to the south of Bethlehem and twelve from Jerusalem, on a mountain-range, and seen by him continually (Proem. ad Amos.; com. ad Jer. vi. 1); it is identified with the modern Tekû'a. He was a herdsman by occupation (vii. 14), and tended apparently sheep as well as larger cattle, for while he calls himself in ver. 14 בּוֹקֵר *Bôqer* "herdsman," he says in ver. 15 that he "followed the flock" (צֹאן *Tsôn*, sheep or goats, small cattle generally). In i. 1 he is said to have been one of the *Noq'dim* (נֹקְדִים) of Tekoa, which some suppose to indicate that he was himself proprietor of the animals he herded, for in 2 Kings iii. 4 the singular of this word is used of King Mesha and rendered in the Authorised Version "sheepmaster." This, however, does not necessarily follow from the use of this word; and at any rate Amos must have been one of the poor of the land, for he describes himself as "a gatherer of sycamore fruit" (vii. 14), one who collected and used for food the fruit of the wild fig or mulberry-tree, which was so used only by the poor.

Very different from this is the condition assigned to him by the Rabbinical writers, who make him a brother of King Amaziah (Tr. Megilla, fol. 10, 2), for which, however, there seems no reason but that both names relate to the same root. By the church fathers he is confounded with Amoz the father of Isaiah, a mistake into which they were led by the LXX, who write both names alike, Ἀμώς. In the Hebrew they are quite distinct. The prophet's name עָמוֹס *'Amôs*, signifies *Bearer*, and probably refers to Jehovah as the bearer of his people's burdens, for the full name seems to have been that borne by the king עֲמַסְיָה *'Amâsyâh, Jehovah is bearer.*

Amos, though neither a prophet by profession, nor educated in any school of the prophets (vii. 14), was not an illiterate man, nor destitute of natural ability. His book shows that he was well acquainted with the Law; and there is an elevation of sentiment, a wealth of imagery and a grace of composition in his writings, which bespeak not only native genius, but a certain degree of culture. In obedience to the divine call he came forth to denounce the sins of the people of the Ten Tribes, and predict the ruin which these were bringing upon them. He prophesied under the reign of Jeroboam II., and in the latter part of that reign, while Uzziah was on the throne of Judah (i. 1; vii. 12). The date of his prophesying is given precisely by himself as "two years before the earthquake" (i. 1). The earthquake referred to is doubtless that which happened during the reign of Uzziah (Zech. xiv. 5), and which seems to have been sufficiently memorable to mark an epoch; but as we know not in what year of Uzziah's reign it happened, we are not helped thereby to determine more exactly the time of Amos's prophesying. As little does the reference in vi. 2, 14, to the extension of the kingdom of Israel, to the entering in of Hamath, and to the overthrow of the city of Gath help us; for, while in keeping with the assumption that the prophet prophesied during the reign of Jeroboam and the reign of Uzziah, when these occurred (comp. 2 Kings xiv. 25; 2 Chron. xxvi. 6), this reference being to events the exact date of which is unknown, leaves the precise date of the prophet's activity still undetermined. It is probable that he was but a short time engaged as a prophet; and as he was not a native of the northern kingdom, but was sent thither from Judah on a special mission, the probability is that he tarried only long enough to deliver his message and then returned to his home and usual occupation. The duty to which he was thus called was neither a pleasant nor an easy one. Under Jeroboam the kingdom of Israel had reached its highest point of worldly power, and attained its

greatest extent; but as wealth and power increased the nation sank in morality, and luxury, carnality, and licentiousness prevailed. Amos was sent to reprove the people for their sins, and to predict the ruin of the kingdom as the inevitable consequence of their persisting in their evil ways. So faithfully did he discharge the duty thus laid upon him that Amaziah, the priest of Bethel, related him to the king as one who had conspired against him, and whose words the land could not bear (vii. 10). Tradition represents him as being injuriously treated and beaten by Amaziah and his son (Pseud-Epiphanius, c. 12; Dorotheus Tyr. Synops. in Biblioth. Patrr. Mag., iii. p. 143) but this is probably apocryphal; of his subsequent history nothing is certainly known.

The prophecies of Amos are arranged in his book on a well-defined plan. They may be divided into two parts, the former of which (ch. i.—vi.) contains prophetical declarations especially concerning the kingdom of Israel, but touching also on certain of the adjoining nations; the latter (ch. vii.—ix.) presents certain visions and symbolical representations set before the prophet, indicating the danger to which Israel was exposed by her sins, and her final overthrow, with a brief historical note respecting the prophet himself interpolated, and concluding with a passage describing the restoration which God should effect when he should raise again the tabernacle of David that was thrown down. Both parts are closely connected with each other. In ch. i. 2—ii. 16, we have what may be regarded as an introduction to the whole; in this the prophet announces the judgments that should come on the Philistines, on Edom, on Judah, and on Israel for their transgressions; and the main drift of this is to show that if judgment was to come on the heathen nations for their sins against the Theocracy, much more must Judah and Israel expect to be punished for the sins of their people. On this follow three connected discourses in which the prophet sets forth the folly and sin of the nation, and foretells with ever-increasing force the destruction that was coming upon it (iii.—vi.). In the visions that follow (i.—ix.), the fate of impenitent Israel is represented with vivid distinctness, and only in a few words at the end is the restoration which was to follow the judgment indicated. In these discourses and visions the judgment menaced against Israel in the introduction is defined and certified; so that the entire book hangs together and forms one continuous whole.

This unity in the contents of the book bespeaks it the work of one author; and that the author is Amos himself is rendered certain by the references to him by name in ch. vii. and viii., and the use by him there of the first person in speaking of himself. Some have supposed that in the visions in the second part of the book we have what the prophet uttered at Bethel, and that the first part and the concluding words (ix. 10-15) were added by the prophet after his return to Judah, when he composed his book. There is, however, no conclusive evidence of this, and the historical note introduced at the close of chapter vii. would seem to indicate that the preceding discourses contain the substance of what the prophet uttered against Israel, for it is upon them much more than on the visions that such a charge as Amaziah brought against Amos could be founded.

The style of this prophet has sometimes been characterised as rude and inelegant, but in this judgment no critic of eminence is found to concur. On the contrary, the best judges agree in ascribing clearness, symmetry, and force to his writing; while in parts he rises to poetry of no mean order. Of imagery he makes frequent and felicitous use; and his images are mostly drawn from scenes with which his rural and pastoral life must have made him familiar. "The simple horizon of rural life," as Ewald justly says, "has so completely filled his healthy imagination that nowhere else among the prophets does one light upon images from that life with such pure originality and vividness, and in such inexhaustible fulness. This appears not merely from the numerous similitudes and individual images he uses, but even into the most delicate veins of representation and language the peculiarity of the prophet's experience and intuition penetrates."* When he would depict scenes of calamity and disaster it is of the mourning of the shepherds' tents, of the failure of rain, of parching drought, of wasting mildew, of the ravages of the locust, of the incursions of the lion and the bear, and the furtive sting of the serpent that he speaks; and when he would reverse the picture and present scenes of prosperity and joy, it is from the fertile fields where the ploughman overtakes the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed, from mountains that drop sweet wine, and hills that dissolve themselves in streams of milk and honey, from a land

* "Propheten d. A.B.," i. 117.

where the inhabitants plant vines and drink the wine thereof, make gardens and eat the fruit of them, that he borrows the lines with which he heightens the effect of his picture. (Comp. i. 2; iv. 7-9; v. 16, 19; ix. 13-15.) As a simple countryman, Amos views with special indignation the luxury and licentiousness of great towns; and the crimes which he specially denounces are such as involve injury and oppression to the husbandman and the poor. (Comp. ii. 6-8; iii. 10; iv. 1; v. 11; vi. 4-6.) When he would set forth the power and supremacy of Jehovah, it is to his working in nature in the production of such effects as one living in the fields would particularly be led to observe. (Comp. iv. 13; v. 8; viii. 9; ix. 5.) Indeed, one might almost say that his entire book is, in its construction, like one of those storms which the prophet must often have seen as he tended his flocks—first the distant and indistinct mutterings that gave warning of the coming tempest, then the outburst of the storm in gust after gust, each more fierce than its predecessor, until at length, its fury being expended, sunshine and calm return, and the fields put on a richer verdure, and yield a more plenteous harvest.

Of a few words the spelling is peculiar to Amos. This Ewald regards as a mark of the writer's not having come forth from Jerusalem, the centre of culture at that time. As the effect, however, of the orthography followed by the prophet is to make the words softer in pronunciation, it is probable that in the district to which Amos belonged a more refined dialect prevailed than that common even in Jerusalem. Be this, however, as it may, we are safe, as Dr. Pusey remarks, in inferring from these orthographical peculiarities "the extreme care with which the words have been handed down to us just as the prophet wrote and spoke them."*

OBADIAH.—Of the personal history of this prophet we know nothing. His name (עֹבַדְיָה) signifies "servant (*i.e.* worshipper) of Iah;" this is undoubtedly to be regarded as a proper name, and not, as some have suggested, as an appellation. The word seems to have been sometimes pronounced 'Ab'diyah or 'Abedyah, as the LXX. give it in the form Ἀβδίας or Ὀβδίας, Vulg. *Abdias*. The name was borne by several persons mentioned in the Old Testament, and by some the prophet has been identified with the Obadiah who was an officer in the house of Ahab, and is described as one who "feared the Lord greatly" (1 Kings xviii. 3); while by others he is supposed to be the Obadiah whom Jehoshaphat sent along with others of the princes "to teach in the cities of Judah" (2 Chron. xvii. 7). The latter is the more probable conjecture; but it is nothing but a conjecture.

In the short prophecy which bears his name, the prophet discourses of the relation of Edom to the Theocracy. He begins by announcing the doom of Edom, which should be cast down from its lofty habitation and utterly destroyed (1-9). He then describes the cause of this in the enmity of Edom to Judah, and his unbrotherly conduct in not only regarding with indifference the assaults of the adversary upon the people of the Theocracy, but taking advantage of their calamity to serve his own sinister ends (10-16); and he concludes with an announcement of deliverance to Israel and final triumph over Edom (17-21). In this concluding part the announcement assumes the character of a Messianic prophecy.

When the part of Obadiah's prophecy that relates to Edom is compared with Jeremiah's announcements of the judgment that was to come on that nation (xlix. 7 ff), so close a resemblance is found between the two that the inference is irresistible that the one prophet must have borrowed from the other. (Comp. Obad. 1-4 with Jer. xlix. 14-16; Obad. 5 with Jer. xlix. 9; Obad. 8 with Jer. xlix. 7; Obad. 16 with Jer. xlix. 12.) But which of the two was the earlier writer has been disputed. Looking merely at the language of the two passages, the presumption arises that Obadiah was the earlier, for his style is more rugged and his language more obscure than Jeremiah's in the corresponding passages; and it is greatly more probable that a later writer would soften the harshness and avoid the obscurities of an earlier writer whom he cites, than that he would substitute rugged and obscure phraseology for that which he found smooth and perspicuous. The presumption arising from this that Obadiah is the earlier writer is heightened almost to certainty when it is observed that what in Jeremiah is scattered over several verses forms in Obadiah one closely-connected whole; for, as has been justly observed, "it is plainly more natural to suppose that Jeremiah enlarged an existing prophecy, adding to it words which God gave him, than that Obadiah put together scattered sayings of Jeremiah, and yet that these sayings, thus

* "Minor Prophets," p. 152.

severed from the context, should still have formed, as they do, one compact connected whole."* It is also to be observed that in the parts of Jeremiah's prophecy which are not found in Obadiah there occur a number of expressions peculiar to Jeremiah, not one of which is found in Obadiah.† Moreover, in the series of predictions of which that concerning Edom forms part, Jeremiah makes free use of the announcements of earlier prophets, quoting them and applying them with additions and alterations to the case he has in hand; as *e.g.* the prophecy against Moab in ch. lxviii. as compared with Isa. xv. and xvi., and the prophecy against Damascus in ch. lxix. as compared with Amos i. 3 ff; compare also Jer. l. 16, 39, 40, with Isa. xiii. 14, 20, 21, 9; and Jer. xlix. 3 with Amos i. 15. This being the case it can hardly admit of a doubt that the coincidence between Jeremiah's prophecy concerning Edom and that of Obadiah is due to the fact that the former had the words of the latter before him when he penned his own.

Obadiah may thus be presumptively placed among the earlier prophets; and with this the internal evidence derived from his writing itself agrees. To some, indeed, it has appeared, that the catastrophe which he alludes to as having come upon the people of the Theocracy, and of which Edom wickedly took advantage, was the invasion of Nebuchadnezzar and the carrying away of the Jews to Babylon. Were this the case we should be compelled either to rank him among the later prophets, or adopt the view of those who maintain that he wrote of this event prospectively, seeing it by the prevision of prophetic revelation. This latter hypothesis, however, it seems impossible to accept in the face of the evidence which the whole tone and character of the prophecy affords that the writer was contemporary with the event, and was an eye-witness of the calamities to which he alludes. The language of 12-14, for instance, cannot be understood otherwise than as referring to what was already past at the time the prophet wrote. A prophet predicting what persons were to do in the distant future would not say "They should not have done so," but would either announce that they would do so, or describe them as actually doing so. It is true that some contend that the rendering of the Authorised Version in these verses is incorrect, and that their verbs should be rendered as forbidding or prohibiting what is specified: "Do not look" (*al tayre*), "Do not rejoice" (*al tismahh*), &c. But, 1. How can we suppose that God by the prophet would in this form forbid, not what the Edomites were doing or were prone to do at the time, but what they might do some centuries after; and, 2. Though a prohibition may be properly followed by a threatening of punishment in case of disobedience, it is utterly incongruous to follow it with the pronouncing of a sentence before it is disobeyed.* Nor does there seem to be in the prophecy itself anything to necessitate the conclusion that it is the deportation to Babylon that the prophet refers to. On the contrary, the allusions of the prophet lie all within the circle to which the view of one living long anterior to that event may be supposed to be confined. He alludes to the kingdom of Judah and the kingdom of Israel, the kingdom of the south and the kingdom of the north, as still existing side by side; he speaks of the invading army simply as "foreigners," and names no nations save those known from the earliest times by the Jews, the Edomites, the Philistines, and the Phœnicians; he does not describe Jerusalem as destroyed, but only as assailed and plundered; the captives taken of the Jews are not represented as carried captive to the east, but as sold slaves in Sepharad, which may mean Sparta, as it corresponds to the Javan, *i.e.* Ionia, to whose sons (Authorised Version "Grecians") Joel represents the Jews as being sold (iii. 6); and here, as in Joel and Amos, Edom is represented as acting an unbrotherly part towards Judah, and as on that account exposed to punishment at the hand of God (Joel iii. 19; Amos i. 11 ff; ix. 12). Whilst Edom is thus put prominently forward in the prophecy there is no mention of Babylon; and this seems quite unaccountable if the calamity to which the prophet refers be the Chaldean invasion and the carrying of the people to Babylon. Edom

* Pusey, "Minor Prophets," p. 228.
† See Caspari, "Der Proph. Obadjah," p. 6 ff.

* A learned commentator has asserted that "it is absolutely certain that *al* with the future forbids or deprecates a thing future. In all the passages in which *al* occurs in the Hebrew Bible, it signifies "do not." (Pusey, "Minor Prophets," p. 228.) This assertion as to the force of *al* is too unqualified; there are several passages in the Hebrew Bible where this particle with the so-called future is simply negative, and neither prohibitory nor deprecatory; comp. *e.g.* Ps. l. 3, "Our God shall come and shall not keep silence" (*al yeh resh*); Ps. cxxi. 3, "He will not suffer (*al yittayn*) thy foot to be moved; he that keepeth thee will not slumber" (*al yanoom*); Ps. cxli. 5, "Oil which shall not break (*al yanee*) my head;" Job v. 22, "Of the beasts of the field thou shalt not be afraid" (*al teera'*); Job xx. 17, "He shall not see (*al yayre*) the rivers," &c. The fact is that *al* with the future (rather the imperfect) simply intimates that something is not to be; whether this is forbidden or deprecated, or simply foretold, must be learned from the context. The only question that can be raised here is whether the verb may legitimately be rendered as a pluperfect subjunctive; and this question the extremely wide use of the tenses in Hebrew justifies us in answering in the affirmative.

was the old enemy of Israel, and often assailed it, and we can well believe that when the Babylonian army destroyed Jerusalem and led its inhabitants to exile, Edom rejoiced with unhallowed joy; but the position occupied by Edom at that time was too subordinate to entitle it to such prominence as is assigned to it in this prophecy, especially when the main event is not referred to at all.

Discarding the idea that the prophecy refers to the Chaldean invasion, the question arises to what invasion of Judea it does refer. In answer to this some adduce the assault made on Jerusalem by Joash, King of Israel, narrated in 2 Chron. xxv. 23 ff; others, that made by the Syrians and men of Israel in the reign of Ahaz (2 Chron. xxviii. 5 ff); and others, the capture of Jerusalem in the reign of Joram by the Philistines and Arabians, at which time the Edomites revolted from Judah (2 Chron. xxi. 16, comp. ver. 10; 2 Kings viii. 20). The last suggestion is the only one that can be accepted; the other invasions could not be said to have been made by "foreigners," as in both of them the kingdom of Israel was either the sole or the chief invading power. It may be added that both Joel and Amos refer to an invasion by the Philistines, by which Jerusalem was plundered and the people led away and sold as slaves (Joel iii. 4 ff; Amos i. 6 ff), in language similar to that of Obadiah (comp. ver. 10, 11, 15). This renders it probable that all three refer to the same event. Obadiah is thus made the contemporary of these prophets; and this lends some support to the suggestion that he was the Obadiah mentioned in 2 Chron. xvii. 7. Whether he or Joel was first on the field it is not possible to determine exactly; but the probability is that Obadiah had the precedence.

In this short prophecy the train of thought is regular and well ordered; the diction is pure, and the style characterised by vivacity and perspicuity. The prophet does not use much imagery, but some of his images are very bold, as, for instance, in verse 4, where Edom is compared to an eagle setting its nest among the stars; and in verse 18, where the house of Esau is compared to stubble, and the house of Jacob to a fire, by which it shall be consumed. "In Obadiah we find a fulness of remarkable glances into the future compressed within a narrow space." (Hengstenberg, "Christology," i. 398, E. 7.)

W. LINDSAY-ALEXANDER.

ERRANDS OF MERCY.

II.—DISTRICT NURSES.

FEW of those who have interested themselves in the condition of the poor in our great cities can have failed to be struck by the fact that the most deserving are, not seldom, those whom our charitable machinery does not reach. Charity organization has done much to defeat the tricks of professional beggars and petty adventurers, but, after all, its greatest service has been negative. We need a machinery which shall assert a *kindly* right to enter into the low courts and alleys, and show the way to better things, without risk of pauperising and demoralising those who dwell there. Rare knowledge, discretion, and tact would be required for this task; and it seems to be surrounded with difficulties on every hand. Miss Octavia Hill, in her work among the poor and their dwellings, has managed to raise on a foundation of commercial relationship—that of landlord and tenant—a superstructure of friendly interest, goodwill, and Christian service; but the rare distinction she as yet enjoys proves that few have found themselves fitted or drawn to follow in her course. The value of her work is, that, by showing the economy and the advantages of a better house, of cleanliness and self-respect, and seeking to make that but a starting-point for wider moral reform, she exactly supplements the efforts of such institutions as the Charity Organization Society, both with respect to those who need help but often cannot be helped by *it*, and those who cannot be helped at all by any machinery. And her experience amply corroborates the statement that the most deserving of the poor are those who shrink into a corner, and cling to it with a kind of paradoxical pertinacity, as though even a change for the better, in outward respects, might prove more trying for them than sitting where they are. This lethargy, which not unfrequently proceeds more from the hopelessness of repressed energy, than from any real sympathy with the specially degrading elements in the surroundings, is the most depressing of the forces against which social reformers have to contend in their contact with the very poor.

In no circumstances is this contradictory

feeling more developed than among the lower section of the decent poor, compelled, by the fact of near neighbourhood, to consort with the doubtful and the lapsed, when sickness or special misfortune falls upon them. The mother of a family, even though bedrid, will persist in refusing to go to the hospital, because she feels that she can still do something to keep her children in order, or to exercise an influence in restraining a drunken husband from falling wholly under the fatal lure of the public-house; while she will advise a sick husband or an elder son or daughter (who has been heretofore earning something) not to consent to go, in the fear that in the meantime the little "home" may be broken up, never to be recovered again for them. In this way the hovels, by courtesy called rooms, and the cellars, which no stretch of courtesy could dignify with such a name, become centres of infection and pollution. Not only does the patient suffer and cause suffering to family and immediate neighbours, but, as Dr. Alison mourned long ago, infectious diseases are spread abroad, which might have been confined within narrow limits, if looked to at an early stage. The first elements of good nursing are neglected; no fresh air is admitted; the bundle of old clothes and straw in the corner becomes a nest of filth; and the crowded room is speedily so pestiferous that there is little wonder the man who has been hard at work all day is tempted to try and find some momentary cheer in the gin-shop.

It is mainly to combat this pitiable state of things that the Metropolitan and National Association for nursing the poor in their own homes has been started in London. The experiment of district nursing has been tried for some years, with a considerable degree of success, in Liverpool; but the National Association aims at more completely systematising the idea of a thorough training and a careful selection of nurses, who shall be not only fitted by character and constitution for the arduous work, but trained to such scientific knowledge and expertness as shall enable them to cope so far with the adverse conditions of such exceptional cases as must constantly present themselves. It is one thing to nurse in a hospital ward, where all is tidy, clean, well ventilated, exactly as t should be, and quite another thing to deal with the sick amid the squalor, the bad air, and the damp of poor city homes. The National Association, which has been commenced under very favourable auspices, with wealthy patrons like the Duke of Westminster, has been fortunate in securing the aid of such an accomplished and experienced nurse as Miss Florence Lees for Superintendent General. No doubt it is in large degree due to her that the rules have been framed with so much practical sense and forecast as to give full promise of great permanent results, though these, in the nature of the case, can be but gradually attained. Already, though the association only dates from July last year, a solid foundation has been laid, the system has been well tested, and a surprising amount of actual work done. We shall first explain the training and organization; next the mode of work in detail; and, finally, present some results, chiefly by condensing "cases" from the reports, which have been already published, assured that our readers will sympathetically go with us.

1. To be a district nurse, then, requires very special natural gifts, and added to that a long and careful training. The National Association has practically faced this fact. Each candidate must, first of all, reside for a month on trial at the Central Home in Bloomsbury Square. Having successfully passed through this probation, she then attends for twelve months at one of the hospitals, as an hospital nurse. After this, she returns to the Central Home for three months' further training there, under the eye of the Superintendent General, as a district nurse. Then she is put on a district under one or other of the superintendents, in one of the district homes—of which there are already two, one in Stepney, and the other in the Holloway Road, and others will soon, doubtless, be also established. From that date her salary begins, first at the rate of thirty-five pounds per year, in course of six years rising to fifty pounds. The nurses in the homes are provided with full board, including the usual extras, an allowance of two and sixpence a week for washing, a uniform dress, a separate furnished bed-room, and a dining and sitting-room in common. Their work, save in special cases, is limited to eight hours per day; and all special cases are notified by the district superintendent to the Superintendent General. The nurses have eight hours sleep, and two hours leisure daily—the evenings being entirely at their own disposal at the Home; visitors, however, are allowed only at the approval of the Superintendent General. The nurses wear a uniform, when on duty; they are not allowed to give money or relief of any kind; and are responsible for the cleanliness of the patients

under their charge, and also for the care and cleanliness of the rooms. Nurses have a month's holiday in the year. With respect to the remuneration, the committee say that they considered "this rate of remuneration would induce women of a superior class to enter the service, while it did not, in the early years of the engagement, much exceed what ordinary hospital nurses earn. In this expectation they have not been disappointed. At the date of the last report five trained nurses of the class best described as gentlewomen had been engaged, and were at work at the Central Home. Three of these were trained under the Nightingale Fund at St. Thomas's Hospital; one at the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary; and one at University College Hospital. Very great difficulty has been experienced in obtaining nurses already trained, a difficulty which was foreseen from the beginning by all who had any knowledge of the subject;" but time will mend this by the results of the Association's own training school. Seven nurse-probationers are in training at St. Thomas's Hospital, after having gone through their preliminary trial; two candidates having been found ineligible; and five more probationers are expected soon to enter the Central Home.

The Association is governed by a council of twenty-four ladies and gentlemen, and from these are chosen an executive committee of not less than six, who have power to fill up vacancies in the council, to make by-laws, administer funds, and call meetings of the council.

2. The clergy, parish doctors, district-visitors, sisterhoods, Bible readers and mission women are requested to inform the superintendent of what they regard as fitting cases. Each case is first visited by the superintendent who, should she find it a proper one, at once assigns it to the care of a nurse. That nurse's duty, then, is to visit the case daily. Very often, besides nursing the patient, she must apply herself to "nurse the room," as Miss Nightingale has very aptly said. No good nursing is possible till certain conditions are attained. Some means of ventilation must be found; dirt must be removed, and not seldom very tedious and menial processes have to be gone through. Sometimes in such houses the patient's room is up several flights of stairs, and every drop of water must be carried from a cellar down below; while vessels fitted for service in this work are scarce indeed. Miss Lees writes:—"It must be remembered that very few of the poor possess proper utensils for fetching or carrying anything. The nurse has often to carry down ashes and dust done up in a newspaper, to borrow a small brush for the floor—for a broom with a long handle is often an unheard-of luxury—to make several journeys up and down stairs, to fill a heavy kettle with water by means of a small tin pot." Only patience and devotion on the nurse's part enable her, in not a few cases, to make even a hopeful beginning. "The very thing that we find in these sick poor is, that they lose the feeling of what it is to be clean." The district nurse has to show them their room clean for once; in other words, to do it herself, to sweep and dust away, to empty and wash out all the appalling dirt and foulness; to air and disinfect, rub the windows, sweep the fireplace, carry out and shake the bits of old sacking and carpet, and lay them down again, fetch fresh water and fill the kettle; wash the patient and the children, and make the bed. Every home she has thus cleaned has always been kept so. This is her glory. She found it a pig-sty; she left it a tidy, airy room."

The Association makes it a condition of supplying the nurse's services, that, if the patient have friends, they put the room into "nursing condition" and keep it so; where there are no friends capable of such effort, the nurses themselves do this, and insist that, as a condition of their continuance in attending, they be aided in maintaining it in such state of cleanliness. But it can very readily be conceived that the maintenance of such a standard of cleanliness is not likely to be effected without a strong personal influence of a special kind. There is nothing in which the poor—who have not yet got to love cleanliness for itself—are more difficult to be roused to interest in than this. The advantages of so much labour they do not see. Indeed, it is a common idea among them, and one which we have ourselves repeatedly heard openly avowed, that "dirt is warm." This especially in regard to clothing and bedding. Now, we believe that Miss Lees has hit on a practical truth of vast reach of application when she says,—

"None but a nurse of the 'higher class of women' could ever have sufficient moral influence over the uneducated masses of the poor, more particularly of the pauper class, to enforce such nursing order being kept. In all the various district nursing institutions the rule exists, that the nurses are to enforce cleanliness, fresh air, &c., or to withdraw their assistance; but whenever the nurses were of an inferior class, in not one home of the very poor class, in any town or city, have I found this rule really enforced, and, indeed, rarely even named to the patient's friends.

This was the case even where the nurses were placed under the supervision of superintending women.

"Upon inquiring of various nurses the reason of neglecting an apparently so stringent a rule of their institution, I was always met with the reply, 'Oh, poor things, if we were to enforce that rule, we should find every door closed against us. It is much more difficult for poor folks to be clean and tidy than gentlefolks imagine.' Women of a higher class, from the very nature of their education and surroundings from their infancy, acquire a love and respect for cleanliness to which a lower class of women are strangers. In religious institutions, both Protestant and Catholic, which I have visited, I have often had occasion to remark of how much higher a standard gentlewomen's 'cleaning up' was than that of the women of a lower grade."

The nurses keep records of the patient's state, including pulse, temperature, &c., for the doctor. One doctor stated that he knew when an operation ought to be performed by reading the nurse's report on the case; another, that by hearing the nurse's history of the case, he found patients to be suffering from typhoid fever who had been reported as consumptive. And a hospital doctor, who had admitted patients into hospital with the nurse's written history of the case, "doubted if many of our medical students could have sent a better report."

The principle of the Association is that it supplies nothing but the nursing—a thoroughly good principle, both in view of the effect upon the people, and their appreciation of the service rendered them, and the

District Nurses.

real character and influence of the nurses themselves. The tendency of the men in that class of life lies, alas! too often in the direction of only finding it more difficult to resume the support of a convalescent wife if she has once been taken off his hands during sickness. But in really urgent and deserving cases, the Association is not without sources of support. Although a district nurse cannot be a "Lady Bountiful, a head dispenser, and medical comfort-shop," yet Miss Lees writes in her first quarterly report:—

"Upon the written order of the parish doctor, we generally obtain from the workhouse authorities, for those patients whose state requires such nourishment, a supply of meat, brandy, wine, &c.; and when we have found a difficulty in obtaining these from the parish authorities, the clergy, district visitors, and charitable missions have supplied us with them, as well as with linen and other necessaries. In some cases the nurses have prepared such nourishment as beef-tea, light puddings, and cooling drinks at the homes of the patients; in others they have been prepared in the Central Home; but usually medical comforts of this kind have been made (as well as given) by the district-visitors. In no case has any nurse *given* anything to the patient beyond the actual nursing rendered them; but if as a nurse I am capable of judging nurses' work, I feel I may fairly say that this service has been of a higher character than that rendered by any other nurses in the kingdom."

We add a few cases from the last report, such extracts showing better than a deal of description the style of work done by the nurses:—

"'Mrs. H——, 18 Oct., 1875, —— Street.

"'Washed her, combed her hair, made her bed,

syringed wound, and dressed it with lead lotion, swept and dusted room, shook carpets, emptied all utensils, fetched fresh water, gave nourishment and medicine, took temperature, pulse, and notes for doctor. In the evening made bed, tidied room, emptied and cleansed all soiled utensils. Took notes of the case, and placed all things she needed for the night within reach.'

"'April 21. Mr. S——, Typhoid Fever. Attended him personally, visited him three times daily for two weeks, sponged him three times daily with vinegar and water, after this washed him twice daily, poulticed his chest, when directed took his temperature, pulse, and notes for the doctor.—Convalescent, May 30.'

"'May 11. Mr. C——, Hæmoptysis. Attend him personally, wash him daily, make bed and empty slops and utensils, dust room and furniture daily, and do all he requires from 8·30 until 12·45, keep room very quiet.'

"'May 23. Mrs. P——, Rheumatic Fever. Visited three times daily, sponged patient with vinegar and water, combed hair, washed one child, tidied room. Patient removed to St. George's Hospital, May 24.'

"In addition to the very poor or pauper classes, we have nursed a clergyman's daughter living in respectable lodgings, but unable to afford a hired nurse; and an officer on half-pay, whose life we were able to prolong, the doctors say, by nursing care bestowed upon him. When we took charge of this case, we were informed that he could not live twenty-four hours. His poor blind old mother and sister were telegraphed for, and one of our nurses placed in charge. Twice during the day she had to apply leeches, fomentations, linseed and mustard poultices, to give medicine and nourishment, and to watch and manage the patient. This was a case in which, humanly speaking, only extreme care and skilled watching could in the opinion of the medical man attending have prolonged the man's life."

Miss Lees, in one case, thus speaks from her own experience:—

"One room I entered with a nurse was in such a state of chaos and dirt, that at our first visit we were almost in despair how to begin; the room was overcrowded with furniture, and overladen with china and glass ornaments of every description, with a week's dirt at least on them; in fact, the room had not been properly cleaned since the last poor woman had been confined to her bed; all soiled linen, unused garments, odds and ends of every description, had been piled under the bed. Sufficient to say that we cleaned the room."

We are not, therefore, surprised to find Miss Lees making this remark:—

"I fear that to a non-professional person, the simple statement 'that the room was put in nursing order,' will not convey its full meaning without some explanation. Upon entering a close, ill-ventilated room, too often in an almost indescribable state of filth and vermin, the nurse's first duty is to see that the bed of the patient is so arranged as to have the greatest amount of air, light, and space possible, which, in most cases, necessitates a total rearrangement of the furniture in the room. That done, the nurse washes and arranges the patient—makes the bed, applies any 'dressings' required; then dusts the room, ventilates it, empties and washes all utensils, dirty glasses, &c., and when necessary, disinfects utensils and drains, sweeps up the fire-place, fetches fresh water, and fills the kettle. With helpless patients, she takes the necessary precautions against the formation of bed-sores; and in serious cases, or when desired to do so by the doctor, takes strict note of those variations in the disease which a nurse ought to know and observe. In fact, as far as possible, the patient's room is made to resemble a small ward in a well-arranged hospital."

3. As to the results, they are many and marked. First of all, the very sight of a room fresh and clean has its own effect. Not a few women have thus been stirred to efforts, which before the nurse's aid had seemed impossible to them. This is an instance:—

"In one case, where the dirt and foulness of the room was almost appalling, we found the patient going to hospital for some medicine. In her absence we opened the window, made the bed, swept and dusted the room, and, with the assistance of a neighbour, lifted up and carried into the cellar the carpet and bits of old sacking which did duty for carpet, thoroughly shook them, brought them up and laid them down; thoroughly washed all the china and glass in the room, all the crockery, linen, arranged them in order, rubbed the windows, swept the fire-place, and filled the kettle. We had hardly completed this, when our patient returned from the hospital. I never saw such a look of glad surprise and gratitude mingled in one's face before. 'She stood at the door speechless for a moment, and then burst into tears, as she thanked us, saying, 'It looks like it did before I was taken ill, and all my troubles came upon me; indeed I used to be clean and tidy, ask the neighbours if I wasn't. What with sickness and trouble, I let one thing after another get behind, and then it was too much for me altogether. Why, I haven't been able to make my bed properly since I came out of hospital, for I did not seem to have heart or strength to do anything, but I will *never* let it get into such a state again.'"

And she kept her word, the nurse helping daily in the heavier part of the work, when attending to dress the patient's wound, till the woman was able to do it all herself.

In another case, the mother had been two years in bed. The place was a den of foulness. One could cut the air with a knife. The nurse employed two of the little children to collect the foul litter and dirty linen from under the bed and sort it, emptied utensils which had not been emptied for a fortnight (this is common), cleaned the grate, and carried away the caked ashes, washed the children, combed and cleansed their hair, crowded with vermin. Next day, the eldest girl of eight had scoured the place, and, perched on a three-legged stool, was trying to wash the dirty linen with her poor little thin arms. A woman, a neighbour, was found to do this.

More *outwardly*, the results appear in a very marked improvement in the attention paid to sanitary matters by the officials of the various districts. In crowded neighbour-

hoods, in a great city like London this, assuredly, is no small public service, not to speak of the refining associations such changes so materially aid to develop in the minds of the people. "I must bring to the notice of the committee," says Miss Lees, "that many sanitary defects in the homes of the sick poor we have nursed have been brought to the notice of the Medical Officer of Health. Dustbins have been emptied and disinfected; drainage disinfected; water supply examined, and water-butts cleaned. In one instance, a water-butt that supplied all the lodgers in a house was examined at our request, and condemned by the Medical Officer of Health to be burnt. In all those cases of scarlet fever or other contagious diseases that have come under our notice, we have instructed the poor how to disinfect their rooms, clothes, furniture, and drains."

In view of the remarks with which we set out, our readers will, we think, agree with us, that "district nursing," directed and managed as we believe it will be under Miss Florence Lees, is likely to prove one of the truest social ameliorators. An influence of the most powerful, and, at the same time, the most touching kind, is carried amongst the poor and reckless, at the very moment when permanent impressions for good are most likely to be made. Each house in which a patient has been nursed will probably become a new centre of refining influence—just where such a centre is most needed. And, though it does not seem as if the nurses were directly charged in any way with respect to religious teaching, we cannot doubt but that women who have devoted themselves to such work, lay full value on the only consolations which, in too many cases, alas, will be left to them to give, and will, when all their skill and self-denying effort have failed, be ready to point to the one true "refuge from the storm and covert from the tempest." Such "Errands of Mercy" as lie in the way of their duty will thus very often be elevated and sanctified both to themselves and to the poor creatures for whom they have laboured.

H. A. PAGE.

A DAY AT KAISERSWERTH.

AMONG the brightest of the faces at the Barmen Conference* was that of young Fritz Fliedner, son of the celebrated founder of the Deaconess's Home at Kaiserswerth, and for some years past a missionary at Madrid. He had come to the Conference to inhale the spiritual ozone with which the atmosphere was charged, and to stir up fresh interest and prayer for the important mission, with its affiliated Orphanage and other institutions, carried on by himself and his Scotch wife, in the capital of Spain.† It was evident that his banishment from the dear Fatherland had not impaired either the flow of his spirits, or the fervour of his zeal. One could not but be interested in him for his father's sake as well as his own, or rather for his father's work's sake. Here was the son of the noble man who had come to Britain to learn something of prison discipline and management, and who, when he went back to his manse on the Rhine and thought calmly of the lives and labours of Caroline Fry, and William Allen, and Thomas Chalmers, and the like, began to feel that the Saviour was more to them than He had been to him, and through the gospel of their lives was guided to a true knowledge of the Son of God. It was a happy thing for this country that it was thus the indirect means of originating that world-wide work with which the name of Fliedner is connected, which has tended so vastly to the relief of suffering, given noble employment to so many devoted women, and brought the highest blessings of the gospel to numberless souls, in their time of suffering. We had long had an earnest desire to see Kaiserswerth; and when young Mr. Fliedner invited us, with our friend, Mr. Meyer of London, to accompany him thither on the Saturday after the Conference, it was with a very unusual measure of satisfaction that we accepted the invitation.

From Elberfeld to Düsseldorf we travel by rail, and again from Düsseldorf to Calcum. It happened that no conveyance met the train by which we arrived at Calcum, so that we approached Kaiserswerth on foot in a leisurely manner, glad, in the intense heat, of the shelter of the woods while it lasted, and then of the rows of trees that lined the dusty highway. The distance is barely a couple of miles. Out from the mass of foliage we saw emerging boldly a pair of towers, but were mistaken in thinking that they indicated Fliedner's church. They belonged to the Roman Catholic church of Kaiserswerth, a church of no small size and

* See SUNDAY MAGAZINE, October, 1876, p. 26.
† See p. 70.

beauty, while the Protestant church was but a small building. The truth is, the parish was mostly Roman Catholic, and the Protestant element had been mainly transported to it at a time when some mills were erected, for which the workers were chiefly Protestant. The village has all that dull slumbering appearance that usually marks small Catholic towns. Quite remarkable indeed is the contrast between the passive condition of the Roman Catholic village, and the busy hum of life that pervades every department of Fliedner's institution.

As we moved along, various portions of the "Anstalt" came into view. First a huge old windmill, now we believe the hayloft of the establishment, where the blue flag with the white dove and the olive branch in the centre, may be seen on feast days, and from which a beautiful view of the surrounding country is always to be obtained when the weather is clear. Then came into view the farm-steading of the institution, a very creditable one truly, with a good stock of cattle inside, well-housed, all the arrangements having the air of modern improvement and enterprise. Somehow, when your mind is full of the idea of sisters and works of charity, pigs and poultry, horses and cattle appear rather incongruous. But the sisters neither work nor manage the farm; only its produce is abundantly necessary for a household of five hundred. Next, your attention is turned to a little outhouse in the centre of a garden, the sort of house that might serve for keeping tools, and storing apples, onions, and other garden produce. The little outhouse has a remarkable history. It is situated in the manse garden, and it was the first place which Fliedner used for his work of mercy. Here, in 1833, the first woman received from the prison of Düsseldorf was lodged by Fliedner, until a house was taken for the purpose. Fliedner had been in the habit of visiting the Düsseldorf prison, and was greatly impressed with the need of a refuge for the female prisoners when their time was out. Failing to find a refuge elsewhere, his wife and he turned their garden house into one. The little place is not now part of the establishment, but it still stands to indicate where the grain of mustard seed was sown.

We pass on, and through orchards and gardens reach the great establishment. But first we turn in to the family dwelling, to pay our respects to Mrs. Fliedner and other members of the house. It is a plain, unpretending building. The little parlour into which we are ushered, with its uncovered wooden floor and whitewashed walls, its little table and modest mirror, its portrait of Fliedner, and of the first deaconess, Gertrude Reichart, almost the only ornaments on the walls, is a picture of German simplicity. Fliedner was twice married, and his widow, though well advanced in years, is still able to retain the general superintendence of the establishment. Modest and quiet in manner, with a kind, motherly twinkle in her eye, and an air of calm self-possession over her face, she does not want the queenly character, and still reigns with gentle sway over the institution. Her husband had seen that she had the power to preside, and when dying, he committed the work to her hands. So, for instance, at the mid-day meal, where she is joined by the members of her family and a few of her helpers, male and female, it is she that asks the blessing and returns thanks. She is aided in the duties of superintendence by her step-son and son-in-law, both pastors, the latter having succeeded Fliedner as minister of the Protestant congregation. It would not be easy for a stranger, sitting with these unpretending people at their homely table, to suppose that they were carrying on their shoulders the burden and responsibility of a home establishment containing five hundred inmates, and to some extent of affiliated institutions, conducted on the same principles, scattered over all parts of the globe. Even in very worthy establishments of the same kind, conducted by excellent Christian people, we have sometimes observed a certain ostentatious fussiness, associated with a very free reference to the countenance of the Almighty, which we did not like, and which obliged us to discount considerably our admiration and confidence. The tone of Kaiserswerth we found to be quite free from this element. The good people went about their work as quietly as if they had been merely teaching a little school or cultivating a farm; and neither when they spoke about their operations, nor when they went over their premises, did they show any desire to magnify their achievements, except that they could not conceal their satisfaction at being engaged in so excellent a work, and at the great encouragement which they had enjoyed in connection with it.

Fliedner's history is so well known, that we hardly need to rehearse it. Settled at Kaiserswerth in 1822, his congregation was almost annihilated, immediately after, by the failure of the manufacturing firm which employed nearly all its members. Fliedner

had the offer of another charge, but he was not the man to turn away from the post of difficulty. His church was in debt, and the people had no money. There was nothing for it but that Fliedner should set out on a walking excursion, and try to collect some money. He had a large heart and open eyes, and he did what all pastors should do who have the same unpleasant vocation—he became acquainted with the moral wants of the country, and the best methods for meeting them. Especially in 1823, when he came to Great Britain, he found an amount of moral and spiritual activity that greatly impressed him. "I became acquainted with a great many institutions for the cure both of body and soul; schools and educational establishments, poor houses, orphanages, and hospitals, Bible and Missionary Societies, &c. I at the same time observed that living faith in Christ had called almost all these institutions into existence and continued to be their support. When I saw the fertility of this faith in its works of love, I felt my own weak faith greatly strengthened. In August, 1824, I returned home full of admiration and gratitude, but at the same time ashamed that we Germans allowed ourselves thus to be excelled in works of Christian love, and especially that we had hitherto cared so little for our prisons." Fliedner having but a small congregation, was able to undertake other work, and here again his example might be followed with advantage by pastors who have but a handful to minister to. Düsseldorf was five or six miles from Kaiserswerth, but every second Sunday he walked there after his own service and preached to the Protestant prisoners. Then when some good was done, he found it necessary, as we have seen, to have a home for the discharged prisoners. One work of mercy led to another. The sick had to be cared for, and sisters had to be trained to care for them. On went Fliedner with his work of faith and labour of love. The order of deaconesses was instituted. Christian women were encouraged, out of pure love to Christ, to dedicate their lives to the service of the sick and of the poor. In 1836 the Deaconess' Association for the Rhine Province and Westphalia was formed. The deaconesses were in immediate connection with the Church, and were, therefore, under the protection of the Provincial Synods in the provinces of Rhineland and Westphalia. The number of deaconesses increased rapidly, and besides tending the sick and instructing the young in Kaiserswerth, they went to this place and to that on errands of mercy. We are not very sure of the precise number at the present time, but we believe we are safe in giving five hundred, and certainly that figure is exceeded if the probationers are added to those who are in full standing as deaconesses. The deaconesses in connection with the Evangelical church throughout Germany are now above two thousand.

How Fliedner obtained the money, not only for his current expenses, but for all the buildings which he reared, how he went on adding one establishment to another—rearing the immense building which forms the House of the Deaconesses and the Hospital for the Sick, and adding lunatic asylums and other buildings as the call arose and his heart grew larger with the call—would be tempting topics, if our space allowed, or if they had not already been fully laid before the English public. The way in which obstacles were cleared away and his path made plain was wonderful. The farm, we believe, consists of a hundred and fifty acres, the property of the institution. We were informed that in building his institution and laying out his ground, Fliedner had to deal with the proprietors of thirteen houses and five-and-twenty gardens. Somehow he made terms with them all, and now his institution dominates the whole neighbourhood. And wonderful it is that in an ancient stronghold of Popery—in a place where, eight hundred years ago, an archbishop of Cologne kidnapped the young emperor, Henry IV., with the view of carrying him to Cologne—such an institution should be found. In these days especially, when the Church of Rome makes it her boast that it is only through her orders of women devoted by vows of celibacy to the service of charity that Christian provision can be made for the care of the sick and the rescue of the perishing, it is instructive to see how, without any vows, but in the exercise of the willing spirit of love, Christian women from all ranks of society are found in the Protestant Church, renouncing their own pleasure, but finding a higher enjoyment in the service of the poor and needy, and doing their work in a spirit and with an efficiency which are the admiration of all beholders. At first there was considerable fear that danger might come from the establishment of a Protestant sisterhood; but the way in which Fliedner's deaconesses are taught and trained is a safeguard against such danger. We have never heard even an approach to anything objectionable, and now, we rather think, all apprehensions of that kind have pased away.

We are afraid that we cannot convey to our readers more than a very vague impression of an institution which it takes two or three hours merely to walk through. We were placed under the charge of the sister who acts as apothecary,—not that we were supposed in any special way to need her professional care, but because, happily, she could be spared a little from her duties, had seen a good deal of the world, had been for a time in the Home at Jerusalem, and what was important for an islander whose ears and tongue were not much used to foreign languages, she was able to speak a little English. With great patience and kindness she conducted us through the Deaconesses' Home, the seminary, the hospitals for men, women, and children, the Refuge for women who come from the prisons and such places, a part of the establishment which is entirely self-contained, and without communication with the rest; through kitchens, dormitories, school-rooms, work-rooms, and chapel; the chief part which we had no time to visit being the lunatic asylums for men and women. Cleanliness and order reigned everywhere. We were struck with the universal use of whitewash, not certainly the most pleasant covering for walls, but easily renewed year by year, and thereby conducing to perfect cleanliness. The portraits of Fliedner and Gertrude Reichart appeared everywhere, but the chief thing to break the monotony of the walls was texts of Scripture. Fliedner had evidently taken much pains to select texts specially appropriate to every room. By this means, besides giving emphasis to the Word of God as the great and only rule of faith and life, he supplied the sisters and other inmates with words fitted to give a right turn to their thoughts and feelings as they were engaged in the labours of the day. In the dormitories were such texts in German as Psalm cxxxix. 12; Psalm cxxi. 4; Psalm iv. 9. The Magdalen department was also well supplied with passages both for the encouragement of the penitent, and the strengthening of the weak. But the texts that evidently were most conspicuous were those in which a life of beneficence is represented as the true outcome of Christian love. Texts seen in such places seem to acquire a new power and meaning. One sees the remarkable quality of the Word of God; in most cases the sayings of the Bible are vivified by being read in their context, and in this way one is certainly guarded from misapplying them; but there are cases, also, where a text of Scripture becomes more emphatic when it stands alone, strong in its inherent authority and power.

It is a feature of the institution that each department has a garden of its own. Not that the inmates may not walk through the whole; only there is always a part specially belonging to each home; for example, to the children's hospital, the men's hospital, or the women's hospital. Peep for a moment into the garden of the children's hospital. You see a number of little cribs in the open air under the shade of the trees, and the little creatures with their pale faces in various degrees of enjoyment. Not much enjoyment certainly is depicted on the face of that little fellow, hardly a year old, who has just had an operation for hair-lip, and as no chloroform is made use of in the hospital, a severe enough operation it has been. There he sits, with his poor little face intersected with strips of plaster, like the planks in the side of an old German house, but well enough to enjoy the open air, which indeed is so balmy and mild that he runs no risk of irritation from its influence. There are older children there with far less hope of ever enjoying life than he. But it is pleasant to see them in the open air, looking at the flowers, or following the birds and butterflies; it seems to take away from sickness the idea of imprisonment; in the open air one does not seem so thoroughly dominated by disease. Our climate is too sharp, at least in the northern part of the island, to make such a thing safe, except for a very few days of the year; but if ever we should come to treat our sick poor with more than the bare kindness implied in a bed in a ward, might not something like a winter-garden be a happy appendage to our hospitals, where, without exposure to damp or cold, the happy sensations of the open air might be enjoyed? We seem to be learning slowly that health depends in some degree on influences of a subtle and hidden kind, as well as on those which are more open and obvious; any how, if our purpose be to lessen the sufferings and increase the enjoyments of the poor, such an addition to our Sanatoriums or Convalescent Homes might prove no small blessing.

In the large building is to be found the training institution for deaconesses, in which two classes of young women, those intended for nursing the sick, and those intended for the business of teaching, receive their training, going through their various stations under the superintendence of experienced deaconesses. Those who intend to be nurses have some sixteen stations to pass

through, it being considered that ordinarily every nursing sister should be familiar with every branch of the work. First come the hospitals and sickrooms, of which there are seven; namely, the children's ward, the women's, the boy's and men's, with the sanatorium wards for patients who pay for separate rooms, the isolated wards for peculiar ailments, and the sick sister's ward; the other stations are the bath-room, the apothecary's room, the office of porteress, and that of chapel-sister; the kitchen, the laundry, the garden, the sewing-room and the writing room. Whether the probationer comes from the highest or the lowest grade of society, she passes through these stations, if her health admits; the only exceptions being the apothecary's shop, the chapel and the writing room, which are not gone through by every one. The instructing sisters are of course most occupied with the branches of school education; but even they have a turn of the kitchen and other household work, and a little practice in the care of sick children, for the good reason that teachers as well as nurses ought to know something of these things, and be able to give some hints regarding them when they come to have the charge of schools. They are all called sisters, and each is distinguished simply as Sister Amelia, or Sister Beatrice, or Sister Catherine, as the case may be.

The sisters take their meals together, and walk out, when their daily occupation requires such relaxation. Besides public worship, they have quiet times of devotion, Bible-lectures, monthly prayer-meetings for absent sisters, lessons in singing, and in any school attainment in which they may be deficient. In this way an active busy life is kept up in the business house, alternating with bodily and spiritual refreshment.

Their dress is very plain, so that no one who has a weakness in the matter of personal decoration need think of the vocation. A gown and apron of dark blue cotton print, with a white collar and a white cap, is the whole; and the allowance, we believe, is a new dress twice a year, and a rather better dress for Sundays every five years. But so far as we could see, there was no sense of hardship in the minds of the deaconesses, nor had they any of that demure look which oppresses one so much in Roman Catholic sisters. The tone of the whole place was cheerful; and those who were engaged in preparing festoons of ivy and other floral decorations for an approaching festival, when old friends gather to the place to spend a social evening, were like school-children preparing for their holidays. And now, women in these plain dresses, thoroughly trained for their work, with a modest salary of three pounds fifteen shillings a year, may be found in hospitals and other institutions in all parts of the world; very miserable they would certainly be if self were the great centre of their life, but very happy and blessed when enabled to follow in the footsteps of Him "who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

To keep up the proper tone of the institution, great pains must be taken in admitting sisters. It is not considered enough that applicants be of good character, morally and religiously; more evidence is required that the heart is penetrated with the love of Christ, and that the desire to serve Him is a deliberate purpose, and not a mere transitory impulse. The applicants, too, must be in good health, and of cheerful spirits and manner; and in general, the age of the probationer must be above eighteen and under forty. Usually, the probation lasts two years. If the probationer is admitted as a sister, she is expected to engage at least five years in the office. This is the only form of obligation under which any one comes. Instances occur of persons from various causes abandoning the office, but for the most part it becomes in reality the life-work of the sisters. However difficult it may be for the gay children of pleasure to believe it, their life is far happier than any life of mere amusement and luxury can ever be. A constant joy distils from the employment; that mercy is twice blest, is with them not a mere sentiment, but an experience; their habitations are steeped in the dew of Hermon, where the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore.

Fliedner's work, as we have said, is by no means confined to Kaiserswerth. A list of deaconess institutions some years old mentions Paris, Strassburg, Dresden, Utrecht, Pittsburg in North America, Stettin, Stockholm, Carlsruhe, Stuttgart, Halle, Darmstadt, Zurich, Hamburg, London, Copenhagen, Dantzic, Jerusalem, Smyrna, and several other important towns where such institutions had been established between 1841 and 1866. Deaconesses from Kaiserswerth are employed in hospitals at Düsseldorf, Elberfeld, Barmen, Altona, Berlin, Constantinople, Alexandria, Beyrout, and many other places too numerous to mention. Every year the work extends. And the

sisters are at all times ready for every good work. They will go to the battle-field to nurse the wounded; they will train girls as maid-servants, superintend Magdalen asylums, or engage in other work that is fitted, with God's blessing, to lessen sin and suffering, and win souls to the Lord.

The work has a decidedly German flavour. And a very delightful flavour it is. In whatever nation there is earnest spiritual life, it cannot but work towards the relief of suffering, and the recovery of the lost. But it seems to belong to German piety to give to these objects the prominence they have at Kaiserswerth and similar places; and thus to present very conspicuously to the world the connection of vital godliness with all those ministries of love and mercy which the world is able to appreciate. We believe that of this kind of work there is a great deal in Germany. Many interesting operations are carried on of which but little is heard. The very day after we had been at Kaiserswerth, we made the acquaintance at Bonn of a devoted Christian lady who has taken in hand a very important work of mercy in that city, and solely on her own responsibility, depending on what help the Lord may send her, has opened a home for a class of young persons whose position morally is most critical. Such things are far from rare; and manifold though the discouragements to earnest Christian work are in Germany, they afford much hope for the future of the country.

The institutions of Fliedner depend mainly for their support upon the free-will offerings of their friends. The means of accomplishing all the objects aimed at have hitherto been supplied with wonderful regularity. It may be that this brief sketch will introduce the work to the notice of some who will feel it a privilege to help it on. We know of few undertakings of which there is more ground to believe that the aid accorded to them in the spirit of Christian love will be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.

W. G. BLAIKIE.

THE "WHITE WORLD."

(The Welsh people use the happy phrase "Gwyn fyd" in speaking of the Abode of the Blessed.)

O, THE white world, the world above,
Where all is peace and all is love,
Where darkness deep dare never enter,
The white, white world, of bliss the centre.

O, the white, white world, the realm of bliss,
In that white world, the friends we miss
Are there, are there! Ecstatic thought—
By Jesu's blood divinely bought.

O for that great white world of joy,
All dross destroyed, and no alloy,
With comfort of the Heavenly Dove,
O for that grand white world above!

JAMES PITT.

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

THE events of the night when the Chaldean dynasty perished, and Babylon passed under the yoke of Persia, are memorable, not to be exceeded by the conceptions of romance. Nebuchadnezzar had been in his grave some five-and-twenty years, and his grandson (called his son by a familiar Bible idiom), Belshazzar, is on the throne. The city is surrounded and beleaguered by the armies of the Medes and Persians, and has been for two years. These armies are immense, being recruited from many conquered nations, and their commander, Cyrus, is a man of great courage and skill. The people of Babylon, who have carried the terror of their arms to many distant regions, are "dismayed," and will not be provoked by taunt or threat to meet their besiegers in

the field. Their monarch declines the challenge of Cyrus to single combat. Their gates are shut; they remain in their holds; they believe that they can subsist on the fruits of the vast fields and gardens within their walls for twenty years; and, thus sheltered by bulwarks which they believe to be impregnable, they give themselves up without fear to their business and their pleasure.

It is in these circumstances that Belshazzar makes a great feast to a thousand of his lords. It is, probably, a festival in honour of their national deities. Wine soon produces its usual effect, and under its excitement the spirit of boasting and defiance is evoked, and Belshazzar and his lordly courtiers do what in sober moments they would not dare to do. The golden and silver vessels which had been taken out of the temple in Jerusalem are brought into the banqueting hall by the king's command. Their sacred character is well understood and has hitherto been respected, but now it is wantonly set at nought, and the king, and his princes, and his wives, and his concubines, with these vessels in their hands, defy the Invisible Jehovah, the God of Judah, and offer their drunken praises to the gods of gold and silver, of brass, of iron, of wood, and of stone.

In the midst of the festivity the king is startled by an unusual sight. What can it be? Is it the wine that is bewitching his eyes? He looks, and sees—yes, quite plainly—a human hand, with no arm, no body. It is a *hand* only. The fingers move—they write. What can it mean? See the king now. "His countenance is changed." He is suddenly sobered. His thoughts trouble him. He trembles all over. The joints of his loins are loosed, and his knees smite one against another. There is an inscription on the palace wall, and the light of the great chandelier falls on it. But who will interpret its meaning? Bring hither with haste the astrologers, the magians, and the soothsayers. Let them penetrate the secret and reveal what the gods mean. Whoso does it, let him be clothed as a prince with scarlet, and have a chain of gold about his neck, and be made the third ruler in the kingdom. The reward is great enough to inflame ambition and quicken effort. But it is offered in vain. The secrets of nature and the secrets of God cannot be opened by royal keys. The wise men can neither decipher the writing nor make known to the king the interpretation thereof. But the writing itself remains. It is like a ghost which will neither speak when spoken to, nor go away when bidden, but fixes its unearthly look immovably upon you. No wonder that Belshazzar and his lords are greatly troubled. Godless revellers are thus often arrested in their impious debaucheries by some unwonted circumstance which compels reflection, or by an inward voice, loud as thunder, which tells them of a judgment to come. The supernatural omen on the palace wall, and the embarrassment of king and nobles are noised abroad, and soon reach the ears of the queen, or queen-mother, in her seclusion. Her mind is stored with the memories of the days of the princely and mighty Nebuchadnezzar. During the long period of that king's strange aberration of mind, she took an active part in the government of the kingdom, and in the completion of the great works which Nebuchadnezzar had begun, and now in the perplexity of her son, Belshazzar, she hastens to his aid with her counsel.

There is a man now living in obscurity in Babylon, who was once famous for his wisdom, and high in power. He is not a courtier, not ambitious of power or wealth. It is no affliction to him that he is neglected by the grandson of the monarch to whom in former days he rendered most important service. He finds far more congenial occupation in an obscure Israelite home than in a Babylonian palace. But he must come forth once more into the glare of public life, and confront the perils of an idolatrous court. "There is a man in thy kingdom," said the queen-mother to Belshazzar, "in whom is the spirit of the holy gods, and in the days of thy father light and understanding and wisdom, like the wisdom of the gods, was found in him; whom the king, Nebuchadnezzar thy father" (ancestor), "made master of the magicians, astrologers, Chaldeans, and soothsayers; forasmuch as an excellent spirit, and knowledge, and understanding, interpreting of dreams, and showing of hard sentences, and dissolving of doubts, were found in the same Daniel: now let Daniel be called, and he will show the interpretation."

The counsel is wise, and the king, who has just been dishonouring the God of Judah, and praising the gods of gold and silver, sends, with all the haste of a guilty conscience, for Daniel. The good man is soon in the royal presence, and is offered the rewards which the astrologers have not been able to win. But these rewards have no value in his eyes. "Let thy gifts be to thy-

self, and give thy rewards to another; yet I will read the writing unto the king, and make known to him the interpretation."

But before doing so, Daniel addresses the king's conscience in words of noble fidelity: "O thou king, the most high God gave Nebuchadnezzar thy father a kingdom, and majesty, and glory, and honour; and for the majesty that He gave him, all people, nations, and languages trembled and feared before him: whom he would he slew, and whom he would he kept alive, and whom he would he set up, and whom he would he put down. But when his heart was lifted up, and his mind hardened in pride, he was deposed from his kingly throne, and they took his glory from him: and he was driven from the sons of men: and his heart was made like the beasts, and his dwelling was with the wild asses; they fed him with grass like oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven; till he knew that the Most High ruled in the kingdom of men, and that he appointeth over it whomsoever He will. And thou, his son, O Belshazzar, hast not humbled thine heart, though thou knewest all this; but hast lifted up thyself against the Lord of heaven; and they have brought the vessels of His house before thee, and thou, and thy lords, thy wives, and thy concubines, have drunk wine in them; and thou hast praised the gods of silver and gold, of brass, iron, wood, and stone, which see not, nor hear, nor know: and the God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified."

What a sermon! Think of the audience, the thousand lords of the king of Babylon, and his assembled harem! Think of the circumstances, the suspended festivities and the handwriting on the wall, the noise of revelry quenched by a supernatural fear, and all eyes and ears intent to discover the meaning of the portent. Here was a king who had only to command, and Daniel's head should pay the forfeit of his fidelity. Here was a preacher who had no defence but the unseen protection of his God! But the king trembles, and the preacher speaks boldly: "Thou knowest all this" (that befel Nebuchadnezzar for his pride), "and the God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified."

The man of God proceeds to tell the secret which makes the monarch tremble. "Then," he says, or "therefore," because thou hast not received the lessons of God's providence towards thy father, and hast not humbled thyself, and hast not glorified God—"therefore was the part of the hand sent from God to teach thee thy doom." "This is the writing—MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN. This is the interpretation of the thing: MENE, God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it. TEKEL, thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting. PERES" (the U being only "and," and Peres but a modification of Pharsin), "thy kingdom is divided and given to the Medes and Persians." In the briefest form the words were, "Numbered, numbered, weighed, divided." But Daniel had power not only to translate the words, but to interpret their meaning. And although in that meaning there was involved the worst that the fears of Belshazzar could suggest, the king did not fail to fulfil his promise, and proclamation was made forthwith that Daniel should be the third ruler in the kingdom.

The king, perhaps, did not anticipate an immediate fulfilment of the doom which the hand had written on the wall. For how could the Medes and Persians penetrate at once into the city, impregnable as it was?

Let us then turn our eyes in another direction, and see what is coming to pass. While Belshazzar and his lords are in the midst of their revels, while the mysterious hand is writing the divine decree, and the festival is turned into a scene of terror, Cyrus and his hosts are entering the city. There is no breach in the walls, and no gate has been opened by force or treason, but there they are. They have found a way of which the defenders of the city dream not. The course of the river has been turned into a great trench, and canals, which have been long in progress, and the Persians, both foot and horse, so soon as the waters have sufficiently subsided, march along the dried channel. This night has been chosen for the purpose, because of the expected general revel in the city. On passing without obstruction or hindrance into the city, the Persians, slaying some, putting others to flight, and joining with the revellers as if slaughter were merriment, hasten by the shortest way to the palace, and reach it before the king knows that his city is taken. The guards stationed before the palace gates are drinking beside a blazing light, when the Persians rush impetuously upon them. The louder clamour, no longer that of revellers, catches the ear of those within, and the king, excited by the warlike tumult at the gates, commands his attendants to ascertain the cause. The palace gates are no sooner

opened than the Persians spring in, and the king and his thousand lords perish. Thus, in that night, the night of the great festival, the night of the handwriting on the wall, is Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain. The Chaldean dynasty is at an end, and Darius the Median, the ally and uncle of Cyrus, receives the kingdom, and ascends the throne as the representative of the united Medes and Persians. The echoes of that night are heard by us in the words of our own Cowper :—

"States thrive or wither, as moons wax and wane,
Even as His will and His decrees ordain ;
While honour, virtue, piety bear sway,
They flourish, and as these decline, decay.
In just resentment of His injured laws,
He pours contempt on them and on their cause,
Strikes the rough thread of error right athwart
The web of every scheme they have at heart,
Bids rottenness invade and bring to dust
The pillars of support in which they trust,
And do His errand of disgrace and shame
On the chief strength and glory of the frame."

JOHN KENNEDY.

THE STORY OF JOSEPH, AS TOLD BY THE RABBIS.

By the AUTHOR of "Passover Observances," etc.

HARDLY any writing, sacred or profane, has ever seized upon the mind of the young with such an affectionate and enduring interest as the story of Joseph. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that the Rabbis should have devoted themselves to its interpretation with an earnestness which, if it has not added to the simple grandeur of the narrative—for this, in good truth, was impossible—has yet drawn forth some of its more hidden beauties into a light, which now and then may be a little too lurid for eyes accustomed to the purer flame of Christian teaching, though it is not without a charm of its own. Whatever modern readers may think of chronicles which have been carefully preserved by long generations of Rabbis, they can never be divested of the interest which belongs to them as abiding examples of what has been believed time out of mind by a people who, beyond all the nations of the earth, has shown itself most sensitively jealous of its traditions. It is from Rabbinical sources of the best repute that materials for the following illustration of the life of Joseph have been freely drawn.

After years of heart-ache at the sturdy group of sons that Rachel saw clustering round her sister's knee, her desolation is at length remembered, and a male child is granted to make the barren leap with gladness. "Joseph shall he be called," the triumphant mother cries, and straightway, to the wonder of all who listen, she opens out alike the meaning of the name, and her own deep conviction of mercy yet to come, in the Spirit-inspired words, "The Lord shall add to me another son."* This she said well knowing that the patriarchs who should spring from Jacob were to be twelve in all, and that the predestined number was to be completed by the son that she should hereafter bear.

And what were Jacob's thoughts as he stooped to kiss the infant that his favourite wife had brought him? We know not. But was it design or mere coincidence that made him choose the moment of its birth to go in boldly to Laban with the demand that he might now be allowed to depart to his own place, and to his own country?* Certain it is that the interview with his wily father-in-law followed close upon the birth of this son. Was there any connection between the two? The Medrash maintains that there was, and goes on to say that as soon as Joseph had been given to him, Jacob knew by inspiration that he had no longer any cause to fear his elder brother's anger, since at the same time an evil angel† had been born to Esau. Come what might, then, he was now safe, for Joseph would be his defence. And this confidence was borne in mightily upon his soul in much the same words that were afterwards used by the prophet,‡ "And the house of Jacob shall be a fire, and the house of Joseph a flame, and the house of Esau for stubble, and they shall kindle in them and devour them ; and there shall not be any remaining of the house of Esau ; for the Lord hath spoken it." Strong in this conviction, Jacob presented himself before Laban, and claimed his discharge. How he escaped from the land of his twenty years' servitude it forms no part of the present purpose to relate ; but it is important to notice that when he is now drawing near to his brother he sends messengers before him to speak words of peace and homage to Esau.§ Unusual interest attaches to this mission if

* Gen. xxx. 24.

* Gen. xxx. 25. † "A Satan" is the exact expression.
‡ Obadiah 18. § Gen. xxxii. 3.

the Rabbinical view is accepted, which makes the "messengers" to have been angels selected from God's host which had met him at Mahanaim.* The message with which they are charged—"Thus shall ye speak into my lord Esau; Thy servant Jacob saith thus, I have sojourned with Laban, and stayed there until now; and I have oxen, and asses, flocks, and menservants, and womenservants"—supplies the Medrash with materials for a curious line of interpretation. It should be premised that in the Hebrew the singular is used throughout—thus, "I have an ox, and an ass," &c.; a common enough usage, where one is often made to include a great many. But the Medrash sees in the choice of the singular a great purpose, and points out that by the ox Joseph is intended, this being an emblem specially selected to denote his power.† A hint would therefore be conveyed to Esau to be careful of his behaviour since Joseph was in the company, and would be able to "push the people together to the ends of the earth.‡

Further on in the narrative it is said that Leah with her children came near, and bowed themselves;§ and after came Joseph near, and Rachel, and bowed themselves, where it is to be noticed that the order observed in the case of Leah and the concubines‖—viz., that the mothers should go first and the children follow—is reversed in the case of Rachel and Joseph, since he walks in front of his mother. The Medrash accounts for this change of position by supposing that Joseph went before her as a champion to avenge the smallest affront that might be offered by Esau, who was a man of violence.

But time passes on. Rachel has breathed her last in giving birth to the "son of her sorrow," and Joseph has grown into an object of jealousy and hatred to his elder brethren. He is now seventeen years of age, and is being trained to the pastoral life of his forefathers. The sons of Bilhah and Zilpah are at this time his closest companions.¶ His heart has been drawn towards these children of the concubines, because he has seen them despised and ill-treated by the sons of Leah, and he tries his best to soothe their wounded feelings. His tenderness, however, seems to have been vainly lavished upon their wild and rugged natures. It neither shamed them out of evil courses, nor hindered them from joining with the rest in selling him into slavery. But though Joseph loved his brothers well, he loved God still better, and so he was obliged to carry back to his father an account of their wicked doings. What shape their besetting sin assumed is a matter upon which Rabbinical authorities cannot agree. The seeds of suspicion, at all events, had been sown, and were rapidly brought to maturity by the undisguised preference which Jacob exhibited towards his favourite son. "Israel loved Joseph more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age; and he made him a coat of many colours."* It is true that Zebulun was nearly the same age as Joseph, and that Benjamin was born some fifteen years later, so that either of these might seem to be fairly entitled to the same love, if it were to be given to him who was merely the youngest. But there is another rendering (favoured by Onkelos and many interpreters of repute), which makes Joseph not "the son of his old age," but "the son of elders"—meaning that he was endowed with such supernatural gifts of understanding as would qualify him to sit in the council of the aged. His faculties, we may be well assured, had been carefully watched and trained by the heaven-inspired wisdom of his father, so that the shepherd-lad of seventeen was already a marvellous example not only of purity of life, but of prudence and knowledge.

It would be wearisome to repeat all that has been written about the "coat of many colours," the fatal sign of Jacob's affection for his son. Enough to know that the best Jewish authorities suppose the colours to have been the same as those mentioned in Esther i. 6—white and green, mingled with red, blue, and black. This showy garment could hardly have any other effect than to confirm Joseph in a feeling of superiority to his brethren, and it was sure to draw down upon him the full force of their vindictive jealousy. Respect for their father's presence might keep them from an outbreak of violence, but envy was rankling in their heart, and "they hated him and could not speak peaceably unto him."† A Rabbinical writer of great renown‡ sees here a kind of extenuation of their after conduct. At all events they were not false, and as they were at so little pains to disguise their animosity, it might be easy to predict what would happen if opportunity ever should bring Joseph

* Gen. xxxiii. 1, 2.
† See Deut. xxx. 17, where, speaking of Joseph, it is said, "His glory is like the firstling of his bullock," &c.
‡ Deut. same place. § Gen. xxxiii. 7.
‖ See ver. 6. ¶ Gen. xxxvii. 2.

* Gen. xxxvii. 3. † Gen. xxxvii. 4. ‡ Raschi.

within reach of their power. Thoughout this period of the history,* Joseph invariably remained at home, and many a fight did Jacob's other sons wage against the Amorite. By-and-by the dreams are dreamed, and now it was that the hatred of Joseph's brethren waxed stronger and stronger. Their resentment became all the fiercer because there seemed to be one only way of interpreting the dreams—that, namely, which is embodied in Jacob's question, "Shall I and thy mother and thy brethren indeed come to bow down ourselves to thee to the earth?"†

Joseph's mother, it may be needless to point out, had been dead for many years. Why, then, should she be introduced into the vision? The Rabbis discover in this a proof that no dream ever turns out exactly as it has been seen by the dreamer. There are always certain accessories which do not form part of the main incident, and which are, therefore, to be dismissed as superfluous. This, they hold, is the case here. The mention of Joseph's mother is taken as evidence that the minor details of dreams are not to be interpreted by any rule of inexorable precision. The same authorities quote Joseph as an example that the fulfilment of a dream may be expected for twenty-two years after it has been seen. The idea is based on the following calculation. Joseph was seventeen years old when he dreamed his dreams, and thirty years old when he was taken out of prison to stand before Pharaoh, giving a period of thirteen years. Next followed the seven years of plenty, and the two years of famine, when Jacob and his sons came into Egypt and bowed themselves down before Joseph, making twenty-two years in all.‡

The story has now arrived at the point when Joseph's brethren have gone to feed their father's flock in Shechem. This occurred in the hundred and sixth year of Jacob's life, in the tenth year after his return from Padan-aram, and in the same year that his wife Leah died. Jacob appears to have been anxious about the welfare of his sons and their flocks, for they were feeding in an unfriendly district, and close to a place which had been a scene of plunder and violence.§ The usual time for their return had probably elapsed, so he said to Joseph, "Go, I pray thee, see whether it be well with thy brethren, and well with the flocks; and bring me word again."* It is worthy of remark, as illustrating the patient submission of Joseph's character, that notwithstanding his full knowledge of the jealousy of his brethren, and of the evil consequences that were only too likely to ensue if he found himself alone in their hands, he set forth without a word. The biblical narrative runs, that Jacob "sent him out of the vale of Hebron," the literal Hebrew being "out of the depths of Hebron." The Medrash sees in this apparently simple expression a profound mystical meaning. It was in Hebron that God said to Abraham, "Know of a surety that thy seed shall be a stranger in a land that is not theirs, and shall serve them; and they shall afflict them four hundred years; and also that nation, whom they serve, will I judge, and afterwards shall they come out with great substance."† The sending out of Joseph upon this occasion was the first step towards the accomplishment of the divine counsel. Hence it is said that he was sent out not merely from Hebron, the place where his father dwelt, but from "the *depths* of Hebron," implying that his mission was in pursuance of the divine predestination. The "man" who found Joseph wandering in the field‡ is universally held to have been an angel. He is supposed to have been Gabriel, who is spoken of as "the man" in Daniel ix. 21.§ As to the position of Dothan, whither Joseph's brethren had been said to have removed their flocks, it is mentioned by Eusebius as a town about twelve miles north of Samaria. And here it should be noticed, as illustrative of the spirit of perfect obedience that ruled over Joseph, that though he might have satisfied himself that he had sufficiently fulfilled his father's command in looking for his brethren at Shechem, and might have excused himself from going further on a wearisome and, it might be, a dangerous search, he no sooner heard that they had driven their flocks towards Dothan, than he sets out to track their footsteps. He desires to obey his father in spirit as well as in letter.

But he is about to reap a cruel reward for his loving fidelity. As he comes into sight in the far distance, the eyes of his brothers,

* So the Book of Jasher says.
† Gen. xxxvii. 10.
‡ The subject-matter of the first dream (the sheaves) seems to the Rabbis to have had special reference to the great eminence which Joseph was hereafter to achieve through corn. It was through corn that his brothers came and bowed themselves down before him.
§ Gen. xxxiv. 25—30.

* Gen. xxxvii. 14. † Gen. xv. 13, 14. ‡ Gen. xxxvii. 15.
§ The Rabbis think that the fact of the man accosting Joseph in the first place, instead of Joseph addressing an inquiry to him, shows that he was a supernatural visitor, while Joseph's consciousness of his real character seems to come out in the question, "Tell me, I pray thee, where they feed their flocks?"

quickened by jealous spite, have recognised him on the instant, and they take hasty counsel as to the surest way of getting rid of him and his dreams.* "They said one to another, Behold this dreamer cometh. Come now, therefore, and let us slay him, and cast him into some pit, and we will say, some evil beast hath devoured him; and we will see what will become of his dreams."

The Bible narrative leaves the speaker undetermined, but the words are supposed to have come from the mouth of Simeon, who whispers the horrible suggestion to Levi. Reuben overheard the plot, "and he delivered him out of their hands, and said, Let us not kill him. And Reuben said, Shed no blood, but cast him into this pit that is in the wilderness, and lay no hand upon him; that he might rid him out of their hands to deliver him to his father again."† Reuben's conduct upon this occasion was so well-pleasing to God, that when Cities of Refuge were appointed to save innocent blood from being shed, the first of them was chosen from within the borders of the tribe of Reuben.‡

Joseph has now reached the company of his brethren; but before he has time to deliver his father's salutation, he is thrown upon the ground by Simeon and Levi—foremost in this act of unbrotherly violence as they had been in the murder of the Shechemites and the plunder of their city§—and is roughly stripped of the fatal badge of his father's preference, the coat of many colours.

And here it will be necessary to digress for a moment, in order to call attention to a custom that prevails among the most superstitious of foreign Jews, and which is supposed to date from that incident in the life of Joseph which is about to be related. In times of trouble they have recourse to some Rabbi who is famed for his piety and learning, often travelling long distances to visit a man who has acquired a reputation for unusual sanctity. Having told their story of sorrow, and made an offering of gold or silver as their circumstances allow, the holy man delivers them something which has been very carefully wrapped up in parchment or leather, and bids them wear it round their neck, but not to open it on pain of destroying all the efficacy of the charm. This sacred gift is treated with the utmost reverence, and if it does not immediately work its effect, it is still worn with the pious hope that it will one day assert its power. It is known by the name of Kemeyah. When Joseph's brethren had torn off his coat of many colours—the only garment which he is supposed to have worn—it was discovered that there was a kemeyah suspended round his neck, the gift of his father. They did not touch it, possibly thinking that it was a thing of no worth. Presently the angel Raphael descended and stretched the kemeyah out till it became large enough to cover him, and completely hid his nakedness. This, say the Rabbis, was to prevent his being put to shame when he stood before the Midianites. In memory of this it has been customary to wear the kemeyah as a preservative against evil.

Joseph is now cast into the pit, in all probability a dry and unused well, as seems to be implied in the description that it was empty, and that there was no water in it.* Nothing is said in the scriptural narrative of Joseph's cries for help and mercy, though his brothers call to mind his agony when they themselves were prisoners in Egypt.† "And they said one to another, We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul, when he besought us, and we would not hear; therefore is this distress come upon us." The Book of Jasher dwells at length upon this harrowing scene, and makes Joseph demand with piteous cries if they were children of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and if that was the way in which they should deal with their brother? He then called on them all by name, and entreated them to take him up out of the pit. "How," he asked, "will you ever be able to lift up your face to our father, if you persist in carrying out this horrible deed?"

But his cries were all in vain. There was no human ear to listen to his supplication, for his stony-hearted brothers had withdrawn a bow-shot from the mouth of the pit, and had sat down to eat and drink. While this unhallowed meal is going on, a caravan of Ishmaelitish traders appears in the distance, with their camels' heads pointing towards Egypt. It may well be that some kindling of remorse had already stung the brothers' souls, and that they were thankful for an opportunity of getting rid of Joseph's hated presence without actually dipping their hands in his blood. So Judah at once proposes that he shall be sold as a slave to these strangers, and the plan seems so safe and satisfactory that the brothers are content.

* Gen. xxxvii. 19, 20. † Gen. xxxvii. 21, 22.
‡ See Deut. iv. 43. § Gen. xxxiv. 25.

* Gen. xxxvii. 24. † Gen. xlii. 21.

Not even the sons of Bilhah and Zilpah, for whom Joseph had shown such tender consideration, had a word to say in arrest of this ferocious design.

At this point the Bible narrative claims our most earnest attention, for that which is understood by the best Jewish authorities to have now happened is widely different from that which passes current among ordinary readers of God's Word.* "Then there passed by Midianites merchantmen; and they drew and lifted up Joseph out of the pit and sold Joseph to the Ishmaelites for twenty pieces of silver; and they brought Joseph into Egypt." The Midianites are not to be confounded with the Ishmaelites already mentioned. On this point the Rabbis insist with great energy, and make the story to run as follows:—The attention of the Midianites was attracted by seeing a number of birds hovering over a pit, and they turned aside from their usual track, expecting to find water. Cries of anguish soon struck upon their ear, and on hastening forward to see what they meant, they discovered Joseph and drew him up out of the pit. In order to regain their path it was necessary to pass near the place where Joseph's brothers were still seated. Simeon and Levi, seeing what had happened, instantly rose up in great wrath to bar the way, demanding what right the Midianites had to carry off their slave whom they had put into the pit as a punishment for his disobedience. The Midianites, however, were not to be daunted with angry words, and refused to part with their prize, adding that it seemed to them, as far as they could judge by appearances, that Joseph was much more likely to have been their master than they to have been his, so great was the difference in beauty and intelligence between them.

Upon this all the brothers advanced and exclaimed, "Choose between giving up our slave or being instantly slaughtered by our hands." The Midianites drew their swords, but Simeon sprang upon them with such violence that they were taken by surprise, and fell on their faces with fear. He then addressed them, and told them that he was one of Jacob's sons who had slain the people of Shechem, and that if all the Canaanites were to gather themselves together, he would fight with them and overcome them. The Midianites now ceased from high words, and asked the brothers whether they would be inclined to sell their slave. As this was the very thing that they had already agreed to do, a bargain was soon struck, and Joseph became the property of the Midianites. But they had not gone far on their way before they became troubled about the share that they had borne in the transaction, and they sold him to some passing Ishmaelites for the same money that they had given to his brothers. They themselves then went on towards Gilead, and the Ishmaelites set Joseph on a camel, and brought him down to Egypt. On the road he greatly bewailed his unhappy fate, but his masters beat him cruelly, and dragged him down from the camel, and made him walk on foot.

All this time Reuben was absent. The Medrash says that every day it was his custom to retire to some solitary place to weep and bewail the grievous sin that he had committed.* On his return from this penitential exercise he is horrified to learn what has been done, and in the spirit of unfeigned sorrow he rends his clothes. He does not seem, however, to have had courage enough to stand out against the vile imposture which the brothers were now about to play off upon their father, nor to refuse to join in the oath under which they bound themselves never to divulge the horrible deed that had been committed. A kid is now killed at the suggestion of Issachar, and the many-coloured coat is daubed and torn till it looked like a draggled piece of bravery saved from the paws of a beast of prey. It is then sent home to their father by the hand of Naphtali.

Benjamin, it may be needless to point out, bore no part in the sale of Joseph. As, therefore, he was in reality the only one of the brothers who was free from blame, it was ordained that the temple should hereafter stand within the borders of his tribe.

Jacob at once recognises the coat, and says exactly what the brothers had expected that he would say.† "It is my son's coat; an evil beast hath devoured him; Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces." The Book of Jasher makes him go on to protest that it was not for any sin of his beloved son, but for his own, that this terrible stroke of divine retribution had fallen. It also relates how that after he had wept for a long time without ceasing, he fell heavily forward upon his face. His sons—so the same authority proceeds—were deeply moved at the sight of such inconsolable sorrow; and Judah reverently raised his father from the

* Gen. xxxvii. 28.

* Gen. xxxv. 22. † Gen. xxxvii. 33.

ground, and did his best, along with the others, to comfort him. But all in vain. Jacob remained as silent and motionless as a stone. Isaac, who was still alive, knew what had befallen Joseph; but he dared not reveal his fate to Jacob, because he saw that it was God's will that it should be kept secret for his chastisement. Still he came to speak words of comfort to his heart-broken son; but all to no purpose, for Jacob refused consolation, even from his father's lips, and cried out in his anguish that he would go down into the grave unto his son mourning. Strict search was ordered for the remains of Joseph, so that they might be buried with the utmost honour; but it need not be told that the brothers to whom this charge was given returned home empty-handed.

But returning to Joseph. The Ishmaelites who had now bought him set their faces towards Egypt, and on their way they came to Ephrath, near to which Rachel was buried. Joseph turns aside to visit the grave of his mother, and beseeches her with tears to think upon her child and bring his sorrows into remembrance before the Lord. A voice is then heard, as if from the ground, bidding him weep no more, but to set forward in hope and confidence, since God would assuredly go with him. New life is inspired into Joseph, and he rises from the grave with a high purpose of patiently enduring whatever might be brought upon him. In the course of the journey the Ishmaelites handle him very roughly, but a storm of unexampled violence overtakes them, and causes them to inquire among themselves whether it were not a token of divine displeasure for their cruel usage of the lad. When they reached the borders of Egypt they fell in with a company of Midianites returning to their own country; and as they are by no means certain of Joseph's real character, and begin to suspect that some day or other they may be called to account for their conduct, they gladly seize the opportunity of getting rid of their unwelcome purchase. A bargain is soon concluded, and the Midianites, who knew where to find a sure market for so comely and intelligent a slave, turn back to Egypt to effect a sale. He is carried before Potiphar, and four hundred shekels of silver are demanded as the price. But much as Potiphar desires to have him, he is so strongly impressed with Joseph's noble appearance that he refuses to proceed with the purchase until he has conferred with the Ishmaelites who had sold him to his present owners. They, too, had most opportunely turned back to Egypt, and are produced before Potiphar, who listens half doubtfully to their story, and then pays down the sum of money that had been demanded. Of Potiphar's rank and occupation several accounts are given. Some say that he was chief executioner to the king, and others that he was the head butcher, but all agree that he was a eunuch.

It appears from the foregoing narrative that Joseph was bought and sold *four* times. This must be carefully borne in mind, for Rabbinical writers, from the Medrash downwards, are very particular in pointing out that the word *passim*, which we have translated, "coat of many colours," is not a Hebrew form of expression at all, but that it seems to have been coined (consisting, as it does in the original, of *four* letters) for the express purpose of conveying a prophetic intimation of Joseph's fourfold captivity.

The Medrash thinks that when Joseph set out from Hebron to find his brethren, the Shechinah left his father's house, for had not this Divine Illuminator departed, he could scarcely have remained in ignorance of what had befallen his favourite son. When it is said further on that "the Spirit of Jacob revived,"* the same authority explains this to mean that the Shechinah returned to him again, and that he was now able clearly to discern God's will and purpose towards him. Meanwhile he ceased not to weep for his son, and "mourned for him many days"†— that is to say, until he saw him again at the end of twenty-two years. The Rabbis do not fail to call our attention to the fact that this was the exact time for which Jacob himself had been absent from Isaac, and had not carried out the precept to honour his father.

At this point a break occurs in the Biblical narrative, which branches off into an account of Judah and his doings.‡ "And it came to pass at that time that Judah went down from his brethren," &c., where the Rabbis see an intimation that the brothers had quarrelled among themselves. It is supposed that they had turned fiercely upon Judah, as the one who had counselled them to sell Joseph, and had said that the crime would not have been committed if it had not been for his suggestion.§ Worn out, then, with mutual recriminations, "Judah went down from his brethren."

* Gen. xlv. 27. † Gen. xxxvii. 34.
‡ Gen. xxxviii. 1. § Gen. xxxvii. 26.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR MONTHLY SURVEY.

I.—HOME NOTES.

THE ELOQUENCE OF CRUELTY.

TWICE, during the present year, the great mass of the population of these islands has been intensely moved by allegations of cruelty. In the one case, the cruelty was alleged to have been perpetrated on animals; in the other case, on men, women, and children. In the vivisection controversy, many persons got excited; and besides, the question was somewhat complicated, inasmuch as the infliction of suffering is not equivalent on all occasions to the exercise of cruelty, and therefore a preliminary question demanded settlement—when, or in what circumstances, do these things become one and the same? On this question, many varieties of opinion prevail, and it is not easy to find common ground from which all reasonable men may start. Still, making allowance for extreme opinions and for excitable temperaments, the anti-vivisection movement showed that the infliction of suffering deemed to be unnecessary moves the mass of our people in an extraordinary manner. The very irritation of those who deemed vivisection to be right and necessary showed the strength of the current that was beating against them. For, once the people of Great Britain believe that needless suffering is deliberately inflicted, there is no limit to the intensity of their indignation and the vehemence of their protest.

This has been shown on a much grander scale in connection with the Bulgarian atrocities. Our people were not in undue haste to take up the matter. At first they shared the incredulity manifested in quarters that might have been expected to be well informed. But when no reasonable doubt could exist as to the facts, the excitement of the nation became very vehement. At first, in the manifestation of the prevalent feeling, there was a good deal of the smoke and effervescence of an outburst. But it would be a great error to suppose that there was nothing deeper than what was indicated by smoke and effervescence. That has passed away, but a calm deep emotion remains behind. The British nation has got a profound lesson, and all previous analogy will be belied if, for a generation to come, the prevalent feeling of this country toward the Turk is not in accordance with the emotion of the last three months.

For hundreds of years, cruelty has had an immense influence not only on the national feeling, but especially on the national policy. The fires of Smithfield had a good share in bringing about the English Reformation; and in Scotland, the sufferings of the Covenanters burnt into the very backbone of the country that love of its Church which is still so remarkable. In England, the bloody assize of Judge Jeffreys went far to rouse the nation to expel the Stuart dynasty; as, on the other hand, the cruelties after Culloden kept alive the Jacobite spirit for a long time in many parts of Scotland. The deeds of Robespierre, Danton, and their brethren threw back the cause of reform and popular liberty for a generation in this country, all merciful men recoiling from any approach to the men whose reckless disregard of suffering aggravated so much the guilt of their crimes. It was the exposure of the cruelties connected with slavery and the slave-trade that led to the downfall of both institutions, in spite of the very powerful interests by which they were upheld, and the enormous difficulties connected with their abolition. If, in quite recent years, an unprecedented amount of interest and sympathy has been directed to Africa, Dr. Livingstone's exposure of the revolting cruelties of the slave-trade, still carried on there, whether by one race or another, has been to a large degree the exciting cause. We venture to say that one engraving in Dr. Livingstone's first volume, representing a gang of men, women, and children, fastened together by means of heavy logs and other horrible contrivances, driven by ruffians toward the sea-shore, utterly regardless of their sufferings, was fitted of itself, and apart from anything else, to make a profound impression on our people. And in explanation of our feelings towards eastern countries, how comes it that till lately we had such a dislike to Russia? It was not simply that we considered Russia an ambitious power, casting a covetous eye on some of our possessions; but that we remembered her cruel treatment of Poland, and we had heard many a revolting story of arbitrary banishments to Siberia. Moreover, Russia offended us by joining with Austria against Hungary, a quarter of a century ago, and committing not a few barbarities towards the Magyars. But for this, we doubt very much whether this country would have entered on the Crimean war. We had forgot the atrocities with which the name of Turk had been associated for centuries, and perhaps we had come to think that the Turk had mended his ways. Thus, all through our history, we see how readily and how profoundly the nation has been moved by its recoil from cruelty. It would therefore be to repudiate all the lessons of history to suppose that the present feeling will prove ephemeral and transitory. For a generation to come it will be an active feeling. The Turk's turn has come now, and, like Babylon the Great in the Apocalypse, his past deeds as well as the present have come into remembrance, and Britain has turned her face away from him.

In all this recoil from cruelty, there is a strong testimony to the humanising influence of our religion. In however many ways we may come short—and we come short in not a few—it is certain that, as a nation, we have been in no small degree impregnated with the humane and brotherly spirit of the gospel. We do not forget that there is a natural humanity, as well as a Christian humanity. But the atmosphere of this world is in general too cold for natural humanity, and before that virtue can flourish the air needs to be warmed by the spirit of Christianity. The dark

places of the earth are not only dotted over with habitations of cruelty, but are full of them. If ever we are disposed to despair of Christianity, or to wonder where its influence on the masses is to be found, it will be useful to recal this fact. Vital Christianity has a twofold effect. In individual instances the heart is converted, the love of God and the endeavour to obey Him become the main-springs of the life, and a very blessed and conspicuous change is effected. But besides this, in the case of communities, Christianity effects many changes for the better. The tone of morality is raised; the heart is purified and softened; social order and social sympathy get a firmer hold. This effect of Christianity is not to be despised, although it comes short of the glorious transformation which, with God's blessing, it is capable of achieving. And when we survey the world and find that in their humane spirit, and especially in their humane treatment of enemies, Christian nations not only excel Pagans, but are a great contrast also to Mahometans, we may thank God for the measure of His Spirit which He has been pleased to infuse into them, and earnestly pray for larger communications of that Spirit in every age to come.

SPIRITUALISM BEFORE A NEW TRIBUNAL.

The idea of trying the spirits at Bow Street Police Office, as in the case of Professor Lankaster *v.* Dr. Slade, is rather original. And we rather think it is not a very happy idea. It does not seem at first sight as if the tribunal were just the one adapted to bring the claims of spiritualism to a final or even a temporary settlement. But as we write, the trial is only in progress, and we must abstain from expressing any opinion as to whether Dr. Slade wrote with his own hand on the slate which Professor Lankaster seized, or whether the writing was produced by an entirely different kind of agency. Technically the trial is, whether Dr. Slade, in charging money for an exhibition of spiritualism, was getting it under false pretences—in other words, whether he was guilty of an act of roguery; and as such alleged acts fall to be inquired into at the Police Office, it happens that the spirits are ignominiously brought before the same tribunal as all the rogues and vagabonds of London.

As we write, the trial is only proceeding, so we must abstain from touching on the merits of the particular case. In regard to the subject generally, any trial before the Bow Street magistrates, or before any similar tribunal, can at the best only deal with one species of evidence bearing on the subject. When it is alleged that departed spirits hold intercourse with beings still living in this world, the common sense of mankind is sure to try the allegation by a twofold test. In the first place, they will consider what positive or external proof is adduced that departed spirits have been communicating with the living; and, in the second place, they will consider whether the communications alleged to have been made by them bear inward evidence of their origin—whether they are communications of such a nature or of such importance as might be looked for when so unusual an agency is said to have made them.

The external proofs of spirit-agency may obviously be subjected to judicial inquiry. But even here it must be surmised that we may have very unusual and very inexplicable phenomena, in certain circumstances, without being obliged to infer that they are due to departed spirits. There is a very extraordinary region, call it animal magnetism or somnambulism, or by any other name, where very strange phenomena take place, not requiring any agency of spirits to be called in. But even if we have to call in spirits, it does not follow that they are the departed spirits of our friends. They may be spirits of another order, such as the Scriptures so often advert to.

But over and above any external proofs of the agency of the departed spirits of our friends, there is an internal evidence on which we cannot but intuitively lay a great stress. We instinctively feel that so remarkable an agency would not be allowed to intervene in the affairs of this world for any common trivial purpose. There must be an occasion worthy of the interference. There must be some great and vital truth to be communicated, and that of such a kind that men cannot be expected to be impressed with any other mode of establishing it that may be in operation among them. Now when we examine the messages supposed to be brought by spirits, we find them utterly trivial. What light have they ever thrown on any of the great problems that exercise and agitate the spirits of men? What information have they ever given us respecting the unseen world really fitted to meet the burning curiosity regarding it of which we are so often conscious? What valuable help have they ever contributed towards enabling toiling and troubled men to overcome their difficulties and attain to peace? If the spirits of the just made perfect really have intercourse with this world, we might surely expect that the work done by them would derive some qualities from the heavenly condition in which they are, and would tend to make heaven upon earth. But in what case has anything of the kind ever been experienced? In the absence of all internal evidence of a suitable kind, we must be pardoned for being sceptical in regard to this whole question of spiritualism. If the spirits really brought us some great message from heaven, not attainable in any other way, there would be something to say for spiritualism. As things stand, the fact of its being so much believed in seems only to prove how credulous some men are in certain matters who are sceptics, if not actual unbelievers, on the great truths attested by so many witnesses under the gospel.

INTOLERANCE DEFENDED.

Cardinal Manning, and indeed the members of his Church generally, have a very cool way of pleading that the case being altered, that alters the case. If in a Protestant country like this there be the shadow of a case for making out that Roman Catholics have not perfect equality with other denominations, they

are up in arms against the injustice; but if it be a very flagrant case of Protestants in a Roman Catholic country being deprived even of toleration, and subjected to pains and penalties, they try to make out that there is no ground for complaint in the matter. The wretched intolerance, for example, that would deprive Protestants in Spain of the right even to advertise their worship or to tell what it is, finds a defender in Cardinal Manning. Yet if the cardinal should discover that in some jail overrun with Roman Catholic criminals, all facilities are not afforded to the priest to celebrate the worship of his Church, the grievance is proclaimed far and near, and no stone is left unturned for removing it. How the English people, with their proverbial love of fair play, should allow this, it is not easy to see. But it has long been the way of the Church of Rome—where intolerance is in her favour she is intolerant. Where the assumption of a liberal rôle would benefit her, she is liberal. The strange thing is, that she should have the presumption to vindicate such policy in the face of Great Britain, and to act on either principle as may suit her. Cardinal Manning is certainly a remarkable man to be able to maintain and defend this double-faced attitude, and without the appearance either of shame or shrinking, before the public of this country.

ALIENATION OF THE MASSES FROM THE CHURCH.

This subject received an important place in the deliberations of the Church Congress at Plymouth. It was introduced by the Rev. Mr. Money, who ascribed the fact chiefly to the want of spirituality in the Church, which, last century, as Bishop Wilberforce had said, "flung from her bosom that sainted man, John Wesley;" to the indifference the Church had manifested to the social changes that had recently taken place, the breaking up of feudalism, and the formation of a new system of things between employer and employed; to intemperance, the state of dwellings, the circulation of bad literature, and similar causes. In regard to means to be employed, what was needed was not so much new means as the more earnest prosecution of those already in existence. He thought that among the working-classes a better day was dawning.

Mr. J. G. Talbot, M.P., discussed the subject from the layman's point of view. The present state of things appeared to be due,—(1.) to the extreme respectability of the Church; (2.) want of elasticity in her arrangements; (3.) the rapid and unregulated growth of secular knowledge. The remedies lay chiefly in the direction of removing these barriers. By other members of the Congress it was argued that to embrace and attract the working-classes, there must be shorter, brighter, heartier services. And some thought that they must be interested in the choir, and in all church work; in fact the problem very much resolved itself into this—how shall the working-classes be induced to regard the Church as their own institution? One speaker pled strongly that the earnest preaching of the gospel was the only remedy. Reference was made to some clergymen who have established church-guilds among their people, and in this way sought to get them into harness for the Church.

Although it seems very generally to be assumed that the alienation of the working-classes from Christianity is general throughout all the denominations in the land, this is not admitted by all. Mr. Spurgeon, for example, in speaking recently on the subject, took a different line. He did not admit the fact assumed:—

"I am always hearing it said the great problem is to get the working-classes to listen to the gospel. I do not believe that to be the problem at all, and I deny altogether that the working-classes of London attend less at the house of God than other classes in London. In proportion to their numbers, they attend as well as any other class. People come to the Tabernacle, and when they see the congregation coming out, they say no working-classes go there, because they would not be so well dressed. One of the first things I notice about a man when he turns from his evil ways is that he gets a decent suit of clothes. I don't believe any one in Europe could tell the difference between a workman in his best clothes and any other swell. I suppose two-thirds of my congregation at the Tabernacle are working men, and wherever you have a vigorous, living Church, you will find that the bulk of it is made up of the very men whom it is said to be the problem to get to go to the house of God."

Mr. Spurgeon went on to remark that there was a more difficult problem than that of the working-classes,—how to get West-end people to attend the house of God.

"There is a problem I should like to see solved, and that is how to get the people of the West-end into church. I know there are hundreds of thousands of people living in the suburbs surrounding London, having large incomes and fine houses, who do not attend church any more than many of the workpeople do."

The fact is, that wherever the gospel is preached with power and brightness, and where the loving and sympathetic spirit of the gospel is shown, it is easier to draw the poor than the rich to the house of God. The gospel is emphatically good news to the poor. But it must not be a mere dogmatic gospel, it must be a gospel of which the preacher has caught the spirit, and of which the congregation exemplify the fruits. Wherever a true sympathy is shown with the toils and difficulties of the working-class, and a true desire to promote their welfare, there will be an element of attraction toward the church. Nor can anything be named calculated to make up for the want of this element.

II.—GLANCES ABROAD.

CONTINENTAL FEELING ABOUT THE SABBATH.

It is certain that the question of Sabbath-observance is attracting much more attention on the Continent than it did a few years ago, and that in some respects both opinion and practice have made considerable advance.

1. Thus, in Paris, there are obviously many more shops closed on Sundays than there were a few years ago. The physiological argument for the Sabbath seems to have made way, whatever may be true of the theological; and the feeling has been gaining ground, that a day of rest out of seven is a great physical benefit.

2. In last number of this Magazine reference was made to the discussion of the Sabbath question at Barmen, and to the conclusion arrived at there that the best available means of promoting the better observance of the Sabbath was to begin by reforming the practice in the houses of certain pastors, and to urge from the pulpit the high claims of the Day of Rest.

3. The Protestantentag, which has just sat at Heidelberg, had the same subject under consideration, and though arguing the matter only on the footing of the Sabbath being a useful human institution, pledged itself to use its influence for the diminution of work on that day. "It is fortunate" says a correspondent of an English journal, "that the Sunday question is now discussed everywhere, and that the Protestantentag finds it necessary to face a question raised last year by the Congress for Home Missions."

4. But the most important meeting on the subject is the International Congress just held at Geneva. The Swiss Societies for the Sabbath have been very active, and have lately gathered a congress of two hundred and fifty delegates and friends from many lands to take counsel on the subject, and devise measures for the better observance of the Lord's day. Eleven Swiss Cantons, North and South Germany, Austria-Hungary, Belgium, Spain, France, Holland, Italy, Roumania, England, Scotland, and the United States, had delegates at Geneva. The German Emperor sent his Ambassador, his Excellency General Baron de Rœder, as his representative. Chaplain Wittich, of Stuttgart, was sent by the King of Wurtemberg, and the Superintendent Dole, of Carlsruhe, represented his Sovereign the Grand Duke of Baden. The Directors of the Paris and Lyons Railway were represented by their Inspector-General, the Vicomte de la Panouse, while the Roumanian Railways were represented by their Chairman, M. L. Charlier. Thirty of the Evangelical Home Mission Societies sent their Directors or prominent members to help the work. The Genevan Consuls of Great Britain, the United States, Spain, Brazil, and Denmark, took their place among invited members. The Chamber of Commerce of Geneva had three members present, while various postal, telegraphic, and other services sent their head to learn or to help. There were editors of newspapers and directors of literary societies, while groups of physicians, lawyers, bankers, and other commercial men, pastors and secretaries, made up the number. M. Alex Lombard presided, and Pastor Coulin of Genthod, gave the inaugural address. The basis of a proposed International Society was the subject of some discussion; but the proposals of Professor Godet of Neuchâtel (probably the most distinguished French divine of the present day), constituting the Society on the basis of the divine authority of the Lord's day, were heartily accepted.

"1. The principle of an International Confederation for the revival in Europe of reverence for and observance of the Lord's-day upon the basis of Holy Scripture, as printed on the papers of the Congress, be accepted. 'God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it' (Gen. ii. 3). 'Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath-day' (Exod. xx. 8). 'The Sabbath was made for man' (Mark ii. 27).

"2. The definite constitution of this Confederation will be drawn up at a future Congress to be called, at the latest, within two years by the Swiss Association.

"3. A plan of organization and procedure (*modus vivendi* or *modus operandi*) shall be prepared under the care of the same Association, aided by the Central Committee of each country.

"4. The undersigned present at the Congress, individually and as representing their various Associations, give their cordial adhesion to the project above indicated."

Other topics discussed were Sunday trains in railways, and payment of wages. Resolutions discountenancing railway trains, and in favour of Friday for paying wages, were adopted. The Congress was highly interesting, and it is considered a very remarkable and encouraging circumstance that it should have given so emphatic a declaration for the divine institution and authority of the Sabbath.

THE SEAT OF WAR.

Everything that bears on the condition of the Christian provinces which are at war with Turkey has special interest at the present time. We would ask any of our readers who may not have read "A Visit to the Bosnian Refugees," in our July number, to turn to that paper. Miss Johnston records her benevolent labours among the many thousands of destitute Bosnians that had taken refuge last winter in Slavonia and Croatia. The tale of suffering is vivid and terrible; but Miss Johnston and her friends had helped to relieve it, and had also set a number of schools agoing; and the paper concludes cheerfully, because warm weather had set in at the date of her writing. But now that the cold has returned, the claims of these refugees, and others equally miserable, must be overwhelming.

The Bible Society Reporter gives some notices of work among the Servian wounded. The colporteurs were not allowed to follow the army; but they got access to the hospitals. They were instructed by the Society to sell Testaments at a greatly reduced price, and to distribute portions of Scripture gratuitously to all who were able to read. This has been attended with very considerable encouragement. One of the agents writes: "I am very glad that England is going to do something for our poor sick and wounded. I frequently visit them, and my heart is moved to witness the outward and inward wretchedness of their state." Dr. Thomson, of Constantinople, writes that on the Turkish side the difficulties of doing anything are insuperable. Colporteurs dare not go with the Turkish army, nor enter the disturbed provinces

from the Turkish side. And as for the inhabitants, their losses have been such that the last thing they would think of would be to buy books. They have difficulty enough in getting bread.

From a paper issued by the "Turkish Missions' Aid Society," we are furnished with information respecting the ecclesiastical and spiritual condition of the Bulgarians. Quoting a paper by Dr. Clark, missionary at Samokov, the Society glance at the antiquity of the Bulgarian nation, said to have existed previous to the Christian era, at its present strength, somewhere about five millions, and at its ecclesiastical history. The Bulgarian Church for a long time had its own patriarchates; but the ambition of the Greek Church caused it at length to be merged in the Greek See of Constantinople in 1767. The nation has been ever since kept in subjection and ignorance, but has borne the yoke with much impatience. A national spirit, says Dr. Clark, has been developed among the people, who have this year obtained the concession of having their own Exarch, who is essentially independent, and the direct organ of communication between the government and the people.

The Pope, aware of the dislike of the Bulgarians towards the rulers of the Greek Church, has made sundry endeavours to conciliate them. It does not appear, however, that they have in any degree whatever responded to his approaches. Hardly twenty years have elapsed since missionary work was begun among them by two American Boards, the American Episcopal and the American. The results of these missions have been highly encouraging.

"At the opening of these missions," says Dr. Clark, "undue expectations of immediate results had been excited among Christians in England and America, by the desire of the Bulgarians to purchase the Scriptures. This demand for the Word of God was not because they were seeking Christian truth; but the reaction against Greek influences, and the lack of almost any Bulgarian books, caused the Testament, sold at a low price, to be heartily and widely welcomed. This undue expectation has seemed to cause a re-action, resulting in an undue discouragement on the part of some; for God has plainly blessed the work.

"In labouring among the people, the missionaries have generally sought to present the great truths of salvation rather than to attack openly the errors of the Church. They have sought also to enter into the feelings of the people in their struggle for national rights and their desire for intellectual advancement, and to a considerable degree they have gained the confidence of teachers and influential men.

"The American Board has now three stations,—at Philippopolis, Eski Zagra, and Samokov. Besides the weekly services at these stations, gospel truth has been disseminated in all the surrounding places by tours and colportage. An aggregate of some five years' time of touring by missionaries, perhaps an equal amount of time in the preparation of books, and twenty-five years of labour by native helpers, has resulted in the circulation of probably more than fifteen thousand copies of the Scriptures, thousands of other books, and several hundred thousand pages of tracts; so that now few houses where there are readers (and all the leading young men of the villages can read) are without one or more Testaments and other religious books, and hundreds of young men purchase almost every book or tract issued from the Protestant press, as soon as it is brought to them."

Connected with the mission of the American Board, there is a Theological School, of which it is reported:—

"The Theological School has had three seniors, four juniors, and four in the preparatory class. The progress of the pupils in their studies has been pleasing to their teachers, who say, 'While we cannot report a revival, we can testify to a deepening sense among the students, of their duties, responsibilities, and opportunities. It has been delightful to find in them a growing love for the sacred Word. Four of them have been employed during the whole, and a fifth for a part, of the winter vacation as colporteurs. Of late, there has been evinced more and more of a desire to work for Christ, as seen in their endeavours on the Sabbath, in the city and in some of the neighbouring villages.'

"The new building for the female boarding-school has been a source of great advantage to the institution, situated as it is in one of the finest and most valuable positions in the city, and giving opportunity for growth. The number of scholars during the year has been thirty—twenty-two of them boarders. The Trustees report: 'The examinations at the close of the year occurred on the 5th and 6th of July, and reflected great credit both upon teachers and scholars. . . . . But, above all, we have reason to be thankful for the manifest presence of the Spirit in the school, quietly, but powerfully, working in the hearts of the pupils during these last months of the year. This interest in eternal things embraced all the boarders of the school, reviving those who had previously confessed Christ, and awakening those who had no hope to seek the Saviour.'"

Of the ordinary schools in Bulgaria, the well-known correspondent of the *Daily News* has written some notices that show how much more advanced the country is in civilisation than it commonly gets credit for.

"I can only judge of the number of schools by the fact that we did not see or hear of a single village or hamlet large enough to support a school that was without one or more. Here in Slievena there were too large school buildings and two smaller ones, capable of accommodating altogether about one thousand pupils. The girls' school was a new and very pretty building. It was built entirely of wood, with a neat portico, broad easy staircases, and numerous large windows, which afforded plenty of light, and with the large trees outside, whose foliage shaded them, gave the interior a very airy and fresh appearance. It was divided into eight large rooms, and two very wide spacious halls, separated only by glass partitions, and was capable of accommodating with ease three hundred and fifty or four hundred children. It was supplied with a complete assortment of maps, globes, and the ordinary mathematical and astronomical instruments used in schools, with geological and botanical charts. I was astonished to see a school so well organized, with all the modern appliances, in this little out of the way place, this almost unknown country of the Balkans. We looked at the old programmes of the previous year that were hung upon the walls. They were very complete for a school of the kind, but I forgot to obtain a copy, and I only remember that there were six classes in the

principal school, in the highest of which were taught history, geometry, French, the old Sclavonic, Turkish, book-keeping, and European literature. There were about fifty little fellows of from six to ten assembled in one room, ragged and dirty; but Mr. Schuyler examined them and found that they could all read, and nearly all could write. He called up one little boy, about eight years old, with very ragged trousers and very bright eyes, to the black board, and dictated a sentence to him in Bulgarian; and the little fellow delighted to show off his learning, wrote it off in the Russian characters, in a round, smooth, steady hand that put some in our party to shame. Mr. Schuyler then examined a class in arithmetic, and another in geography, and found the children as a rule quick, bright, and ready to answer without hesitation or embarrassment. We could not help, upon looking around over this school, full of bright, hopeful little faces, thinking of those other schools of Otluk-kui, Klissura, and so many other places, that were burnt to the ground, and of that one dreadful schoolhouse of Batak, where so many bright, hopeful little beings, just like these, were burnt alive. We learned that there were twenty teachers here altogether—thirteen masters and seven mistresses. Their salaries ranged from £30 to £70 a-year—a very liberal income in this part of the world. They all called on us during the day; first the thirteen masters, and then the seven mistresses; and we thus had an opportunity to see what they were like, and how they would compare in appearance with the members of the same profession in other parts of the world. I can only say that the comparison was by no means as unfavourable to the Bulgarians as might be supposed. They were not dressed very well, it is true; but they nearly all had very honest, earnest, and intelligent faces, and evidently looked upon their profession as a noble one. We learned that all but two or three had been educated in Bulgaria, and had never been out of the province. The two or three that formed the exception had received their education in part at Bucharest or Moscow."

SPAIN—REACTION AND INTOLERANCE.

It has always been felt by Protestants that the openings for the gospel so suddenly obtained in certain European countries might not last long, and that the opportunities of entering in while the doors were open ought to be embraced promptly and eagerly. The indications that in Spain the difficulties in the way of Protestantism are multiplying are unfortunately but too palpable. The warnings of men like the late Count de Montalembert and the great orator Castelar have not borne the fruit that might have been looked for. Men who have argued that after all its historical experience, after having fallen from the highest to the lowest place among the nations of Europe through a policy of religious intolerance and persecution, Spain would never be so infatuated as to renew that policy, have forgot that there are some persons whom experience never teaches, and especially that there is a certain family—too well known to Europe—that even when their opportunities are best, learn nothing and forget nothing. If the policy which has been inaugurated in Spain is continued, there seems nothing for the country except "in lowest depths to find a lower still."

The government of Spain has made war on Protestant sign-boards announcing the depôts of British Societies, or the chapels of Protestant churches. Agents have communicated to those responsible in Madrid the wish of the government that they should be removed. The order is put on the ground that "public manifestations" are not permitted on behalf of any but the State religion. The managers of newspapers have even refused to insert announcements of Protestant services. Certainly all this is in opposition to the spirit of the act on religious worship passed by the legislature last session, however it may be attempted to be represented as in accordance with the letter of the law. Strong efforts have been made to bring British influence to bear on the Spanish Government to undo so paltry yet annoying an interference. A large deputation waited on Lord Derby, whose advice was that it should be formally ascertained by means of a trial whether the announcements were in violation of the law, and who indicated his readiness, in the event of the intolerant interpretation being maintained, to use his influence for the alteration of the law.

Much excitement has been caused by this proceeding of the Government, and by other proceedings against Protestants in other parts of Spain. The Protestants are by no means disposed to submit tamely to the restriction. It is not, however, to be supposed that so offensive a step has been resolved on without the deliberate purpose to adhere to it; and we fear that another chapter will yet be added to the dark, horrible, and disastrous records of Spanish intolerance and fear.

VENEZUELA AND THE POPE.

There has been a curious anti-papal little war in this republic, and, strange to say, it has ended in a concession being made by the papal party. So long ago as 1834 a law was passed providing that when archbishops and bishops are nominated, they must present themselves to the executive, and take an oath of allegiance to the Government, &c. A Senor Guevara having been elected Archbishop of Caracas, refused to comply with this law, and was backed by the Pope. The President, having in vain attempted to settle the dispute diplomatically, took a bolder attitude, and in a message to Congress said:—

"'I have taken upon myself to propose a law which shall declare the Church of Venezuela independent of the Roman Episcopate, and ask that you further order that parish priests shall be elected by the faithful, the bishops by the rectors of parishes, the archbishop by Congress, thus returning to the usage of the primitive Church, founded by Jesus Christ and his Apostles.'

"The message proceeds to denounce the policy of Rome, as 'always retrograde and opposed to liberty, order, and progress.' The Venezuela Congress have cordially supported the President in his noble assertion of the rights of the State. The address in reply to his message states, 'Congress sees, with profound displeasure, that the Roman See refuses to satisfy the just desires of the people of Venezuela upon the grave question which we are engaged

in debating, through the fault of a Prelate, false to his duties as a priest and a patriot, and who dares to insist upon the right to override that natural sovereignty which we exercise as an independent and free nation. The country knows that, with wisdom and prudence, you have endeavoured to conciliate the interests of Venezuela with the capricious demands of the Roman See, as far as our national dignity, the majesty of our institutions, and the high duties which the Revolution of April imposed upon you, have permitted: and thus the Members of this Congress do not hesitate to associate themselves with your Excellency to fight in this last battle against the Roman See, in the name of modern civilisation and our national sovereignty.'"

It would appear that the Romish party became alarmed at the attitude of Congress, and at the expressed sentiments of the President, who said that he wished to be carried back to the time of Henry VIII. to do what was done in England, and have a Reformed Protestant Episcopal Church. Archbishop Guevara has been succeeded by another who has taken the oath to the Constitution. The President thereon sent a message to the legislature asking that the Anti-Roman law should be withdrawn, and it has been withdrawn accordingly. But eyes are turned to Venezuela as a field for Protestantism, and the state of mind of many of the people is very interesting.

III.—JOTTINGS FROM THE MISSION FIELD.

THE AMERICAN PERSIAN MISSION.

So many eyes are now directed to the East, and the conflict with Mahomedanism is likely to become so important, that many a narrative connected with these regions is acquiring new interest. Probably few persons know much of the mission work that has been going on in Persia. Yet Persia is a very interesting country. It is a country with which we are often brought into contact in the Bible, especially about the time of the captivity. And what we read of it in the Old Testament gives us a friendly interest in it. It was the country that humbled the Babylonian power, and set free the Hebrew captives. We associate with the name of Cyrus a great emancipation act, worthy to be the type even of the emancipation of the gospel. Cyrus issuing his proclamation and sending back the Jews to rebuild their city and temple and worship their God, appears before us in an almost godlike character. He contrasts glowingly with Pharaoh, grudging the Hebrews their liberty, and contending against them till he was buried under the waves of the Red Sea. Cyrus, on the other hand, sends them home like a bride to her bridegroom. We feel as if the country that did so noble a deed was suited to become a Christian land.

The *Foreign Missionary* of America for October, gives a seasonable sketch of the Persian mission, which we present in a condensed form.

In the early days of Christianity, a church was founded among the mountains of Media through the labours, it is said, of the apostle Thomas, the people of which were styled St. Thomas Christians. "It had its See in Bagdad, its schools and seminaries of learning, its bishops and priests, its propagandists and missionaries scattered abroad as far as to India and China." But in the days of the bloody Timourlane and others, frightful persecution fell upon the Christians. They were all but annihilated, and only a miserable remnant escaped to the Koordish mountains. Some of them ventured down to the plains and tried as far as possible to live by themselves. The population of the country is mainly Mahomedan, and the Christians were ground down by oppression. They are mere serfs, allowed to till the ground only on condition of giving up two-thirds or three-fourths of the produce, and often spoiled by violence even of the remnant that is allowed them. They have maintained comparative purity, being without pictures or images, crucifixes or confessionals, or worshipping of the host; yet they were ignorant, degraded, and superstitious, and holding to many errors. Their enemies called them Nestorians, charging them with the errors of Nestorius, but they called themselves St. Thomas Christians. They seemed to have no just apprehension of the character and mission of Christ. To the Nestorian he was about what Mahomed was to the Mussulman, simply a teacher, whose death they celebrated as the death of a martyr. They thought to atone for their own sins by fasts, almsgiving, and prayers.

In 1833 the American Board sent out Dr. Perkins, and soon after Dr. Grant, to labour among them. The reception of the missionaries by all classes was very cordial. The missionaries acquired their languages; reduced the modern Syriac to a literature; translated and printed the Bible; organized villages, taught the young, itinerated, and preached. In 184[illegible] there was a great awakening. The scenes were like those of a revival at home. Pungent convictions of sin, self-loathing, and sense of being lost; apprehension of the forgiving mercy of God, laying hold of Christ as a personal Saviour, with the fruits of the spirit, love, joy, peace, and zeal to make known to others the story of Jesus and his love. A wonderful moral change took place. Stolen property was restored by Christian servants to Mussulman masters—a thing that seemed incredible. The condition of woman was elevated. Churches and missions were formed, for the support of which the people made generous offerings. About 1861, a wonderful spirit of beneficence was poured out, the contributions of the poor people amounting to hundreds of pounds. The great work of making native churches self-supporting was wonderfully facilitated.

In undertaking a mission to the Nestorians, the American Church always had in view to bring its influence to bear on the Mahomedans. This part of the work had to be pursued cautiously, considering that the penalty to a Mussulman for changing his religion was death. But the Mahomedans were greatly moved by the visible change on the Christians, and especially by acts of kindness done by the

Christians to themselves. "The wonderful exhibition of Christian charity towards all classes, regardless of sect, in the time of that fearful famine which carried off, according to official returns, three millions of the population of Persia, especially opened their eyes, to see the superiority of the Christian religion over theirs. Their religion required the exercise of charity toward Mussulmans. . . . . The poor famine-stricken ones thronged our gates, and dispersed among the villages of the Christians, where they hoped to obtain a pittance. . . . . The scourge threw into our hands some orphan girls, poor waifs, with none to care for them. These were gathered into a school, the germ of our more active work among the Mahomedans."

The narrative goes on to show how all this has weakened the hold of Mahomedanism. There is much anxiety among many of them. Some villages have actually asked for Christian teachers. The first Mussulman woman has with her husband sat at the Lord's Table. Mussulman girls plead to be admitted to school with Christian girls, and eat with them—a thing repugnant to good Mussulmans. The change is going on so rapidly that the missionaries are often amazed, and they plead earnestly for more agents to carry on the good work.

In the district of Oroomiah there are about thirty churches, besides stations. There is a half-yearly meeting of pastors and elders in each district to settle all questions relating to the welfare and growth of the church. Last year in this district seventy-eight new members were added, and ninety-six more were proposed for admission. Generally the temperance pledge is taken by members. "The churches seem united, and are growing in efficacy, and are becoming more and more a power for good in Persia."

NEW GUINEA.

No country has of late excited more interest than New Guinea. Captain Moresby's book has been read over a wide circle, and the reports of missionaries have been carefully pondered. It is a district where as yet the missionary is not much more than an explorer. Great efforts have been made to find localities for missions suitable in point of sanitary as well as other considerations. Captain Moresby's journals showed that in some cases missionaries from other islands had been set down in unsuitable localities. The London Missionary Society have sent their ship *Ellengowan*, with Messrs. Lawes and Macfarlane, missionaries, to explore part of the island. At the eastern end of Hood Bay, a very interesting people were found. The place has been named Dundee.

"We had some talk with the chiefs, some of whom could speak the Port Moresby language. Having made them a small present each, we accompanied them on shore, and were delighted to find on every side evidences of intelligence, industry, and cleanliness. We were conducted by the chiefs, and followed by a crowd of natives through the township, which consists of nine villages connected by gardens and lanes neatly fenced in, the former being well weeded, and the latter, like the villages, cleanly swept. Although the houses and streets are overshadowed by trees, not a dead leaf or cocoanut husk is to be seen. They must be swept at least once a day."

The exploring party continued their investigations, and came upon many settlements and villages hitherto unknown. No trouble was experienced from the natives, who seem for the most part to be peaceable and inoffensive, disposed to trade on as easy terms as possible to themselves, and by no means ignorant of the arts. The attention and respect shown by them towards their dead is a remarkable feature of their character.

"All along the coast, between Amazon Bay and China Straits, the natives are not only more numerous, but more intelligent, and look more healthy. They dress very respectably compared with the others. The women are much the same, wearing girdles of grass or leaves down to their knees, but the men have a very decent kind of fore-and-aft rig made with pandanus leaves. During the night the natives were assembling on the beach opposite our anchorage, ready for trading in the morning. They kept up a constant chatter throughout the whole night, and at daybreak eighteen canoes came off with vegetables for sale. Amongst them were a lot of young fellows who appeared to have made up their minds not to go back empty-handed, and did not seem at all particular how they came by the things. One of them had got the furnace door in his canoe, another the windlass handle, and another a blanket. These we recovered, but, fearing lest we should come into collision with the people if we remained to cut wood, we weighed anchor and steamed away from them. Like the natives at the other places, they were astonished when we quietly moved from the midst of their canoes. On our way out of the harbour we met numerous canoes, but did not stop. Orangerie Bay is very thickly populated, more so than any part of the coast we have yet visited. We went out at the passage between Dufaure Island and the mainland, or what may prove to be a large island, as we did not go to the head of the harbour, where there appeared to be an opening. Orangerie Bay is likely to become the most important part of the south-eastern peninsula, both from a missionary and commercial point of view. Our important discovery we have named Mullens' Harbour."

The region which these missionaries have thus surveyed will probably become the subject of a Government expedition. Meanwhile a great public service has been rendered by the missionaries, who have shown that courageous and painstaking enterprise is by no means foreign to the aims and spirit of missionary life. The missionaries express an earnest hope that nothing will be done to stir up the enmity or the jealousy of the unsuspecting natives who dwell in these parts, but that all vessels visiting them will pursue a fair and peaceful policy towards them. The pity is that it should have become requisite to make such a request.

"HARTLEIGH TOWERS."

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HARTLEIGH TOWERS.

A Story of English Life.

By the AUTHOR of "Andrew Gray's Story," &c.

CHAPTER VII.—MULBERRY PARK AND ITS INMATES.

OSKIN'S Club was one of the most imposing of the modern buildings of the ancient borough of St. Oswald's. It had been recently placed by a speculative builder at a prominent corner of its principal street, and was considered by most people an ornament and attraction, though there were a few who looked upon it rather in the light of a nuisance. The large bow window of its principal room which fronted the busy High Street below was a favourite masculine lounge. It was peopled much as usual one afternoon in September. Four gentlemen were grouped in its window embrasure, talking and smoking as they looked across to the sunlighted shop windows on the other side of the street, and watched with more or less interest the passers-by. The conversation did not appear to be of an interesting character, at least to one of the group, who, throwing away his half-smoked cigar, retreated to the reading-table, where he took up the *Times* and began to pass his eye rather listlessly down its columns. The others still continued to interchange spasmodic remarks, the burden of which seemed to be mild grumblings that it was their hard fate to find themselves shut up in a dull provincial town during these holiday months.

"It isn't half so bad for you being boxed up here, of course, Morgan, though you seem actually to be trying to make yourself out a greater martyr than any of us," said a bright breezy-looking youth with frank pleasant eyes, who looked as if his discontent was of a very surface nature. "If I were only within a day's journey of home, I shouldn't mind a bit. I could run up and have a sight of them all and a day's shooting, and that would last me for a long while—something to think about, you know."

"The pleasures of memory, I suppose, Gordon," responded his companion in a sneering tone. He looked considerably older than the other, though the actual difference in age between them was not great. His face and manner bore traces of greater knowledge of the world, though he did not look as if he had been pleasantly moulded by his experiences of life. There was something cynical about the curves of his well-cut mouth, and his eyes had a singularly cold and unpleasant expression in them. Yet Leonard Morgan was an undeniably handsome man in face and figure, which, perhaps, accounted for the fact that he stood now trying to kill time in a fashionable lounge with his brother officers rather than being at work in his father's counting-house a few doors off. He was an only son, and had been destined by his hard-working mercantile parent as his successor in the firm of Messrs. Morgan and Green; but Leonard had rebelled against this destination, and showed more eagerness than he had ever previously manifested on any subject that he should be allowed to enter the army. His father shook his head over the idea at first; but he had finally yielded to his wife's persuasion, who was proud of her handsome son, and whose maternal imagination was wrought upon by visions of his graceful proportions arrayed in military habiliments. He had been seldom at home since he got his commission, and it was therefore a source of great rejoicing to his home circle when he came to take up his temporary abode with a detachment of his regiment quartered in St. Oswald's, though his proximity to Chadsthorpe did not seem to be an equally pleasurable circumstance to Lieutenant Morgan. He alone of the window group appeared genuinely discontented with his present fate.

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the others seeming to indulge in grumblings more as padding to a rather flagging conversation.

"The pleasures of memory are all very well in one's old age," he continued, with a shrug, "but I must say I should like to see something more promising on foot in the way of present pleasure. This place is as dull as ditch-water. Why, even when one goes to their entertainments it's duller than in one's own rooms. There isn't a girl pretty to look at, or pleasant to talk to, in the whole town."

"Come now, Morgan, don't make sweeping assertions. I've been watching a girl for the last three minutes on the opposite side of the street there, who looks as if she would be pleasant to talk to, and certainly she is pretty to look at," said one of the group who stood nearest the window, a shortish man with closely-cropped iron-grey hair, and a shrewd, sallow, rather shrivelled face. He seemed considerably older than any of his associates, but Captain Lake always preferred the society of younger men than himself. He said they amused him more; but there was a kindly humorous glance in his deep-set grey eyes which seemed to betoken that his interest in his juniors was of a genuine and wholesome description.

"Oh, yes, hasn't she a beautiful face!" exclaimed Ensign Gordon enthusiastically, bending forward. "I've seen her once before. I met her the other day."

"She is rather good-looking though," drawled Lieutenant Morgan from his easy chair, where he lay smoking. "Just the height I admire in a woman, too. Ah, here is some favoured youth who has crossed the street to speak to her. He's going to cut you out, Gordon, depend upon it!" he added, bending forward as he knocked the ash from his cigar.

"Why, look! the boor doesn't lift his hat. What can he mean?" exclaimed the young ensign with his face in undignified proximity to the window-pane.

"I've seen that fellow's face somewhere," said Morgan, moving from his chair. "Where can it have been? Oh, yes, I remember now. He is a young man of the name of Carew who has just come into my father's office. Well, you may allay your fears for the present, Gordon. Pray don't take the suicidal step of jumping out at the window which you seem to contemplate. The youth who is talking to your beauty has, I understand, a prior claim on his affections. He happens to be engaged to a cousin of mine —a pretty-faced little thing with an old ogre of a grandfather; and he must be desperately enamoured, for I believe he has given up his profession for her sake. He had rather distinguished himself, they say, and was just going to take his degree when this love-passage intervened, and my amiable relative, old Uncle Jos, made it a *sine quâ non* that he should leave medicine and take to merchandise. The young fellow consented, and then the governor offered him a berth. That's the very man. I saw him the other day in the office."

"Now, Gordon, isn't that a pretty little romance for you," exclaimed Captain Lake vivaciously, as he seated himself in the easy chair which Leonard Morgan had just vacated. "I believe you quite fit to be the hero of a similar one, my boy. Eh, Gordon, are you willing to doff your colours for that fine pair of eyes yonder?"

"But who can she be, Morgan?" inquired Gordon in an eager tone, heedless of the banter of his older friend. "Look! they are still talking, and now he has offered her his arm. See! they are going away together," cried the youth in a regretful tone.

"I really don't know who she can be," replied Leonard Morgan in his usual drawl. "Unless she is his sister," he added in a moment, going nearer to the window. "She is in deep mourning, I see. It suits her. She walks well too;" and, leaning against the window with his hands in his pockets, and indulging in a low meditative whistle peculiar to him, Mr. Morgan watched the pair till they were lost in the crowd.

Captain Lake had moved towards the newspaper table where the silent member who had retreated from the window group still sat. "Now, Hartleigh, there you are moping again, I declare," said he, accosting him in a cheerful tone. "It's quite evident your ancestral surroundings don't suit you, my boy, any more than they do Morgan there, though your symptoms are slightly different, I must confess," added Captain Lake, shrugging his neat shoulders. "How shall we chase away this weary melancholy? Why, I lured you here to make dulness less dull, and you go on like this! It's all since your visit to these paternal acres of yours. We must set you off on your wanderings again. Let me see, is there any place within the limits of the known world you have not yet visited? Shall it be towards the north or south pole this time, Hartleigh?"

"I can't say that the compass of my inclina-

tion points to either, at present, Lake," said Hugh Hartleigh, laying down his newspaper as if he felt inclined to talk. "I hope Morgan and Gordon have fired off all their grumblings against St. Oswald's. One doesn't want to hear all the evil of a place where one means to spend the winter."

"Winter in St. Oswald's, Hartleigh!" exclaimed Captain Lake, raising his eyebrows. "And I had such difficulty in persuading you to remain over the week I had bargained for. Why, you must be dreaming!"

"Probably I am," replied Hartleigh with a sigh. "I daresay it is rather a foolish dream to imagine that my staying will make any difference to any mortal. Still I'm going to make the attempt to look after my place a little. I can't face life at the Towers yet, but I'm going to hover in its neighbourhood, you see."

"I see, after the manner of a moth round a candle, to be drawn into it at last," nodded Captain Lake. "Though my simile is rather unfortunate, I must say. For, I think, nothing could be more desirable than your settling down to life in that fine old place," he added warmly. "Morgan and I were mourning over its being wasted the other day, when we were shooting there. But we both rather came to the conclusion that you would never be persuaded to plant your vine and fig-tree there."

"Oh, that is as unlikely as ever. The fact is, Lake, I want to see a little of the ongoings at those mines, and to try to set some things right that seem very far wrong. I fear a good many of my fellow humans down there have been subjected to rather hard lines on my behalf for the last twenty years. Suppose you come with me to Chadsthorpe, to-morrow, Lake, and see how Squire Hartleigh houses some of his tenants? I fear it won't raise him in your estimation, my good friend," said the young man with his melancholy smile; but after a moment he added in a more cheerful tone, "But, somehow, Lake, I feel in a never-too-late-to-mend state of mind at present, very unusual to me. I'm resolved to make what reparation I can. You must come and help me with your ready suggestions, Lake, won't you?"

"My dear fellow, I'll do anything for you I can," replied his friend in a hearty tone, as he glanced with a puzzled air towards the young squire. Though a man of very different temperament, of elastic spirit, and also of somewhat elastic conscience, Captain Lake had a genuine liking for this young man, who, in spite of his morbid waywardness, revealed sometimes a certain singleness of aim and a genuine humility with which he had rarely met elsewhere.

"Hartleigh reviling himself as usual! On what score is he humbling himself in dust and ashes at this moment?" asked Leonard Morgan with his sneering smile as he paused at the reading table on his way out.

"My dear sir, his dissatisfaction comes from a region of morals with which you are unacquainted," retorted Captain Lake, who had caught his sneering glance. "You know you must scale a steep ascent before you can see certain fine views, Morgan," he added with a short dry laugh.

Mr. Morgan walked away with a scowl on his handsome face. Captain Lake had taken to being rather too much of a mentor lately, he said to himself as he went down the broad staircase. And though Hartleigh was a convenient man to know, being somebody in the neighbourhood, beside having undeniably well-stocked preserves, yet he had some provokingly high-flown notions, which seemed always bristling up at inconvenient moments. Such was the nature of his reflections as he passed slowly along the chief street of his native town, which had, like himself, received additional decorations during late years in the ornamental façades that had replaced the old shop-fronts, and the plate-glass windows in which his well-knit figure was reflected as he walked along. He paused for a moment at the door of his father's office, seeming to hesitate as to whether he should enter, but presently he continued at a quicker pace his walk westward, till he left the streets behind, and got into pleasant outlying green regions. A few semi-detached villas were studded about, and other ominous signs of the invading town, but all rural traces were far from being yet obliterated. Away to the western sky line one caught a glimpse of distant blue hills, and a wide track of rich open country with its newly-reaped harvest fields still gleaming yellow. Some masses of building lying in a hollow not far off, crowned by tall chimney stalks, whose dusky contents mingled with the mellow sunlight, somewhat destroyed the rural charm, but their smoke did not seem to have tarnished in any measure the gilding of the smart railings and gate in front of which Leonard Morgan now stood. A small child, belonging to the lodge, having hurried with smiles and curtsies to open the gate for him, the young man bestowed on her a pre-occupied scowl, and pursued his way leisurely along a trim

avenue, which wound between well-kept shrubberies towards a large, highly decorated mansion, evidently of recent date. It had replaced an old-fashioned ivy-clad house, known to the inhabitants of St. Oswald's as Mulberry Park, having taken its name from some fine old trees which still flourished on the lawn behind the modern house which bore the same name.

Lieutenant Morgan paused on the broad rounded flight of steps which led to the entrance door, to search for his latch-key. Having admitted himself, he lingered for a moment in the soft carpeted hall, examining some cards and notes which lay on one of the tables. A smart footman now came forward, but the young man's frown indicating that he was not wanted, he retreated into the shadowy recesses of the hall again, and Mr. Leonard proceeded towards one of the doors on the left side of the entrance. It led to the drawing-room of the house, which was a large pleasant room, whose many windows looked out on gay flower-beds, dotting the smooth shaven lawn, and a stucco fountain where nymphs stood holding with unwearied arms Etruscan vases from which, on festive occasions, they were permitted to pour a sparking spray into the basin below. The drawing-room was furnished with the usual modern elegancies suggested by upholstery saloons to an unrestricted purse and showy taste. Perhaps the damask hangings and seats were too glaringly blue in their tint to be quite pleasant to the eye, but the chairs and couches were none the less luxurious on account of their bright cobalt hue, and the rows of answering mirrors were convenient for the duplex study of human nature at the social gatherings of Mulberry Park.

In an easy chair near one of the low-sashed pleasant windows an elderly lady sat sewing. No grey hairs showed among the dark braids which came from under her much-beflowered cap, and framed a placid good-humoured countenance. She was clad in a virulently green garment, which was certainly to be regretted owing to the colour of her chair, but no æsthetic qualms disturbed worthy Mrs. Morgan's mind. In her hand she held a piece of worsted work, and was endeavouring patiently to reproduce and perpetuate a group of flowers from a paper pattern, not disconcerted by its want of resemblance to the real live beauties which were now sending their fragrance in at the open windows. Still, it did not seem an altogether congenial occupation to the old lady, and she cast wistful glances from time to time towards a distant corner of the room, where a young lady sat bending over a writing table, busily engaged in correspondence. Mrs. Morgan loved to talk, especially when, her household duties for the day being done, she sat over her drawing-room *pièce de résistance*, and she had for the last hour been cherishing the hope that her only daughter Louisa would lay down her pen and become conversational.

"Come away, my boy," she said, greeting her son with a beaming face. "You're nice and early to-day. Just in time for Louisa's cup of tea too," she said, laying aside her work with a cheerful smile, and going towards a small tea-table on which tea waited in dainty china.

"You don't mean to say that is actually Leonard!" exclaimed the young lady, raising her head from her writing, and turning to look. "Why, what has brought you to our dull precincts at this hour, Leonard? One has given over expecting to see you by daylight." There was a sharp bantering ring in her voice, and Mrs. Morgan's face clouded as she glanced uneasily towards her daughter. "I'm sure you often complain of being dull yourself, Louisa," she said, in a quiet conciliatory tone. "You can't wonder at Leonard, who has seen so much of the world, finding the quiet folks of St. Oswald's a trifle dull," and the mother with a loving glance towards her son, handed him a cup of tea. He had taken possession of the most luxurious of the blue chairs, his small well-shaped head reposed on its soft cushioned back with his statuesque profile directed to the ceiling, and his straight limbs stretched to their full length, evidently unruffled by his sister's comments, which his kind mother was trying to soften.

"Any news in town to-day, Leonard?" asked Mrs. Morgan, as she seated herself, and again went into the intricacies of her woollen rose petals.

"My dear mother, your perennial craving for news is delightful. It is really another proof of your believing spirit to imagine that there could be such a thing as a piece of news worth retailing in St. Oswald's," drawled the young lieutenant as he slowly sipped his tea.

"Well, Leonard, if you haven't any news to give, I daresay you won't object to get some," said Mrs. Morgan placidly. "Your cousin Muriel is coming to stay with us. Your father has just sent from the office a letter from her, that came enclosed in one from his brother this morning."

"Yes, wasn't it a bold step for a person of her 'shy sweetness,' as you call it, to announce a visit, especially when she wasn't invited too!" said Louisa from her writing table with an annoyed laugh. Her brother glanced towards her with a slightly triumphant smile. He perceived that his sister had received a small "check," and the knowledge seemed pleasant to him.

"Come now, Louisa, that isn't a fair way to put it. You know quite well your father wrote pressing her to come. It's only right she should have a chance of coming to St. Oswald's now that the young man she's engaged to is settled in the office. It is a pity you've got to put off Miss Stanhope, but I don't see why you need put off her visit for Muriel's coming, I'm sure. It's just one of your fancies, Louisa. Poor little thing, she won't trouble anybody much if she is as shy as she was when your father and I saw her last. So pretty too. Just you let Miss Stanhope come when she has fixed, and put away your letter-writing, my dear.

"Oh please, mamma, don't bother. I have quite made up my mind that Fanny Stanhope shall not be here at the same time as that poor little thing. Muriel is a fright not fit to be seen with those dreadful clothes of hers. Why, the last time I saw her she had on a rag that Jane the housemaid would have declined to wear," said Miss Morgan as she glanced complacently into a mirror in which her own well-fitting silk costume was reflected

"You do put things so bitterly, Louisa," sighed her mother in a vexed tone. "I'm sure nobody with such a pretty face and sweet ways as that child, could be called a fright, whatever she put on. Besides, she shall have some new things, when she comes; we must see to that, Louisa—without hurting her feelings, you know. Not but what Josiah is as able as your father to give the child what is right and proper, but he hasn't the heart, you see, a poor, miserable, miserly man that he is. Your father was just saying this very morning that he was worth untold gold, and yet he'll hardly take food to himself. Dear, dear, it's a strange delusion. You would never take the two to be even half-brothers, I'm sure," said Mrs. Morgan, thinking with wifely satisfaction of the pleasant easy-tempered member of the house of Morgan who had fallen to her share.

"Oh, pray, mamma, don't suggest anything so dreadful as papa being like that dreadful old man in any way. It makes me shiver to think of him," said Louisa, shrugging her shoulders as she helped herself to a cup of tea. It did not probably occur to Miss Morgan, however, as she glanced into the nearest mirror, while she gracefully seated herself, that her facial type much more nearly resembled Mr. Josiah's side of the Morgan family than it did that of her blond, rosy, irregular-featured father. Possibly the resemblance lay deeper than in mere physical characteristics, the same hardness of nature was traceable on both faces—that of the young and beautiful girl in her prime, and the grizzly, blinking, crawling Mr. Josiah. Could it be that he was a hideous prophecy of what she might one day become?

Louisa Morgan, like her brother, had aquiline features, a clear dark complexion and well-poised head, and markedly graceful gestures. She always dressed with extreme care and good taste, in toilettes not to be bought in the shops of St. Oswald's. And she was considered clever as well as handsome by St. Oswald's society. She had a frankness of manner for which a physiognomist would probably have found difficulty in accounting by glancing at her firmly set lips and impassive face. Certainly that trait of frankness was rarely exhibited to her oldest and most intimate friends, but strangers always noticed it as one of her characteristics. To all varieties of people with whom she was thrown in contact she had a fund of ready conversation, having an available store of information on many subjects in which she had no real interest, and being careful to keep it judiciously replenished by a daily perusal of her father's *Times*.

Mrs. Morgan had long ago abdicated the social functions of the household to her daughter. It was she who arranged the visiting lists and the parties, and looked after the fashionable and the ornamental as far as was possible for a fastidious young lady whose mother would wear a bright green dress and pink flowers in her cap in the afternoon. Both father and mother believed to a considerable extent in their daughter Louisa, but it was with her father she was the greater favourite. She had been able to twist him round her finger, as his wife said, since she was a little girl, and now that she had blossomed into stately womanhood, her power had not decreased. At one-and-twenty she seemed possessed of more intuitive knowledge of the world and its ways than her simpler-hearted parents, though nearing their threescore years. Along with Mrs. Morgan's belief in her daughter's talents there mingled a craving for more daughterly sympathy than

ever came. Mrs. Morgan did not doubt that Louisa's mind was filled with more important topics, but still she would have liked that it could occasionally have unbent itself to dwell on some household worry which was weighing on the worthy matron's mind, or to have chatted with her as she sat solitary over her book. Indeed, she sometimes looked with envy at mothers whose daughters seemed to retain their clinging childlike feeling which some women keep all their lives. But Louisa Morgan was not a clinging plant, at least not in the days of her triumphant youth; perhaps there came a time when life's storms beat and its winds blew, when the poor torn withering tendrils would fain have leant on homely props, which under calm morning skies they had scorned, but that time was not yet. It is not to be wondered that the mother's heart turned wistfully to her son for the fellowship which she missed in her self-reliant daughter. And if Leonard had an affection for anybody, it was for his kindly, unselfish mother. He had not failed to observe that Louisa frequently drove her car rough-shod over his mother's likings, and was by no means his ideal of what a good daughter should be. For men like Leonard Morgan have their ideals, both for themselves and for others, though head and heart do not combine towards conforming to this mental image which in time becomes shadowy and finally fades away amid the darkness. As to what he should like his sister to be, Leonard had a very distinct idea, and it was certainly that which she was not. He had lately taken a small unchivalrous pleasure in thwarting her, and, strange to say, the harmless little cousin Muriel had more than once proved a successful weapon of annoyance in conversation.

"It's just a small piece of feminine spirit your not wanting to invite Muriel at the same time as Miss Stanhope. Why, she's worth a thousand of that horrid woman," he drawled in his most provoking of tones, when Louisa joined his mother and him at the little tea-table.

"Oh, you won't like Muriel being here any more than I shall, Leonard," replied Louisa in a sulky tone. "We shall have that fiancé of hers served up at breakfast, dinner, and tea, depend upon it. Papa has taken a great fancy to him, seemingly. It's only at my urgent request that we haven't been bored with him before now. I've not set eyes on him, but I feel sure somehow, that he's unendurably vulgar."

"That reminds me," broke in Mrs. Morgan. "Your papa was just saying this morning that I must call on his mother. They've taken a house in Greenwood Gate. It's a very close place. I wonder they didn't try to come more into the country. Poor woman, perhaps she was too sore-hearted to care much where she went. Her husband has only been dead three months. I must go the first day I'm out, Louisa."

"Wait till Muriel comes, mamma, that will be time enough," replied Louisa diplomatically, for she had in view many calls more to her inclination.

"It certainly seems the most civil thing to call before Muriel arrives," remarked her brother in a more interested tone than he generally used as he remembered the graceful figure which he had seen from the window of Hoskin's Club. "Besides, Louisa, you are quite mistaken in supposing the Carews to be vulgar. Why, it was the only link old Lord Polglass had with St. Oswald's that he knew Dr. Carew was settled at Chadsthope. He and his father had been great friends, and he was inquiring quite warmly about the family. Just you ask Fanny Stanhope about them, she has a gift for beating up aristocratic information," added Leonard, who could be diplomatic when he chose also. And before they separated to dress for dinner it was arranged that Mrs. Morgan and her daughter should call on Mrs. Carew on the following day.

CHAPTER VIII.—MRS. CAREW FINDS A CONGENIAL ACQUAINTANCE.

Mrs. Carew's new abode at Greenwood Gate was not situated, as its name might imply, on the borders of a leafy forest. All traces of the gate had been long since swept away, as well as of the forest which in ancient times it may have bounded. Rows of high houses, with irregular gables fronting the winding pavement, stood now, where possibly the canonised founder of the city may, in the days of his flesh, have meditated among green cloistered alleys.

Mrs. Carew had decided in favour of a street landscape as being more entertaining than a suburban one. St. Oswald's had not yet arrived, or retrograded from that stage of city civilisation, when the choice of east and west become arbitrary indexes of so-called social position; so Mrs. Carew, with a sense of unimpaired gentility, could choose a house in Greenwood Gate, and enjoy the changing scenes of the pavement opposite. As for Margaret, she had welcomed the idea of a street home because of its entire unlike-

ness to the old paternal one. Frank, in his desire to make their new life as attractive as possible to his mother and sister, had painstakingly sought out any abode with the faintest trace of rusticity, thinking that some resemblance to the old village home would be sure to prove an attraction; but Margaret felt heartily glad that their mother preferred the treeless regions of Greenwood Gate, though, with a certain inconsistency, she had endeavoured to reproduce as far as possible the interior of the Chadsthorpe sitting-room. On this point she and her mother had not been quite so unanimous. Mrs. Carew desired that her town residence should be a smart one, and had been inclined to dismiss the time-worn furnishings of the old home, but Margaret had begged for the keeping of each familiar piece of furniture as its fate came to be decided.

So it happened that the room in which Mrs. Carew reclined one afternoon late in October, had a distinct family likeness to the one she had left. She had been confined to her room since their coming to St. Oswald's, and had not been able to rouse herself to carry out her ideas concerning becoming furnishings, but she had naturally reserved to herself the privilege of grumbling, and was glancing round the new interior with mild dissatisfaction.

It had, however, been Mrs. Carew's practice for many years to view her lot in life with, to say the least of it, mild dissatisfaction. Her discontent having its assigned source, rather in the sense of what she imagined she had missed in life than in any positive hardship on which she could form her claim to being a martyr. The village doctor had left to his wife a comfortable competence, so that neither now, nor during past years, had there been anything approaching to privation to complain of in the simple life which he had willed that they should lead; but, nevertheless, Mrs. Carew had always a smouldering sense of the neglect of providence in not having exalted her to a more luxurious position, and she had been given to thinking that, somehow or other, her husband conspired with providence to keep her "down in the world," as she called it. She had been wont with a resigned and somewhat mysterious air to refer to her life as a "tried one;" her sole trial being that her graceful person and unexceptionable manners should have been wasted during the best years of her life in the solitude and dulness of Chadsthorpe, and that her husband, whose aim ought to have been, in her opinion, to place himself and his family in what she called "a proper sphere," instead of burying them in "that barren wilderness," as she used to designate the verdant valley, looking at it from a social point of view. She had been talking of the past with injured pensiveness to Margaret on this afternoon as she reclined on the old sofa arranged in mourning, irreproachable in becomingness and degree.

Mrs. Carew had been a beauty in her youth, and even in elderly life her good looks were by no means merely traditional. To be sure, there were certain lines about her mouth not traceable in her bloom, which told of querulousness, and though her eyes, china blue in colour, had not faded, there had come into them a hard chilling expression.

"There, you see, Margaret, not a soul has called to-day, though it is such a fine afternoon. And yet it is no wonder that society should neglect us when we have so long neglected society," she remarked with a resigned sigh. "Why, when we were first married, invitations used to come in numbers from the St. Oswald's people—quite the *élite* too, but your poor father was quite obstinate in refusing them all. It's quite possible to drive into town for the evening; Dr. Rushworth did it constantly, I believe. If your father would have only seen it to be his duty to his family to keep a carriage, instead of squandering his means at those wretched mines, things might have been very different with us to-day."

"Yes, I remember papa always said that he preferred Chadsthorpe Moor society," replied Margaret, smiling as she called to mind her father's usual reply when the desirability of a social circle was urged upon him, and her thoughts went straying to Caleb Bartlett's cottage and its surroundings, where her father had lived such laborious days, and she felt with proud sadness that "Chadsthorpe society" would miss him as no St. Oswald's diner-out could be missed.

"Margaret, I wish you would go and fetch me that banner-screen I was finishing. I think a little work might amuse me. I feel a strange depression of spirits this afternoon," said Mrs. Carew with a heavy sigh. "That foolish step of Frank's really quite preys upon my mind. It was such a piece of infatuation on the boy's part. How little I dreamt that was why he decided to give up medicine!"

"The banner-screen, mamma? Yes, I know where it is. I'll fetch it," replied Margaret, hurrying away, evidently glad of an excuse for escaping from an already threadbare topic.

While Margaret was still in search of the banner-screen, there seemed a promise of something more lively in the loud knocking at the street door, where a carriage had just drawn up, from which Mrs. Morgan and her daughter were now alighting.

"Visitors at last!" murmured Mrs. Carew with a pensive smile as she attitudinised herself afresh on the sofa. Glancing at the cards brought to her, she received her callers with an air of dignified reserve which brought a shadow into Mrs. Morgan's kind countenance as she bustled forward with outstretched hands; but to Louisa it seemed rather to serve as an incentive to additional civility. Seating herself in Dr. Carew's easy chair, she made a prolonged critical survey of her hostess, perceiving with surprise that she was not the plain old-fashioned person she had expected the village doctor's widow to be, but a lady whose manners were at all events on a level with her own. She chafed inwardly that her worthy parent would blunder through so many apologies for not having before paid her respects to Mrs. Carew, who received her excuses with a series of bows and smiles, under which Louisa fancied she could detect anything but traces of gratification that the visit was at length accomplished. But Mrs. Morgan's kind, honest eyes perceived no such traces, and as she glanced at the recently-made widow in her sad garments, they filled with tears of compassion for her loss, and came welling up afresh at the thought of how terrible it would be "if anything were to happen to her Richard." Presently she left the region of apologies, and in kindly tones touched upon the great sorrow. Mrs. Carew felt no sharp pang at a stranger's intermeddling with her trouble; indeed she would have felt aggrieved if some mention had not been made of it by each visitor, at least of a conventional kind. She now gracefully raised her fine lawn handkerchief to her eyes, and murmured some suitable words. Mrs. Morgan's simple heartfelt words could not certainly have jarred on a more wounded spirit than Mrs. Carew's, but she felt conscious that in her pity she had said more than she intended, and glanced timidly towards her daughter, who had specially begged her not to make any mention of the recent family bereavement, for Louisa had frequently winced under her mother's involved condolences. Presently Margaret Carew walked in, carrying her mother's embroidery frame. She looked round with some surprise, not having heard of the arrival of visitors, and by no means sharing her mother's longing for the attentions of St. Oswald's society, she was somewhat alarmed by the vision of two gaily-dressed ladies.

"My daughter, Mrs. Morgan," said Mrs. Carew with a graceful introductory wave of her hand.

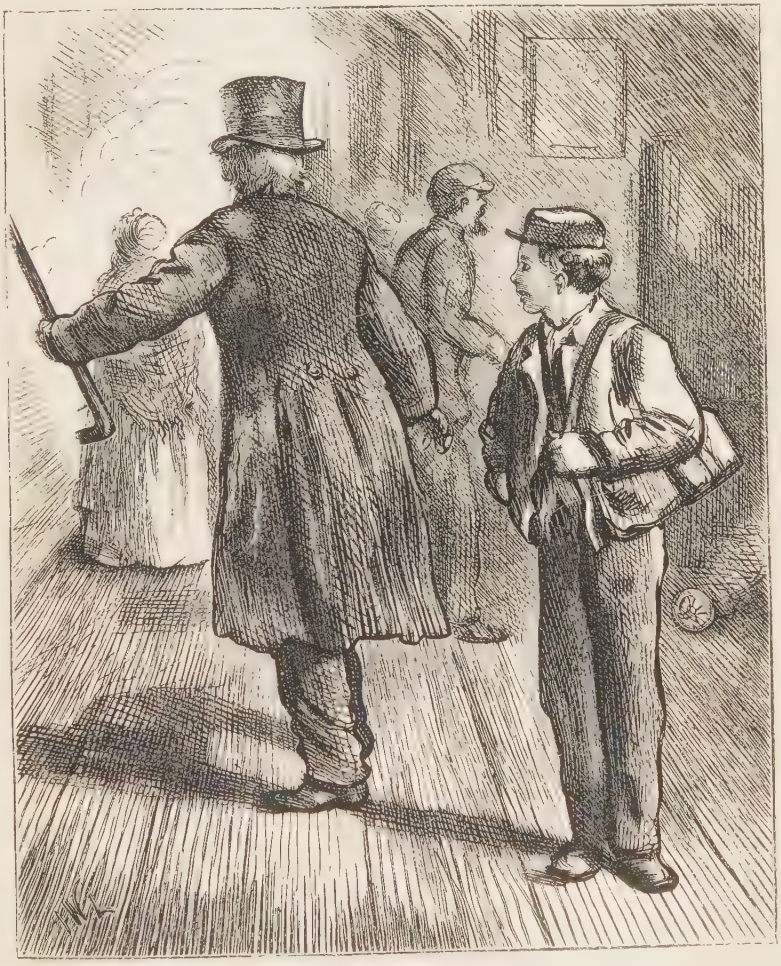
Louisa's dark impassive face did not reveal the surprise she felt as she surveyed the doctor's daughter. She had heard that "the young man Carew" had a sister, but had vaguely remembered the fact. Mrs. Carew was right in supposing that in the social circles of St. Oswald's their coming to Greenwood Gate had not proved a stirring event—was a fact known, indeed, to very few, except their butcher and baker. In Louisa Morgan's mind, the Carew family were solely associated with her badly-dressed little cousin Muriel, who had thwarted her by announcing a visit which clashed provokingly with her dear friend Fanny Stanhope's. Her prejudice against Muriel was, however, of an earlier date, and belonged to nursery days, when her cousin, two years younger than herself, had been brought by her father from the gloomy precincts of Ingrave Square to the pleasant nursery of Mulberry Park, where Louisa reigned queen; she felt resentful at having to share any portion of her dominion with the little, smiling, flaxen-haired child, who certainly was not an exacting visitor, but whom the domestics, unfortunately for Muriel's own sake, began to canonise and warmly to defend from "Miss Louisa's pranks." Possibly the partisanship had not been altogether a judicious one, for it resulted in a rankling dislike in her cousin's mind to the harmless Muriel, and a desire that she and her interests should not be protruded in any way. Knowing what her social opportunities and surroundings had been, she fancied she could form a pretty correct idea of the social standing of her cousin's friends. But her quick eyes perceived that here was a young lady with an unmistakable stamp of good breeding. The calm clear eyes, of a warm brown, glanced at her from under long fringed lashes, frank and kindly, though with an evident latent power of keen penetration and possibly flashing scorn. Just the very height she longed to be, and able to look down on her with a certain haughty poise of her head, which was all the more enviable that it was evidently a natural, unconscious gesture. It was quite evident that she could not look down on Miss Carew, either literally or metaphorically,

Louisa decided with a certain quick clear-sightedness of mental vision natural to her; but she was not able to decide at once whether her attitude towards her should be conciliatory or the reverse.

"She is not like you, Mrs. Carew; I daresay she takes after her poor father," remarked Mrs. Morgan, glancing with evident admiration towards Margaret.

Louisa groaned inwardly. How often had she not begged her mother to desist from such personal remarks in people's presence!

Meanwhile Mrs. Morgan's glance at the doctor's daughter brought back the tears of sympathy she had been shedding over Mrs. Carew's graceful weeds. "Ah! my poor dear, my poor fatherless dear! yours is a



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great, great loss. And such a father too!" she almost sobbed.

This outburst of sympathy from a stranger was as unexpected as it would have been distasteful usually to Margaret Carew; but somehow it fell on her heart, at the moment, with a soothing feeling. She had not even caught Mrs. Morgan's name when she was introduced, but she felt grateful to the warm-hearted-looking matron, whose kindly simplicity seemed to give her a right to touch upon the sacred sorrow which still filled Margaret's heart.

"You knew him, perhaps?" she said in a faltering tone, as she looked with wistful eyes into Mrs. Morgan's kindly face, coming to stand beside her as if willing to prolong the conversation, much to Louisa's chagrin,

who decided that a little civility towards Mrs. Carew was the most suitable *rôle* for her to play. She observed a frown come into the fair widow's face when her daughter made an impetuous movement towards her mother, drawn by the words of homely pity. Presently Mrs. Carew began to find that Miss Morgan had quite a congenial selection of topics. She crossed the room and seated herself beside her, with an approving smile, and was entering with some zest into the chronicle of recent social doings in St. Oswald's, when a little exclamation from Margaret interrupted their *tête-à-tête*.

"Oh! are you really Muriel's aunt? I never knew. I did not catch your name. I am so glad!" were the exclamations which made Louisa's lips curl, and brought a frown into Mrs. Carew's face.

"Yes, yes, we are going to be relations soon, I hear. That will be very nice, my dear," nodded Mrs. Morgan. Smiling and turning to Mrs. Carew with another nod, she said, "We're talking of our being relations before long, Mrs. Carew."

"You have touched upon a very painful subject, Mrs. Morgan," replied Mrs. Carew after a pause, and fresh applications of her lawn handkerchief to her eyes. "The thought of a new relationship of any kind at present, you can understand, is very trying to me," she added, glancing at Louisa as if for a sympathy which she could not expect to find from her mother. "My dear boy's rashness in forming an engagement with this"—she paused for a moment as if in search of an appellation, adding—"girl"—with a sigh—"is quite, I may say, overwhelming to me. It fell like a thunderbolt and crushed me. I assure you, Miss Morgan, I felt as if a volcano had yawned beneath my feet," said Mrs. Carew, whose habit it was to compare her feelings to violent convulsions in nature, and she had a tolerably ready store of imagery at hand when describing her physical or mental woes.

Mrs. Morgan felt awed for the moment at the thought of any fellow-human having experienced such sensations on any subject, and glanced confusedly at the ponderous silver card-case which she held in her hand, whereon were depicted tiny Cupids disporting themselves and making free with their arrows, though the victims of their shafts were not visible on the burnished landscape. The worthy matron's kindly heart was evidently perturbed by perceiving the point of view from which Mrs. Carew seemed to look at her son's engagement. Possibly the classical scene on the card-case served for a suggestion, for presently Mrs. Morgan broke the silence by observing in a soothing tone,—

"Ah well, you see, Mrs. Carew, young folks will be young folks. Love-making, wise or foolish, comes natural to them—at least, it ought to. For my part, I'd be a happy woman if my Leonard took to thinking of such a step," added Mrs. Morgan, whose abstract remarks were always given to taking a personal turn.

"And then Muriel does seem so very nice, from all I have heard, and from her letters," chimed in Margaret rather pleadingly. She had hitherto preserved an anxious silence, fearing to feed the smouldering volcano of the existence of which her mother had given notice.

"Ah, the house is divided," soliloquised Louisa with a smile, as she glanced towards Mrs. Carew's flushed face, while Mrs. Morgan exclaimed in her warmest tones,—

"Why, nice is not the word. Muriel is one of the sweetest creatures living, couldn't think an ill thought, nor say a sharp thing of anybody, and so pretty, with the loveliest complexion and the finest head of hair you ever saw. I don't say she is just so beautiful as you are, my dear, but that she is a sweet pretty girl as any man might fancy, I will say," said Mrs. Morgan, gathering her rustling silk cloak round her portly figure with rather an excited air.

Louisa glanced towards her mother with her darkest frown as she delivered herself of this oration. What were her manners coming to? she asked herself with an impulse of provocation difficult to repress; but, instead of yielding to it, she turned to Mrs. Carew with her sweetest smile and said, "You see, mamma is naturally partial to her niece. But you will have an opportunity of judging for yourself before long. I believe Muriel has intimated a visit to us," she added, not dreaming that she was treading on quite as dangerous ground as her mother, though in a more well-bred tone.

Margaret glanced anxiously at her mother to see the effect of this announcement, which she had that morning been deputed by Frank to make, but had not yet deemed her mother's nerves fit for its reception; for Mrs. Carew's chronic state of mild dissatisfaction with her lot in life had merged into a more active and resentful feeling since she had become aware of her son's engagement. Frank was her favourite child, and had been looked upon by her as her peculiar possession, and that she should hear, at this juncture, of his being engaged to be married,

was a complete overturning of all her views regarding him. She and Margaret had, in fact, changed places in their feelings. Mrs. Carew had received with considerable complacency the idea of his renouncing the medical profession in order to become a merchant until the motive for the change was revealed to her on the afternoon when Margaret sat in Mrs. Tuckett's parlour, anxiously surveyed by her friend there, who guessed Frank's secret, and would fain have shielded Margaret from the disappointment which she feared it would cause. But Mrs. Hilton had misjudged her friend, as Frank had done in fearing to confide his secret to his sister. When he did so, Margaret entered warmly into his new hopes and thoughts, although it did not cease to be a matter of regret to her that he should have been obliged to buy his happiness at the expense of so many treasured hopes. But Muriel Morgan seemed to grieve quite as much as she did over his abandoning his profession, and this fellowship of regret was very soothing to Frank's sister. It had only been expressed in a few letters, childlike in their simplicity, but the girl's true and gentle spirit had shone through every line, and Margaret felt a daily strengthening bond with her sister-to-be whom Mrs. Carew would not be persuaded to think of, except in the light of a usurper.

Mrs. Morgan was delighted to descant on Muriel's merits to so appreciative a listener as Margaret seemed, and waxed garrulous in her talk, while Louisa, during the remainder of the visit, devoted herself with rare amiability to Mrs. Carew, whose ruffled temper was apparently entirely smoothed.

CHAPTER IX.—A DINNER PARTY AT MULBERRY PARK.

Among the hurrying, jostling groups which peopled the departure platform of the Paddington Railway Station one bright morning late in autumn, there stood a trio, which might, to curious eyes, have awakened a certain feeling of interest, because of their extreme unlikeness to each other. Betty Skinner was, perhaps, the most striking figure of the group. After a hastily-performed morning toilette, she had come forth from the cavernous kitchen regions of Ingrave Square, to see her young mistress start on a long-talked-of journey. The short figure was arrayed in an old shepherd-tartan plaid, and from under the brief dimensions of her blue cotton gown, white stockinged ancles and strong leather shoes were distinctly visible. Her broad face, with its beetling eyebrows, looked out from the depths of an ancient straw bonnet severely strapped by a spotlessly clean though faded green ribbon. She held tightly by as much of her mistress's luggage as she congratulated herself on having been able to rescue from the fingers of the labelling functionaries, firmly believing that the portion they had insisted on carrying off would be no more seen. "Why will ye meddle wi' folk's trunks, man?" she accosted the assisting porter. "Libels forsooth! as if the master didna put writin' on ilka bit o' baggage—I'se warrant he's libelled them siccer eneuch," wrathfully snorted Betty, as she hugged an old carpet bag under her plaid, muttering, "I'll take care of this, for I ken the puir bairn's new boots are in till't, and 'deed it wasna easy to get them oot o' the maister," as she hurried along the platform after her young mistress, her stumpy figure bristling with the reserved luggage.

"My dear Muriel, this is absolutely ruinous!" gasped Mr. Josiah, who had gone to the ticket office, and now came shambling along, brandishing a railway ticket in his blue fingers. "I wish now that I had gone to the expense of buying a Time-table. These rascals have overcharged, I'm certain!" and he proceeded to examine the ticket with the help of his spectacles. "It's first class, you know," he said presently, with a little groan. "Third would have done perfectly well, Muriel, I know that's what you're going to say—and it's true. But, you see, Richard would have never let me hear the end of it. It's hard to be in such bondage to one's kin," he added with another groan. The fact being that Mr. Richard Morgan, acting on his knowledge of his brother's well-known character, had sent a five-pound note for Muriel's travelling expenses, making the mistake, however, of putting it into an envelope addressed to his half-brother, the consequence being that Mr. Josiah's fingers had furtively closed over it when it came; but now, feeling that disclosure was inevitable, he said, "By-the-bye, Muriel, don't forget to thank Richard. He sent a sum, a very small sum, for your travelling expenses. But for that, of course, I couldn't have afforded to send you first class."

"Oh, grandpapa, how very good of uncle Richard! surely too kind, wasn't it?" exclaimed Muriel, flushing up as she heard of this hitherto unacknowledged gift. The thought that it ought to have been an utterly superfluous one did not take shape in her

mind. Discomfort and vexation at unmistakable cases of meanness which she daily saw mingling with the poverty which she believed to be genuine, had been felt by her for long; but these feelings had not crushed her young generous spirit, neither had she fretted under the indignation which it would have been impossible for some natures not to have experienced, and which smouldered in Betty Skinner's honest heart now as her master replied, "Well, yes, Richard can afford to be generous to his poor relatives like us. But, after all, child, it is a trifle, a mere trifle compared with the sum that all this will cost me. Just think of all the new things, girl," he said, whiningly, as he glanced at the pretty dark blue serge in which Muriel was arrayed for the first time. But as he looked at his son's child, standing there in her fresh morning beauty, a feeling of something like fatherly pride crept into his cold grudging heart. "Really, child, you look blooming," he said with his most gratified smile.

"Oh, grandpapa, I can't help feeling so strong and glad. It does all seem so happy —except leaving you," she added, laying her hand lovingly on his arm, as the summons was given for seats to be taken.

Betty now resigned the remnant of faithfully guarded luggage, having the satisfaction of seeing it placed in closest proximity to her mistress, and Muriel took her place in the train for St. Oswald's, smiling her goodbye as it moved off.

Betty stood watching her young mistress with glistening eyes, and after the bright face could be seen no longer she stood looking wistfully along the iron road. Mr. Josiah, who, the moment the train started, hurried along the platform to his city haunts, now chanced to give a backward glance and caught sight of Betty's shepherd-tartan plaid. "Is that woman going to stand there all the precious morning wasting her time?" he muttered, raising his stick in order, if possible, to beckon her back to her neglected duties, but he only succeeded in amusing a little school-boy who happened to be passing at the moment, and observed his bellicose aspect which in the absence of any visible delinquent had a grotesque effect. So Betty Skinner pursued her reverie unmolested, and when, at last, she turned to go, she wiped away some tears with the corner of her shawl as she murmured, "Bless the winsome bairn, she's awa like a blink o' sunshine. May she come back as blithe as she's gaen awa! I mind weel the last mornin' my heart was licht like hers." And as she hurried along the noisy thoroughfare Betty's thoughts travelled far away to a white seashore where nets lay drying in the sun, and a new gaily painted boat was moored on the rippling water near. Her Will's hard-earned boat, it was, which he took her to see on just such a morning as this. "*Our* boatie," he had called it, Betty remembered well; and as they talked, life had seemed to stretch before them, serene and sunshiny like the spreading blue waters around, little knowing that before nightfall the waves, lashed into fury by the dark tempest, would close over one of them for ever. Betty was a toiling woman, and did not often indulge in memories sad or sweet, but the thought of that autumn day, with its happiness and hope, came back to her with a flicker of intense vividness as she sat in the omnibus which trundled her to Ingrave Square—"an odd-looking creature as one could see," thought two smart young passengers as they glanced contemptuously at the brown gloveless hands and coalscuttle bonnet.

Muriel, meanwhile, was being carried swiftly away from the great city's dust and din and dreariness through pleasant rural scenes where the first breath of frost seemed to be reviving the fading bloom. The bare fields lay flooded in sunlight, and the bright tints of the changing foliage caught the golden gleam and revealed only their brilliancy, not their decay. The pleasant homes which studded the landscape, made more visible by the thinning boughs, looked warm and cheerful, suggestive of happy lives. But everything looked suggestive of happiness in some shape or other to Muriel on this eventful morning, for was not every moment carrying her nearer to Frank? When they last parted uncertainty had mingled with their hopes and plans, and it had only deepened during the sad weeks which followed; but now all seemed bright and clear in their life horizon, and this fair fresh morning was surely typical of all the days to be. Frank seemed so happy in his new work, that she could not help feeling as if her regrets as to his having renounced his old work for her sake might now be allayed. And Margaret's kind letters, too, welcoming her as a sister-to-be, made her feel as if they were no longer strangers to each other. Her cousin Louisa, too, of whom she had always hitherto felt much afraid, seemed inclined to be much more cousinly than before, and had, a few weeks ago, sent her quite a long amiable letter, though its purport was a request that

she would postpone her visit to Mulberry Park for a few weeks, which Muriel had submissively agree to do. So now she was going on the last day of October instead of the previous month, which had been arranged by her uncle. But Louisa's letter, with its disappointing request to delay the visit to St. Oswald's, also told of a call which she and her mother had made on Mrs. Carew, and assured Muriel that she would find her a most kind and charming person. Not even sanguine Frank had been able to reassure Muriel on this point, and to promise that his mother was ready to welcome her as Margaret was; if, therefore, Mrs. Carew was going to be pleasant, Muriel felt that her last anxiety was removed, and that there was not a speck in her blue sky.

About the same hour as Betty Skinner stood watching her young mistress start on her journey, Margaret Carew was seating herself at the old writing table in the new sitting-room at Greenwood Gate. There was a note in Margaret's hand, to which she had evidently sat down to reply, yet she seemed doubtful even after she had the ink in her pen of what the answer should be, and glanced questioningly towards her brother, who stood beside her smoothing his hat, preparatory to his going forth to the office of Messrs. Morgan and Green.

"Don't you think, Frank, it is really rather a trying ordeal for Muriel that we should all go in a body and stare at her the moment she arrives? for this is what the invitation to dinner means. You see, she only arrives half-an-hour before the time they have fixed for dinner, and you have always said she was so shy," and Margaret looked into her brother's face for the confirmation of her own opinion. The note in question was from Louisa Morgan, inviting Mrs. Carew, along with Margaret and Frank, to dine that evening at Mulberry Park. Mrs. Carew, to Frank's surprise and gratification, had seemed willing and delighted to be one of the guests. The messenger waited the reply, and Margaret had just returned from her mother's room deputed to accept the invitation. Notwithstanding her eagerness to meet Muriel, this arrangement did not seem to please Margaret, and she resolved to make a final expostulation. Frank's hat had already attained to its utmost capacity for glossiness, but still he smoothed it painstakingly as he pondered over Margaret's objections to the Morgan dinner party. He knew that she was right in thinking it would prove a trying ordeal for Muriel to be suddenly brought face to face with so many strangers, and that the visit next morning which Margaret proposed for her mother and herself, would be a much more pleasant arrangement for the timid Muriel. But then his mother had smilingly consented to accept the invitation, and her previous indignant attitude regarding his engagement having been very trying to the easy-going Frank, he hailed her willingness to meet Muriel as at least the proclamation of a truce. And now, when things were just beginning to look serene, here was Margaret making a new difficulty, all the more provoking because he felt conscious she was right. He could not afford to be good-natured in the circumstances, so he replied with quite unnecessary warmth, "It's quite nonsense, Margaret. Muriel could not surely be so silly as to mind your being there. Besides, it would be rude and ungrateful to decline. The Morgans have evidently arranged it just on purpose that there might be a pleasant meeting, especially since I was obliged to decline their first invitation, and have not made either Mrs. or Miss Morgan's acquaintance. It is most amiable of them to ask us, and mother is gracious to the last degree; so pray don't you take to being unamiable, or I shall be at my wit's end," added Frank in a coaxing tone. "You've no idea how relieved I was, Margaret, when I found that you weren't going to treat me as a criminal for giving up medicine, and now since mother seems going to be more reconciled to my engagement, I really begin to feel as if a load of care was being lifted off. And I do so hate old Father Care in any form or shape. I think he would weigh me down much more quickly than he would you, Margaret," he added with a laugh as he stood watching her while the acceptance to the invitation was written and despatched without further remonstrance.

Margaret stood by the window looking after her brother as he hurried along the old street below with quick light step. She smiled rather sadly as she thought of what he had just been saying about his unfitness for care, remembering that their father had often made the same remark about Frank, but then Margaret had always interpreted it rather as an expression of his desire that his only son should be shielded, if possible, from the sharp sorrows of life; now, as she thought of it, it seemed to her that their father must have viewed Frank's shrinking from trouble as a weakness of character, and had dreaded the testing process which life

might bring. But Margaret was in no mood to indulge in sad reveries this morning. To her, as to Muriel Morgan, it seemed as if things were brightening all round. One of her mother's heaviest "trials" would certainly be mitigated if she could accept happily the fact of Frank's engagement, and this seemed likely to be the case when she was so willing to meet Muriel that evening. Perhaps, after all, Frank was right. It would have been a pity to sacrifice the chance of such a meeting, even though it might seem a formidable experience to the newly-arrived shy guest.

And so the "slow sweet hours" of that autumn day passed on which seemed to Muriel Morgan as if they were indeed bringing to her "all things good," till Mrs. Carew stood in front of her mirror, making preparations for her evening toilettes. There was a mildly protesting air about her movements as she brought out her jet ornaments and smoothed the folds of her rich sombre dress; yet it was evident that her heart was not ungladdened by the prospect of the little dinner party. Margaret had not yet gone to dress, and stood leaning against the window of her mother's room, looking out with a dreamy expression on her face.

"Do you know, Margaret," said her mother in her staccato tone, "Miss Morgan assures me there is quite a choice selection of acquaintances to be found in St. Oswald's. She says society here has much improved of late. I wonder now whether they have asked anybody to meet us to-night. Not a party you know, but I should take it as a much greater compliment if they had somebody. If there is only that girl to talk to, I suspect we shall have rather a slow evening after all," sighed Mrs. Carew as she stood tentatively arranging a new and becoming widow's cap on her prettily shaped head.

Margaret seemed unsociably absorbed in her own thoughts at the moment, and made no reply, and presently Mrs. Carew continued. "Did you notice, Margaret, Miss Morgan evidently thought it very strange that we should know nobody in town, having lived so near for so many years? I must really find an opportunity to tell her how differently it might have been if your poor father had not so persistently refused to accept all invitations. I shouldn't like her to think that we had never had any chance of getting into society, you know,—or anything of that kind."

"I really do not think it is necessary to make any apologies to Miss Morgan about our knowing nobody in St. Oswald's, mamma," replied Margaret with the haughty movement of her head which Louisa Morgan had admired the first time she saw her. It suited her, Mrs. Carew acknowledged now as she happened to glance at her, though she knew that she generally objected to the state of mind which it indicated. Her daughter was certainly developing into a beautiful woman, and if only she would not also develop her father's eccentric disposition, she thought with a sigh, there really might be some pleasant future in store for her. Meanwhile she surveyed her own gracefully attired figure, her mirror bestowing on her the comfortable assurance that her own good looks were by no means of a traditional character.

Margaret had turned away to meet Frank, who had just returned from the railway station, where he had gone to welcome Muriel before coming home to dress for the entertainment at Mulberry Park. He was smoking a cigar, and seemed in rather a ruffled state of mind.

"Well, Frank, has she come," cried Margaret as she hurried down-stairs to meet him, "and is she well and happy?"

"Both, I hope, but Miss Morgan hurried her away so unmercifully that I had hardly time to ask," replied Frank in an irritated tone. "I wish we hadn't accepted that invitation for to-night, after all, Margaret, I feel sure we all shall be bored."

"Margaret, have you really not gone to dress yet? you will be late to a certainty. Go at once, my dear, and you will require all your time, too, my dear boy," called Mrs. Carew from the landing.

"Yes, mother, I'm just going," replied Frank, as he went up-stairs. "I've been to meet Muriel, you know, and I can't say, mother, I've contracted your admiration for Miss Morgan, now that I've seen her." But Mrs. Carew was too preoccupied at the moment to enter into a defence of Miss Morgan's person or manners, though she still held to her opinion that she was a remarkably attractive and well-bred young lady.

Muriel had meanwhile reached the guest-chamber assigned to her at Mulberry Park. She had dismissed her cousin's maid, who had come to offer assistance, and she stood now arrayed in one of the simple muslin dresses which Betty Skinner's kindly fingers had made pretty for her. If Margaret could have seen the bright, untroubled look her face wore, she would have considered her expostulations concerning this dinner party quite unnecessary. It might have been

rather formidable in some cases, Muriel thought, to have met the dreaded Mrs. Carew like this; but then everybody seemed to make things pleasant. Had she not received the kindest of greetings from her aunt and uncle, who told her laughingly that no time was to be lost, for a very particular friend was just coming to see her. Even her cousin Louisa had been very friendly, and now walked smilingly into her room to see whether she was ready to come down to the drawing-room, where the guests already were. As they went down the broad, soft-carpeted staircase, she put her arm into Muriel's in a reassuring way, evidently recognising that the present was rather a trying experience for her shy cousin.

Miss Morgan was, in fact, in one of her pleasantest moods; and, let it be understood, she had no sinister design underlying her pleasantness, as some of her detractors might have alleged. Her friend, Miss Stanhope, had reported facts regarding the social position of the Carew family, which caused her to look upon them with more respect, and her hitherto despised cousin became a person of rather more importance than she had ever been before, owing to her connection with them. She meant really to try to make Muriel's visit pleasant to her, and it was certainly a kindness to take her away for a time from that dreadful home in Ingrave Square, she thought, with a benevolent sigh. But before they reached the drawing-room door, Miss Morgan's serenity was ruffled by an apparently trivial circumstance, quite unconnected with Muriel. It was a glimpse which she caught of a gentleman who stood in the hall, divesting himself of his top-coat, evidently one of the invited dinner-guests. "That must be Leonard's doing," she muttered, with a scowl, as she swept into the drawing-room at Muriel's side.

"Come along, children, we were wondering what had become of you," cried Mr. Morgan, in his hearty tones, as he held out his hand to Muriel, and led her to the sofa where Mrs. Carew sat, who proceeded gracefully to imprint a kiss on Muriel's blushing cheek, and to say a few suitable commonplaces.

"And you are Muriel; I am so glad!" said a voice behind her, which sounded somehow more homelike to Muriel than Mrs. Carew's had done, and turning she grasped Margaret's hand, who looked with her clear, kind eyes into her face, and Muriel and she felt from that moment that they liked and understood each other. Then Leonard Morgan, who had not seen his cousin when she arrived, came forward to shake hands, which he did with more unaffected kindliness than was usually visible in his manner towards anybody. He had been absent from St. Oswald's for four or five weeks, or probably Muriel's visit would not have been postponed till the beginning of winter to suit Louisa's convenience. Leonard had a mild liking for this gentle cousin, who never ruffled him in any way, and always looked sweet and grateful when he paid a cousinly visit to Ingrave Square, giving him the soothing feeling of having performed a benevolent action.

The guest, whose appearance in the hall had brought a frown to Miss Morgan's handsome face, was now announced as Mr. Belton. He was a strong-looking, broad-shouldered young man, with wavy brown hair and beard, a square rugged brow, from underneath which there looked out a pair of clear, pleasing brown eyes. His whole bearing betokened, perhaps, more of energy than of culture, but suggested a truthful manliness which, if typical of the youth of St. Oswald's, spoke favourably for the training which the ancient borough bestowed upon her sons. He walked forward with rapid steps, and a shade of embarrassment on his face, to shake hands with the hostess. "Well, Tom, how are you?" said Mr. Morgan, intercepting him on his way to shake hands with Louisa. "You have managed to come. Not left for London, as you talked of doing this morning. I'm very glad to see you, my dear fellow," added the old gentleman, in his heartiest tones.

"I'm sure I don't know why papa should have suggested that Mr. Belton put off a journey to London to give us his company," said Louisa, with a little gushing laugh, to Frank Carew, with whom at the moment she stood exchanging some polite commonplaces, having evidently found leisure in their pauses to overhear Mr. Morgan's greeting.

"Who is Mr. Belton? I think I know him by sight," asked Frank, glancing at the newcomer.

"Oh, he's one of the St. Oswald's young men," replied Louisa, with a shrug. "I daresay you've seen him before," and then she changed the subject, and pursued other topics till dinner was announced, with an evident increase of vivacity, so that Frank, who had previously been looking rather impatiently for an opportunity of getting nearer Muriel and Margaret, found himself, for the time being, sufficiently interested in Miss Morgan s pleasant talk.

While the guests are taking their places round Mr. Morgan's hospitable board, we shall try to discover why the presence of Mr. Belton was so ruffling to Miss Morgan's feelings. A St. Oswald's youth, and a great favourite of her father's, as Louisa had explained, he had been since his boyhood a frequenter of Mulberry Park, and from the top and marble playing stage of existence, Louisa Morgan had been the heroine of his day-dreams. Her name and initials, in all kinds of fantastic disguises, might be found carven on every corner of his old desk at school, and her clear-cut profile traced on the pages of many a class-book. As some youths of a different temperament burn their midnight oil over sonnets to the object of their affections, so Master Tom embodied his ardent feelings in more than one laboriously carved figure-head for the little ships, in the manufacture of which he had the reputation of being a master hand among his playmates, on the sunny summer evenings long ago, when they gathered at the old millpond to sail their miniature vessels.

Tom Belton's feeling had grown with his growth, and the boyish fascination for Louisa Morgan had deepened into the love of a resolute man. He was heedless of what all eyes except his own were open enough to see, that this dainty and almost faultless child, whose reputation among her schoolfellows was that she always knew her lessons, and never tore her frocks, nor was known in any way to be on the list of offenders in any scrape ever chronicled—that this truly perfect damsel had, as the years passed, developed into a cold-hearted, selfish woman, who could trample on earlier friendships or use them as stepping-stones to higher social ambitions. Of course everybody knew about Tom Belton's "weakness for Miss Morgan," as they called it, and many people expected that it already had, or would very shortly, merge into an engagement. For Mr. Belton had a good position of his own now. An orphan, he had been left to the care of an old uncle, who was one of the principal citizens, and who, on his death a few years previously, had left a considerable fortune to his nephew. It had astonished some people when Mr. Belton decided to settle in St. Oswald's, where he had just began business as an architect. Its modern buildings having reached the climax of ugliness, he would like to make them a generation of prettier ones if they would give him the chance, he used to say, when some of his friends urged him to seek a wider sphere for his evident talents. But they were not sorry to keep Tom Belton among them; few, indeed, were more beloved by old and young. Mr. Richard Morgan loved him perhaps better than his own son; at all events, he felt more in sympathy with him, and enjoyed his society vastly more. And what of Louisa? Why did such a dark frown cross her face as she caught a glimpse of Tom Belton's broad shoulders in the hall? Had the friend and champion of her childhood no hold on her liking and regard? Perhaps before her heart was soiled by its poor ambitions, he had such a place. But Louisa had dug a deep grave for that early love some time ago, and had, she believed, succeeded in burying it. Her friend, Miss Stanhope, had assisted at this interment, for reasons which she herself could hardly have explained. Her advice was expressed in the assurance that "such a nice lady-like girl would be quite thrown away upon a raw provincial youth." Miss Stanhope, in fact, looked upon it as her mission to lead this friend, "born for better things," into social heights not to be reached from the provincial valleys of St. Oswald's circles. And Louisa had listened to the voice of the charmer, for the fruit seemed good and pleasant to the taste. Any social prospect began to lurk more largely than ever in her imagination, and to become almost a mania with her. It seemed as if the lust for gold, which had made her kinsman, Mr. Josiah, the grovelling creature that he was, in another shape, had begun to taint her heart, making her a comfortless daughter and a false friend. Even her father, who still lovingly called her "child," and had not fully realised that she was out of short frocks, was occasionally startled, especially since Leonard had returned home, by little revelations of Louisa's ambitious and rather domineering nature. More than once Tom Belton had been the source of dispute, all unconscious as he was of the fact. It was trying, indeed, that he should be so constantly asked to the house, Miss Stanhope remarked, in the pages of a voluminous epistle, which her friend had in her pocket now, and which concluded with her solemn warning, "Oh, beware, my dear, dear Louisa, for he is rough, *decidedly* rough."

And so it happened that while Tom Belton sat opposite her at dinner, with a happy face, Louisa, with averted eyes, pursued a lively conversation with Frank Carew, beside whom she chanced to find herself placed. Muriel was at his other side, and still looked very happy, but the fatigues of the journey were

beginning to make themselves felt, and she was not sorry that her cousin was so pleasantly talkative. Frank, though like his mother in appearance, had inherited from Dr. Carew a certain nameless attraction of manner, probably arising from a quality which the son had not yet turned to such good account as his father, namely, his power of sympathy. "How I wish I could talk with the easy grace of that fellow!" Tom Belton soliloquised with that humbleness of mind which was one of his characteristics. "How delightfully he manages to interest Louisa! It's an age since she has talked to me like that," he thought, with a sigh. But it was not Tom Belton's disposition to brood selfishly over his own causes of depression at any time. Having cheerfully assisted Mrs. Morgan in the distribution of her bounties, and manufactured as much conversation as he knew his hostess cared for on such occasions, he began to ponder whether he had any topic in reserve which might interest his host, whom he knew had the citizen's liking for hearing any news pertaining to town or county.

"By the way, Mr. Morgan, have you heard that young Hartleigh has appeared in these parts, for the first time since he was quite a little chap, I believe? I hear he is going to try a winter at the old mansion, and I fancy it must be true, for he came to me the other day to see if I could show him any plans for miners' cottages. In fact, I have an appointment at Chadsthorpe with him to-morrow to examine the mining village, a wretched, tumble-down hole, I believe it is."

Mr. Belton's piece of news seemed interesting at least to one of the guests. Margaret Carew had been exchanging spasmodic remarks with Leonard Morgan; but at the mention of Chadsthorpe her thoughts evidently began to wander, and glancing eagerly towards Tom Belton, she said, "Oh, is it true that Mr. Hartleigh has come really to stay at the Towers? I knew he had gone there once this summer, but he didn't even stay the night. Is he really going to do something for the poor miners? to build new houses, I think you said." Margaret's whole soul was in her eyes as she waited for Mr. Belton's reply, while her mother, who was at the moment enjoying some delicate culinary performance of Mr. Morgan's cook, glanced towards her with a mildly reproachful air, as if she disapproved of her sudden vehemence of manner. Before Mr. Belton had time to reply, however, Leonard Morgan said with his usual drawl, "Oh, yes, Hartleigh has been living off and on in the neighbourhood for more than a month. He puts up at our club, and I assure you, Miss Carew, if you heard as much of his utopian ideas as we do, you would feel heartily bored by them."

"I didn't think Hartleigh was that kind of man. He looks melancholy, to be sure, but I liked the way he talked of things. I shouldn't have set him down as a bore by any means," said Belton reflectively, while the young lieutenant said to himself with irritation that he did wish his old friend Tom were not so painfully matter-of-fact in his way of taking up impressions from his neighbours' remarks.

"Why, Leonard, you never told me you knew Mr. Hartleigh," said Louisa, turning to join in this topic. "Fanny Stanhope knows friends of his, and she has more than once asked me in her letters if I have seen anything of him, as she heard that he was in this neighbourhood. It's really too provoking of you to be so secretive," she added with a smile, but her mother, who had learned to discern the signs of stormy conversation gusts from afar, thought that a suitable moment had now arrived for leaving the dining-room.

As for Margaret, she felt as if something very eventful had happened as she thought over Mr. Belton's news. Her father's long-delayed desire appeared about to be fulfilled at last. What he had wrought for, anxiously prayed for, morning and evening, had now come about. The squire seemed really coming to take an interest in Chadsthorpe just when it needed him most, when the heart that had loved and worked for his neglected tenantry for so long had been laid to rest on its green quiet breast. Surely this was the doing of the loving Father into whose hands Margaret had so often heard him commit the forsaken toilers on the moor. There seemed so much to think about that she was glad no conversation appeared specially required of her at the moment. Muriel was supposed to be making Mrs. Carew's acquaintance on a distant sofa, supported by kindly Mrs. Morgan, and Louisa had gone to the piano, where she was much at home, and was playing with genuine feeling and mastery.

Frank Carew presently appeared and hurried to the piano in delight. He had a true love and appreciation for music, and Louisa, after she had accomplished several musical feats, suggested that he should sing something. Mr. Morgan, who had now ap-

peared with the other gentlemen, insisted on leading Muriel forth from the distant sofa to play Frank's accompaniment. "It was the right thing," he said; but poor Muriel, wearied and nervous, did not agree with him, and presently neither did Frank, for he felt that she was quite spoiling his song. At last she broke down altogether and tremblingly urged Louisa to finish, which she did with composed graciousness.

"Ah, how shall I ever make Frank happy if I can't even please him in such a little thing as that?" Muriel sighed as she bent over some views of Italy which her kind uncle Richard had brought to amuse her.

Margaret had at the moment found a congenial companion in Mr. Belton, who was anxious to glean some information about the Chadsthorpe mines, and had, in spite of his chivalrous feelings, continued his conversation in a more or less subdued tone when Miss Morgan was in the act of singing one of her best songs. Frank, in his enjoyment, glanced indignantly at his sister, wondering how she could possibly be so tuneless and so rude; but Margaret neither noticed Frank's rebuking gaze nor poor Muriel's discomfiture at her failure. Her thoughts were far away among the blackened homes in the green valley as she described the hut in which old Caleb Bartlett had lived for so long. And when the evening was at an end and she bade Muriel good night, she said with a warm pressure of her hand, "I'm so happy to-night. Two bright things have been happening. I have seen you, and I have heard that our dear Chadsthorpe has got back its squire, as my father wanted so much. I hear you and Miss Morgan are coming to spend to-morrow with us—that will be so nice," and Margaret, with an affectionate good night, hurried smilingly away. But Muriel could not get back again the happy feeling of the earlier hours of the day. She made various efforts to escape from her cousin Louisa's unusually high flow of spirits after the departure of the guests, and at last succeeded in reaching her own room, to creep to bed with a disappointed heart.

AFTER LIFE.

SOME drag their heaven down to earth,
Some raise it to the skies,
Some think they share its holy mirth,
Before the body dies.
But what the time and what the place,
This much at least is known,
That we shall see Him face to face,
And know as we are known.

Some hope to "touch the vanished hand,"
Complete the broken aim;
Some but around the throne to stand,
And magnify His name.
I only know a silent space
Between me and my own,
Since they have met Him face to face,
And know as they are known.

Some fear to meet His dreadful eye,
To hear His awful word;
Some on His bosom long to lie,
And pant to meet their Lord.
I know,—how vast must be His grace,
How pure must I have grown,
Ere I can see Him face to face,
And know as I am known.

W. C. M.

THE STORY OF JOSEPH, AS TOLD BY THE RABBIS.

By the AUTHOR of "Passover Observances," etc.

PART II.

JOSEPH soon rises in favour with his new master, who gradually confides to him the care of all his house and goods. At this time he is described as "a goodly person and well favoured."* The Rabbis try to outdo one another in their fulsome praise of his grace and beauty. What they have written falls little, if at all, short of what Mohamed has recorded of Joseph in the Koran—that his mistress, Potiphar's wife, having invited the ladies of the town to a splendid entertainment, ordered Joseph to be summoned; but that as soon as he appeared they were so amazed at his beauty that they knew not what they were doing, and instead of eating their food they eat their fingers, and said among themselves, "This is not a man, but an angel."

Some of the commentators say that Joseph rejoiced in his beauty, and hence the sore temptation that came upon him through the unholy passion of Potiphar's wife. The opportunity that she seized to entice him was when everybody went out with songs and dances to be present at the rising of the Nile. She feigned illness, and remained at home. Though Potiphar was greatly enraged when he heard the accusation of his wife, and threw Joseph into prison, he does not seem to have been sufficiently satisfied of his guilty designs to order his death. If his wife's story were true, and her honour had been assailed by a foreign slave, who had no friends to avenge him, however cruelly he might be treated, what was to stand in the way of his immediate execution? Was it not a just and inevitable punishment for such a deed? That Potiphar should have thought imprisonment sufficient seems incredible. But what if his conscience would not allow of greater severity, and if he were tortured with suspicions of his wife? The Rabbis reason in this way, and discover in Potiphar's conduct an evidence of his conviction of Joseph's innocence. They think that he threw him into prison to stop the clamour of his wife, and to separate Joseph from her importunity. But even there she pursued him with her horrible designs, and when he steadfastly refused her company she did her utmost to embitter his captivity; † but "the Lord was with Joseph, and showed him mercy, and gave him favour in the sight of the keeper of the prison. And the keeper of the prison committed to Joseph's hand all the prisoners that were in the prison; and whatsoever they did there, he was the doer of it. The keeper of the prison looked not to anything that was under his hand; because the Lord was with him, and that which he did, the Lord made it to prosper." The divine presence and blessing were evidenced, says the Medrash, not merely by the success which followed everything upon which Joseph laid his hand, but by a bright cloud, or halo of glory, which accompanied him whithersoever he went.

But Joseph's house of bondage is now to receive two notable tenants, the object of their sudden disgrace and imprisonment being, in the divine counsel, to lead the public interest away from the young Hebrew slave who was accused of a horrible crime, and to give the world something also to talk about. Pharaoh's chief butler and baker have both incurred his wrath—the one (as the story goes) by allowing a fly to drop into his cup, and the other by not being careful of the quality of his bread*—and are handed over to the captain of the guard, the very Potiphar in whose household Joseph had risen to such unhappy eminence, and who now delivers them to his old slave to attend upon their wants. If any proof were sought of Potiphar's thorough belief in Joseph's innocence, it is found in the fact that he now confides to his care two persons of importance in the royal household. These two men "continued a season in ward"†—the "season" being, as is supposed, a year. At the expiration of this time,‡ "they dreamed a dream both of them, each man his dream in one night, each man according to the interpretation of his dream." Not only did each dream his own dream, says the Medrash, but each dreamed also his fellow's dream, *together with its interpretation*, though why they withheld it from one another it is not easy to see. The fact, however, of their having done so is vigorously maintained, and verse 16 is cited in support, "When the

* Gen. xxxix. 6. † Gen. xxxix. 21, 22.

* Targum Jonathan says that they had conspired to poison their master.

† Gen. xl. 4. ‡ Gen. xl. 5.

chief baker saw that the interpretation was good, he said unto Joseph, I also was in my dream." How could he have known that the interpretation was good, it is asked, unless he had had a previous knowledge of the meaning of the dream?

Joseph does not appear to have slept in the same cell as the butler and baker, for it is said that he "came in unto them in the morning."* During the night hours he is supposed to have been confined in a dungeon or "pit," for this is the proper meaning of the word which is used in describing the place whence Pharaoh afterwards sent to fetch him.† Those who are acquainted with oriental prisons will have no difficulty in understanding that it must have been a place brimming over with nameless horrors, into which, for some unexplained reason, Joseph was thrown.

Noticing that the butler and baker were terribly cast down, Joseph inquires the reason of their sadness, showing, as the Rabbis well point out, by this time he must have gone far beyond the point of being a mere servant to these men, and must have established in their minds an assurance of his sympathy and good-will. They tell him the cause of their distress—"We have dreamed a dream, and there is no interpreter."‡ They meant to say that they were cut off from the wise men and magicians, who were the only accredited interpreters of visions, and that there was no hope of their anxiety being relieved. Joseph immediately turns their thoughts into a happier channel, by reminding them that as God is the author of dreams, so He can make known their interpretation to whomsoever He pleases. "It is not necessary," he would say, "that you should seek for magicians. Tell me your dreams; for if God wills to make their meaning known, He can as easily reveal it to me, a poor imprisoned slave, as to the wisest counsellor who sits at Pharaoh's board."

Encouraged by these words of single-minded earnestness, the butler and baker tell their dreams. Joseph's trust in God is not disappointed, for his tongue is instantly moved to utter the meaning of all that has been seen by each. So perfect is his own confidence in the certainty of what is about to happen, that he at once appeals to the butler § in words of most touching entreaty, "But think on me when it shall be well with thee, and show kindness, I pray thee, unto me, and make mention of me unto Pharaoh, and bring me out of this house: for indeed I was stolen away out of the land of the Hebrews; and here also have I done nothing that they should put me into the dungeon."* The butler forgot the interpreter of his dream in the joy of his own release and restoration to court favour—a punishment to Joseph for having tried to make man his help, and for trusting in human favour instead of seeking it from God alone. For two full years, therefore, was he allowed to remain in the prison.†

The third day after the interpretation of the dreams chanced to be Pharaoh's birthday, or, as some weighty authorities will have it, not the celebration of his own birthday, but the day when a son was born to him. Whichever way it was, Pharaoh "made a feast unto all his servants, and he lifted up the head of the chief butler and of the chief baker among his servants."‡ When it is said that "he lifted up the head," the meaning is, that he remembered them as being of the number of his servants, and proceeded to deal with each according to the merits of his case. So "he restored the chief butler unto his butlership again; and he gave the cup into Pharaoh's hand. But he hanged the chief baker, as Joseph had interpreted to them."

Two years are past and gone when Pharaoh himself is visited with a startling vision. Early in the morning he sends for all the magicians of Egypt and all the wise men to make known to him the meaning of what he has seen. They listen to the troubled king, and offer him such assistance as their art supplies—telling him that he will have seven daughters born to him, who will all die during his lifetime; while others say, Not so, but that he should conquer seven nations, which should afterwards rise up and cast aside his yoke. The king listens with sullen disdain, for his heart assures him that the secret has not yet been touched by this display of pretended wisdom; and so, try as hard as they might, "there was none that could interpret the dream unto Pharaoh;"§ that is to say, they could not unfold it so as to please him. Burning with rage at the awkwardness of his vaunted counsellors, he orders their immediate execution. At this point Merod, the butler, comes forward with the story of what had happened to himself and his companion in the prison two years before. They, like the king, had been dreaming, but not without a faithful inter-

* Ver. 6. † See chap. xli. 14. ‡ Ver. 8.
§ The Book of Jasher preserves his name as Merod.

* Vers. 14, 15. † See chap. xli. 1.
‡ Gen. xl. 20. § Gen. xli. 8.

preter being close at hand; for "there was with us," he goes on to relate, "a young man, an Hebrew, servant to the captain of the guard; and we told him, and he interpreted to us our dreams; to each man according to his dream he did interpret. And it came to pass, as he interpreted to us, so it was: me he restored unto mine office, and him he hanged."* The way in which the butler introduces Joseph deserves attention. It would seem as if he wished to pacify the wrath of the king, without recommending Joseph in such a way as might assist his promotion to honour. Thus he speaks of him as "a young man," in broad contrast with the venerable sages of Egypt—"an Hebrew," and, therefore, an alien—"servant" (slave) "to the captain of the guard," one who occupies a menial place, and who might, therefore, be supposed to be utterly unfit for consideration at the hands of the great and noble. But Pharaoh is much too eager about the meaning of his dream to care who the interpreter is, and where he comes from; so Joseph is hurriedly brought into the royal presence.

Among the wonderful things that have happened on New Year's Day, the Talmud gives the following:—

1. The world was created.
2. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, each of them were born and died.
3. Sarah, Rachel, and Hannah were each of them promised children.
4. Joseph was set free from prison.

But to return to the story. Having repeated his dream to Joseph, the king concludes with the scornful complaint, "And I told this unto the magicians; but there was none that could declare it to me."† It is supposed that the magicians persisted in treating what Pharaoh had seen as two distinct dreams. This, therefore, at the very outset, created a feeling of suspicion in his mind, persuaded as he inwardly was that the two visions related to the same thing. So that Joseph secures a favourable hearing for himself, when he prefaces his interpretation with the words, "The dream of Pharaoh is one."‡

Joseph has now laid open to the astonished king the meaning of his heaven-sent dream, and hardly have his last words of warning died away, before a deep conviction of their truth and wisdom is borne in mightily upon Pharaoh's soul,§ and in the presence of all his counsellors he addresses the foreign-born slave who an hour ago had been rescued from his dungeon, "Thou shalt be over my house, and according to thy word shall all my people be ruled: only in the throne will I be greater than thou."* And to this large commission he adds, "See, I have set thee over all the land of Egypt." And that this may not be understood as words of mere high-flown compliment, intended to express present sense of a benefit which would soon pass away, Pharaoh takes the ring off from his own hand, and puts it upon Joseph's hand, and clothes him in vesture of fine linen—the world-renowned work of Egypt—and throws a gold chain around his neck, and makes him ride in a chariot of state, second only to his own, while the people cry before him, "Bow the knee." These words may also be rendered, "A father of wisdom tender in years," meaning that, youthful as Joseph was, his wonderful prudence and wisdom entitled him to be considered the father of the land. There may, possibly, be a reference to this name in Joseph's words to his brethren, "God hath made me a father to Pharaoh."†

But even thus Joseph's exaltation is not quite complete. He still lacks the name which was always given by Eastern sovereigns to a favourite courtier when he was raised to special honour.‡ The omission is quickly supplied, and Joseph is henceforward known throughout the land by the new name which Pharaoh has bestowed upon him, Zaphnath-paaneah, "the man to whom secrets are revealed." Pharaoh also gives him to wife Asenath, the daughter of Potipherah, priest (or prince) of On. High authorities§ maintain that this was the same Potiphar, captain of the guard, who had thrown Joseph into prison; but others think that he was a different man, and that he was prince (or priest, for the word may fairly be taken either way) of On, or Heliopolis, which was some twenty miles distant from Memphis, the metropolis of the kingdom.

In order to avoid the difficulty of supposing that Joseph should have married into the family of one who knew not the true God, the Rabbis have recourse to a curious

* Gen. xli. 12, 13. † Gen. xli. 24. ‡ Gen. xli. 25.
§ When Joseph had finished speaking, Pharaoh demanded some sign that his words would come true. This was immediately given. "Your queen," said Joseph, "will this day give birth to a son, and at the same moment your other son, who is now two years old, shall die." And so it came to pass; for no sooner had messengers arrived to tell the king of the birth of a prince, than others also came running after them to say that the elder child had fallen down dead. Pharaoh was now thoroughly convinced.

* Ver. 40. † Chap. xlv. 8.
‡ See the case of Daniel and his companions in Babylon, Dan. i. 6, 7.
§ As, for example, the Talmud (Souta 13).

legend which makes Asenath the daughter of Dinah which she bore to Shechem. Having wandered about the world as a child of shame, forsaken and disowned, she at length found her way to Egypt, and was adopted into Potiphar's family as his daughter. Joseph is said to have recognised her by means of a Kemeyah, which she wore round her neck, containing some family relic that at once assured him of her relationship.

This done, Joseph enters upon his rule, and proceeds to inspect the whole of the land of Egypt so as to decide upon the best places for storing corn. True to his prediction, the seven consecutive years of plenty arrived, and the produce is safely laid up against the evil days to come. "And unto Joseph were born two sons before the years of famine came."* Stress is laid by the Rabbis upon the words "before the years of famine came," as showing that during a time of public affliction a man should live apart from his wife, as a token that home consolations are inconsistent with sympathy for the prevailing distress.

And now the seven years of plenty are over, and the famine has set in. Egypt is soon reduced to such a terrible strait that the people are "famished."† At first sight it may seem strange that with the divine warning to guide them, and with Joseph's exertions to secure corn before their eyes, they should not have had the prudence to lay up a private store for themselves. The Medrash says that they did, but that it soon turned mouldy, and by the time that it was wanted it was not fit for food. Only that which was stored up by Joseph remained unharmed. Thus, then, the people cry to Pharaoh, and Pharaoh sends them to Joseph with the injunction, "What he saith to you, do."‡ But were not these words superfluous, since the very purpose for which Joseph was set over the land was that each might be supplied with corn according to his need? What, therefore, was there left for Joseph to say? The Medrash replies that Joseph had called upon the people to give up their idols, and turn to the true God, and that they complained of his advice to Pharaoh. Hence the command, "What he saith to you, do." Pharaoh meant that Joseph should be obeyed at all costs and at all risks, even though he might go the length of counselling the nation to cast aside its gods.

The famine has reached the land of Canaan, and Jacob and his family begin to be in want of bread. The Bible narrative proceeds, "Now when Jacob saw that there was corn in Egypt, Jacob said unto his sons, Why do ye look one upon another?"* It is an unexpected form of expression to say that Jacob *saw* that there was corn in Egypt. But the Hebrew word for "corn" means also "hope." Some of the Rabbis, therefore, understand it so in this place, and think that Jacob now began to cherish a hope that his sorrows were drawing towards an end. This is all the more noteworthy since in the very next verse he says, "Behold, I have *heard* that there is corn in Egypt," where food alone is referred to.

The story then proceeds: "And Joseph's ten brethren went down to buy corn in Egypt."‡ But why are they spoken of as *Joseph's brethren*, and not rather—as might naturally have been expected—as Jacob's sons? The reply of the sages is, that now, for the first time since the barbarous sale of Joseph, were they actuated by a brotherly feeling, and that as they were going down to Egypt under pressure of famine, they made up their minds to redeem Joseph, if they could by any means learn where he was. Meanwhile, Joseph receives a prophetic warning that his brothers are on their road, so he issues strict orders that no more corn shall be sold to any one than will suffice for the immediate wants of his family, lest his brethren should find means to buy their corn before they came to him, and he should miss seeing them altogether. Then, again, he himself superintends the sale of corn in person, that he may have the opportunity of examining all those who come to buy, with a view to the surer recognition of his brethren. He has not long to wait; for, true to the dream of his boyhood, they come and bow down themselves before him with their faces to the earth. Joseph at once recognises his brothers; but it is little wonder that they should have failed to trace any resemblance between the simple shepherd-lad they had sold into slavery and the dread ruler at whose feet the land of Egypt was lying prostrate.

But though Joseph knows them well enough, he makes himself strange, and speaks roughly to them,§ and charges them with being spies. And here, say the Rabbis, he was betrayed into a great sin, making it appear as if he were desiring to return evil for evil. Accordingly, his punishment was, that he should be the first of all his father's sons to die.

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* Gen. xli. 50. † Gen. xli. 55. ‡ Gen. xli. 55.

* Gen. xlii. 1. ‡ Gen. xlii. 3. § Gen. xlii. 7.

The brothers defend themselves against the accusation, and say, "We are all one man's sons; we are true men, thy servants are no spies"*—meaning that it was not likely that one man would risk the lives of so many of his sons upon such a hazardous undertaking, and that if spies had really been sent into the country, they would not have been selected from the members of this single family. But Joseph feigns to be unconvinced, and demands to see their youngest brother, meanwhile throwing them all together into ward three days.† At the expiration of this time he sends for them, and tells them that he will be content if one of their number is left behind as a hostage, while the rest go home to fetch Benjamin. Then it is that repentance begins to work in the souls of the terrified brothers, and they say one to another, "We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul, when he besought us, and we would not hear; therefore is this distress come upon us;"‡—to which Reuben replies, "Spake I not unto you, saying, Do not sin against the child; and ye would not hear? Therefore also behold his blood is required." All through the interview Joseph had been speaking to them by an interpreter—his son Manasseh, it is said, to whom he had taught Hebrew, and who also knew the language of Egypt—so that they had not the smallest suspicion that he could understand their mutual recriminations. He now learns for the first time that Reuben not only had no share in the wicked counsel of his brothers, but that he had vainly tried to deliver him out of their hand. So, instead of detaining him, as the eldest, by way of security for the return of the rest, he takes Simeon, the second and, let us not fail to remember, the most cruel of his brothers, and binds him "before their eyes."§ These last words literally mean "to their eyes," on which expression the Medrash and Book of Jasher take occasion to remark that this was done as a *blind* to them, that he bound Simeon in their presence with every appearance of rigour and severity, but that as soon as they were gone he released him, and gave him food and lodging.

But be this as it may, the minds of the returning brothers are not destined to be free from another anxiety besides the loss of Simeon, for "as one of them" (said by tradition to have been Levi) "opened his sack to give his ass provender in the inn, he espied his money; for, behold, it was in his sack's mouth."* Troubled as they were at the discovery, as foreboding future mischief, there is no time for stopping or turning back for explanations, while Simeon is pining in an Egyptian prison, and their little ones are perishing at home with hunger. So they push forward with all speed, and present themselves before their father with the strange account of all that has befallen them since they set out to buy corn. When he hears their proposal that Benjamin should go down with them into Egypt, the pent-up anguish of years breaks forth: "Me have ye bereaved of my children; Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away."† The Talmud thinks that Jacob had now a strong suspicion that there had been foul dealing with Joseph, and that there was treachery in leaving Simeon behind. So, utterly unmoved by the earnest appeal of Reuben, who bids him slay his two sons if he does not restore Benjamin safe and sound, the broken-hearted father exclaims, "My son shall not go down with you; for his brother is dead, and he is left alone; if mischief befall him by the way in which ye go, then shall ye bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."‡

* Ver. 11. † Ver. 17. ‡ Ver. 21. § Ver. 24.

* Ver. 27. † Ver. 36. ‡ Ver. 38.

(To be continued.)

TWO SONNETS.

I.—AN OCTOBER SUNSET.

SEE an October sunset—the wild clouds
Scudding all day and windswept—now at rest,
Are gathered round the sun in flaming crowds,
As he sinks, grand and glorious, in the west.
The storm which fiercely raged, tired out, lies down,
And calm, like summer, breathes its solace sweet.
The sunset hour to sanctify and crown,
The climax of the rapture to complete.

And clouds and storms, now mute, together meet
To watch the sun go down, and as he sinks
Reflect his matchless royalty around.
With high delight and awe my spirit drinks
Deep draughts of bliss—with reverence profound
I kneel and worship God, low bending to the ground.

II.—THE OLD WINDMILL.

In earliest childhood, up on yonder hill
My glance of joy and wonder fell on thee,
And welcomed thee with shouts, O ancient mill!

And now my youthful friend again I see,
Stalwart and strong as ever, working still:
I'll climb the hill, and talk with thee once more,
Scaling thy floury steps as heretofore.
The motley world has changed indeed since then,
But thou art plodding in the olden track—
A railway runs in sight across the glen,
And the old tenant never will come back;
But all unchanged rolls on yon boundless sea:
And seasons change, but God is not grown slack,
And sends the harvest sheaves to you and me.

B.

THE SHEPHERDS AND THE MAGI AT THE CRADLE OF CHRIST.

A Christmas Homily.

St. Luke ii. 1—20; and St. Matthew ii. 1—12.

OF all the facts connected with the birth of the Lord Jesus, the most striking and impressive, those which are narrated in fullest detail and have most affected the popular imagination, are the visit of the Jewish shepherds and the pilgrimage of the Persian magi to the cradle of the new-born King. Taken together, indeed, these two events yield us a welcome prophecy and a most seasonable lesson. For the wise men from the East were the ambassadors and representatives of the heathen races, just as the shepherds of Bethlehem were the ambassadors and representatives of the Hebrew tribes; and in these two the whole world bent in worship before the Divine Babe whom God had sent, as His Christmas gift, to be both "the light of the Gentiles and the glory of His people Israel."

Nor did the shepherds and the magi represent only that temporary division of the world into Jew and Gentile which has passed away. They also represented the two classes of the learned and the simple, into which every race has been divided from the earliest times down to the present day. For now, as always, mental power and culture tell more decisively on the lot of men than any outward distinction of birth, or place, or wealth. All the educated and gifted men of every land form a class apart—a class in which the poorest member, if he be a deeper scholar or of a loftier genius, takes a higher rank than his competitors, whatever their wealth or social position may be. The men who really tell on the welfare of the world, and live in the history and affection of their kind, are not kings, or nobles, or millionaires; but those who by force of native genius or by toils of thought sway the minds of men, or enlarge their bounds of science. Between these and the ungifted and unlearned a great gulf is fixed; a gulf which, though not impassable, is, of all the divisions that obtain among men, the most difficult to cross. And, therefore, the fact that the simple unlettered shepherds were not only admitted to the presence of the Child-King, but admitted *before* the learned magi, is all the more welcome and consolatory. For no man, however rude and uncultivated, need despair of following where they lead the way. Not that we are to think of learning and genius as placing men at any disadvantage with God, but that we are to account it just that those who have the fewer gifts and advantages should, if they use them well, go before those who, with ampler advantages and gifts, use them no better than they. If the man who has but two talents so trades with them as to make two more, while the man with five talents only makes three more, surely the former is the better servant of the two, and deserves a larger reward. If by a song of hope and joy, breaking from the darkened skies which overcast his lot, the rude shepherd is led to Christ and the service of Christ, he surely is worthy of at least an equal honour with the studious sage who is drawn into the same service by the teaching of a star.

1. The shepherd comes first, then, to the cradle of Christ, but the sage comes too; the Jew first, but also the Gentile: the Jewish shepherd led by a song which quickens his devoutest hopes and aspirations, and the Gentile sage by a star, the message of which his science enables him to interpret; but both come to the same point, both join in a common worship. And here, as I said, we have a prophecy, a consolation, and a lesson very pertinent to the time. The prophecy is that, as in His cradle the Lord Jesus received "in a figure" the homage of the entire world, so at last, in happy glorious fact, He will receive the adoration of all kindreds and tribes, drawing all men unto Himself by virtue of His Cross. The consolation is, that even the poorest, the simplest, the least gifted and accomplished, find a welcome from Him, and may take rank among the very first in His kingdom. And the lesson is that, whatever the distinctions which obtain among us elsewhere, we are all one in the service of Christ, and should use our several gifts for each other's good,—the shepherd singing his song to the sage, and the sage telling the story of his star to the wondering shepherd. And are not these the lesson, the comfort, the hope proper to Christmas? Do we not at this even more than at other seasons of the year try to show good-will to all men? to feel that even the poorest gift and the simplest service are

acceptable to God? to believe that, though the world be still perturbed by many evils, out of these evils God will yet evolve a greater good, and bring in a peace which shall be all the sweeter for the discords which have preceded it? It is because we instinctively feel that these lessons and hopes are involved in the story of Christ's birth, even when we have not distinctly thought them out, that we love to think of the Jewish shepherds passing with sandal and crook through the rough village street to find a Babe laid in a cradle as lowly as their own, and of the train of the wise Persian magi, bearing in their caskets imperial gifts to a King above all kings,—the wise men growing wiser by their worship, and the untutored shepherds more devout.

2. These thoughts of themselves, if we dwelt upon them, might suffice to put our hearts in tune with the time. But, in place of dwelling on them, let us look at the story once more and see what else we may learn from it.

We may learn from it that it is not so much in the number and magnitude of our gifts, as in the use we make of them, that our true welfare and happiness consist. The shepherds were ignorant men, condemned to a life of hard toil and scanty fare, exposed to the fierce heat of the Syrian sun by day, and by night to the keen Syrian frosts. Tied and bound by the claims of their craft, they had few opportunities for joining in the public worship of the Temple, or for listening to the instruction of the Hebrew rabbis; and hence it was, I suppose, that even among a pastoral people like the Jews the shepherd was held in some contempt. These shepherds, in common with the whole Jewish race, doubtless cherished the hope of Messiah's advent; but this hope would be somewhat cloudy and indefinite in their minds; it had little real hold on the students of the rival schools of Judea, or on the priests who served the altar, or on the "masters" who were learned in Holy Writ: why, then, should it have much weight with them? Yet at the bidding of the angel they leave their flocks, and hasten to Bethlehem to verify the good tidings he had brought them.

The wise men from the East had, in some sort, even fewer advantages and aids than the shepherds. No direct message from heaven was vouchsafed to them, no song set to a celestial music. They see a new sign in the sky; possibly, that rare and remarkable conjunction of the planets Jupiter and Saturn, which, at distant intervals, blends their rays into a brilliant and portentous volume of light. They believe that the appearance of such a sign in the sky foretells the advent of some great one on the earth. No doubt they had heard of the rooted and wide-spread persuasion which, as we learn from the heathen historians of the time, led all thoughtful and devout souls to look to the East for the coming of a great king and deliverer. They may have met with the Hebrew tradition which affirmed both that this remarkable conjunction of planets had heralded the birth of Moses, and would herald the birth of the Messiah. We can hardly doubt that they possessed the prediction of Balaam, who, like themselves, was a wise man from the East—a priest and an astrologer—and had learned from him to connect the "star that should come out of Jacob" with the new "sceptre that should arise in Israel." But even if they had all these materials at their command, these aids to a true interpretation of the significance of the new star that burned in their sky, these aids were scattered here and there through the broad field of their studies; and nothing short of the audacity of genius, or the inspiration of the Almighty, could have enabled them to bring together the prediction of Balaam, the Hebrew tradition, the popular presentiment, the appearance of the strange portent in the sky, and to discover the meaning that was common to them all. When they had reached their induction, when they had convinced themselves that the new star predicted the birth of a new king, that induction was only one of many which occupied their thoughts. How easy it would have been for them either to distrust this link in the long chain of argument or that, or to turn to other and not less promising fields of research, or to sit and wait till the conclusion at which they had arrived was confirmed or disproved by news from a far country! How hard it must have been for them to leave the luxuries and honours, and above all the scientific pursuits, of the Persian palace, in order to encounter the toils and perils of a long hazardous journey, on the mere chance of finding their conclusion verified! What a noble faith in their scientific induction, or in the inward leading of God, is implied in their encountering so great a risk on so slight a chance of being bettered by it! For even if their conclusion should be verified, what was "the King of the Jews" to Persians, or they to Him? Not Columbus himself, the very first to burst into the unknown American seas, was worthy of more honour

as he stood with forward look and calm resolute mien among his mutinous crews, than were these wise men with their unconquerable faith in the conclusions of science and the overruling hand of God.

It is very true that God spake to these star-gazers by a star, just as He spake to the shepherds while they were keeping their flocks. It is very true that there is a special force in truths which seem, as it were, to come out of their place, to obtrude themselves upon the narrow round and daily path in which we move. But how easily even that force may be evaded or blunted we all know from our personal experience, and may still further learn from this very story. For example, Herod was a king, and he was told of the birth of a King. The scribes were students of the very Scriptures which predicted the coming of the Messiah; and they were told that He had come. The scribes and Herod knew all that the shepherds knew, all that the magi knew, and more. They shared in the general expectation of the time. The Hebrew traditions were in their hands and mouths. Balaam's prediction was recorded in their sacred books. They saw the star which shone over Bethlehem, and knew what it was held to mean. They could quote the prophet Micah on the birth-place of the Christ, or hear him quoted, and knew the very village in which they might look for Him. And, besides all this, they had heard the song which the angels sang to the shepherds, for the shepherds had published it abroad; and they had talked with the magi whom the star had drawn from their distant home. All that they had seen and heard exactly corresponded with the historic and prophetic records which they studied and taught. And yet, not a single scribe goes with the magi from Jerusalem to Bethlehem, or will so much as walk six miles, with the star to light and the wise men to guide him, in order to verify the fulfilment of a prophecy on which the hopes of the whole nation were based! Herod, as we learn from St. Matthew, had no doubt that the prophecy was fulfilled. He expressly admits that "the Christ is born." He is only troubled to discover the place and the date of the nativity; but it is that he may slay the Holy Child wherever he finds Him!

We could have no more impressive illustration of the truth that it is not our gifts, opportunities, advantages, but the use we make of them, on which our welfare depends. On kings and priests of an evil heart all the resources of Heaven are lavished in vain; while simple shepherds may learn more from a single song than the scribes from the whole canon of Scripture, and wise men may stake more on a mere peradventure than they will do on an admitted certainty. And is not this a truth appropriate to the season? At Christmas we feel it right to break through certain barriers by which we are too commonly separated one from another. At the season in which the Son of God assumed our common humanity, and, by becoming the Brother of all men, made all men brothers, we think with a special kindness of those who have somewhat less than a brother's share in this world's goods. Their outward conditions are not so happy as they should be,—the injustice of man thwarting the bounty of God. He has given enough for all; but some of us have more than our share, others less. And if we really wish to show that we love and respect our poorer brethren as we ought, if we wish that they should respect themselves, and not distrust the goodness of God because of the injustice of man, what thought will be more helpful to us, or to them, than this?—that our standing in the sight of God is determined by what we are, not by what we have; that those who have less outward advantage may have more inward wealth, that those who are last in gifts may be first in the faithful use of gifts. It is better to be learned than to be unlettered; it is better to live in large and ample conditions than in narrow and penurious conditions: but the best thing of all is to use whatever we have well, to carry a faithful and kindly heart into our outward conditions whatever they may be. And this the poor unlettered man may do no less than the rich or the wise. We may all stand round the cradle of Christ; but they stand nearest who come first. There is room for rich and poor, for sage and shepherd and scribe; but neither our ignorance or our poverty, nor our learning or our wealth will either give us a place or exclude us from it. There is room for all; and the place we take depends simply on the use we make of the teaching and gifts and opportunities vouchsafed us.

Even round the cradle of the Holy Child, signs of splendour and majesty mingled with the signs of poverty and lowliness. If His parents were poor, they were of royal blood. If He was "the seed of the woman," He was also "the Son of God." His birth-place, though a little village, was "great among the thousands of Judah," in virtue of noble historic memories and antique predictions

His cradle was a manger; but wise men worshipped before it and poured royal gifts into the Virgin's lap. His advent was announced to poor shepherds; but it was announced by "a multitude of the heavenly host." Over the poor stable in which He lay there shone the star of a King. And as in His person and the circumstances of His birth, so also in His church and service there is room for all the extremes of human condition, for rich and poor, learned and unlearned, bond and free; nay, to His eye, all these varieties of outward condition are nothing, and the faithful seeking heart is all.

3. Now here we come on another lesson. If it be true that our place in Christ's service and regard depends on our fidelity in using our gifts rather than in the abundance of our gifts, it is also true that the only genuine fidelity is that which leads us forward and upward.

A fear of that which was new and strange to them may have done quite as much to render the learned scribes of Jerusalem hostile to Christ as the dread that their vices would be rebuked by Him. Like all who study to acquire a technical and formal knowledge of truth, the scribes may have been averse to go beyond the forms and limits of truth with which they were familiar; and, therefore, it may have been harder for them than we sometimes think, to believe that, after they and their fathers had worshipped in the Temple and read the Scriptures in the same way for many centuries, any new and original revelation of truth should be made to them; that God should speak to men by a new voice, in a new tone, and speak words not to be found in their Scriptures, words even which seemed to make light of their Law and their Temple. We must remember, too, that men to whom religious studies and services are a profession are very apt to become professional, very apt, *i.e.* to sink into a routine, to defer unduly to use and wont, to think more of phrases and forms than of the spiritual facts and energies they once expressed, and to be startled into instinctive opposition by new and larger expressions of truth, even when these new expressions are only a fair equivalent or a logical development of the old formulas: and, therefore, the scribes may have found it very hard to believe that their old order must give place to new; that the prophetic words for ever on their lips were at last to become present facts; that the prayers which they had officially presented for the advent of Messiah, and which had not been answered for a thousand years, were now to be answered.

Let us make what allowance for them we can, and for the difficulty which men so set and stiff would feel in receiving new and larger expressions of truth. Let us also make what allowance we can for their spiritual descendants who are no less stiff and obstructive than their fathers. But let us make no allowance for ourselves if we are stiffening into their narrow and formal habit of mind. If we detect in ourselves any tendency to account that we have already attained, that we know all we need to know, and may condemn those who differ from us; if we do not expect that more light will break out upon us from God's holy word, or shrink from it when it does break out, because we hate the labour of investigation and of adjusting our thoughts afresh,—let us have no mercy on that. It is the very "leaven of the Pharisees." It is the very temper of the scribes who, after teaching all their lives that the Christ was coming, and hearing that He had come, would not walk a few miles to see whether the news was true and the promise fulfilled. Let us, rather, follow the simple shepherds and the wise magi. To them the good tidings announced by the song and the star must have been much more new and strange than to the scribes and the rabbis. But the sages and the shepherds were "men of desires," men who looked before as well as after, men who knew little and were aware of it, or men who knew much and yet accounted that much but little compared with what God had to teach. Let us be followers of them, ever looking for more truth while we walk by the truth we know. And walking in the light we have, it will grow larger and purer; using the gifts we possess, more will be added unto us.

S. COX.

REBECCA WAKEFIELD.

A LITTLE volume recently published presents a beautiful illustration of religious devotion, deepened by inherited influences, carrying itself with calm joy through the most trying circumstances. Even though the position in which such a life was passed had been obscure, the lesson could hardly be lost, if the story be but plainly and unaffectedly told. Mr. Brewin, we think, has done well to gather from the letters and diaries of his deceased missionary sister such an account; and we are fain to believe that an epitome of it will not be unwelcome.*

Rebecca Brewin was born at Mountsorrel, an old and romantic town in Leicestershire, on the 19th of August, 1844. She inherited from her father, who was a Methodist, a lively and cheerful disposition; and, blessed with good health, she was wont as a girl to roam in the meadows and blossomy lanes that lie round about. In some matters her father, it seems, was strict; for from very early days she was wont to accompany him so regularly to class-meeting on the Sunday mornings, that her presence there was as much missed as though any of her elders had been absent. Mrs. Brewin's sister had married Mr. Fidler, a missionary to the West Indies; and the reading of the letters which her mother frequently read from them, impressed her with so decided an interest in missionary work, that it is not surprising a desire to share in it should have sprung up in her as she grew older. She lost a loved brother in the early part of 1857, and dated her decided conversion from a sermon she heard shortly after that from the Rev. A. W. Ackrill, from the text, "Son, give me thine heart." She became mistress of a young ladies' school in 1861; but divided her spare time between nursing her mother, who lay in her last illness, and teaching in the Sunday-school and collecting for missions, which brought her into contact with those specially interested in missionary work. Amongst them was one John Mitchil, a young man who had been her neighbour, and had known her from infancy. He had dedicated himself to missionary work, and was about to proceed to Ceylon. He asked her to become the partner of his life and work, and she consented, though it was not found advisable that she should then accompany him. Her ties to Mountsorrel having thus been loosened, she went to reside with Mrs. Pinches, a cousin of her mother in Birmingham, where, having more leisure than hitherto, she became active in many religious enterprises. But the death of Mrs. Pinches ere long made it needful for her to seek another home, which she found in the house of her brother at Exeter, where she made trial of a new kind of work. This was week-day religious classes for girls, of which we find her saying, "I met my class for the first time on the 2nd of February; twelve little girls were present. I spoke to each one separately; asked them questions, and afterwards read a little to them. Although ill fitted for the work, I felt blessed in it. . . . (April 3.) I again met my dear children, and we felt that the Lord was with us, although it was in much weakness that I tried to lead them in the way to heaven. I think there never was so feeble an instrument as I am, but I pray that God may bless my humble efforts for His glory." During this period her thoughts were much directed to her future work in India. "I often wonder," she says, "how I am to prepare for that long voyage across the deep. Some times I am encouraged by the thought that it may be a much smaller difficulty when it comes than it now appears. I ought to thank God for the many mercies I have more than others, and expect the fulfilment of the promise, 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be.'"

But that voyage was never to be taken. The Rev. John Mitchil, in assiduously ministering to the bodily and spiritual necessities of natives stricken down by cholera in 1865, was himself seized and suddenly died. The news was a great shock to her. Yet she could write:—"My dear Brother,—How can I write to you with a heart well-nigh broken, and my spirit crushed down to the ground? Truly the hand of God is heavy upon me; were it not for His all-sufficient grace I should sink. More than ever mysterious are the dealings of God with me. O may these most trying dispensations of His Providence be blessed and sanctified to my good. Pray for me that I may be able to say from the heart, 'Thy will be done.' Your loving sister, Rebecca."

Her great grief was lest her sorrow should unfit her for present duties; but she struggled

* "Memoirs of Rebecca Wakefield, wife of the Rev. T. Wakefield, United Methodist Free Churches Missionary in Eastern Africa. By her Brother, Robert Brewin." Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

against this, and ere long she was able to say, "O, what great blessings the Lord has in store for us! He has of late been enlarging my heart, granting me more of His presence, and causing me to rejoice in Him with joy unspeakable."

In 1867 she removed to London, and took up her abode at Plumstead. The church and the Sunday-school still enjoyed her chief interests, and she speedily formed a large class. Her interest in mission work was as active as ever, and during the May meetings, on a nice spring morning she would walk the whole distance to Exeter Hall, some nine miles. In this way she attended the annual meeting of the United Methodist Free Churches' Missions in 1869, at which the Rev. T. Wakefield, a missionary from East Africa, delivered a striking address, detailing his experiences. He was afterwards introduced to Miss Brewin, and by-and-by made her the offer of his hand, which was accepted. There was no very tempting prospect. A life among a degraded tribe of East Africans could not be without trials and discouragements; but she had dedicated herself to missionary work, and remembered the dying words of her friend in India, "Tell her, God will provide." She was married on the 2nd of December, 1869.

On February 27th, 1870, the mission party sailed. They had a tedious voyage, and one of much suffering to her. She was prostrated by sea-sickness during the greater portion of the time. Yet she did not fail to interest herself in others, even the poor little swallows thrown upon the vessel were tenderly cared for by her.

On June 2nd, 1870, they reached Zanzibar, where they were most kindly welcomed by Bishop Tozer, in whose house they found rooms for a time. "Praised be our heavenly Father for all His goodness to us," writes Mrs. Wakefield, "in providing for us so kind a welcome to a comfortable house at the end of our long journey, and that we are all well in health. I felt almost overcome by this expression of disinterested hospitality to so large a party of us, to the greater part of whom the good bishop was a stranger." The sights and scenery of Zanzibar, with its mixed population of Hindus, Arabs, negroes, &c., seems to have impressed her very much, whilst she in turn was the object of much curiosity, especially in the bazaars. "The people seemed quite as much interested in me as I was in them," she says, "and forgot their business of trading in their eagerness to take stock of the stranger who had so suddenly appeared among them. We soon gathered a train of followers, who chatted away to one another all the while, stopping when we stopped, and moving on when we did the same, and looking unutterable things when I spoke in an unknown tongue." Mission schools were visited as well as the Sultan's prime minister; Dr. and Mrs. Kirk showing much kindness to the missionaries. One very memorable piece of sight-seeing was that of the slave-market, of which Mrs. Wakefield says, "I cannot write the half of what I saw;" but this slave-market will ere long cease to be. A month was thus spent as they waited for some chance of having themselves and their luggage transported to Mombasa, a well-known station. Mr. Wakefield found conveyance on the 27th of June, but owing to Mrs. Wakefield having had a touch of fever he was compelled to leave her behind. Immediately after he left, she fell worse, instead of better, as was anticipated; and, in spite of the attentions of friends, intense were her sufferings. She herself thus refers to them:—

"Almost immediately after my husband left me to go to Ribe, I was again prostrated by fever, and for nearly a week had to keep my bed. I got very much excited in my dreams during my illness; but by the kind attentions of Drs. Kirk and Christie, and Mrs. Kirk's kind nursing, I began slowly to rally. After this I felt better even than I had been before, and was rejoicing in restored health, when I took cold, and the fever has again returned. I am now in bed, but am thankful to say I am much better. I have just been looking through my Sawahili exercise book to find the native word for window; for yesterday, I could not, with all my vociferations in English, get our boy to shut the window when I was shivering with cold. He would bring me everything that lay near it. At last, wearied out, I told him, 'Bass! bass!' when he retired. Then, later in the day, I called him back, and on his leaving the room desired him 'to leave the door open,' the simplest thing in the world. 'Yes,' said he, and shut it behind him. I called him back and repeated my wish, 'Leave the door open.' 'Yes, mam,' he said, and shut it again. I had of course to submit, being too weak to wait upon myself.

"I was kept awake nearly the whole of the other night, by the shouting, drumming, and tin-kettle beating of a number of natives who had congregated together in some parts of the town. On inquiring next morning the reason of all this noise, I found there had been an eclipse of the moon, which the natives regard as an attempt of the devil to put out its light, and they had made all this hubbub to frighten him away, and had, of course, in due time, apparently succeeded."

On the 18th of August Mr. Wakefield returned from Ribe, with the good news that he had found the mission in a very gratifying condition, and that the Gallas women were most anxious to have her amongst them.

It was, however, deemed expedient to prolong the stay in Zanzibar for a time, and

a small house was taken in Melinda, a purely Mahommedan quarter. As, however, their furniture had mostly gone up to Ribe, it was with difficulty they made shift by extemporising some tables with wood boxes fixed against the wall, and borrowing chairs from the neighbours. Mr. Wakefield was engaged in translating hymns and other matters. Here on October 16th, their first child was born.

In the beginning of January, 1871, Mrs. Wakefield, though still weak, proceeded with her husband in a native dhow to Mombasa; then for twelve miles up a small creek and river, and finally overland for six miles to Ribe. She suffered much, and when they reached Mombasa was almost too weak to stand. Mr. New, Mr. Wakefield's colleague, so well known by his attachment to the Livingstone expedition later, was wise and energetic in his thoughtful help; and when at length Ribe was reached, a warm welcome was accorded to the "white lady." Not without its own element of trouble, however. "The fame of my arrival," she says, "spread itself far and near; and many times have I been called out into the verandah to receive the 'salaams' of strangers, some of whom have come many miles 'to see what sort of beings Nellie and I are,' and we have to sit and be looked at."

For some time after her arrival, she could of course only engage in religious teaching through her husband as interpreter; but the work of clothing the women and children, and teaching them to make their own garments, could be carried on; and to this she unwaveringly devoted herself, losing no chance of improving her knowledge of the language, and her acquaintance with the people and their ways. She herself says, "I have a class of Galla women, whom I have been teaching to sew; and they have now all made themselves a long garment of calico with a band round the waist: it is much better than the loose cloth they wear, which was very insufficient for them." In the giving out and dispensing of the medicines in the early morning she also took a share.

The missionaries at Ribe were sometimes much disturbed by threats of attacks from the warlike Masai tribe, and by the inroads of the ants and the rats on their stores, and even on their clothes. But the work went on without interruption, a morning walk, or some music on the much-prized piano, being the only reliefs. Soon Mrs. Wakefield tells us, "I now go to school every day and teach one class while my husband takes another, and one of the big boys takes the alphabet class. About a month ago I had an attack of fever, and was kept in bed a week; but since then I have had a long respite, and have been working hard sewing for the people, having made nine garments last week, so that I am a good deal better. Some of these were pinafores for the little black cherubs."

So destructive were the ants that Mr. Wakefield had to "try his hand at soling boots with a piece of hide and some patent tacks he brought from Manchester," showing how absolutely right Bishop Patteson was when he said that a missionary should be able to turn his hand to anything. They tried to celebrate their Christmas and to decorate schoolroom and verandah with evergreens, and thus they entertained the children. Of the older people there was not much hope—their laziness and their greed passed description. It was therefore to the young that the most anxious thoughts were directed. The English fashion of keeping birthdays was carefully observed too; and thus we have record of one special celebration:—

"Helena's birthday, which occurred on October 16th, we kept the best way we could. For the boys we made a feast of rice and meat, and a sweet drink made of treacle and water: gave them a holiday, and in the evening displayed the magic lantern. I cannot express how amazed and delighted they all were with the moving figures, as they had never seen anything of the kind before. When this was over, Nellie presented all the boys with a nice clean book, into which to copy all the hymns we sing here. I made the books, sewing them together, and then pasting on covers made from some choice patterns of wall-paper which we brought out with us. The books looked quite dashing, and the boys were evidently much pleased. Since then I have been ruling the books, and teaching the boys to copy the hymns neatly into them. We sing about twenty hymns in the native tongue. For one new boy, who cannot get out much, but with whom I have been taking much pains to teach to read, I have made a hymn-book, copying all the hymns in printed characters, which has cost me no little time."

And now and then an adventurous naturalist or missionary from some distant station comes in to lighten the solitariness, and to impart news, leaving pleasant thoughts behind. Here we have a glimpse of Sir Bartle Frere on one of his benevolent missions:—

"Sir Bartle was the first to arrive, and we soon found that he was a most charming, kind, and genial gentleman. He spoke to me very kindly, and said, 'We shall soon be old friends.' Altogether the party consisted of thirteen English gentlemen and five servants, besides more than fifty soldiers sent by the Governor of Mombas as an escort. This was a large increase to the population of Ribe all at once, and made no small stir and excitement at the mission station. The English gentlemen had brought all their own provisions with them, which were cooked and prepared by

their own servants; while I looked after the fifty soldiers by selecting goats and sheep to be slaughtered, and by dealing out rice to be cooked for them, so that I was kept pretty busy all the time. . . . . .

"On Sunday Sir Bartle attended the Sunday-school and preaching service in our humble school-room; and himself gave a nice address to the people, which my husband translated to them, and which pleased them very much. After the address to the people, one of our young men said to our distinguished guest, 'We thank you very much, sir, for your words: they are very good, and they have filled our hearts with joy.' And another added, 'And may God bless you very much.'"

On the 8th of June, 1873, a boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield; but from the fever that unfortunately supervened, Mrs. Wakefield never recovered. She was conscious at the last, however, and though she could scarcely speak, she could respond with calm decision to the consoling words of her husband, pointing her to the true source of hope and trust, and she passed away in faith and peace. Our short sketch has given but a poor idea of the cheerful activity and self-denial that filled her life. We can only give force to what we have said of her noble character by inserting one of the many letters written by her pupils to her friends at home :—

"I send you word that your sister became ill. After a while her little son was taken ill, and in one month and a half died. And shortly after Mrs. Wakefield's illness increased. Mr. Wakefield tended her very much, not even getting to lie down. He gave her medicine and everything she wanted—everything that she might be made better. But with God this was not so to be. She died. And we are sad, for she was our Good-one. She was an exceedingly beautiful voice (*i.e.* singer) too, and now she is not here. We did not know how to sing, but now we know how to sing, and even to sew. We know that you will be in great trouble of heart, but God will help you in the matter of it. Ndoro."

Truly, in her case, her works do follow her.

E. CONDER GRAY.

THE STREAMLET.

STREAMLET of an hour,
Fed by every shower,
Do not stay to boast thy lofty fountain;
Hasten down and shine,
Send thy silver line
Through the clefts and channels of the mountain.
Valeward, seaward, hie thee on thy way,
Hopeful and helpful, singing all the day.

Are thy waters led
O'er a pebbly bed?
Mellow music there attends thy current.
What if thou must leap
Down the rocky steep?
Lovely rainbows light thy falling torrent.

If thy rocks be stern,
There the lady-fern
In their shade uncurls her dewy tresses;
If thy banks be low,
There the breeze will sow
Stores of flowering-rush and water-cresses.

Flowers, to taste thy spray,
Brave the sun all day;
Freely give thy bounty, never scorning;
Thou shalt nothing lack,
When they pay thee back,
From their fragrant pitchers in the morning.

If the rustic boy
Trust thee with his joy,
Tiny craft o'er-masted and unsteady,
Grant the tossing waif
Voyage short and safe,
Sink it not in yonder dimpling eddy.

On through many a mile,
For thy rippled smile,
How with rosy cots thy banks are studded!
Bid them never fear,
Though they stand so near;
Spare them when thy wooded shores are flooded.

Hast thou spent thy force
Straying from thy course?
In their channel bid thy waters rally;
Only fill it well!
Many types foretell
Honours that await thee down the valley.
Valeward, &c.

R. B. MERRYLEES.

"THE STREAMLET."

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DOCTRINAL IDEAS OF THE BIBLE.

Their Genesis and Growth.

I.—IN GENERAL.

THERE is no antithesis between doctrine and duty. In the Bible, doctrine simply means teaching, whether of abstract truths, or of the practical obligations of life. It is delivered by the sacred writers variously and informally by means of narrative, poetry, and exhortation. It is to scholars and divines of later date that we owe the singling out of particular religious truths as "doctrines," stated in technical forms, or crystallized into dogmas; and it is to the exigencies of controversy that we trace the sharpening of the terms in which these propositions are defined. Still, the fountain of doctrine is acknowledged, at least in Protestant Churches, to be the Bible only; and, without at all denying the uses of systematised theology, we are convinced that in the present disturbed state of religious thought, it is more than ever necessary to exhibit the cardinal doctrinal ideas which sustain the whole religious life, as they lie in the Bible, and with no more or less precision than is given to them in Holy Writ.

In fact, theology, as stated for the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, does not hold the minds of educated Christians at the present time, who are the subjects of an irresistible movement toward a far more critical and candid examination of Scripture than was dreamed of by the systematic theologians of other days. Anglican divines and preachers were wont to content themselves with the order of that venerable document, called the Apostles' Creed. The Scottish Presbyterians and English Puritans, following the exact divines of Switzerland and Holland, adopted what was regarded as a logical arrangement. Beginning with the authority of Holy Scripture as the source of religious knowledge and the rule of faith, they proceeded to discuss the being of God, the Trinity, the divine decrees and purposes; and so descended from infinite heights to survey the relations which subsist or may be established between God and man. A third method was pursued and advocated by the late Dr. Chalmers; and one that might well be in favour with a great preacher. It began with the sin and misery of mankind as actually known and felt, and then treated of the remedy revealed in Holy Writ, showing how suitable and sufficient that remedy is. Thus room was made for the doctrines of atonement, reconciliation, regeneration, holiness, divine judgment, and the eternal states. Dr. Chalmers, with characteristic emphasis, insisted on "quitting the region of transcendentals, getting rid of dark cabalistic phraseology about the inaccessible secrets of heaven, and attending to the urgent necessities of the human spirit, the asylum for weary and heavy-laden men."

There remains, however, another, and, as it seems to us, a more excellent way of studying and connecting together religious doctrines. It is that of a Biblical Theology, conducted, not on the unsatisfactory plan of culling texts from all parts of Scripture, and grouping them together on account of verbal coincidences, and without recognition of the dispensational periods, but on the true historico-critical method which must approve itself to an age so intent as ours on the accurate exegesis of Scripture, and so deeply interested in tracing the historical developments of thought and faith among the nations of the world. To follow the order of a Creed is to lose the genesis of religious conceptions altogether, and simply to fall into the track in which Christians have been wont to state the things they have learned to believe. To mark out an order of logical cogitation, whether from God downwards to man, or from man upwards to God, gives to theology an empirical air and aspect, and is apt to induce an arbitrary and overstrained use of proof-texts. A really Biblical Theology, while far from despising the ancient creeds or the modern logical systems, endeavours to follow the path of actual revelation, and to trace the advancing development of truth along the lines of dispensational progress. It may appear to some minds a needlessly slow and cumbrous mode of constructing a theology, but it is the way which brings out most fully to view the manifold wisdom of God, and in the end gives the most satisfaction to our intelligence, and the most firmness to our belief.

This, indeed, is the mode of study which moral truth requires. It is not like the mathematics, which may be understood and appreciated without any reference to the history of the science. But it may be illustrated from the higher range of civil and political wisdom. A man may be ever so

acute an observer of his own times, and a reasoner on public affairs, and yet is most imperfectly equipped, if he be ignorant of the history of society—of the modes in which governments have risen and been consolidated, or in which civil constitutions have grown and decayed, and of the influences which in past ages have enfeebled or invigorated national life. In like manner, theological wisdom requires us to trace the genesis and growth of doctrinal ideas, and to study the history of dogma within the period covered by the sacred writings quite as much as in the time since its canon was closed.

The lines of study which we indicate must of course begin in the Scriptures of the Old Covenant. We refuse to regard these as a mere literature of Judaism. In fact, Judaism, properly so called, began only in the days of Ezra, and as the canon of the Old Testament was about to close. That venerable canon is no special production or property of Judaism, but a record, through the prophets and historians of Israel, of divine revelation in all pre-Christian times. Therefore, an insight into its teachings and forecastings of things to come is indispensable to an intelligent apprehension of the later revelation enshrined in the Scriptures of the New Covenant.

The Old Testament prepared the way, and the New followed its steps. The Old laid the foundation, and the New built thereon. But in the opinion of some, this statement should be widened, so as to include other forms of ancient religion and the sayings of Gentile sages, as well as the religious doctrines and usages of the Hebrew race. It is said, and truly, that those forms of faith which are often massed together with a sort of indiscriminate contempt under the name "Heathenism," prepared the way of the Lord; kept alive through ages the belief of divine power and providence, of sin as committed against heaven, of necessary sacrifice, of retribution on the guilty, of ultimate honour for the good and the brave; and held men conscious in some degree of a broken order and harmony of the world which called for a divine restoration. But all this comes far short, both in measure and in kind, of the preparation which the religion of the Old Testament made for Christ and Christianity. Heathenism brought the human spirit to exhaustion and weariness, and in that sense made it ready for the satisfaction which the gospel supplies; but it laid no moral basis for Christianity, for it was weak where the Old Testament was strong—in the conception and feeling of sin and of holiness. It failed to conceive any supreme moral government of the world, believing in the rule of destiny rather than in a reign of righteousness and love. It had no knowledge of the true goal of history, and it almost entirely lacked that prophetic element which solaced the just and devout in Israel, and trained their minds in the hope of a coming Saviour.

We must adhere to the position that the teaching of the Old Testament is the historical foundation of the New Testament doctrine. And this means much more than that sentences can be quoted from Moses and the prophets, which contain anticipations of Christ and of the ages to come. It has been shown that no fewer than two hundred and seventy-five passages in the New Testament are quoted from the Old. But what we mean is, that the Old Testament, as a whole, underlies and supports the New. It not only gives the historical antecedents, but it furnishes what is significantly called the proper "historical propædeutic," trains and leads up to the New Testament, and determines the mould of thought.

It does not follow from this that sentences and clauses may be extracted from the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures, and strung together in any order, as proof-texts of Christian tenets; for this, as we have already hinted, would be to ignore that progress in revelation which the Bible itself clearly and candidly avows. It is enough to find the rich germs of Christian truth in the Old Testament. If one asks for more, and insists on reading mature doctrine in the earliest books of the Bible, either he must have recourse to incessant allegorical interpretation, or he insensibly limits New Testament thought by Old Testament conditions. It is most true that through all Scripture there is one God, one purpose of mercy to mankind, one and the same principle of salvation by grace; but it by no means follows that all who have been saved, from the most remote ages, had a knowledge of the personal Saviour. It is most true that the Old Testament is full of Christ and heavenly things, expressing its Christology in oracular sayings, in signs and symbols; but it by no means follows that Moses or Samuel was a Christian, or that those who trusted in Jehovah, as against Baal, Ashtaroth, and Moloch, were in the Church. It was a good saying of the late Dr. John Duncan, "We must not unsaint the Old Testament saints, but we must not make Pentecostal Christians of them." Another

northern divine has also animadverted with excellent judgment on that over-estimate of the knowledge of the ancients which has been a sort of popular orthodox superstition. We quote from Dr. Rainy: "In order to establish the identity of the faith of God's children in all ages, and the persistent sameness of their life in God, the attempt has been made to construct, as it were, for the Old Testament believers a perspective along which they should be conceived to look and discern the very end, remote but clear . . . . Their benefit or profit is supposed to be measured by the degree in which they discerned the symbolical or typical reference of the arrangements in which they were involved, by the degree of skill they had in reading their picture Bible. Surely, to think so would be a great mistake." *

Unfortunately it is a mistake which has much prevailed in evangelical circles; and nothing will correct it but an improved teaching of the progress of revelation, exhibiting the historical genesis and growth of those doctrines which Christians hold. Let us take the Law, the Psalms, and the Prophets. The books which the Alexandrian Jews added, and which we call apocryphal, are, indeed, of value, as showing the state of Jewish theological opinion before the advent of Christ; but they are not authorised channels of divine revelation, nor do they add anything to the typical and prophetic significance of the Old Testament. The canonical books are amply sufficient for our purpose. In them let us look for the roots of New Testament doctrine; ascertain how, when, and where this or that belief comes above ground and becomes distinctly visible; what increase it receives in course of the Old Testament; and then what has been added to it of breadth, or height, or richness from the teaching of Jesus Christ, the evangelists, and the apostles of the new covenant.

This, too, seems to us an important study, not only as correcting evangelical exaggerations, but as obviating some objections that arise from the sceptical side. Our holy religion is often upbraided on account of sayings and doings that date from times long anterior to the birth of Christ. Instances of bad morality or of shocking cruelty are cited from the conduct of Old Testament worthies, who claimed for them, directly or indirectly, a divine sanction; and these are supposed to cast a stigma on Christianity. Our answer is, that neither in doctrine nor in morals did the ancients reach what we call the Christian standard. We do not admit that a divine sanction ever was given to immorality or to cruelty; but, apart from this, we deny that Christianity is bound to answer for the standard of conduct which was recognised even by God-fearing men before the day of Christ. The Bible conducts to Christianity; but by far the greater part of it is pre-Christian and immature. Its ethical teaching is all conducted on the principle, not of announcing or describing a consummate virtue from the beginning, but of delineating the steps of progress by which the holy God has been pleased to guide and elevate the moral as well as theological education of mankind.

There are four characteristics of the Old Testament teaching which we do well to keep in view.

1. *It rests always on facts and events.*—Nothing is argued or deduced from abstract principles. God moves towards men, deals with them, governs them; and all the teaching centres in and issues from transactions of God with men, and of men with God. The question no doubt is raised, whether the accounts given of meetings and communications between God and man are historically true, or, in some cases at all events, devout legends. That is a separate question to be discussed on its own grounds of evidence. But this at least is indisputable, and this reveals a profound wisdom, that the religious teaching grows upon a stem of narrative; the doctrine is not delivered in formulated propositions, but is involved in a record of what were, or profess to have been, actual doings and events.

2. *It is so conducted as to be strongly suggestive of better things to come.*—The large scope given to prediction; the copious use of analogies and symbols evidently charged with a higher meaning than could be plainly stated at the time; the encouragement of hopes greater than the best periods of ancient history ever realised—all look towards a New Testament, and a time when things may be known and enjoyed, which prophets and righteous men desired to see, but were not permitted.

3. While this is the aspect of the Old Testament as a whole, *its doctrine has within its own limits continual amplification and progress.*—Some momentous truths are there from the outset; but the materials of knowledge, the grounds of faith, and the indications of divine character and will multiply and strengthen as we advance. The theology

* Cunningham Lectures, "Delivery and Development of Doctrine."

is developed as the purposes of God are unfolded, and the order of His providence is revealed. The simplicity of the Patriarchal time grows into the minutely preceptive period of the Law. New elements of thought and hope come in with the Kingdom. Then there is an enlargement of the devout conceptions, as well as an intensifying of devout feelings, by help of the Psalter. And still further there is a powerful inculcation of the mind and will of Jehovah through the prophets of Judah and Israel. In fact, it is almost as necessary to observe the progress from the earlier to the later books of the Old Testament, as to recognise the advance from these last to the earlier books of the New Testament of our Lord Jesus Christ.

4. *The teaching of the Old Testament is not superseded in the New, but crowned and perfected.*—"For whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope." Standing in New Testament light, and having the help of the Holy Ghost, we are to look along the whole track of Old Testament history, prophecy, and song, and mark the footsteps of the coming Christ all along the way. The Scriptures of the old time are "able to make us wise unto salvation through faith in Christ Jesus;" not otherwise. For lack of such faith, Jews reading those Scriptures of their own nation are blind and spiritually unwise. But the New Testament key opens to us the Old Testament casket of truth. With faith in Christ Jesus we acquire wisdom in the garden of innocence, in the ark of deliverance, in the tents of patriarchs, in the wilderness with Moses and the tribes, in the camp with Joshua, in the court of David, in the temple of Solomon, in the society of the poets and prophets in whom God breathed. "For all Scripture theopneustic is profitable for teaching, reproof, correction, and discipline in righteousness, that the man of God may be complete, fully furnished for every good work."

DONALD FRASER.

LIVINGSTONIA.

THE first reinforcements for this mission, along with the mission from the Established Church of Scotland, under Dr. Macklin, have arrived safely at Quillimane. They reached that place on August 8th, in the Swedish missionary steamer *Ausgarius*, from Algoa Bay.

All the party were well and in good spirits. No accident or disaster of any kind had befallen them. The party consists in all of twenty-three men, European and native, six of these being native assistants, evangelists, and tradesmen from Lovedale, and one from Port Elizabeth. This is the first instance of natives going so great a distance in the capacity of missionaries. Along with the missionaries there is Mr. Cotterill, who goes in the interests of trade as a means of meeting the iniquitous slave-trade, and Mr. Thelwall, from the *Illustrated London News*. The Livingstonia party, consisting of Dr. Black and four Europeans and four natives, has been joined at Algoa Bay by Dr. Stewart, of Lovedale.

Dr. Stewart writes to us that Quillimane is considerably altered since he was there in 1863. The streets are better kept, that is, they are kept free from grass; trees, recently planted along the sides of the streets, begin to form an agreeable shade; the houses are more numerous, and improved in appearance. There are several ships (French, Portuguese, and Norwegian) in the harbour, trading in ground-nuts, sesamum, wax, ivory, and cocoa-nuts. The cocoa-nut palm is very abundant, and grows in the streets. There is an air of life and activity about Quillimane which it has not possessed since its palmiest days of running slave cargoes have passed by—passed now for ever. The place had a bad repute in this way, and many a full cargo of human misery has been run out of the Quillimane river.

The most pleasing fact he communicates is, that in little more than a year there will be no slaves in Quillimane. In the beginning of 1878 domestic slavery will cease in that place, and in all the Portuguese possessions in Eastern Africa. As a consequence, slaves are very cheap: a young boy can be bought for about a pound! Dr. Stewart further informs us that he had a present made to him of two boys, both about ten years of age. The Portuguese remark that the native slaveholders are not well pleased at the coming emancipation, but the intelligent portion of the Portuguese community believe that the change will be for the better.

Some have already freed their slaves, and amongst these is Senhor José Nunes, long known as the steady friend of Englishmen on that part of the African coast. The interest, in a missionary point of view, about Quillimane, is that it is likely to be the port for a large part of the African continent on both sides of the Zambesi.

PLEASANT RECOLLECTIONS OF SHADY PLACES.

By the RIVERSIDE VISITOR.

II.—POOR AND CONTENT.

FEW of our recollections seem to us more pleasant than those associated with the lives and ways of some of our own particular poor, who by that content of spirit which is better than riches, have, so to speak, conquered fate; or, as one of them once put it to us, have "drawn Poverty's teeth." It is true they have stooped to conquer, have conquered in a negative rather than a positive sense; still the result has been victory to them. They have overcome their fate, not by striving with it, but by accepting it in the spirit of true wisdom. With the common sense usually found associated with such dispositions as theirs, they have learned to recognise what is for them individually the practically inevitable. They have come to see not only that it is hard, but that it is useless, and worse than useless, to kick against the pricks; that the "open secret" of victory is to make the best of things, and to practise that true and really possible alchemy whereby a spirit of good may ever be found in things evil, by those who will observingly distil it. That poverty modifies character is accepted as a truism, and though the converse of the proposition might at a first glance seem somewhat paradoxical, it is as fully true that character modifies poverty. With respect to poverty more than most other things it may be said that

> "It is in ourselves that we are thus or thus."

We see too much of poverty, and of the sin and suffering but too often associated with it, to think or speak lightly of it, or under-estimate its stern realities, and it is with no pooh-poohing spirit that we say that it is in a great measure what we choose to make it. We can make every allowance for, have every sympathy with, the bitterness of spirit which it is the general tendency of poverty to engender, while recording as a simple and gratifying matter of observation that the ills of poverty may be and often are cheerfully borne, and by being so borne, are deprived not only of half their terrors, but of half their ill effects also. Instances of poverty met in this teeth-drawing, this conquering spirit, afford, as we have said, some of the pleasantest recollections connected with our work, and with our readers' permission we here propose to give a brief account of one or two such cases.

Let us take first Dick S——, known also as "Fiddler" S——. Dick is very poor, and has been more or less so all his life, seeming to have been one of those who in the more literal sense of the words are born unto trouble as the sparks fly upwards. In addition to being poor, Dick is also greatly afflicted. He is fifty years of age now, and for the last twenty years has been totally blind. He is asthmatic and rheumatic; he has a wife now so broken in health as to be in a great measure unable, though willing and anxious, to work; and he has two children who, despite the utmost self-sacrifice upon his part, have sometimes to bear with him the pangs of a poverty reaching almost to absolute starvation. These latter phases of his position are the greatest griefs to him, for the general bravery of his bearing under poverty is in no way to be attributed to mere indifference. Where his wife and children are concerned, he feels the circumstances of his position very keenly when it comes to a "hard pinch;" and more particularly in regard to the children. "You see," he would say on this head, "you could hardly expect children to reason on a full stomach, let alone upon an empty one. You can't get them to properly understand that sich is life, and that whatever is sent, is sent for the best, though we may not be able to see it in that light. But then, on the other hand, youngsters soon forget trouble when it's over, and when things get to the lowest ebb, the turn of the tide comes somehow, there's a loaf in the cupboard once more, the chicks get a rough filling, and are as happy as they were before the pinch, and will keep so till the pinch comes again. When the pinch gets so tight

that there actually isn't a crust of bread to give them when they ask for it—though, thank the Lord, it hasn't often been so bad as that—I feel cut to the heart on their account, but that's not to say I'm to make bad worse by making myself a fool or a knave over it. To curse and swear about it, as some do, certainly makes matters no better; to take to drink over it is certainly to make them worse, and is more likely to drown your soul than your sorrow; and as to wishing ill to those who have because you haven't—why that's only a third way of adding sin to your trouble."

As to himself Dick is even more resigned and wisely philosophical, and his wife—in whom he has indeed a helpmate—takes pretty much the same views of life as her husband. "How are you getting on, Dick?" we have asked him at a time when it has been within our own knowledge that he has been getting on very badly indeed—has been living on one meal a day, and that a poor one, and suffering severely from rheumatic pains, though still daily dragging about in cold and wet. "Well, only among the middlings, sir," answers Dick, making an involuntary grimace as he speaks, for, turning quickly on hearing our voice, "the rheumatis" had, in his own phrase, "caught him on the hop and given him a twitcher." "Only among the middlings," he repeats as the pain subsides; "still, one mustn't grumble, things'll be better by-and-by, let's hope, even if they should get wuss before they do get better." And this answer was given in a tone of real and natural—not an affected, or overdone, or "carneying"—cheerfulness.

"Well, but poverty is hard to bear, after all, Dick," we remarked to him on another occasion, when he had given us some such answer as the one just quoted.

"Well, it's no sin, as the sayen is," replied Dick, "but it is an ill-conwenience; and though it and me is sich old acquaintances, I'm no ways in love with it, I can tell you. But, as the sayen is again, what can't be cured must be endured, and grumbling at yer lot, or lying down under it, won't help you either to cure or endure it; so I takes 'Look always on the sunny side' for my motter, and there generally is a bit of sunny side in the wust of trouble, if you'll only look far enough beyond the clouds for it—I mean with yer mind's eye."

"Ay, there is everlasting sunshine beyond the clouds, Dick," we said, "for those who seek it."

"Yes, there's heaven beyond the clouds too," answered he simply, "and poverty is no bar to our getting there. There is no gate money wanted there; we've all been paid for from of old, and He who paid for us with His precious blood, loved the poor and made their birthright sure."

"Yes, it is our own fault if we don't take up our freedom in the heavenly city," we said.

"That's it," he assented; "it's knock and it shall be opened, and the Book tells us how to knock; and when you think of that, the rest don't matter so very much, let it be as bad as it may."

In these higher, more solemn thoughts Dick found his best sustainment when the clouds lowered most darkly, while he was not without minor ideas of consolation. Repeating on another occasion the popular saying about poverty being an "ill-conwenience," he observed with a good-humoured sarcasm that seemed to please himself, "But it ain't the only ill-conwenience in the world. I have heard it said as some have found a good deal of ill-conwenience of one sort or another come with riches, and I've known one or two myself in my time as would have been better men if they'd had less money."

"The fault is not in the money, Dick," we said, "it may be made a curse or a blessing, according to how we use it."

"Just so; what's one man's meat is another man's poison," assented Dick, who, under the formula of "as the sayen is," was greatly given to expressing himself in the language of proverbial philosophy. "I think," he added smilingly, "I'm one of the men that money would be meat to; at any rate, I wouldn't mind being put to the test. But there," he continued, "fretting or grumbling wouldn't bring it, and, arter all, if I ain't got money I ain't got its cares; as an old chum of mine used to say, the income tax is no trouble to me. The rich ain't always content any more than the poor, and content is the great thing when all is said and done. Poor and content is rich enough, as the sayen is, and I expect it's the same the other way about—rich and not content is poor enough."

This was Dick's style of philosophizing upon poverty when he was drawn out on the subject, and he acted up to his philosophy with a degree of consistency not often met with, and with the best results, for amid all his poverty and affliction he was a fairly well contented and happy man.

Dick, as already hinted, had known trouble from his youth upwards. He was left father-

less at seven years of age, and an orphan at ten. He then passed into the guardianship of an uncle with whom he had a very bad time of it, being hardly worked, badly fed, and daily kicked and cuffed. He stood this for over two years, and then, unable to bear such treatment any longer, ran away to sea, a step which proved to be a sort of getting out of the frying-pan into the fire; for, shipping in a coasting vessel, he found himself committed to the tender mercies of a skipper whose great beliefs were in rum for himself and rope's-end for his ship boys. Three months under this drinking and flogging captain sickened him of a sailor's life, and his next proceeding was to run away *from* sea. Leaving his ship in one of the northern ports, he set out to tramp to London, and after various adventures and misadventures reached the great city in a very woebegone plight. At this time he was not quite fourteen years of age, and was without a friend in the world. For the four years next following he "scratched for himself" as best he could, knocking out a bare existence in various nondescript ways. When he had money enough he slept in common lodging-houses; when he had not, he "kennelled" out, as thousands do in London every night, seeking shelter under arches, in buildings in the course of construction, timber yards, carts, or whatever else the fortunes of the night offered. When he rose in the morning he knew not whether food for the day was to be forthcoming, and if the chances of the day did not bring it forth he had to go without. Through this dark period, he has assured us—and from what we knew of him we could quite believe him—he never lost heart or hope, or allowed himself to despair, and he made the most of any gleam of sunshine that did fall across his path. At length, when he was about eighteen years of age, he was one day engaged to carry a carpet-bag for a man who, as they walked along, entered into conversation with him, and, gathering from him a knowledge of his forlorn state, took pity upon him. He was a builder's foreman, and he gave Dick work as a sort of half man, half boy labourer, starting him with wages of sixteen shillings per week, an income that was wealth to Dick. Thanks to his steadiness and to the gradually increasing strength that came with better living, Dick in a few years rose to the rank of "full private" in the army of labour. As a bricklayer's labourer with a character for sobriety and industry that ensured him constant employment, he might have done well in the world, but unfortunately, just as he was well into manhood, the effects of the hardships of his early life began to show themselves in the shape of serious constitutional derangements. Asthma began to declare itself, and the action of the dust among which he had to work brought on again, in an aggravated form, a frequently recurring inflammation of the eyes, from which he had suffered in the times when he had to sleep out so often. From these causes he was often unable to follow his occupation, and consequently was still kept very poor; and the disease of the eyes becoming more and more acute as time went on, finally culminated in total blindness when he was thirty years of age. When it was known that he had lost his sight, the men in the employ of the firm for which he had last worked got up a subscription for him, and, with a view to economising the three or four pounds realised by it, he once more resorted to the common lodging-houses for shelter. Through the mediumship of the deputy of one of these establishments he made the acquaintance of a blind fiddler, who played about the streets for a living. This worthy was accustomed to "work in couples," and having broken with an old partner on a disputed question anent the division of their daily "takings," he was looking for a new one to take his place; and, after some negotiation conducted by the deputy, he agreed to take Dick on condition of the latter paying a sovereign for the good-will of the round, and a few shillings for a violin. These payments pretty well exhausted his subscription fund, but they put him in the way of earning daily bread. At first he only made believe to play, but, having a good ear, he was soon qualified to play second fiddle in such a class of performance as that he was engaged in. This partnership lasted for a period of five years, at the end of which time Dick withdrew from it, his fellow-fiddler having "taken to drink," to an extent that made further companionship between him and a sober man unbearable. Leaving the old and established round to the other, Dick set about making a round for himself, and, after months of experimenting, he finally mapped out as a round a neighbourhood to which the shady parts of my district afford the nearest dwellings suitable to the means and calling of a blind street-fiddler. He took a furnished room in a tenement house, and soon became a general favourite, not only in his own house and street, but throughout the district generally, his patient cheery bearing earning

him the good-will and good word even of those who made no effort to imitate him in the qualities which they confessedly admired in him. Here, when he was about seven-and-thirty years of age, he was married to a woman of about equal age, who occupied a room in the same house, and had voluntarily nursed him through a severe attack of rheumatic fever. At the time of their marriage she was a charwoman, with a fairly good "connection," and as she was sober, industrious, and kindly, she made him an excellent wife. At first they managed very comfortably on their joint earnings, but later, owing to Dick being repeatedly laid up with rheumatics, and the wife's health subsequently breaking down, they were brought very low again, as we have seen. They are now almost exclusively dependent upon Dick's earnings, and those earnings are in these

latter days considerably less than they used to be. "I suppose the times has changed, and I ain't changed with 'em," is Dick's theory on this head. "What with yer pianers on wheels, and yer street Christys, and fancy bands, and the organs with their new music-hall tunes, pretty near every day as yer may say, there ain't the chance there used to be for a single-handed fiddler. Still, there are old folk as well as old fiddlers, and some of 'em care for the old tunes, and ask for their own favourites; and thank the Lord pity ain't a changing fashion; many a young voice gives me a kind word along with the copper."

Dick's home, in a dull, dark, dirty street, consists of a single up-stairs room; but Dick having a taste for such decency of home life as his circumstances makes possible, has at odd times constructed a movable partition, which put up at night divides the room into

two sleeping compartments, one for his two boys, the other for himself and wife. The visible furniture of the room in the daytime consists of a bedstead, which, with the help of a small board, also serves as table, and three chairs, one of them backless. But this poor home is yet rich in that love and duty which are, after all, the essence of home. In this miserable room we have seen pictures of home life and home love that would have as worthily become the setting of a palace, and as greatly adorned it as they did the mean and scantily furnished apartment in which we looked upon them. On occasions when he has been fortunate enough to have had given to him broken victuals of a choicer kind than usual, say with a meat-bone, or the heel of a cheese, or a goodly-sized piece of plum-pudding, added to the stale bread which formed the staple of the gifts to him in this line—on such occasions as these we have seen Dick presiding over a scrap supper with an air that would have well become a table "groaning" under an Epicurean banquet. His grace and thanksgiving were fervently uttered, and his table-talk was so cheery in itself, and so cheering to the others, that it would really have been a valuable aid to digestion had any such aid been required in the case of this family. At the best of times there is, however, generally a pretty decided flavouring of that best of sauces, hunger, to give gusto to the meal; and to see all hands fall-to when the good things have been divided out, is a sight indeed. As a bone-polisher we have rarely met the equal of the elder boy, and we have come across some tolerably good juvenile performers in that line too. The younger boy is second only to his brother in this respect, and is more than his match in the matter of disposing of a slice of pudding. The enjoyment of the parents, if not so markedly shown, is none the less hearty, and none the less pleasant to witness when seen by one who knows how much of hunger the family has to endure, how rare is such a feast with them, as the one we have been speaking of, how frequently they have to go supperless to bed. Not the least pleasant feature of these special occasions is, that if the viands will at all "run to it," some invited guest will be found sharing the feast; some friend, perhaps as poor as Dick himself in a general way, and less fortunate for the passing day; a friend to whom an invitation to supper—and such a supper—means much, in whose portion of it some "tit bit" is hospitably included, and who, while accepting the invitation with due gratitude, does so unhesitatingly, his own boast probably being that he, too, has the heart that can feel for another; that he, too, when he has been "in luck," has shared it with a friend, and is willing and hopes to be able to do so again.

Another pleasant bit of home life that we have noticed at Dick's, has been the family gathering on a winter's night, as they have all crouched round a miserable little cinder fire, the younger boy holding the lamp, while the elder reads aloud a chapter from the Bible, or some stirring passage from a book of travels or voyages, such narratives being Dick's favourite secular literature, and his son being able to obtain a supply of it from the library of his Sunday-school. Dick derives a wonderful amount of pleasure from these readings, listening with quite an absorbed air, and coming in frequently with questions or commentaries. He has a quick and retentive memory, can repeat whole chapters of the New Testament "off book," and is brimful of texts from all parts of the Scriptures, which he will sometimes apply with great aptness. In the same way he can narrate striking passages from the lives of the travellers and voyagers whose biographies he has had read to him, and especially from those of Bruce and Cook, his favourite heroes.

Partly as a result of this home practice, Dick junior is a very fair reader, and, indeed, both the boys are fairly well educated for their ages, a circumstance in which the father takes great pride. He has a strong belief in the power of education. "Stick to yer books, my sons," we heard him say on one occasion, when the boys, boy-like, had been showing a disposition to shirk some night lessons, the performance of which interfered with their going out to play. "Stick to yer books now, and when you are men yer books, or what's in 'em, which is all the same, will stick to you, and be a ladder in life to you. You know what you write in yer copy books, 'Knowledge is power,' and so it is, and edication is knowledge. With an edication, and health, and a willing heart to put yer shoulder to the wheel, there is nothing hardly you mayn't rise to be, while, if you have all the rest, and haven't edication, there is hardly anything you *can* rise to. Cos why? Why, cos it's a case of ignorance blocks the way, and yer pulled up. So be wise in time, my boys. If you have sometimes to work a bit now when others are playing, perhaps in yer old age yer may be able to take it easy a bit, while others as played too much when young will have to work hard."

Dick's belief in the certainty of education as a means of advancement in the social scale is, perhaps, a little too literal, but in the meantime that belief, as applied to his own children, is a source of hopefulness to him, and helps to keep him cheerful of heart amid all his troubles.

In the ways we have shown poor Fiddler Dick takes the sting out of poverty, and deprives it, so far as he is concerned, of half its terrors.

"Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes,"

looking always *on* the sunny side when it is visible, and *for* it when for a time it may be altogether hidden behind the clouds of adversity, and finding, even in the darkest hour, a solace for the sorrows of this life in the contemplation of the joys of the life to come; that life in which sorrow is unknown, the everlasting life of those who, having walked their earthly pilgrimage aright, however thorny the path, have entered into the joy of their Lord.

Another illustrative example of poverty well borne — another example furnishing pleasant recollections of shady places—is that of old Nell G——. As regards the material wants of daily life old Nell is not so bitterly poor, perhaps, as Fiddler Dick, but in other respects she is less fortunate than he. She is alone in the world; is in the full sense of the phrase "a lone lorn woman." She has outlived all of her name and blood, parents, brothers, sisters, husband, children, and she has been through seas of trouble; but though she has had to sorrow often and deeply, and was of a nature to keenly feel the particular sorrows that had fallen to her lot, she has not let grief sour or harden her. Under it all she never gave way to despair, or lost self-respect. She had the spirit, as wise as it is reverential, that when the first shock of grief is over prompts the afflicted mortals to look beyond themselves, and say—and find consolation in saying—"Not my will, but Thine be done." Nell must have been a woman of a remarkably fine constitution. As we have just said, she has seen much sorrow in her time, and she has always had to work hard, and live hard, and yet, being now beyond the allotted span of threescore years and ten, she is still earning her bread by manual labour, is firm of tread, erect of bearing, clear of mind, and with her more material senses but little dulled. She is a gaunt and withered dame with a heavily wrinkled face, parchment-like skin, and a rather tusky appearance about her remaining teeth, but you can see that the features are regularly cut, and without any very violent effort of imagination can fancy her having been a bonny girl in her youth, and even now, when her face is lighted up by a smile, it is by no means an unpleasant one to look upon, its wrinkled and generally tough appearance notwithstanding.

Nell is a rag-sorter, and has been these thirty years, working all that time in the same marine store, which during the period has passed from father to son. She is not now as good at the business as she has been, and but for her long service would probably not be retained in employment. Her eye has lost something of its quickness, her hand something of its cunning, and her health, though remarkably good for one of her years, is feeble compared with that of younger hands. She cannot work the hours that they do, and at times is laid up for two or three weeks at a stretch, so that rag-sorting being paid on piece-work principles, and but poorly paid at the best, her earnings are but small, certainly not more on an average than five shillings per week at the very outside. But if her earnings are small, so too are her wants and desires; and she manages to adjust her income and necessities to suit each other. The rent of her room is but eighteen-pence per week, her most indispensable want is a cup of tea, and if the bread she has with it is sometimes dry, it has at least the sweetness of the self-earned loaf, a circumstance which is a great source of comfort to Nell, who with something of pride as well as much of thankfulness will tell you, that though she has been young, and now is old, yet has she never been forsaken, or needed to beg her bread. She has seen times when her daily crust has been moistened with bitter tears; but the proverbially bitter bread of charity has never passed her lips, and it is her strongest hope that it never may. She has a belief to the effect that, with her, life will burn down to the socket and go out with a snuff, and she finds consolation in the idea; and by means of a burial society she has provided for being decently laid in mother earth, without the intervention of the parish.

On Sundays, and when "cleaned up" after working hours, Nell is rather a picturesque old dame. Her hair, even now more iron-grey than white, and still tolerably abundant, is smoothed on either side the head in front and twisted into a knot behind, while, by way of head-dress, she has the old-fashioned "mutch" cap, which, snowy white,

and with its deep-quilled borders nicely starched and Italian-ironed, becomes her wonderfully well. To this is added the equally old-fashioned costume, which consists of a linsey-woolsey petticoat, a bed-gown, and a coloured kerchief worn across the bosom. On Sundays you will generally find Nell with spectacles on nose, and an old large-print Bible open before her, even if she is not reading it. On week-day evenings her favourite employment is knitting, an operation which she can carry on mechanically, and which she generally accompanies by the crooning of some old-world song, and more particularly sea-songs. It is of by-gone people and by-gone times she loves to speak too. You can see that it is in the past rather than the present that she lives in thought. Passion and sorrow seem in a great measure to have died down with her strength, and you could well imagine her saying with the grandmother in Tennyson's poem,—

"Mine is a time of peace, it is not often I grieve."

Nell was in her youth, as she tells you proudly even now in her ripe old age, "a lass that loved a sailor." "I might a done better," she once said to us, "I might a married a young fellow as had just started in business for himself, and as before many years was over came to keep his trap and have his hundred men working for him, and died worth thousands, but I preferred my gallant sailor. He was as handsome a lad as ever trode a deck, and as tender and true as he was brave and handsome. He loved the sea, and I love it still for his sake, though it has made me a widow and childless." If Nell's married life had been happy, it had also been brief. She had wedded at twenty and was widowed at twenty-five, being left with a son, who was three years of age at that time, and who, following in his father's footsteps, was, when barely eighteen years of age, lost with his ship in "Biscay's sleepless bay." She might have married again, she said, but she had no heart to give, and wouldn't have done any good man the wrong of giving him a hand without a heart. So she had remained a widow for fifty long years, and in that period had seen all belonging to her pass away before her, and had gone through a good deal of poverty, always, however, enduring it, as now in her old age she still endured it, bravely and cheerfully, and with an independence of spirit that brought with it a consolatory sense of self-satisfaction.

One little touch there was that to us brought out Nell's agedness and loneliness in a particularly vivid manner, while at the same time throwing a little of the softening halo of romance over them. In her poorly furnished room she has one, to her, priceless household treasure, in the shape of a portrait of her husband, painted just before he started on the voyage from which he never more returned. Nell hath never heard of the great prices paid to modern artists, and to her a guinea seems a large sum, so that it is with a very pardonable air of pride that she tells you that the portrait cost "two golden guineas, without the frame." It is of course not a work of high art, still it is fairly well done, and we can quite believe Nell's assertion, that it was a capital likeness. It is a half length, and shows a handsome weather-bronzed young sailor who, with cleanly shaven face and dark curly hair, scarcely looks the thirty years which was his age at that time. Looking from this pictured face of youth to the old, hard, wrinkled face of the living woman, it is hard to realise that those twain have been one flesh; but when you do realise it, you realise too some idea of the long years of lonely widowhood that old Nell has gone through, with none of her name or blood to help or cheer her, and with all the ills of poverty to contend against. Thinking of all this, and seeing how cheery and unrepining she is under her lot—a lot that many would consider a justification for recklessness or despair—we have always regarded her as a bright practical illustration of the truth of the adage that poor and content is rich enough. Her earthly life has been a long and perhaps a weary one, but she is walking her course in the narrow way; and we can but second her in the hope that when her pilgrimage is o'er, she may again meet the husband of her youth; when the sea gives up its dead.

We could cite other examples of poverty cheerfully borne, but we have not left ourselves space to do so. The two we have described, however, are quite sufficient to show that poverty, even in its direct forms, may be so borne. It is well to strive by all legitimate means to rise above poverty, but it is better still to learn to submit to it cheerfully, and make the best of it, when from physical or fateful circumstances it cannot be overcome.

ALONE.

"When the evening was come, he was there alone."

OUR Blessed Redeemer had just performed one of His greatest miracles. He had fed a vast multitude of men, women, and children with a mere handful of food. He had refreshed a weary crowd, who had followed Him for three days in their devoted earnestness to listen to His words, with a wondrous meal; and now the feast was over, the disciples had entered into a boat, and had departed to the other side of the lake, the great crowd had dispersed to their various homes, and the Saviour was left alone in the quiet stillness of the evening hour. "And when He had sent the multitudes away, He went up into a mountain apart to pray; and when the evening was come, He was there alone."

The Lord loved these hours of solitude. Not once, nor twice do we read that He thus left the bustle of the world to hold communion with heaven. In the first chapter of St. Mark's Gospel we read, "And in the morning, rising up a great while before day, He went out and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed." Again in St. Luke, (chap. v.), we thus read, "He withdrew into the wilderness and prayed;" and what He did, we His followers should do. We live in the midst of a very busy, bustling, anxious world; and if we would keep our spiritual life pure and strong, if we would have our faith clear and bright, we must follow our Master's example; we must from time to time go out of the world, and be alone with God. Nothing is so fatal to our religious life, as a continued round of engrossing occupation, or engrossing amusements, without these quiet intervals for spiritual refreshments. We must do as the Master did—we must send "the multitudes" away, the multitudes of our cares, our anxieties, our occupations. We must get rid of these for a short space, and go into a solitary place, apart by ourselves, and pray to our Father who is in heaven. It is in these moments of retirement that we gain strength of character and strength of purpose; it is then that we gather fresh vigour and fresh courage for the perilous journey of life. This world is so perplexing, the changes and chances of this mortal life are so engrossing, there is so very little rest, so very little peace here, there is so much vanity and vexation of spirit around us and within us; but if only we throw ourselves at God's feet, if only we "send the multitudes away" for a few short moments, how the scene changes! We rise from our knees refreshed and strengthened; we have been alone with our God, and lo! the storm has ceased, and suddenly there comes a great calm!

"When the evening was come, He was there alone." Yes, the evening comes to us all! Whatever be our life now, whether it be lonely, or whether it be altogether in a crowd, when the evening comes we *must* be alone then. When the shadows lengthen, when the sun goes down, when the twilight deepens, when the evening of life comes on, we must be alone then! The dear home must be left, the dear friends, the pleasant occupations, the familiar work, the refreshing pleasures of life all must be given up, and we must go forth alone; alone we must die, alone we must cross the dark river, alone we must enter eternity, alone we must stand before our Judge! Oh! let us prepare for that solemn time, by often being alone *now;* let us rob Death of his terrors by often now holding communion with the unseen, and by retiring from this world's noise and tumult to be alone with our God.

"When the evening was come, He was there alone." But *was* He alone? Was our Lord quite solitary? Was He quite friendless? What are His own words? "And yet I am not alone because the Father is with me." And are any of God's servants ever alone? are they ever left to themselves? are they ever friendless? No. They are never alone. They are never solitary. The Father is with them; Christ is with them; the Holy Ghost is with them. "If a man love me, my Father will love Him, and we will come unto Him and make our abode with Him." If we really belong to God, we can never be alone.

"The best of it is," said John Wesley, just before he died,—"the best of it is that God is with us for ever and ever." Yes, He is with us for ever, in life and in death, for time and for eternity; we can never be alone. "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil,—*for Thou art with me.*"

EDWARD V. HALL.

GREGORY OF NAZIANZUS.

I.—EARLY LIFE AND ORDINATION.

NO name occurs more frequently in the page of ecclesiastical history than Gregory. A considerable number of bishops and presbyters of the ancient Church, and quite a host of popes, cardinals, and other churchmen of later times, have been Gregories. This makes it needful, when we speak of a Gregory, to distinguish him in some manner from his numerous namesakes. It is for this reason that the Gregory of whom we are about to write is usually called Gregory Nazianzen, or Gregory of Nazianzus. Nazianzus, which has had the honour of having its name connected with that of the good bishop, was a small town in Cappadocia, near which he was born, and of which he was bishop for many years along with his father. The people of Cappadocia had in the days of which we are writing a very bad reputation among their neighbours. They were an indolent, sensual, cowardly race, whose word was trusted as little as that of Cretans. But, as not unfrequently happens, in such circumstances, the earnest Christians of Cappadocia strove all the more to shine forth as examples of a pure and holy life, because of the deep moral darkness which surrounded them. It was in the midst of the best Christian life of Cappadocia that Gregory grew up to manhood. His father, who also bore the name of Gregory, was bishop of Nazianzus, and was a pious and upright man, "a faithful Abraham," as his son was fond of calling him in after days. His mother Nonna was a still more remarkable character. She is remembered along with Monica and other holy mothers of famous churchmen to whom, under God, their sons owed the deepest and most abiding influences of their early lives. She is described by her son as a woman equally devoted to her household duties and to the service of God. She was a housewife such as Solomon describes, but she also spent much of her time in devotion and in visiting and relieving the poor. It was through her instrumentality that her husband, who was formerly a heathen, was converted to the Christian faith. After their marriage she endeavoured, by every means in her power, to persuade him to accompany her to the church; but Gregory was indisposed to do so, as he belonged to a community that worshipped the supreme God somewhat after the manner of the Persians. But her continued entreaties at length shook his resolution, and while he was wavering he had a dream. In his sleep he seemed to be singing the words of Psalm cxxii., "I was glad when they said unto me, We will go into the house of the Lord." This dream brought Gregory to a decision, and Nonna had the joy of finding her husband by her side when next she went to the house of God.

Not very long after his baptism, Gregory was made Bishop of Nazianzus—a position to which he appears to have been chosen, partly because of the high esteem in which he was held as a man of upright character, and partly because he was a man of wealth, which he afterwards employed in building a splendid church for the Christian community at Nazianzus. To Gregory and Nonna were born three children; a daughter named Gorgonia, and two sons, Gregory and Cæsarius. Gregory was born about the year A.D. 330, a few years after the council of Nicæa. Like Samuel, he was dedicated before his birth to the service of God. His mother prayed for a male child, and vowed, like Hannah, that she would devote him to the service of God. After the child was born his mother took him to church and laid his little hands upon the Holy Scriptures as a sign of his dedication to the service of God. The boy did not disappoint the fond hopes of his pious mother, but early showed signs of a devout and studious disposition. He was a diligent reader of Holy Scriptures, which his parents put into his hands, and he also studied Greek literature with zeal and diligence. He was much attached to the study of eloquence, although, even in his early days, he desired to learn the art of oratory, chiefly that he might use it for the glory of God, and for the good of His church.

In order to pursue his studies in more advantageous circumstances, young Gregory left Nazianzus, and resided for some time in Cæsarea, the capital of the province, afterwards he went to Alexandria, a famed centre of education and culture, and lastly he took up his above in Athens, which still retained its intellectual pre-eminence among the cities of the West. On the voyage from Alexandria to Athens an incident took place which throws light upon the condition of his mind at this time, and which also gives an interesting glimpse of his age. The vessel in which he had taken his passage was caught in a fearful

tempest. As readers of the classics know, a stormy sea was more terrible to men of antiquity than even to ourselves; and we need not wonder that Gregory, and all on board, sent up prayers and cries of distress when they looked on the stormy sea which seemed ready to devour them. Gregory, however, felt most concern regarding the danger to which his soul seemed exposed. "When others," he says, "were fearing the common death, more terrible to me appeared the death of the soul." He felt great anxiety because he had never received the rite of baptism, which, in those days, it was customary to postpone, sometimes through superstitious awe, and at other times from a reluctance to make a thorough adoption of the Christian life.

Gregory was saved from the perils of the sea, in answer, as he believed, to the prayers of his pious parents, who had a supernatural presentiment of the danger to which he was exposed. He arrived safely at Athens, where he spent a number of years in diligent study of literature, philosophy, and rhetoric. He was joined soon after his arrival by Basil, afterwards bishop of Cæsarea, with whom he formed, in Athens, a friendship which lasted throughout life. In a former paper in this magazine we described the student life of Basil and Gregory in Athens, and shall not recur to the subject here. At the age of thirty Gregory left Athens, and returned to Nazianzus. His brother Cæsarius, who had been studying medicine at Constantinople, returned home at the same time, only, however, to leave it again for Constantinople, where he became court-physician to the Emperor Constantine. It seems to have been expected that Gregory himself would adopt the profession either of an advocate or of a rhetorician, which were both highly lucrative and honourable; but he was indisposed to follow any calling which would involve him in secular affairs. His desire was to devote himself entirely to the service of God. The most natural thing, one would have supposed, for a man of such desires and capacities, would have been to have entered the Church; but there was at this time, even in the minds of gifted and earnest Christians, much disinclination to accept an ecclesiastical office. In some cases it was the solemnity and heavy responsibilities of such office that led good men to hesitate in accepting it; but there was another cause. A large portion of the clergy were much secularised. Apostolic zeal and sanctity seem to have been rare among them. Gregory says that they were no better but rather worse than other people, and he felt ashamed to be enrolled among them. That which attracted Gregory at this epoch, was the solitary life. Like many of the most devout spirits of the time, he was drawn to a mode of life which seemed to produce sanctity and unworldliness, and he would fain have turned his back upon Nazianzus, and have joined Basil in a pleasant rural retreat which the latter had found in Pontus. Basil pleaded hard with his friend to come, and put him in mind of promises which he had made when in Athens. Gregory refused, but very reluctantly, for his soul was full of longings after the "philosophic life," as it was the fashion to call ascetic devotion and study at this period. A "higher duty," as he justly recognised it to be, kept Gregory at Nazianzus. His father was now an old man, and required his son's assistance in the management of his considerable property. Gregory found this irksome work. He had to manage a large number of servants, to contend with oppressive tax-gatherers, and sometimes to appear before local tribunals in defence of the rights of his father. But while he remained at what he judged to be the post of duty, he lived, as far as he could, the life of an ascetic recluse. His food was bread and salt, his drink water, and his couch the bare ground. Most of the night was given to prayer and meditation.

Gregory, as we have said, did not desire to accept office in the Church. But disinclination to ecclesiastical office did not always in those days prevent a man having it conferred upon him. He had shown capacity for Church affairs. A difference having arisen between his father and the monks of the neighbourhood, he came forward as a mediator, and was the means of preventing schism in the church of Nazianzus. It was natural that his father as well as the people of Nazianzus should desire to secure the continued services of one who was so well fitted by character as well as by education, to serve the Church. The means adopted, however, seem strange and unjustifiable. On a great festival day, probably Christmas, the elder Gregory came forward and ordained his son, who was in the church with the rest of the congregation, and had no previous knowledge of his father's intention. Gregory always spoke of this act of his father's as a tyrannical proceeding, of which he had some right to complain. Smarting under feelings of vexation, he left Nazianzus and betook him to

the retreat of his friend Basil in Pontus. After a time, however, he returned to Nazianzus, drawn thither by affection to his parents, and by a sense of duty. On Easter Sunday he addressed the people by whose desire he had been forcibly ordained. "The day of Resurrection," he began, "an auspicious commencement. On such a day let us greet as brethren, even those who hate us, not to speak of those who through love may have done or suffered anything unpleasant. All ought to be forgiven on the Resurrection Day. Let us extend pardon to one another. I who have experienced honourable, though tyrannical treatment, for so I still regard it, and do you who exercised this honourable tyranny over me, also pardon, if you think that I have shown too great tardiness in accepting the office." He goes on to show that there is merit in holding back, as well as in coming forward willingly when God calleth; "only both must be done in a dutiful spirit, the former in a sense of indwelling weakness, the latter in trust on the strength of Him who calleth."

Gregory performed the duties of the office which he had undertaken with so much reluctance, with a zeal and commanding ability which rendered his name famous, not in Cappadocia only, but throughout the East. As a preacher he became widely known, and his sermons or orations, as they were called, still occupy a high place in the literature of theology. The orations of Gregory were, unfortunately, not expositions of Scripture, like the Homilies of Chysostom, and have not, therefore, the value to the interpreter of Scripture which the works of Chysostom possess. They are certainly too rhetorical. One has only to look into them to see that the schools of rhetoric in which he studied so long had left too plain and palpable marks on his style and manner of address. Of most of the preachers of the fourth and fifth centuries whose sermons have been preserved, it may be said, that they spoke in a manner too ornate and artificial for ministers of religion. This is the more remarkable as they were constantly declaiming against the artifices of rhetoric, and declaring that God's Word stands in need of no artificial adornment. Gregory in one of his orations speaks in terms of stern condemnation of those priests who were introducing "a new sort of secular oratory into the sanctuary, borrowed from the forum and the theatre." There are passages in the orations of Gregory to which his own censure might be applied; but we must remember that it was eminently a rhetorical age. Almost every speaker was a rhetorician, and the too rhetorical style which we meet with in some of Gregory's orations should be regarded not as an indication of a want of sincerity on his part, when he declared that the truth of God needed no artificial adorning, but as an illustration of the truth, that even those who are most deeply sensible of the faults of their age yet find it impossible entirely to rise above them. To understand fully how great the temptations were for a preacher of Gregory's age to become a rhetorician, we must realise the change that had passed over the Church service since its early days. The early Christian teacher sitting in the midst of a circle of faithful disciples in time of trial, found it easy to content himself with plain and unadorned discourse. Anything else would have been felt to be out of place by those whom he addressed. It was very different in the fourth century. The audience was now a mixed multitude, drawn together to a large extent by a desire to be amused, and the whole service of the Church had become ornate, artificial, in some cases almost theatrical. Gregory has left us a description of the aspect presented by his church on a Sunday or festival day, and although it belongs to a later period of his ministry, it will serve to show the sort of scene which met the eye of a preacher of the fourth century when he rose to speak. The desciption is given under the figure of a dream. "I slept a sweet sleep, and during a dream I saw my church Anastasia. I seemed to be seated on a lofty throne. On either side of me on lower seats sat the presbyters, the rulers of the flock, a chosen band of men. Next stood the attendants in shining white garments, a picture of angelic brightness. But the people stood round about, clustering like bees around the partition; for there was a struggle to get nearer. Some pressed against the sacred doors in order to approach, with ears as well as with feet. The market-places and the public highways supplied hearers to my discourses; and from the upper roofs, holy virgins and noble matrons gave me respectful attention." It is not difficult to see that to a man of oratorical temperament, and of oratorical education, speaking before such an audience, the inducement must have been great to burst forth into a harangue which would bring down the house, rather than to follow the grave and simple method of apostolic teaching. All honour to Gregory that in trying circumstances he remained so true as he did to his duty as a minister of Christ's gospel. He may

have been mistaken, and we think he was, in employing so freely the flowers of rhetoric in the service of the Church, but no one can doubt that it was to promote the honour of his Master and not his own, that Gregory undertook and carried on the arduous work of preaching to the people of Nazianzus.

II.—GREGORY CALLED TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

We pass over an interval of about seventeen years. First, as presbyter at Nazianzus, then as bishop of Sasima, and, lastly, as coadjutor to his father in Nazianzus, Gregory had laboured abundantly in the cause of Christian truth and Christian orthodoxy. But during the last years especially, death had been busy among his friends, and those dearest to his heart had one after another been snatched from his side. Cæsarius, his brother, died first, after a splendid secular career at the imperial court, where, however, even when Julian was on the throne, he had been true to his Christian profession. Gorgonia followed, then Gregory the elder died in a full old age, and lastly Nonna. Scarcely less trying to Gregory than the loss of his relations was the death of his friend Basil. Gregory embalmed the memories of his friends in funeral orations and in poems, and endeavoured to console himself and others with the consolations of Christianity. Of his mother Nonna, who died in the church when praying, he wrote, "Weep, mortals, for the race of mortals; but when one dies like Nonna in the act of prayer, then I weep not." And in his oration on his brother Cæsarius, he bade his hearers not mourn for the deceased who was released from the evil of the world, and at rest in Abraham's bosom. But it is easier to write consolatory sentences than to feel consoled; and Gregory, one of the most affectionate of men, felt deeply his loneliness, and as his health was infirm, he left Nazianzus and retired to Seleucia in Isauria, after having requested the bishops of the province to elect a new bishop in place of his father. During his retirement at Seleucia he suffered much from bad health, as well as from sad thoughts. Writing to a friend about this time, who asked in what state his affairs were, he replied, "Bitterly bad. I have no longer Basil, nor Cæsarius, the one my spiritual, and the other my natural brother. My father and my mother have also forsaken me, to use the words of David. I am sick in body; the signs of age are upon my head; I am overwhelmed with perplexing cares and business; and even friends forsake me. The Church is uncared for; the good is perishing, and evil shows an unabashed front. We voyage in the night, nowhere is there a torch, and Christ is asleep. What, then, is to be done? There is but one mode of release for me from these evils. And that which lies beyond will be terrible to me, if I am to judge from what I find here."

It might have been supposed that one who had fallen into so despondent a frame of mind would scarcely do much more for the world. Certainly one would not have been disposed to ask him to undertake a high and arduous enterprise. But often the best cure for the despondency of a noble spirit is some high sphere which calls forth all the energies of his nature, and makes him forget his sorrows in work. It was so in Gregory's case. When living in retirement at Seleucia, an earnest request was addressed to him to go to Constantinople, and put himself at the head of the Nicene or orthodox party in that city. It was a task full of difficulty. For nearly forty years the Arians had been the paramount Church party in Constantinople—fostered and encouraged as they had been by imperial favour. So low was the condition of the Nicene party, that they did not possess a single church, and when Gregory arrived there he had to take up his abode with some relations, and hold his service in a private house. But his zeal and energy seem to have infused new life into the scattered remnant of the orthodox which still remained in new Rome, and we soon find him preaching in a church called Anastasia, or the Church of the Resurrection—a name which is said to have been bestowed upon it because in it the Nicene faith, so long buried out of sight, reappeared among men as a living reality.

Gregory went to Constantinople for the very purpose of championing a cause which was reviled and assailed, and preaching a creed which was rejected by most in new Rome. It was therefore needful for him to become a controversialist. We cannot wonder, that in the orations which he delivered in Constantinople, he made it his principal object to defend the orthodox doctrine of the Trinity against its various opponents. He constantly taught that the Godhead, without being divided, exists in three hypostases, or persons, viz., Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Against the Arian, Gregory maintained an equality of nature between the Son and the Father, while against the Macedonians, as they were termed, he contended for the perfect Godhead, and personality of the Holy Ghost. The theological orations which Gregory delivered in Constantinople, in de-

fence of the orthodox faith, are reckoned among the most valuable treatises of the fourth century. They gained for their author the title of the "Theologian" or "Divine," a name which Christian antiquity had given to the Apostle John. It meant, however, both in the case of John and of Gregory, not what we mean by it; but signified that he who bore it was one who discoursed on the divine nature of our Lord. But while Gregory showed himself an able controversialist, he did not forget that men have to be warned against other errors, besides wrong ways of conceiving of the divine nature. It was a sign of his Christian prudence that he endeavoured to abate the evils of which controversy is the cause, even among those who take the side of truth. Constantinople was filled with the clamour of theological disputants, to an extent probably unexampled in history. Not only divines and serious-minded persons took part in those controversies, but unbelievers, and persons whose Christianity was only nominal, eagerly and often jestingly discussed the profoundest questions regarding the divine nature. Gregory of Nyssa informs us that one could hardly purchase bread, or bespeak a bath, without getting involved in a discussion regarding the generation of the Son; and our Gregory says that the chambers of women, and even the nurseries of childhood, were invaded by the theological plague. Gregory gave much wise advice to the controversialists of Constantinople. He told them that it was not every one's business to "philosophize" about God; nor was it becoming at all times and in every mood to enter upon the discussion of a theme so lofty and so solemn. If men were gay and careless, fresh from the races or the banquet, they had better, Gregory thought, refrain their tongues from speaking theology. He also advised the Christians of Constantinople never to discuss religious differences in the presence of the heathen, for such a proceeding, he justly said, was to place a sword in the hand of their opponents. All men ought to remember that without practical holiness, talk about theology was worse than useless; especially ought bishops and priests to remember this. "No one is worthy of God," he says, "or of the priesthood, who has not first offered himself a living sacrifice to God; nay, rather, who has not become a holy and living temple of the living God." In another place he advisers his hearers not to stretch up to heaven, in the vain hope of bringing down by means of speculation to earth the profound secrets hid in the divine treasuries. "Ascend," he adds, "by means of your life. By purification lay hold on the pure. Do you desire to become a divine, and worthy of the divinity? Keep the commandments; walk according to the commandments of God; action is the path to contemplation."

Gregory also spoke wisely on the limits of human knowledge regarding the divine nature. "You hear the word generation," he says; "do not waste your labour in inquiring regarding the manner in which it comes to pass. You hear that the Spirit proceedeth from the Father; be not curious as to the mode in which this takes place." For a theologian who was living in the midst of controversy, Gregory often spoke with wonderful charity and liberality. Indeed he sometimes spoke in a manner which was quite inconsistent with a bitterness of language in which he indulged at other times. In one of his orations he thus addresses his Arian antagonists, who felt certain of the correctness of their own views: "O loquacious dialectician, I will ask you a small question, but do you reply as He did who made response to Job out of the whirlwind and the cloud. Are there many mansions with God, as Scripture teacheth, or only one? You grant, of course, that there are many, not one. Ought they, then, all to be filled, or ought some to be filled and others not, so that they remain empty, and so prepared in vain?" Once, when dissension had broken out in the orthodox community, Gregory, after addressing to his congregation the customary salutation, "Peace be with you," and having received in return from them the response, "Peace be with thy spirit," addressed the following words to his hearers: "Beloved peace! my daily thought and dearest jewel, who art most intimately connected with God's essence; for thus we hear in the Holy Scriptures, 'the peace of God,' and 'the God of peace;' and again, 'He Himself is our peace,' and yet we honour thee not. Beloved peace! thou blessing, praised by all, but cherished by few, how long hast thou already left us! and when wilt thou again return to us?"

Gregory's preaching produced much effect in Constantinople. Crowds went to hear him, heathens as well as heretical Christians. The orthodox party, long down-trodden and dispirited, were much encouraged, and began to hope for a change for the better in the religious condition of the capital. Unfortunately, as we cannot help regarding it,

although Gregory and his friends looked upon it as a special providence, a powerful ally came to their aid, who completed by physical force what Gregory had commenced by persuasion. Valens, the imperial patron of Arianism, perished in a battle with the Goths in the year that Gregory went to Constantinople. Theodosius now ruled the Eastern Empire. He, when in Thessalonica, had been attacked by a dangerous illness, during which he was baptized by the orthodox Bishop Acholius. The emperor recovered, and he rose from his sick bed an ardent if not a very intelligent partisan of orthodoxy. He speedily issued an edict to his subjects, in which he commanded them "to believe according to the evangelical doctrine of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, one God of equal majesty in the Holy Trinity." He furthermore enjoined upon them to adopt the name of Catholic Christians, and denounced all heretics as madmen, whose places of assembly did not deserve to be called churches. When Theodosius arrived in Constantinople he found the churches of that city in the hands of the Arians. He thereupon intimated to Demophilus, the Arian bishop, that he must either adopt the Nicene Confession of Faith, and unite himself to the Catholics, or give up all the churches to his opponents. Greatly to his honour, the Arian bishop refused to accept the confession which the soldier theologian wished to impose upon him by force. Assembling his co-religionists together, he said to them, "Brethren, it is written in the Gospel, 'If they persecute you in one city, flee ye to another.' Since the emperor shuts us out from the churches, be it known to you that to-morrow we shall meet outside the city."

Theodosius showed as great respect to Gregory as he had shown severity to Demophilus. "This temple," said the emperor, addressing Gregory and alluding to the Church of the Apostles, "I deliver up to thee as a reward for thy labours." On the day that the churches changed hands, Constantinople, as Gregory says, presented the aspect of a city taken by assault. A wild and angry crowd surged through the streets, and large companies of soldiers had to be called out and stationed at various points to preserve the peace. By the side of Theodosius, Gregory marched to the Church of the Apostles, bowed with sickness, but full of joy and thankfulness at the triumph of his cause. On that day he did not address the people, but shortly after, on a martyr's festival, he spoke thus of what had taken place: "It has gone, it has vanished, the deceiving heresy, like mist has it been scattered by the Holy Spirit."

It would be unfair to judge Gregory by the maxims of the present day; and if Calvin and Knox did not understand toleration, we can hardly expect to find it in a bishop of the fourth century; but one cannot help regretting that so good a man as Gregory should have taken part in so coarse a triumph as that which placed the churches of Constantinople and all their wealth in the hands of the orthodox. Nemesis soon overtook him, as it does generally overtake good men when they are found walking in the ways of sinners. The favour of Theodosius brought influence, wealth, and a vast accession of numbers to the flock of Gregory, but it was the means, as we shall see in next paper, of rendering his episcopal charge a burden greater than he could bear.

JOHN GIBB.

THE THREATENED FAMINE IN NORTH CHINA.

THE prospects of large masses of the population of Northern China during the coming winter are very sad, for they are threatened with a famine, which, we fear, may prove even more disastrous than that with which our Indian officials had to cope a short time back, for the very sufficient reason that the Chinese officials have no means at their disposal for coping with it, if, indeed, they were willing to do so. With the limited amount of information at our disposal, it would be impossible to give even an approximate estimate of the population of the threatened districts, but our readers will gain some faint idea of the frightful extent to which the mischief may spread, if we mention that the two provinces of Shantung and Chibli, which are more especially affected, alone contain—according to the old Chinese census of 1812—very nearly fifty-seven millions of human beings. As we sit comfortably by our warm, cheerful firesides, it ought to touch a sympathetic chord in our hearts, when we reflect on the

misery in store for so vast a number of our fellow-creatures. In the starving districts, money, rice, means of transport, are all wanting. No rain or snow, worth speaking, had fallen for nearly a year, and the sufferings of the people had already commenced early in the past summer; what they will be in the rigorous cold of a northern winter, it makes one shudder to contemplate. Writing from Chêng-chow-fu, rather more than half-way on the road from the treaty-port of Chefoo—the scene of the recent important negotiations between Sir Thomas Wade and Li Hung-chang—to the capital of the province of Shantung, the Rev. T. Richard draws a sad and harrowing picture of the situation even in the bright summer weather. The people supplicated their gods for rain, but their supplications were fruitless. When they "saw that no rain fell, they pawned their hoes, and those who had clothes, pawned them to such an extent that the pawnshop was obliged daily to cart the things pawned to a new establishment, and the money given was far less than usual, for their coffers were empty." Things got so bad, and robberies and other outrages so frequent, that Mr. Richard's friends advised him not to go about any more, as he had been doing in his endeavours to relieve the distress of the suffering people. He saw that there was reason in their advice, and he complied with it the more readily that he might practise what he had preached to the people. What he had posted up was,—"Let the rich be charitable to the poor. Let the poor attend to their duties. When there is repentance for sins, God grants our prayers. When God sends rain, let God be thanked for His mercy." From that day, nearly a month before he wrote his letter, Mr. Richard stopped at home, giving a trifle to most of the beggars that came. On one day "there were over a thousand waiting for a little piece of bread which I had bought to be distributed among them." Amongst his supplicants were people who had land, but it was baked up with the drought, and produced nothing. "One boy of eighteen said his father had seventy mow (about twelve acres) of land. He was at home at school till the fourth moon (May), when their corn was done. His brothers went south with a barrow to search for something to do; he has come here now begging. This is but an instance of thousands. The country is full of men going about begging. The trees have long ago been stripped of their leaves; roots are being dug up; and the young sprouts of thistles are delicacies. Those who still have a little at home, scarcely venture to open their doors, lest a number of stragglers should rush in, and take possession of their fires, their kitchens, their corn, and their mill-stones. This is of daily occurrence; one of them lights the fire, one fetches water, another grinds, and another kneads; and when they have all had a hearty meal, they pass on to another well-to-do person in some other village." All this, Mr. Richard says, is bearable, but there are cases which are enough to touch a heart of stone. "Women sell their children; some have not enough milk to feed them, and they starve in their arms. Others cannot endure the sight. But yesterday one stood on a bridge, and had a severe struggle between—what shall I call it?—a better nature and a barbarous one? No! it was maternal affection, struggling, writhing in agony, as it were; she could not endure the sight of her babe daily suffering from hunger, neither had she the courage to throw it into the stream. She came away weeping, with her babe still in her arms." All this would seem bad enough to people at home who know not what the dread word "famine" means, and still Mr. Richard adds that he cannot give any adequate idea of the people's sufferings. In a few parts a little rain had fallen, and some corn had been planted, on the young sprouts of which the owners began to build up hopes of relief in the future, when, lo! in one place hailstones destroyed their budding hopes, and in another locusts soon accomplished their fell work of destruction. Mr. Richard had done his utmost to help the poor, starving people, and he was reduced to great straits himself, for he had not four pounds sterling left, and that at a distance of some two hundred miles from the nearest treaty-port, where he could seek the assistance of his fellow-countrymen. In a subsequent letter he informed his correspondent that his laudable attempts to give relief have brought down upon him the ill-will of the officials. They accuse him of trying to steal the hearts of the people for some political or sinister purpose, and he has almost had to flee for his life. He has since gone to the provincial capital, and has brought a scheme for relieving the people under the notice of the governor. What will be the result of his memorial, time will show, as he says, but we cannot hope much from Chinese officialdom. The officials have no funds and no organization wherewith to meet so serious a difficulty as the one we have thus briefly described, and if they had, despite the so-called paternal

nature of the Government they represent, we fear that the first thought of most of them would be how they might best enrich themselves, for their hearts are stony, hard as the nether millstone. All that has been done at present is but a drop in the vast ocean of misery. One solitary vessel has been dispatched to the port of Newchwang, in Manchuria, for a cargo of millet, which is to be landed at the mouth of the Yellow River.

In conclusion, we shall, perhaps, be pardoned for repeating a little anecdote in connection with our tale of misery, for which we are indebted to the Chefoo correspondent of the *North China Herald*, of Shanghai. A gentleman who recently travelled up the Grand Canal to Tientsin states that he saw three Imperial grain-junks stopped at a certain village and told to land their cargo. No violence was being used; the junkmen were simply told that the grain must be had. They were not stealing, they said, but borrowing, and they would pay when they could, but food they must have. The Government, as we have hinted, takes no steps to relieve the necessities of the people in their hour of trouble, and there is something just a little ludicrous in this levying of a forced contribution on the Government.

EDW. DUFFIELD JONES.

BOHEMIA, PAST AND PRESENT.

FIRST PAPER.

BOHEMIA is not so much visited by tourists and travellers as might be expected from its manifold features of interest. If it does not come up in picturesqueness to some of the countries which the tourist class delight to honour, it has its valleys—those of the Elbe, the Moldau, and the Eger, for example—full of beauty, fitted to refresh and brighten the most languid eye. But the chief interest of Bohemia lies in its Christian history. Its people, mainly of Sclavonian race, were converted to Christianity by Greek monks about the ninth century, and for a long time waged a gallant war against the Western Church, retaining almost to the end some of the customs and cherishing many of the traditions of the Greek communion. The Sclavonic language was retained for a long time in the service of the mass; and till the fourteenth century the communion was administered to the laity, both in the bread and the cup, and the marriage of priests continued. At an early period the Scriptures had been translated into the Sclavonic language, and were much prized by the people. It was not till the middle of the fourteenth century that every custom of the Greek Church was rooted up, and even then there was something in the air that seemed to betoken that the allegiance of the Bohemians to Rome was not much to be counted on. In the fifteenth century Bohemia might be said to have become a Protestant country, a hundred years before Luther; and it was only by fire and sword, by a continuance of persecutions of the direst kind, that the light was finally extinguished in the kingdom.

Prague, the capital of Bohemia, is a city of wonderful interest and beauty. Unlike some modern capitals that owe their chief glory to plaster and cement, the "city of a hundred spires" spreads before us the monuments and trophies of nearly a thousand years. The situation is remarkable, almost entitling Prague to enter the lists with Edinburgh, the town of all others to which travellers seem agreed to assign the first place, so far as situation goes. The Moldau sweeps through the city with a fine curve, giving it that look of life which a fine river ever brings, while its handsome bridges, old and new, add to the landscape some of its most striking features. The hill on which the Burg, or imperial palace, and other stately buildings stand, like the Castle-rock of Edinburgh, commands a noble view of the city with its towers and spires, and broad flowing river, shut in by an amphitheatre of hills.* If the traveller has approached Prague from the north, along the banks of the Elbe, he will wonder that that river is not oftener coupled with the Rhine and the Danube for the beauty of its banks, and that "Saxon Switzerland" does not command a larger share of the patronage bestowed so freely on her sister of the Alps. The air of an ancient and stately capital sits conspicuously on Prague, and its people know this well. The Bohemians would always have you to remember that though their country is part of the Austrian Empire, it is an ancient kingdom with a memorable history; and even yet the Emperor of Austria is not held to

* The view in our sketch is from the *Schloss-stiege*, or castle staircase.

be in full possession of his dignities till he has the crown of Bohemia placed upon his head.

Who does not associate with this old capital the names of John Huss and Jerome of Prague? At the interval of nearly five hundred years, these names shine to this day over the Protestant world like stars of the first magnitude. Without them, Prague would indeed be stripped of more than half its interest. Burnt at the stake, at Constance in Switzerland, whither Huss had gone to appear before the Papal Council, under the protection of the safe-conduct of the Emperor, shamefully violated, as is well known, on the plea that faith was not to be kept with heretics, their ashes were thrown into the Rhine, and it were hard to tell at what spot they shall appear when they are summoned to arise at the resurrection of the just. But though their bodies do not moulder in the dust, their spirits still march on; in spite of all persecution, a faithful remnant still hold their views; and the day, we believe, will come when Bohemia shall be won back to the flag to which it resorted so earnestly in the days of its freedom.

England and Bohemia came into close contact about the year 1382, on occasion of the marriage of King Richard II., the unfortunate son of the Black Prince, to Anne of Bohemia, daughter of the late Emperor Henry IV. During the next dozen of years there was considerable intercourse between the countries, and the Bohemians who came to England had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the writings of Wycliffe, which were now creating so much stir. A young nobleman from Prague carried Wycliffe's books home with him, and showed them to John Huss, a Bohemian ecclesiastic, who was now becoming famous for his vigour as a preacher, and especially his severity in lashing the vices of the age. At first, Huss does not seem to have been favourably impressed with Wycliffe's views, and it is even doubtful whether he ever accepted all his doctrinal positions. But after a time he so far agreed with Wycliffe as to appear as his pupil and apologist, and certainly the two men were fundamentally alike. Huss's position in Prague was very influential. He was a professor in the university, confessor to Queen Sophia, and public preacher in one of the principal churches. In the university he strongly sided with the Bohemians in their quarrel with the Germans. The University of Prague was older than any German university, and had been attended by a great concourse of students. An attempt having been made to limit the privileges of the Germans, they left in a body in 1409, and founded the University of Leipsic. Huss's sympathies were all with the Bohemians, and thus the new opinions in religion came to be identified with patriotism in politics. Thus it happened that while Bohemia was drawn to the views of Wycliffe, the German seats of learning, founded by the seceders from Prague, were generally marked by their antipathy both to Wycliffe and to Huss. The Pope issued a bull, condemning all the books of Wycliffe and every form of Lollardism, requiring a fresh search to be made for them, and the whole to be committed to the flames. Huss was not daunted, but appealed "from a pope ill-informed to a pope to be better informed." But the ecclesiastical influence was too strong for him, and in spite of the support of the King and Queen he was compelled to retire from his public offices. When the Council of Constance was held in 1414, ostensibly to reform the scandals of the Church, Huss readily went thither to prosecute his object. His treatment was singularly atrocious. In spite of the safe-conduct of the Emperor Sigismund, he was thrown into prison and kept in chains. In his defence, he showed that his opinions coincided in almost every point with those which the Council deemed orthodox. But the Council were exasperated against him, partly, it is probable, through the national antipathy of the Germans; and because he would not recant all he had taught, nor disavow all sympathy with Wycliffe, he was sentenced to die at the stake. It would seem that Huss was not much of a controversialist, and did not go so far as Wycliffe in opposition to the dogmas of the Church. But his last appearance showed beautifully the simplicity of his trust in Christ, and the triumph of his Christian spirit. The rigours of a long and severe imprisonment, and the indignation natural to him at the conduct of the Emperor, neither quenched his courage nor soured his heart. The sentence having been read, Huss fell on his knees and prayed, "Lord Jesus, forgive my enemies; thou knowest that they have accused me falsely and have brought false testimony and calumny against me; forgive them for thy great mercies' sake." Seven bishops then proceeded to degrade him from the priesthood, according to the forms usual on such occasions. A cap painted with figures of devils, and in-

scribed with the word "Heresiarch," was put on his head. "Now we deliver thy soul to Satan," said the bishops. "But I," replied Huss, commend it into thy hands, O Jesus Christ, for thou hast redeemed it." At the door of the cathedral his books were being burned as he passed; he only smiled. At the stake, after he had prayed Psalm li. and lii., his body was fastened with ropes and chains. Twice, after the flames were kindled, he was heard to pray, "Lord Jesus, have mercy on me." The lips were seen to move after the voice was choked. At eleven o'clock, on the 6th of July, 1515, Huss's birthday, the chariot of fire bore him to join that noble army "of whom the world was not worthy."

We can easily fancy the indignation and horror with which the news of this outrage would be received at Prague. We can imagine the students clustering about the university in wild excitement, and the citizens, in the Grosse Ring, more calm in their demeanour, but even more resolute in their hearts, resolving that they would not yield to this monstrous display of tyranny. By that remarkable law of our nature which leads us to heap more honour on any one dear to us when the world treats him with contempt, the students and citizens of Prague would have their regard for Huss and his cause infinitely heightened by his barbarous murder, and would draw closer than ever to their hearts the writings which had been consigned to ignominy by the proud ecclesiastics of Constance.

The people of Prague, and of Bohemia too, were doomed, however, to sustain another outrage. A young citizen of Prague, of noble birth, Jerome Faulfisch, a friend and follower of Huss, had gone to Constance too. In his earlier years Jerome had paid a visit to England, and was in more complete sympathy than Huss with Wycliffe. At first, when called before the Council, his courage failed him, and he abjured the doctrines charged against him. But next year he publicly revoked his abjuration, and was handed over to the executioner. In dying he was more than tranquil, and the impression produced by the unearthly joy that swelled his bosom in the flames struck some even of his wildest enemies.

It is rather remarkable that the watchword which was in the mouths of the Hussites for a long time after was not furnished either by Huss or Jerome. It came from one Jacob of Mies, commonly called Jacobellus, and he had derived it from Peter of Dresden, who, after being expelled from Saxony for Waldensian opinions, had come to Prague and opened a school there. Jacobellus taught very explicitly that the laity had the same right as the clergy to the cup in the Eucharist, and began to give it, contrary to the doctrine and practice of the Western Church, which allows the laity only the bread. Huss, when appealed to, declared himself in favour of the practice, though he did not deem it a vital point. The whole party who sympathized with Huss took the side of Jacobellus, and thus "the cup"—in Latin *calix*—became their watchword. The matter having been referred to the Council of Constance, a decree was passed against the use of the cup, and this fact reaching Prague about the same time as the news of the death of Huss, greatly aggravated the excitement of the Bohemians.

The nobles met and decreed to Huss the honour of martyrdom. The university issued a declaration in favour of communion in both kinds. The sentiment in favour of that view became very general over Bohemia, and for several years the communion in both kinds was dispensed with impunity. But the king, Wensel, died, and disputes arose as to recognising Sigismund as his successor. The adherents of the new doctrine seem to have had a strong feeling that, sooner or later, it would be necessary for them to defend themselves by force. Nor were they altogether content to act on the defensive. They had a great hatred to the monasteries, and, in order to remove them and disperse the monks, violence was requisite. The Hussites became an armed force. The more moderate section, termed the Calixtines, contended mainly for the cup; but the Taborites were root-and-branch people, bent on restoring primitive simplicity in worship and in everything else. They were called Taborites from a hill in the neighbourhood of Prague, where they encamped, and to which they gave the name of Tabor. Their leader was an extraordinary man, sprung from the nobility, named Ziska. His military talents were extraordinary, for even after a wound from an arrow had made him quite blind, he was able to direct the movements of the army, often with great skill. He knew the influence of his name, and when dying left a legacy to the army, by which, in some sense, they might continue to have him among them. He ordered his skin to be taken from his dead body, and made into a drum, so that even when dead he might go before them, and utter sounds that would give them spirit for the fight.

Ziska was succeeded by the two Procops, Procop the greater and Procop the less, and for a number of years they succeeded in keeping the forces of the Emperor at bay.

The policy of the Romanist party now was to rouse one section of the Bohemians against another, and unfortunately the elements of disunion already existing enabled them too easily to accomplish their end. In a great battle between Taborites and Calixtines both the Procops were slain, and the Taborite power was greatly weakened. Ultimately the Taborites nearly disappeared, or rather they gave place to the Society of Bohemian or United Brethren. To the Calixtines certain concessions were made. For some time they were allowed to observe the communion "sub utrâque specie," that is, in both bread and wine. Thus both in the line of the Bohemian Brethren (from whom come the Moravians of Hernhut) and in the line of the Calixtines, a certain leaven of the reformed doctrines continued in Bohemia. At the Reformation Bohemia was very friendly to Luther, and but for the terrible persecutions of the eighteenth century, Bohemia at this day would have been a Protestant country.

This brief sketch will explain the significance of "the cup" in the Christian history of Bohemia. The chalice became the distinguishing symbol of the party, and there are to this hour interesting traces of the place which it held. From some conspicuous places it has, indeed, been removed. The Teinkirche, represented in our sketch, was a Hussite church, erected in the fifteenth century by German merchants. George Podiebrad, King of Bohemia in 1458, placed a large gilded chalice over the doorway, and beneath it a statue of himself. In 1620, after the Protestant interest in Bohemia had been utterly crushed in the battle of the White Hill, this chalice was removed, and an image of the Virgin, which remains to this day, was placed in its room.

The symbolical use of the chalice is still kept up. I was particularly struck with this in a Protestant cemetery, where almost uniformly there was a sculptured chalice at the top of the tombstones, in the place where Roman Catholics would put the cross. Within a Protestant church the only morsel of stained glass in a large window represented a chalice. The organ likewise bore the symbol on its side, and the use of it was all the more striking, that nothing else in the shape of symbol, ornament, or external figure was to be seen. At Kollin the Protestant pastor, M. Duseck, has in his possession a silver chalice which was turned up a few years ago on a neighbouring farm. There is every reason to believe that it had continued buried for four hundred years. Most probably it was used by some of the armies, and was hastily buried for the purpose of concealment. Restored to the Reformed Church of Kollin, it is used there, as it was used centuries before, for the celebration of the communion. Some persons talk against churches that have broken the line of historical continuity; but a more interesting link than this with the remote past could not be found. There are different ways of testing historical continuity, and the most apparent is not always the most real. But in this case the apparent and the real coincide; and this interesting cup, disinterred after a burial of four centuries, is but the symbol, we trust, of a better resurrection, when, all over the country, under a new outpouring of God's Spirit, the cup shall again have its place in the communion.

Of the two bodies of Bohemians who contended for the use of the cup, the Taborites were by far the most zealous. Their true character is somewhat of a riddle, under Ziska and the Procops. Their wars seem to have been carried on with enormous energy, and even ferocity, according to the spirit of the times. But perhaps this warlike ferocity was more characteristic of the military leaders than of the body of the Taborites. There were no doubt extreme men of the party, fanatical in many points, whose extravagances quite probably were imputed to all. But the fact that so blameless a sect as the United Brethren came from the bosom of the Taborites is a clear proof that there must have been much genuine and earnest Christian life among them. And the same conclusion is reached when we study the history of their persecutions. For, from the earliest period of the movement, a Taborite was liable to be put to death for his religion.

There is a Latin history of the persecutions of the Bohemian Church, written by Comenius in 1648, which contains many interesting particulars of the persecutions endured by the Taborites in the fifteenth century, as well as the suffering of the Bohemian Reformers of later times. In these days very few persons seem to know what a bloody history from first to last the Church of Bohemia had. On the death of King Wensel in 1419, and the coming of Sigismund to the throne, when the Taborites had just taken up their

position on Mount Tabor, they sent two ambassadors to Kuttenberg, the second city of Bohemia, to make terms of peace. Kuttenberg is famous for its silver mines, which are yet to be seen in the neighbourhood of the town; but at that time the mines were worked chiefly by Germans, whose sympathies were with the king and against the Bohemians. The people seized the two ambassadors and flung them alive into the deepest mine. The example became infectious. A reward was offered for every Taborite, three florins for a priest and one for a layman; and, shocking to say, there were wretches base enough to take the bait. It is said that some Jews were active in the wretched traffic. In the year 1420, according to a manuscript quoted by Comenius, about seventeen hundred Taborites were thrown into the first mine, thirteen hundred and eight into the second, and thirteen hundred and thirty-four into the third. Some time after, a chapel was reared in commemoration of the martyrs, and up to 1621 an annual service was held in it to do honour to their memory. In our next paper we shall have to speak of a movement of another kind, projected at the present day, to commemorate a sacrifice which we cannot read of without emotion, and which when called to mind on the spot, thrills one's

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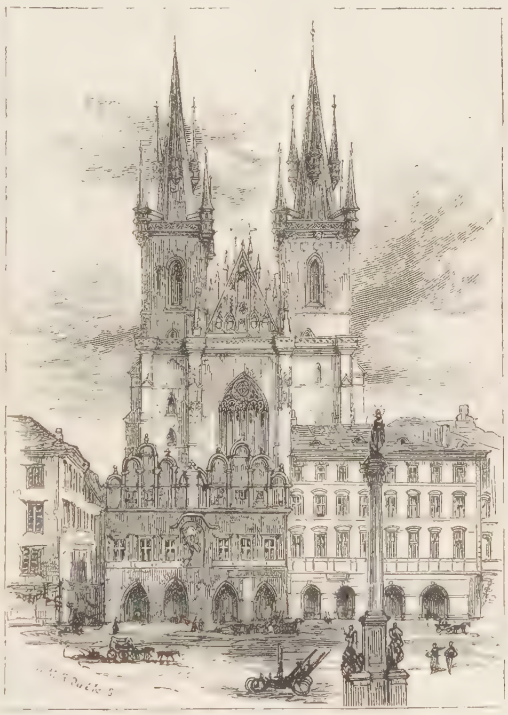
whole soul with minged admiration and horror.

At the beginning of the persecution, a worthy merchant of Prague, of the name of Krasa, was visiting a town in Silesia in the way of business; and in the inn, getting into conversation on recent events, expressed himself pretty strongly on the death of Huss and the right of the laity to the cup. The Emperor Sigismund and the Pope's legate were in the town at the time, and Krasa's words being reported to them, he was seized and thrown into prison. There he found in confinement a student from Prague, Nicolas of Bethlehem, who had been sent by the citizens of Prague to tell the Emperor, that if he would allow them the cup, they would acknowledge him as king. The Emperor was enraged, and threw the poor student into prison. Both prisoners knew what punishment they had to look for. The older encouraged the younger, reminding him of the glory of giving a testimony for the Lord Jesus, and of the eternal reward that would follow the momentary trial. "Let us remember our Lord," he said, "what a bitter death He bore for us, with what innocent blood we have been redeemed, and what tortures were endured by martyrs and virgins in His cause." But the courage of the poor

student gave way when the preparations began for the barbarous treatment he was to undergo before being burnt. When the ropes were fastened to his feet by which he was to be tied to a horse and dragged through the street with his head bouncing against the stones, he gave way. To save his life he renounced the Hussite errors, as they were called. Krasa remained firm as a rock. He was dragged by a horse through the streets at a slow enough pace at first for the legate to follow him, and call on him to renounce his errors, even stopping the executioner to allow him to do so. Krasa's answer was firm, "For the Gospel of the Lord Jesus I am prepared to die." Half dead with the cruel dragging, he was brought to the stake and burned. This sample of the legate's tender mercies was intended for the edification of the nation; for three days after, excommunication with torture was published on the church doors and from the pulpits against the Bohemian nation.



Teinkirche, Prague.

Next year, in 1421, the town of Leitmeritz was the scene of a revolting tragedy. One night, the consul or chief magistrate, a heartless wretch, seized twenty-four of the chief men of the place and threw them into a dungeon, and having communicated his purpose to some officers of the Emperor, ordered his victims, half-starved with cold and hunger, to be thrown into the river. His own son-in-law was one of the twenty-four. His daughter came and threw herself at his feet, imploring her husband's life. Harder than a rock, her father told her to desist weeping, and he would easily get her a better husband. "You'll never wed me to another," exclaimed the broken-hearted girl; and following the crowd of weeping wives, children, and friends, watched the fate of her husband.

The victims, with their feet tied to their head, were kept till pontoons should be got ready from which they might be dropped into the water. The interval was spent by them in exhorting their families to cling steadfastly to the Lord, bidding them farewell, and commending their souls to God. When they were flung in, executioners were stationed on the banks with forked iron hooks, to drive them back if any of them should be carried to the banks of the river. The consul's daughter, as soon as she caught sight of her husband, leapt after him into the water, and embracing him with her arms, tried to save him. Her efforts were vain; they went down together; and next day their bodies were found clasped together as they had disappeared, and were buried in the same grave. A tablet in the church of Leitmeritz continued for many years to preserve the record of this horrible murder; but in 1623, at the time of the papal triumph, it was ordered to be erased.

Another anecdote of the same persecution relates that the clergyman of Arnostowitz, who gave the communion in both kinds, was apprehended with his curate, three countrymen, and four boys, the oldest of whom was but eleven years of age. The fault of these was that they had received the cup. They were brought by a troop of cavalry to the bishop, who threatened them, that unless they abjured communion in both kinds they would pay for their obstinacy with their lives. The clergyman replied that it was in the Bible and in the Missal; so that they must either hold to it or destroy their Bibles. This answer was made in a tone pretty sharp and pointed, and therefore the whole party were apprehended and fastened to a funeral pile. The faithful pastor, on being called to recant, said they would die a thousand deaths rather than

recant what was so plainly in the Bible. The hangman was ordered to set the pyre on fire, and encouraging one another to suffer for the Lord, the whole party were burned. Conrad, Archbishop of Prague, was so disgusted with the barbarity of such deeds, that he renounced his office, took to arms, and offered to lead the people of Prague against the papal party.

These are samples of what God's servants suffered in Bohemia, more than four centuries and a half ago, a full century before the time of Luther. As I walked through the towns or was whirled along the roads and railroads, and especially as I passed the heaps that marked the silver mines of Kuttenberg, one passage of Scripture kept ringing in my ear, "And I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God and for the testimony which they held: and they cried with a loud voice, saying, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth? And white robes were given unto every one of them; and it was said unto them that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellow-servants also and their brethren that should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled."

Two hundred years later marked another dark time for the Protestants of Bohemia; but our account of this must be postponed to a future paper. W. G. BLAIKIE.

THE QUEEN OF THE SOUTH.

THE name of Solomon was an augury of his tranquil and prosperous reign.

"Judah and Israel were many," says the sacred historian, "as the sand which is by the sea in multitude, eating and drinking and making merry. They dwelt safely, every man under his vine and under his fig-tree, from Dan even to Beersheba, all the days of Solomon."

The attention of the world was arrested by this glare of Judæan sunshine. Kings, too great to come in person, sent shrewd observers, who should discover, if they were able, the secret of this unexampled weal. Philosophers journeyed far to commune with one who could speak of trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springs out of the wall, and who could discourse also of beasts, and of fowl, of creeping things, and of fishes.

Literary men had a desire to perfect their art under a royal penman whose writings were so prolific, who spake three thousand proverbs, and whose songs were a thousand and five; and sages would love to commune with him who was, confessedly, wiser than all living men, wiser than Ethan the Ezrahite, and Heman, and Chalcol, and Darda, the sons of Mahol.

The wisdom of Solomon was the gift of God, but it was improved by continual observation and persevering study. Though, Atlas-like, the king had to bear a state burden which would have crushed other men, he yet remained an eager student to the last; he still "sought to acquaint his heart with wisdom."

Josephus has drawn an interesting picture of the king of Israel, riding forth "in all his glory," to prosecute his studies in the gardens of Etam, and it may be well for us to note the time chosen for the purpose was the early morning.

Among other great ones of the earth, attracted by Solomon's wisdom, was the Queen of Sheba. It is probable that her capital was distant from Jerusalem about a thousand miles. This queen had heard much of the able ruler, who by his prudence had made "silver to be as stones, and cedars as the sycomore trees that are in the vale." And she resolved to see him face to face, and prove him with hard questions.

We are left to conjecture what those hard questions were. Some of them most likely related to the kingdom of God. The Queen of Sheba was, if we are to credit the legend, a fire worshipper, like so many orientals; and if the sun was her god, she had very much to learn from Solomon about the more excellent way. If she came to prove the king with hard questions upon the creation of the world, the origin of evil, the confusion of tongues, the cause of sickness, toil, sorrow, and death, he, as the son of the sweet Psalmist, the pupil of Nathan, and no mean writer himself of sacred song and holy precept, would be able to resolve her questions. If she sought for light to tread more securely the tangled mazes of politics, if she wished to know how to make her people great, who could give her better counsel than Solomon? The summary of his political creed can never be surpassed, "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." If the queen

wished for information (so important to a ruler) on the ethics of every-day life, who could supply it better than the writer of the Proverbs? "That wonderful book," it has well been observed, "deals with industry, frugality, foresight, integrity, sobriety, purity. . . It shows that Solomon loved wisdom, lived for it, and strove to endear it to others, and that wisdom was not only his pursuit, but his delight. The Proverbs prove him to have been a shrewd observer of men in all stations; reading their motives, and predicting results; glancing at their weaknesses and detecting their hollowness, painting wisdom in all phases, and folly in all disguises, bearing hard on talebearing, slander, and domestic brawls. One would think that he had lived freely and mingled familiarly with all classes, that he had rioted and vaunted with the rich, and sighed and suffered with the poor, that he had entered into the bosom of the fool and sluggard, and had been partner of all their silly acts and excuses; that he had been lounging amidst the chafferings of the bazaar, that he had felt the gripe of the usurer, had been at a feast where the guest spoke daggers, and at a rustic repast where love revelled with roots and herbs." *

It was to this consummate philosopher the Queen of Sheba repaired for wisdom; nor was her pilgrimage fruitless. Solomon resolved her hard questions, and floods of new light were poured into her mind. His wisdom, too, obtruded itself upon her attention, in the various appointments of his immense palace, all moving like the wheels of a well-oiled machine; in all his cunning contrivances to make the most of nature's gifts, and in all his other profitable labours, which, as he tells us, caused his heart to rejoice. And the queen's amazement was so great, that her spirit fainted within her. "It was a true report," said she to Solomon, "which I heard of thine acts, and of thy wisdom. Howbeit, I believed not their words, until I came, and mine eyes had seen it; and, behold, the one half of the greatness of thy wisdom was not told me; for thou exceedest the fame I heard."

Nor must the gifts be forgotten, which the dazzled queen presented to him she had come so far to see and hear. A long train of camels bore three sorts of offerings, each most costly. One consisted of fine gold in abundance. The second offering comprised the rarest and most fragrant spices, such spices as exceeded all before them. Jewels of every description formed the third group of regal gifts. Beautiful as gems always are, they had then a special value, for each stone was supposed to possess virtues of its own. Some of the Hebrew writers gravely assure us that the diamond is a sovereign antidote to satanic temptations, the ruby makes men brave, the topaz arms its wearer against poison, and the amethyst against drunkenness; and whilst the emerald promotes pious meditations, the sardonyx dispels unholy thoughts. The tables of the law were said to have been great emeralds, and a jewel which God gave to Abraham preserved him from all kinds of sickness.

Whilst discarding all these notions as extremely fanciful, we cannot forget how stones most precious glow in the imagery of Isaiah and John the Divine. The windows are of agate, the gates are pearls or carbuncles, the foundations of the city wall are garnished with sapphires deeply blue, and with the sardius clear and red; here flashes the pellucid golden topaz, there the eye is charmed with the lovely grass-green emerald. What wonder, then, that precious stones continue to delight the imagination, since they are thus hallowed by their connection with the new Jerusalem?

But, alas for him, who had dispensed wisdom as the sun dispenses his beams! Alas for him, and for the glory of human nature in him! He experienced a distressing, a perplexing change. His many wives, the women of neighbouring idolatrous countries, turned away his heart after other gods, and their impure and inhuman rites were connived at. And when Solomon died he left his kingdom on the verge of ruin. The mischief which began under him, had the sanction of his great name, and spread its poisonous fibres over the land, so that vile lusts were introduced as portions of man's "reasonable service," and altars were found "on every high hill, and under every green tree."

Happy are we, that a wiser, holier, better counsellor is accessible to us, every day, every hour. Whoever enters His council chamber, stands in heavenly sunbeams; the true light shines round about him. Whoever comes to Him in his ordinances, and proves Him with hard questions, will find the shadows of ignorance depart. But learn a lesson from the resolute Queen of Sheba. Have we any equivalent to show for her long and wearisome journey? any labours in prayer and waiting, any gift of the heart's true treasures? The value of her offering was truly great. She was a queen, it is true, but

* The Rev. John Eadie, D.D.

she queened it in her lavish generosity. And if we would please the Giver of wisdom, we too must be prepared to give. He has in His household, the Church, many poor and needy members, and many, not of the fold, are to be brought in. If we would profit by His wisdom, we must be cheerful givers; we must bring presents and come into His courts.

Every picture, drawn by the pencil of inspiration, is marvellously instructive. The figure of Solomon dispensing wisdom points us irresistibly to One who is wisdom and redemption, and whom, with His Father, truly to know is everlasting life. The pilgrimage of the Queen of Sheba to Jerusalem, that she might acquire wisdom, is a voice to the wise in heart. The argument it articulates, is an *a fortiori* one, and fixes the prudent man's resolution like a vice. She came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon, and, behold, where two or three are gathered together in the name of Christ, a greater than Solomon is there.

GEORGE S. OUTRAM.

ADOPTIVE BROTHERHOOD AMONG THE SERVIANS.

SERVIA, heroic Servia, is bearing the blame of being the troubler of the peace of Europe. Whereas, in very fact, she was simply goaded by the sight of the oppression and the sound of the outcries of her Christian relatives to throw herself single-handed, or with the aid of the still smaller principality of Montenegro, upon that huge mass of Mussulman corruption which has broken every promise and violated every engagement to its preservers in the Crimean war, and which may crush her, if she has not already crushed her, in spite of valour, in spite of patriotism, by the mere brute force of numerical superiority.

At such a crisis the peculiar institutions of such a nation possess an interest almost greater than their own, and among them there is nothing more interesting than the system of adoptive brotherhood, which enters so deeply into the practical life of Servia, and not only of Servia proper, but of the Servians in Austria, in the Herzegovina, in Bosnia, in Montenegro, and in Croatia. A brief outline of this system is given in chapter iv. of Ranke's "History of Servia," an excellent translation of which, by Mrs. Alexander Kerr, has long ago reached a second edition under the auspices of Mr. Murray. I trust a filling up of this outline, the materials for which have been furnished me by a communication in the Bohemian language from Mr. Jan V. Lego, will commend itself to the English public.

The connection of brothers and sisters occupies a singularly high place in Servian life. The brother is more to his sister than her husband himself. In this respect the Servian damsel reasons much as Antigone in Sophocles with regard to her dead brother Polynices. Antigone says,—

> "A husband dead, another I might gain;
> A child by another husband, lost I him;
> But father, mother, both in Hades' hold,
> No more a brother can spring up for me."

But adopted brothers and sisters are still more to each other than brothers and sisters by blood. It is even a proverb among the Servians that—

> "Brothers by blood will quarrel ever,
> Adopted brothers quarrel never."

When two persons of either sex who are passionately fond of each other, but are not blood-relatives, solemnly promise before witnesses that they will observe reciprocal fidelity and devotion towards one another even unto death; will love each other like actual brothers and sisters by blood; will aid each other reciprocally in all cases of need; will protect and defend each other, and encounter the greatest danger for each other without hesitation; this connection is termed among the Servians "adoptive brotherhood and sisterhood" (*pobratimstvo* and *posestrinstvo*), and they set a higher value upon it than upon the closest blood-relationship, saying that brothers by birth are only brothers by birth, whereas adopted brothers are brothers in God (*po Bogu*).

Adoptive brotherhood usually arises out of friendship of long duration, the honesty and firmness of which has been sealed by many trials; still it does occur, and that especially in cases where life is in danger, that an unknown person passing by, even a deadly enemy, is selected as adopted brother. In that case the person whose aid is invoked by any one is bound to hasten to his assistance and become his adopted brother; and this connection of adoptive brotherhood is so sacred in the eyes of a Servian, that he is now ready in a moment to risk property and

life for one who has hitherto been his mortal enemy.

The high significance of adoptive brotherhood in the life of the Servian nation extends even into sleep. If any one has dreamt that a certain person has saved him from destruction, becoming thereby his adopted brother, no sooner is he awake than off he hastens to him, and requires him to form the connection of adoptive brotherhood according to law and custom.

The ceremony of the formation of this brotherly union takes place without ecclesiastical rites, should both parties, or one of them, be of the Mahommedan religion, and adoptive brotherhood is fully completed by their giving their hands to each other before witnesses, embracing and kissing each other, solemnly promising to be "brothers in God for both worlds," *po Bogu bratjia na obadva svjeta*. Among the Christian Servians of the Greek Church the ceremony of adoptive brotherhood is also frequently completed without the presence of the priest, but always in church, and in the presence of relatives and friends. If, however, the parties are of the Roman Catholic persuasion, it almost always takes place in the presence and with the assistance of the priest, and that in the following manner :—

When both parties have come to a proper understanding with each other, and have reciprocally given each other the irrevocable promise to observe reciprocal fidelity and devotion towards each other even unto death, to love each other like actual brothers by blood, to aid each other reciprocally in all cases of need, to protect and defend each other, and encounter the greatest danger for each other without hesitation, they go to the priest, inform him of their intention and pay him £6 (*libry*) each* for a mass and for tapers. On the day on which the mass is to be celebrated for them—it is usually a festival, which is also a market-day—the newly-adopted brothers betake themselves in arms and in their best clothes to church. If they are both of the same village, all their relatives and nearest friends go in procession with them; if one is from the neighbourhood, they are escorted by relatives and friends only from the village in which the ceremony is taking place. On arriving in front of the church they put down their weapons, then enter and kneel beside each other, each with a lighted taper, of a particular kind, in his hand. Behind them the *zupan*, or chief village authority, takes his position, holding in his hands two lighted tapers, and in some places acting as their godfather as at espousals. Then the priest steps in front of them —this is sometimes deferred until after mass —and asks them why they are entering into this brotherly union? The elder of the two replies, "For love" (*Za ljubav*). The priest now proceeds to instruct them in the exalted significance of adoptive brotherhood, and commends the step they are taking, but also warns them that various enemies, both internal and external, will attempt the disruption of that holy bond, and urges them from time to time to bear in mind the solemnity of that day, with what fervent love and devotion they came before the face of God Most High, taking Him for witness of their sacred promises; and bids them, therefore, weigh well that day what great responsibility they are taking upon themselves, each for himself and for the other. When they have pronounced before him the solemn promise that they "shall and will reciprocally observe firm fidelity and devotion even unto death; will love each other as true brothers by blood; will mutually aid each other in all cases of need; will protect and defend each other, and encounter the greatest danger for each other without hesitation;" he prays over them and gives them his blessing. When the celebration of the mass is concluded, the new adopted brothers embrace and kiss each other, before all the people, so cordially and so fervently, that you cannot turn your eyes away from them without an effort. On issuing from the church, the adopted brothers, their relations and friends, commence firing off their rifles and shouting, the latter joyfully proclaiming that they have obtained a new brother and friend, and thus with joy all betake themselves to the house of the adopted brother, who lives nearest the church.

On entering into the house, all embrace and kiss each other, saluting each other in the name of God, and at the same time the adopted brother, who is not of the village, or who lives farthest off, addresses the father of his adopted brother as his adopted father (*pootcim*), his mother as his adopted mother (*pomajka*), his wife as his bride (*nevjesta*), his sister as his adopted sister (*posestrima*), his son as his adopted son (*posinek*), his brother as his adopted brother (*pobratim*), and makes presents to them all. To one he gives a cap, to another a handkerchief, to others tobacco, to the "bride" he presents a piece of linen, and then distributes among the children cakes,

* Not pounds sterling, but Servian pounds.

apples, and other fruit, giving and distributing as much as satisfies his feelings, or perhaps indeed as much as lies in his power. After this all take their seats at a well-replenished table; the adopted brothers sitting side by side, and the rest in order, according to age and nearness of kinship, and having the priest also among them as a guest. At the meal they all drink to the adopted brothers and each other, rejoicing in the newly-formed friendship, and address good wishes to the adopted brothers somewhat after the following fashion:—"To the health of our adopted brothers! May they drink and be in sound health all the year long, whithersoever they go! May the one inquire for the other! May they love each other, and never be put out with each other, and live many, many years!" After the meal is over they proceed to the dancing place to dance. One person plays the fiddle, another a flageolet, fife, or flute, a third on the bagpipes. During this amusement the adopted brothers never part company, but hold each other in a strict embrace until the round dance is over. When the time of departure arrives, the females of the family approach and present the adopted brother, who is the guest, with shirts and handsomely ornamented buskins, and abundantly requite his previous presents. When the adopted brothers separate, they fire incessantly, and at each shot call to each other, as long as they are within hearing, *Pobratime, eto ti jabuka!* "Adopted brother, there's an apple for you!"

After some time the adopted brother, who has entertained his fellow, is bound to visit him, and salute his parents and all his other relatives as his own. These welcome him with as much fervour and affection "as if he had grown out of their own hearts," and the festivity is renewed as above mentioned.

In the same manner members of the fair sex adopt each other as sisters. If they are married, the festivity is provided by their husbands, if single, by their fathers and brothers. There are also instances of a modest maiden forming this brotherly connection with a youth of the opposite sex. They then continue to live in all honour, as if they had been actually brother and sister, neither is there any nation in which a sister finds so chivalrous a protector and defender in her brother, as among the Servians and Croatians. Not long ago, in a village near Kotor, two lads had pledged themselves to adopt each other as brothers. Before the ceremony had been performed, one of them died; but his sister, an unmarried maiden, entered into this brotherly connection in his place, and led an honourable life in all purity with her adopted brother.

Adopted brothers and sisters cannot form the marriage union with each other. If one marries, he summons his adopted brother to act as his "best man," just as if he were a brother by blood. The blood relatives on both sides look upon each other as relations, and when they meet, salute and kiss each other as such.

The deep manner in which this custom of adoptive brotherhood enters into the practical life of the Servians will be best illustrated by a little narrative from Mr. V. Lego's pamphlet.

In the ancient town of Mostar there lived a man, who had become a Mahommedan, named Spaho Spaitch. He was a terrible fellow, and was so dreaded throughout the whole district, that even the Turks themselves got out of his way; nay, the very Ali-pasha, Stojczevitch, was not over fond of meeting him. But it was the Christians that he treated worst; he would attack and murder them without any offence on their part; and if any unhappy victim left a representative of the same name behind him, Spaho would assail him on the first opportunity. If on the highway he met a Christian riding on horseback, that Christian must dismount with all speed, flee out of the road, and conceal himself in a thicket, or Spaho's galley-slave scourge would teach him his duty in this respect to the day of his death. Everybody who ventured to stand up in his own defence against him paid for his audacity by certain death. The name of Spaho obtained such terrible repute, that mothers used to quiet their children by frightening them with the words, "Be quiet, be quiet! Spaho's coming!"

Wherever Spaho went, he had always with him a pistol, a sabre, and a galley-slave scourge. At his back hung a large kind of can containing brandy. He was of middle stature, powerfully made, thick-necked, and wore long moustachios. His breast was as shaggy as the bark of an oak. His shirt was always open in front, and with the sleeves turned up as far as the elbow. His horse was taught to neigh as soon as it perceived another horse in the distance.

Gorantzi is a Christian village four hours' walk from Mostar. In this village lived a certain Gergo, who was one too many for Spaho. All Herzegovina knows Gergo and his family, and knows them to entertain very little fear of Turks. It happened one day that Spaho met Gergo on the road and gave

him a sound thrashing. Gergo held his tongue, and never told any one a word about what had befallen him. Some time after this event Spaho was again on his way towards Gorantzi. On the same day Gergo was also on his way from Gorantzi to a neighbouring village, intending to visit some friends on occasion of their church-wake. He was wearing a costly suit of holiday clothes; pistols and a knife glittered in his girdle, a rifle and plaited whip hung at his back, and beneath him merrily snorted a spirited horse. On he went, when suddenly Spaho's horse neighed, and Gergo perceived that he was about to meet again with an infuriated enemy. "What now?" thought Gergo to himself, but soon made up his mind. "I won't submit to him, I won't—let it be all up with him or with me!" Spaho, seeing that Gergo did not dismount, stopped and shouted to him, "Down from your horse, Christian, down! Have you forgotten the dressing I gave you the other day?" He then spurred his horse, seized his scourge, and shouted terribly, "Down from your horse, Christian, down! If you don't, something else will happen." Gergo was not terrified, stopped his horse, and said with humility, "I pray you, dear aga, go your own way; if I am riding on horseback, it is my own horse that I am on, and I am not wronging you in any wise. Dear aga, go on in peace to the place from whence you came."

These words excited the furious man to madness; he brandished his scourge and rushed on Gergo like a raging lion. Gergo jumped with agility from his horse, was in a moment standing behind a tree, raised his rifle to his cheek, and shouted at the top of his voice, "Down from your horse, aga!" Spaho, seeing Gergo behind the tree, imagined that he had only betaken himself thither for refuge, and that his threatening order was only a stupid jest. So he turned to him and said, "Well, Christian, what do you mean?" But Gergo did not pay the slightest heed to his words, but put the sight of his rifle upon him, and shouted threateningly, "Quick down from your horse, or it's all up with you!" The Mahommedan, perceiving that Gergo was not jesting, and having already heard the click of the hammer, submitted and dismounted. But scarcely was he down when Gergo ordered him to mount again. Spaho was on fire with rage and wrath; but what was to be done? He was obliged to mount his horse again. No sooner was he in his saddle, than Gergo again ordered him to dismount; no sooner was he down than he ordered him to mount again. This went on till he had driven him down and up again no less than nine times. When Spaho had had enough, or rather more than enough, of this, he began to entreat Gergo with adjurations, saying, "I wish you'd be my brother in God for both worlds; either let me pass on, or kill me at once!" When these words were uttered, Gergo still kept behind the tree, with his rifle to his cheek, and replied, "I honour God as you do, therefore I forgive you; but you must swear to me never again to injure any Christian or to compel him to get down from his horse before you." When Spaho had promised everything, Gergo, still keeping behind the tree, dictated to him a Turkish oath, which Spaho repeated after him word for word. When the oath was ended, the ceremony of adoptive brotherhood was complete. The Mahommedan went on his way further, and Gergo trotted on to his own friends, but told no one of the affair he had had with Spaho.

A whole year passed away without Gergo going to Mostar. He was afraid of nothing but an act of vengeance on the part of Spaho, and didn't at all like keeping away from the town. At last he made up his mind: "I'll go to Mostar, happen what may! I must die once, and I shan't lose my life unavenged." He put on a costly suit of clothes, saddled his horse and rode to Mostar without meeting with anything untoward. He was going about in the market and purchasing things that he wanted for home, when all of a sudden somebody clapped him on the shoulder from behind, and shouted, "Welcome, adopted brother!" Gergo turned and saw Spaho armed to the teeth before him. At the first moment he was terrified, but soon recollected himself, and said, "The Lord God give you prosperity, aga!" The Turk did not consider himself satisfactorily saluted by these humble words, and said, "What are you saying about an aga? leave that nonsense; I'm your adopted brother." This declaration assured Gergo of Spaho's honesty of intention, and he therefore now saluted him in proper adopted brother fashion. Spaho then conducted his adopted brother to his house, entertained him splendidly, gave him the chief place at table, and made him stay with him a week longer. When they parted, Spaho presented Gergo with many beautiful gifts, both for himself, and for his family and relatives. Spaho's wife gave him a handsome shirt, trousers, and various other things. Finally Spaho brought out Gergo's horse him-

self, mounted his own black steed, and accompanied him a long way with his friends, firing and singing.

When Gergo arrived at home, he related to his family, what had happened to him, and how it had happened, and marvellous, indeed, did it all seem to them. A week afterwards Gergo selected two handsome oxen, covered them with red cloth hanging down to the ground, fastened four gilt knobs on their horns, and sent them as a present to his adopted brother at Mostar.

From that time forth they both lived on terms of the greatest friendship, just as if they had been brothers born, frequently visiting each other, and Spaho Spaitch never oppressed or bullied any Christian again.

A. H. WRATISLAW.

TYRE.

"I AM of perfect beauty," said Tyrus, in her pride,
"The choicest firs of Senir my wooden walls provide;
My masts are made of cedars that grew in Lebanon,
And the oaken oars from Bashan urge my great galleys on;
My oarsmen are too dainty for aught but ivory seats,
And broidered blue and purple must form my ample sheets;
I know all Ocean's secrets, I rule his raging brine,
No other land has pilots and mariners like mine;
The bravest and the strongest for me draw sword and bow,
The Gammadim's bright bucklers around my turrets glow;
Earth pours her boundless riches into my crowded fair,
Fine linen, coral, agate, and emeralds are there;
From Judah comes my honey, my balm and oil and wheat,
Togarmah brings her horses, and Kedar sends her meat;
The steel of Javan glitters, the wines of Helbon flow,
My air is sweet with spices, my wool is like the snow;
Myrrh, cassia, and calamus around my feet are strown,
And chests of rich apparel, each worthy of a throne.

"But vain was all my wisdom, through the wide world renowned,
And vain my strength and beauty, now trodden on the ground;
The sea-kings sit and tremble, their robes are put away,
The pilot and the merchant wail at my judgment day;
War's desolating engines have broken down the wall,
At Zion's doom I triumphed, and now I too must fall;
I was her pricking briar, I was her grieving thorn,
And so her Lord has made me, once happy, now forlorn;
She, when her sins are hidden, again shall gathered be,
But never more shall Tyrus be mistress of the sea!"

Then England, read thy lesson, here writ in words of fire,
Lest thou, despite thy riches, fall as thy sister Tyre;
Rejoice not in the bloodshed that swells thy stream of trade,
Thy selfish cloak about thee, cold, doubtful or afraid;
If the world must have battles, to curb men's lust and pride,
Fight for the cause of freedom, espouse the weaker side;
Give God alone the glory of all thy weal and power,
It may be He will bring thee safe through the darkest hour!

G. S. O.

OUR MONTHLY SURVEY.

I.—HOME NOTES.

TWO OLD WRITERS ON THE QUESTION OF TO-DAY.

IT is very singular how long Turkey has been in the public eye, and how long its destiny, in one form or other, has engaged the attention of thinking men. It must be confessed that the daily papers get very wearisome in their efforts to say something new on the exhausted theme. "To-day's *Times*" is the last publication we should resort to for anything fresh on Turkey. It is better at this time of day to go back to writers a century or two old, if we can find them. And find them we may. Here, for example, lying before us, are two old writers, one of the seventeenth and the other of the eighteenth century. And both take up this question of Turkey. And they take it up in a way not irrelevant or uninteresting at the present day.

The first is Robert Fleming, author of the "Rise and Fall of Papacy." He died in 1716, having been successively minister of the Scotch congregations in Utrecht and Rotterdam, and finally of Lothbury, in London. He was a man of much shrewdness and learning, an earnest student of the Scriptures, but retired and modest, so that though offered the high office of Principal of the University of Glasgow, he preferred to remain in a very inferior position. Paying great attention to the prophecies that assign a certain length of period to the systems that were to come into collision with pure Christianity, he reached some remarkable conclusions as to the time when certain events were likely to happen. For example, he inferred from his prophetic calculations that about the end of the eighteenth century "some new modifications of the chief supporters of Antichrist will happen; and perhaps the French monarchy will begin to be considerably humbled about that time; and whereas the present French King takes the Sun for his emblem, and this for his motto, *Nec pluribus impar*, he may at length, or rather his successors and the monarchy itself (at least before the year 1794), be found to acknowledge that, in respect to neighbouring potentates, he is even *singulis impar*." What would poor Louis XVI. have thought had he read these words as the clouds began to lower?

Another of his calculations brought out the end of the papal usurpations to occur about the year 1848. "But we are not to suppose," he said, "that this (fifth) vial will altogether destroy the papacy, though it will exceedingly weaken it; for we find this still in being and alive, when the next vial is poured out." The papacy was to be crippled at that time, but not destroyed.

And what does Mr. Fleming say of the Turkish power? Does he find any indication of a limit to it, and when? The destruction of that power he regards as occurring under the sixth vial, before the battle of Armageddon is fought; "and this," he says, "will probably take up most of the time between 1848 and the year 2000; because such long messages and intrigues (besides the time spent before in destroying the Turkish Empire), and preparations for so universal a war must needs take up a great many years. . . Supposing, then, *the Turkish Empire should be totally destroyed between* 1848 *and* 1900," &c. This is the limit which he assigns to the sick man's life, and it is certainly very remarkable that within that half-century we have had two great crisis-eras in the history of Turkey. Twice the eagles have been seen hovering over the sick man's expected carcase, and though both times they have been scared away, they are not far off, and have still their eye fixed steadily on the sick bed, knowing that one day the catastrophe will come.

Turn we now to the pages of a very different writer. We open the Life and Letters of William Cowper. We own to a great liking for them. We have few books in our library that transport us to so calm a region, so thoroughly removed from din and bustle. There is a soothing dew in every page. Well, here is a letter dated Sept. 29, 1787, inscribed to "My dear Coz," Lady Hesketh, and written from Weston Lodge, the spot that seemed to him to fulfil Milton's wish—

> "And may at length my weary age
> Find out a peaceful hermitage."

And Cowper writes about the Turks. He had been reading the Memoirs of Baron de Tott, and from them he could hardly help presaging the conquest of the Turkish Empire by the Russians. The disciples of Mahomet were so poor tacticians, and so enervated by the use of their favourite drug; they were so fatally secure in their predestinarian dream, and so prone to a spirit of mutiny against their leaders, that nothing else could be looked for. "Add to this," he says, "that there is a popular prophecy current in both countries that Turkey is one day to fall under the Russian sceptre. A prophecy, which, from whatever authority it is derived, as it will naturally encourage the Russians, and dispirit the Turks, in exact proportion to the degree of credit it has obtained on both sides, has a direct tendency to effect its own accomplishment. In the mean time, if I wish them conquered, it is only because I think it will be a blessing to them to be governed by any other hand than their own. For under Heaven, has there never been a throne so execrably tyrannical as theirs. The heads of the innocent that have been cut off to gratify the humour or caprice of their tyrants, could they be all collected and discharged against the walls of their city, would not leave one stone on another."

"The mills of God grind slowly," as the saying is; and they have been grinding long at this Turkish grit. But the very slowness of the process, and the impossibility of effecting any vital amendment on Turkey, keeping the question of its final dismember-

ment constantly open, must strike every one, and will incline many to the conclusion that the fate of Turkey is mixed up with some great development of providential plans. In one respect, Turkey resembles Babylon in the days of Belshazzar; in another respect, there is a wide difference. On the walls of both, a mysterious hand has written "Mene, Mene;" but the time of fulfilment is not so near at hand in the Western, as it was in the Eastern kingdom. Nor is it so plain that Alexander will represent Cyrus, or that the Russians are to take the place of the Medes and Persians. Meanwhile, if the hand of God is showing itself in these transactions, we ought surely to compose our minds to think seriously of our own relations to Him; for never can there be an indication of the approach of the Master, which ought not to lead the servants to consider whether their loins are girt and their lamps burning.

A THOUSAND PAGES OF SCEPTICISM.

If we are not all converted to unbelief, it is certainly not for want of big books, written for the purpose. Three years ago "Supernatural Religion" made its appearance, and seemed to enter on a "Veni, vidi, vici" career, till Canon Lightfoot and others showed that what appeared to be the fruit of so wonderful and accurate a scholarship was little better than a dress of borrowed plumes, and that the errors in logic were much of a piece with the blunders in scholarship. Then came poor Lord Amberley's posthumous work; reproducing in some passages the tone as well as the arguments of Thomas Paine, and making people wonder very much what had become of the old motto, "Noblesse oblige." Now we have another elaborate production, in two big octavo volumes, by Mr. Leslie Stephen. It is called "English Thought in the Eighteenth Century," and, to a large extent, it is a review of the great controversy between the Deists and the Apologists of that very dry, bare, unemotional, unlovely age. It is a work showing extensive reading and laborious thinking. The author finds that the great Apologists—Butler, Paley, and the rest of them—failed to roll back the current of unbelief which the English deists and the great Scotch philosopher, David Hume, brought to bear against the faith of Christ. As a piece of art, we cannot commend the book. It is sadly prolix; the author cannot express himself briefly and tersely; and as for brilliant or sparkling passages, no trace is to be found of any such thing. He has no skill in biographical notices; dramatically sketched, these would have been a feature of life and animation; as it is they are flat and lifeless.

But what of his arguments? One might go through the whole book, and yet be hardly able to say what are the leading positions which the author strives to establish. One thing he seems very sure of, that to all intents and purposes belief in the supernatural has passed away. It may linger among men and women disposed to superstition; it may be found among the passive crowd, who are so ready to yield themselves up to their spiritual advisers; but among men of thought and culture and candour, where is such a thing to be found? When David Hume proclaimed, in his Essay on Miracles, that he had discovered an argument which, with the wise and learned, would be an everlasting check to all kinds of superstitious delusion, and be useful as long as the world lasted, he spoke the truth.

This is very cool. It reminds us of Voltaire's boast that he had put an end to the Bible. A century after the boast, the Bible was printed in more than two hundred dialects, and circulated over the whole globe in millions of copies. One would have thought that when men like Guizot, Vinet, Chalmers, Whately, Bunsen, Foster, and Taylor had appeared subsequently to the days of Hume, it would have been necessary to qualify somewhat the boast that belief in miracles had been exploded by him among the wise and learned. Our author would say, no doubt there is a mass of believing people at the present day, but they are the victims of superstition. Well, but let us ask, which party is doing most for the world? What enterprise of philanthropy have sceptics started? Where are their missionaries? Have they a Livingstone or a Patteson in their ranks? What slave-trade have they abolished? What new development of human activity have they brought forth? There are some tests that can be applied even by those who are not wise and learned. And if such tests be brought forward, it is not the class of sceptics and utilitarians that will come best out of the ordeal.

We have been amazed, in reading this book, at the ignorance displayed by the author of what constitutes the real strength of popular Christianity. According to Mr. Stephen, it is the dread of hell. People are terrified by the prospect of eternal suffering, and this is the great weapon by which enthusiasts rouse them. We wonder where he learned this fact. We wonder what successful missionary, revivalist, or evangelist ever told him that this was the engine by which he achieved his conquests. If the subject were not so solemn, it would be amusing to point out the ignorance of the human heart, and of the forces that move it, that is so often shown by sceptical writers. How could the mere fear of hell account for the joy and peace in dying which martyrs and others have often exemplified? How could it be a fountain of joy, refreshing souls amid discouragement, reproach, and even cruel and persecuting treatment? The author of this book seems not to have the faintest understanding of what the gospel of Jesus Christ proves itself to be to believing hearts; of the sense of sin which makes the discovery of pardon so welcome; of the yearnings after God which even sin cannot utterly extinguish in ordinary hearts; of the longing after immortality which makes the limits of this life seem so poor, he seems not to have experienced one trace. To all that, he seems to be an absolute stranger; yet he does not scruple to declare that all who give effect to such things by believing on Christ, are the victims of a miserable superstition.

So, likewise, they are poor slaves. They are forced to conform to the will of another. No matter

how much it may be opposed to their own notion of right; their only alternative is to submit. He has no notion of the happy relation as of children to a father into which they are brought. He has no idea that there can be freedom, and a sense of freedom, in doing the will of God. The sentiment, "I delight to do thy will, O my God," is one which he cannot understand. Bound in chains of adamantine hardness, all believers, according to him, are forced to yield themselves up to God. It would have been well for him to have tried, if possible, to reach the meaning of a single saying of Christ's, "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." Many have verified this beautiful word. But Mr. Stephen has never known what it means. And so he puts it all down to superstition!

We are reminded of the text that tells of some "professing themselves to be wise, they became"—something very different.

THE NORTH POLE.

The return of the Government Arctic expedition has been one of the great events of the month. In one sense, the expedition has been a failure; in another, it has been a success. A failure, inasmuch as the North Pole has not been reached, and under the circumstances of the expedition, could by no possibility have been reached; a success, inasmuch as full information has been gained as to the state of the region, and the conditions under which, if ever, the object is to be attained. It is sufficiently clear that no useful object can be gained by reaching the North Pole. For hundreds of miles around it, all is hard ice; no life is produced, any more than if the whole were iron and brass. To try to reach the North Pole will be merely fighting for an idea. If it were reached next summer, it would make no difference whatever to any of the interests of human life. There is not even scope for the exercise of a scientific faith in the matter. So long as cloud and uncertainty hang round a matter of this kind, it is a scientific duty to push on, in the faith that something valuable may come out of it. In this faith we have pushed on, until we now know that nothing valuable can come out of it. The knowledge we have attained is simply the knowledge that no benefit could be obtained if we reached the pole. What, then, is to be done?

If anything further is to be done, we are very clear that it should be done on the footing of a voluntary and volunteer enterprise. It is not an undertaking on which more of the public money should be spent. It should be undertaken in the spirit in which Captain Boyton undertook to swim across the Channel, or members of the Alpine Club undertake to climb to heights covered with virgin snow. A country like this contains numberless persons who would like to see the thing done as a mere matter of pluck. If they choose, let them try. Let them accustom their imaginations to the trifling distance of four hundred and fifty miles, little more than the distance between London and Edinburgh, now traversed so easily in nine hours. Let them plan for dynamite to blast the rocks of ice, engines of condensed air to draw the sledges, stores of artificial light and heat to compensate for an absentee sun, ampler stores of fresh provisions to keep scurvy at a distance, and everything else that experience can think of to remedy the defects of the last enterprise. All that may be right for those who have a fancy for it. But it is not for such things that the public money should be given, nor is it for such things that the men who in the Royal Navy have given themselves for the service of their Queen and country, should be asked to emperil, not merely toes, fingers, and noses, but life itself.

But if an enterprise so utterly destitute of practical results can excite such interest and awaken such efforts, there is surely in this a lesson for the Christian church, with its marching orders, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel unto every creature." Why should so much of the pluck of the country be given to Arctic enterprises, and so little to Christian missions? If the mere pleasure of success, or the mere hope of success, can stimulate to such exertions, ought not the same pleasure and the same hope, reinforced by the conviction that good is done that shall last through all eternity, to be much more efficient? The Arctic expedition will not have proved a failure, will indeed have proved a great success, if it just act as a lever on the Christian church, and draw out the slumbering men of Meroz to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

USEFUL LABOUR WITHOUT GLORY.

The following notice of a laborious and useful schoolmaster appeared the other day in a London newspaper:—

"In these days of great pedestrian feats it is worth while to record the doings of an old Yorkshireman who has just died at the ripe age of eighty-four years at Masham, in Yorkshire. James Heap was a schoolmaster, and carried on his calling in a wild and bleak part of the country, walking every day a distance of eight miles. He lived at a cotton mill just below the village of Healey, which is the western part of that portion of Yorkshire called Mashamshire. His school-house was four miles distant at Coltersdale, which is still further west, and among the bleak moors and wild hills leading away to Westmoreland. A storm of wind and rain is no trifling matter in these parts, and during a snowstorm the snow very often drifts so thickly as to make the roads almost impassable; but no condition of the weather or the atmosphere could shake James Heap's steadfast purpose, and he never had any ailment or accident which kept him from going his daily round to the school and home again. Many a time had he to wade through snowdrifts to find that his pupils were not able to reach the school, and he was constantly subjected to a drenching rain in the winter months. Yet from December, 1822, to January, 1867, he never missed a single day, and during 2,292 consecutive weeks he walked more than 110,000 miles, or nearly five times round the world. Nor was he altogether idle on Sundays, for during forty-two years of this period he shared with others the teaching of a Sunday-school at a place called Summerside,

about the same distance from his home, and in an equally dreary and wild district on the moors with Colsterdale; seventeen Sundays in each year during these forty-two years did he walk eight miles to teach, which adds an aggregate of 5,712 miles to the former sum, so that taking Sundays and week-days into the reckoning, he would, if he had continued his work for rather more than another year, have covered a distance equal to half the space between the earth and the moon."

There is something very striking in this record of a life. It marks out a valuable and, we believe, a numerous class of men in whom the habit of sturdy continuance in the performance of a hard and difficult duty is the great characteristic of their life. Such persons are often very uninteresting and very prosaic. The absence of impulsiveness and sentimentality which characterizes them contributes to make them uninteresting. These are not the men to volunteer for an arctic expedition. But if it were to become their duty to take part in it, they would be invaluable in those departments where there is need for persevering steady toil. What an innumerable series of little victories over the flesh does the life of such a man as James Heap present! Yet probably to him they would not have been regarded in that light; he would have seen nothing noble about them. He would probably have been found to exemplify that most valuable principle, that when you set your face steadfastly to irksome duty you very soon overcome its irksomeness. O young men and young women, beginning the world, if you would only think on this! How many a career is utterly wrecked through unwillingness at the beginning to face the irksome! People shirk what they don't like. If only they would not shirk it, they would soon become used to it, and then they would actually like it. No doubt, after a time, Mr. Heap would have felt quite unhappy if anything had kept him from his day's walk, and his day's work. How much does the successful prosecution of life depend on the one habit of enduring hardness! And how valuable are those who practise it during a long life! Often, no doubt, when the final awards are made, it will be some of these much enduring men and women that will be crowned with glory and honour.

RESCUE OF CRIMINALS.

Amid all the new spheres of Christian work that are daily opening to Christian love and enterprise, our prisons are not to be overlooked. One looks back with great veneration on prison reformers and prison evangelists. John Howard's is a name that all generations will hold in honour; so is Elizabeth Fry's; and so are the names of some on whom their mantles have fallen. In this Magazine we have oftener than once adverted to the admirable labours of Mrs. Meredith and her helpers. We are glad to see that Mrs. Meredith is trying to get the work in which she is engaged extended to other towns. The capitals of Ireland and Scotland seem to have engaged her special attention. Our readers probably know that the endeavour is to get hold of female criminals as they are discharged from prison at the end of their periods of confinement, and bring them under the influences of a warm Christian mission and a warm Christian fellowship. Employment is provided for them, chiefly in the way of washing, that they may not be tempted to return to their old haunts and comrades. The mission, of course, begins while the criminals are in prison, but its peculiar feature is that it provides a suitable shelter for them as soon as they are restored to liberty. Here is Mrs. Meredith's account of the work begun in Dublin:—

"We are thankful now to report that the same effort is being made in Dublin as we have been now so many years labouring at here. There is a Prison Gate Mission at work outside the Irish Metropolitan Prison for Females. Refreshing tidings reach us from our fellow-labourers there:—

"'Our work has now fairly begun. Received with much opposition at first, patient daily waiting has won the result desired—a crowded room.

"'We have often nineteen to breakfast, and an average of twenty-three at the sewing-class. Some of these come from a distant prison, where the discharge hour is seven o'clock.

"'The numbers at the sewing-class daily increase. They are greatly astonished at the kindness they receive. One morning, when the opposition was more than usual, some shouted, "We want none of your coffee, nor religion either;" others whispered, "We will come to you, ma'm, when the crowd clears away;" and so they did, and we had a large class. We have a cradle in the corner of the room, where a tired mother may place her infant, and have her hands free for her sewing.'

"When we meet our guests with the one Book open before us, we do not ask any questions about their religion, but we speak of the only way to obtain remission of sins, and power to become sons of God. To this they eagerly listen, and of this we gladly tell. The fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, the renewing of the Spirit of God, forgiveness and renewal, glad tidings of the free grace of our God. Will you assist us in spreading these glad tidings here in our own land? It has long seemed an enigma how we were to reach our sunken and ignorant population. Here, at the prison gate, they are waiting for you a criminal female population of over 2,500 souls, with no prospect of honest industry, of ages varying from twelve to seventy years, but by far the greater number between the ages of twenty and thirty, and with little ones to support, numbers of them thankfully ready to accept the work we offer, ready to hear the Word of Life."

II.—GLANCES ABROAD.

MR. MOODY IN CHICAGO.

Mr. Moody has not found the gates or the hearts of Chicago closed against him. He appears to have been especially desirous that the hearts of the Christian people of the city should be thoroughly warmed, before beginning his appeals to the general population. In the midst of these preparatory services, he was himself called away to Northfield to bury one of his brothers. He returned with his heart not only softened by affliction, but by the marvellous experience of God's love which the career of that brother, and of another brother in the same place, exemplified.

"Mr. Moody," says an American paper, "returned from the funeral of his brother last Saturday, and delivered a delightful address before seven thousand people on Sunday morning, taking for his text, John i. 41, 42: 'He first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, We have found the Messias, which is, being interpreted, the Christ. And he brought him to Jesus.' His address was mainly a history of his labours amongst his own kindred, and more especially for his youngest brother, lately deceased. The speaker was in a very tender mood, and nearly the entire audience was moved to tears. He related how his brother was converted after twenty years of prayer and entreaty, and how he had been used, in the one short year that he was permitted to labour in the vineyard, to win many souls to Christ. Fifty young men, converted inside of one year, nearly all the fruits of his brother's labours, stood by his grave. 'His works followed him,' Mr. Moody said; 'the young Christian men met immediately after he died; a hundred of them came together to choose some one to take his place as President of the Y.M.C.A. And how it rejoiced my heart that George Moody took the place of Samuel, and has set himself earnestly to the work! He said, "From now I will try to follow more faithfully after Christ." And when we met on Wednesday night—it was Tuesday we laid him away—another brother was harnessed to the work in place of the dear buried one.' And then followed an earnest exhortation to all who had friends out of Christ to personally urge upon them the claims of the gospel."

The religious journals contain notices of many interesting cases—of men, who, almost against their will, came to meetings, or listened to Sankey singing the Ninety and Nine, or were attracted by some stirring incident in a report of one of Moody's addresses. The interest spreads not only in Chicago, but in all the north-west region of the United States, and a time of great blessing is looked for on every side.

FRANCE, PROTESTANT AND PAPAL.

The project of compromise between the two sections of the French Reformed Church having come to an end, it is again earnestly asked, "Can the Church hold together?" The Paris correspondent of the *Times* has expressed the opinion that disruption is unavoidable. Considerable interest has been excited by the communications of that writer on the history and condition of the French Protestant Church generally, and its relations to the State. This is a matter, however, which it does not lie within our province to take up. We may just remark that the writer does full justice to the personal and domestic virtues of the French Protestants, whose social pre-eminence is an indirect but telling proof of the superiority of the system under which they are placed:—

"In one respect, however, even the quiet mass of the French Protestants are worthy of their ancestors. Their homes are usually patterns of propriety. The eminent respectability of their lives tends to make them succeed in business, and thus they own a disproportionately great share of the national wealth. They have also filled a large place in the learned professions and the Legislature. The number of eminent Protestant Deputies in the last and the present National Assembly is a striking proof of the intellectual activity and the moral worth that still animate the descendants of the Huguenots."

Among the Roman Catholics, superstition seems to grow apace. The correspondent of the *Guardian* calls attention to a new "Catholic Calendar," which is to outstrip all its predecessors. It is to indicate, among other things, all the great facts of history, bearing on the fortunes of the Church. One should like to know what it will say of the massacre of St. Bartholomew's, the dragonnades, and persecutions generally. Here is the passage from the *Guardian*:—

"Amongst the forthcoming publications for the new year are some which are significant of the unwearied propagandism kept up by the new dominant religious party in France. One of these, for example, is in the shape of a new 'Catholic Calendar,' concerning which we are told that 'all calendars hitherto have shown themselves indifferent to Catholicism.' But the new one is to indicate throughout the year with precision the 'decrees of councils' (those, no doubt, especially which favour certain views), 'the causes of schisms, the spoliations of the Church, the glorious interventions of the Popes in all the great facts of history, the crusades and their results, &c.' Almanacs and calendars, both in France and Italy, have always been made great instruments for the spread of opinions, both political and religious. On the other hand, so old and celebrated a firm as that of Firmin-Didot thinks it worth while to bring out for the new year a splendid quarto volume of six hundred pages, at a price of twenty-five and thirty francs, embellished with fourteen chromolithographic and two hundred ordinary engravings, 'of the highest character of Christian art,' entitled 'La Sainte Vierge,' and edited by a Canon of Poitiers. The volume, of course, is intended as a glorification of all recent apparitions, cures, and supernatural incidents connected with the subjects of which it treats."

A quiet transference of property has just taken place in Paris, very significant in its way. The Messrs. Galignani had built a hospital for English people, which seems to have been managed by those who usually conduct hospitals in France. The report goes that in their hands it was a failure, and we have been told that such anomalies have occurred as seven nurses to one patient. M. W. Galignani, the surviving brother, a Roman Catholic and far advanced in years, had been thinking in what manner the property might be best disposed of. While thus occupied his attention was turned to the Home for Destitute Englishwomen, conducted by Miss Leigh, at 77, Avenue Wagram. He was so pleased with that institution, and felt such confidence in Miss Leigh, that he not only made over the whole property to her, but has promised a subscription of £300 a year for current expenses. The testimony to Miss Leigh's work is most valuable, offered so spontaneously, and coming in such a form.

SPAIN RETURNING TO DARKNESS.

The tidings from Spain are more and more gloomy, so far as the working of the recent law of toleration, or rather intolerance, is concerned. No outward indication of Protestant worship is anywhere to be

seen. No newspaper may advertise a Protestant meeting without risk of penalties. No pedagogue can be employed to conduct children to Protestant schools. It is no doubt expected that by this means the nascent heresy will be stamped out. If it be, all history proclaims that the effect will be to keep one of the finest countries of Europe for a century or two longer at the bottom of the scale of civilisation. Poor Spain, opening her already exhausted veins, to get rid of what little life-blood she possesses!

At the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, the other day, at Southport, in Lancashire, Professor Rousseuw St. Hilaire spoke of the country to whose history he has devoted the chief energies of his literary life. M. St. Hilaire, as probably our readers know, is a professor in the Sorbonne, and a member of the Institute.

"Spain was a noble and generous country, and the home of Catholicity. He had not visited Spain for forty years, and at that time he went as an historian, but not as a Christian. He had since written its history. If any one looks at the outside of Spain, he might despair. On arriving, a beautiful and splendid expanse of country presented itself, but it was a desert. The conflict between the Moslems and the Christians had lasted over eight centuries, and one part of the work of destruction was the cutting down of all the trees in the country. There were no trees in Spain except in valleys near the rivers. It was a desert, but there was a noble population. Spain has a very sad history, because in former times it inflicted many sufferings upon Europe, in the times of Charles I. and Philip II. Whilst Rome was the head-quarters of Popery, Spain was the stronghold of Catholicism. The country had long laboured under two difficulties; one was the Inquisition, and the other absolute despotism. If any good effect was to be produced by Protestant missions there, it must be by going amongst the poor rather than among the rich. He had found the upper classes infidels. All the bad books of the last century, of the Voltaire character, were no longer read in France, but were carefully gathered and read in the libraries of Spain. There was a religious feeling amongst the lower classes, and looking at the country on the whole, he found there was a deep feeling of religion lying at the basis, which it was sorrowful to see lost. He had seen Catholic processions which were nothing more than mere nonsense and child's play. It would almost make one despair if he did not know that a work of reformation was going on there, steadily but strongly. He had said that Spain was the native land of Catholicism, not in the sixteenth century, when Protestantism went forth from its hiding-place and spread its wings over the whole of Europe; even Spain was not kept apart from its effects. There was something like a reformation, but it was literally suffocated to death. But there had been a few sparks left, and these had kindled into a glowing fire. Roman Catholicism had received a severe blow from the Evangelical Alliance, for the work of reformation which had set in Spain was undoubtedly its work. He asked them to persevere, for if the work had not the consummation so earnestly desired, Spain would be lost."

ITALY—DEATH OF ANTONELLI.

All Europe has been impressed with the death, somewhat sudden at the last, of the man who has mainly directed the policy of the papacy for a generation past. There is no doubt as to the talent and diplomatic ability of Antonelli. Yet he can only be regarded as a failure. His career has witnessed humiliation after humiliation of the Roman See, and just of the kind which he and such men must have felt most keenly. Though, to its disgrace, the French Republic protected the Papal court for a long time, Napoleon at last gave them up. Antonelli was not able to hinder the schemes of Cavour for a free and united Italy. Portion after portion of the estates of the Church were torn from his hands. The King of Italy at last took possession of Rome. Whatever the Council may have done, it failed to bring back the temporal power. And country after country drew off from the Pope. Not Austria, not France, not any of the Catholic powers would send an army to restore the Pope. Nay, they even broke up their Concordats. From Germany the Pope received the unkindest cut of all. Against all this, Antonelli no doubt did his best. Against all this he diplomatized, and schemed, and struggled. But in vain. His death, to a Protestant, was sad and sorrowful. The old man would not believe himself dying. He was too far gone to receive the last sacraments. The wafer lay untasted in his mouth. What did it matter? We do not know what was passing in his soul; but we know nothing more humiliating or mournful than the idea that masses and requiems could avail to smooth the passage of a soul into the presence of Him who searches the heart and tries the reins, or could procure better terms for the sinner. How would one earnest look to the all-sufficient Saviour have put to shame all the mummeries of superstition!

THE SEAT OF WAR.

From Miss Johnston, whose labours have been referred to oftener than once in this Magazine, the following letter in the *Christian* gives a graphic picture of the state of things among the refugees:—

"*Pakratz, in Slavonia, Oct.* 28.

"We have now been among the fugitives nearly a week—not long enough to ascertain much of their circumstances, or to see many of them, but this fact became evident to us at once: they are in far worse distress than when we left them four months ago. The winter, which is fast coming on, will witness a fearful amount of suffering, and many thousands of deaths from starvation and sickness.

"The tiny allowance from the Austrian Government, on which the refugees subsist (no work can be had now by any) is still further reduced, and in this district children only receive it—that is, 1¼*d.* a day each child. The parents, the aged, and the sick—what is to become of them? Six hundred more are to arrive here in a few days, arbitrarily moved from some other district by the local authorities. The people we have seen, and the children in the schools look to us sunk lower, thinner, and paler, and the tale of illness and death we hear everywhere can be readily believed.

"A bright side to this sad picture is the thriving condition in which we find the schools we had established in eight villages for the children of the fugi-

tives. In the two which we have been able to visit, the children have made admirable progress; the reading and writing are excellent. A little girl of eight years old read a few verses from the Bible certainly better than most English children of the same age who have been at school since they were three years old; six months ago this child had never seen a book. Hungry and barefooted, these little things run through the mud daily for the coveted teaching.

"Our first effort has been to make arrangements (rendered possible now by the generosity of English friends) for all these children (about five hundred) to receive a good meal every day. A neighbour or the teacher's wife, as the case may be, will prepare and distribute it; and that, as one of our teachers joyfully exclaimed, 'will bring many more to school.' Poor little things! not able to come now. The beautiful warm clothing which was sent to us in England will be given them when it would be no longer possible to leave their huts in nothing but a ragged shirt—their present clothing.

"Since our arrival we have engaged two more teachers, and in a few days there will be ten schools in progress; two more besides in prospect. We shall most earnestly beg for more money to be sent us, to enable us to continue and extend all our operations. The wages of our schoolmasters must be raised, the schools (mostly very old buildings) must be patched up for the storms and snows of winter, plentiful firing must be provided, and we shall find the treasure which we have brought with us rapidly disappearing. But in spending it on food, clothing, and education for these most deeply afflicted people, we know we are fulfilling the wishes of the kind hearts who sent the store, and we are not afraid to trust for more help.

"We have been begged by kind-hearted officials to give opankés (rough hide sandals) in great quantities to men, women, and children, as they are almost more needed than anything; and already several hundred pairs are ordered. In the dire and immediate want of food we have fixed to give a certain quantity of Indian corn to every family in this district—a pitiful supply, indeed, but the numbers and wants are too enormous to be more generously dealt with.

"The warm weather is quite over now, and under the leaden sky and amidst the surroundings of muddy roads, falling and dripping leaves, the wretched huts and their poor inmates form such a picture of want and misery I cannot describe. But often a bright smile beams out from a little window or low doorway at the sight of the English friends returned; and there is no doubt, little as we can do, we bring a ray of hope and comfort in the darkness.

"Further help is earnestly solicited for this work, and subscriptions will be gladly received and forwarded at once by the Treasurer of the Association, Andrew Johnston, Esq., 158, Leadenhall Street, E.C. Mrs. De Noé Walker, 10, Ovington Gardens, W., will send collecting-cards to any one kind enough to ask for them."

Dr. Ziemann's letters give an account of similar work among the refugees at the head-quarters of the Servian army.

"Nothing is more exciting than such a distribution—money, clothes, bread—to see those naked, starving people as they gaze, wondering what they will receive, and as they cry for joy, and kiss one's hand, and express their gratitude. Nothing can be more heart-rending than their stories. If there is anywhere still any doubt regarding the Turkish 'atrocities,' I think I could conclusively settle that point with some information I have jotted down during the last few days in my note-book; it is truly horrible. However, I will publish this in due time. Many, many families came before me, where father or mother or children are still in captivity; many young girls with revolting symptoms of outrage; men with cuts received when resisting the murderers of their families."

One of Dr. Ziemann's projects is an orphan institution:—

"One great aim I have now before me is to do something for the orphans. If I could raise at least £3,000, I think the Christians of England could do a work which might be an eternal monument to them. I intend, if possible, to have a small committee in Belgrade, with the English Consul as treasurer, have an orphanage, and bring an English couple as house father and mother; at the outset they would be assisted by Servians, as the English would be ignorant of the language. The training of these young ones might be a fortune for the whole country—the girls brought up as proper housekeepers, and the boys in the various branches of industry, which, for such a rich country as this, at present uncultivated, would be a priceless boon. Houses and everything are here very cheap, so the cost of such an institution would not be very large. I have talked about this with the various members of the Ministry, and all are charmed with the object; his Excellency the Minister-President said they would leave it altogether to our management."

The agents of the Bible Society report pleasantly on the reception of books and Bibles. One writes:—

"We were greatly encouraged yesterday at Arandjewac. A large hospital has been arranged in the locality of the neighbouring watering-places of Kiselavoda under the personal superintendence of Princess Caihowska. Our request to be permitted to distribute our Scriptures among the patients met with a very warm response. The Princess told us it had been her wish to bring a supply of Servian Scriptures from our Odessa depôt, but she had met with only a single copy there, so we came like very angels. By her request another lady, a baroness, whose name I did not catch, went with us from bed to bed, and after we had gone our round, she begged us to leave with her a further supply for later arrivals.

"The day before I last left Belgrade I succeeded in seeing the active Dr. Laseron. I met him in the storeroom of his hospital, through which he was just showing some Servian gentlemen. When I entered, they were standing before a pile of New Testaments and Gospel portions which the doctor had received from Vienna, and my heart leapt within me when I heard him say, in his own energetic way, 'We want to bring the people *life*, and *life* is *Christ!*' He told the gentleman with what pleasure the people read the New Testament, and he informed me afterwards that he had sent a man down to the frontiers to disseminate the Scriptures among the soldiers, and several thousand copies had thus been circulated.

"'I am sure,' Mr. Victor goes on to say, 'our work is not in vain here, and that in the midst of all the bustle of war the Lord is doing His own work of peace in many a soul. It is a privilege not to be despised that so many are willing to listen to the message of mercy, and to lift up the eye to Him, whose blessed name I have been permitted to whisper into the ear of many a mortally wounded one.'"

III.—JOTTINGS FROM THE MISSION FIELD.

BRAZIL.

American missionaries in Brazil have been meeting with great encouragement. The people seem to have had enough of the Church of Rome, and many of them show strong proclivities towards the faithful preaching of God's word, and a simple form of worship.

Encouraged by these remarkable symptoms and openings, the Presbyterian Church of the United States is making an effort to form an institution for the training of native preachers for Brazil.

"Brazil," the Appeal states, "has a territory little less than that of the United States—an Atlantic coast of nearly 4,000 miles—river systems unsurpassed, holding in their embrace highlands of untold agricultural and mineral resources—a climate of great variety and salubrity—a present population of 10,000,000, and capacity to sustain one equal to that of China.

"Law schools in the cities of San Paulo and Pernambuco—medical schools in Bahia and Rio de Janeiro—naval, military, and scientific schools—yearly train hundreds of her youth for things seen and temporal; twelve diocesan seminaries in her twenty provinces teach all things whatsoever the Pope commands—drive the educated to infidelity, the masses to gross idolatry and superstition, and leave all to 'grope for the wall as the blind.'

"In all her vast domains, to meet the need of her present population, or anticipate that of the teeming millions for whom He 'whose hands formed the dry land,' has prepared her, 'she has no institution such as we aim to found to equip those of her sons whom God may give for "the work of the ministry, the edifying of the body of Christ."

"She has already in connection with twenty native churches of Presbyterial order, eight hundred adult members—hundreds of baptized children—several primary and preparatory schools in which the Word of God has free course and is glorified—a class, or classes, of theological students at different stages of their studies under care of the Presbytery of Rio de Janeiro, and on every side 'an open door which no man can shut.'"

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY AND CEYLON.

Our readers, we doubt not, have heard of the unfortunate quarrel that has arisen between the new bishop of Ceylon and the missionaries of the Church Missionary Society. The mission was founded in 1818, and is now one of considerable magnitude and importance, embracing fourteen European missionaries and thirteen native clergy, with five thousand five hundred and eighteen native Christians. The bishop is a young clergyman of the name of Coplestone, and the quarrel has arisen from his desire to have all the missionaries and missions under his control. The bishop did not find the missionaries prepared to submit to his requirements, and adopted the extreme step of withdrawing their licenses. This widened the breach. The matter was of course referred by the missionaries to the Committee of the Church Missionary Society, who thoroughly approve of the course taken by the missionaries and record their thanks to them.

What may be the next step in this painful matter, or how it may be settled, we cannot tell. What chiefly influenced the missionaries to resist the wishes of the bishop at first was the fact that some of the chaplains, to whom he proposed to give a large amount of local authority, are of decidedly ritualistic views, and would not have scrupled to use their influence for the introduction of ritualistic practices.

A somewhat similar dispute has taken place in Bombay, where Dr. Mylne, the newly-appointed bishop, also a young man, has exercised his authority in a very marked way against some of the missionaries of the Church Missionary Society.

MADAGASCAR—THE QUEEN ON TEMPERANCE.

An edict, dated August 8, has been promulgated by the Queen of Madagascar, respecting the liquor traffic, in which she says :—

"God has given me this land and kingdom; and concerning the rum, O my subjects, you and I have agreed that it shall not be sold in Antananarivo, or in the district in which it was agreed it should not be sold [Imerina, the central province]. Therefore, I remind you of this again, because the rum does harm to your persons, spends your possessions in vain, harms your wives and children, makes foolish the wise, makes more foolish the foolish [literally, gives heart to the foolish], and causes people not to fear the laws of the kingdom, and especially makes them guilty before God. All this shows the rum to be a bad thing to have at Antananarivo, for at night (under its influence) people go about with clubs to fight, and they fight each other without cause, and stone each other; therefore why do you love it, O my people? But I tell you that trade in good things, by which you can earn money, makes me very glad indeed, O my people. If you trade in rum, or employ people to trade in it, here in Antananarivo, or in the district spoken of above, then, according to the laws which were made formerly, I consider you to be guilty, because I am not ashamed to make laws in my kingdom which shall do you good. Therefore I tell you that if there are people who break my laws, then I must punish them. Is not this so, O my people?"

IV.—MEMORIAL RECORD.

The Church Missionary Society has had to record the death of no fewer than five missionaries—William Cruickshanks, James Robertson, John Robmann, Ashton Dibb, and Edward Roper. Mr. Robmann had been for many years an efficient labourer in Equatorial Africa, and had lost his sight in the service of the mission. He was a native of Wurttemberg and a student of the Basle Missionary College. Mr. Robertson had just gone out to the Nyanza Mission, not in robust health, and died of dysentery at Zanzibar.

The Baptist mission has to deplore the death of two missionaries—Rev. J. E. Gummer, of Jacmel, at the early age of thirty-one, and the Rev. Robert Smith, of Victoria, West Coast of Africa.

The Wesleyan Church has been bereaved of the Rev. Dr. Waddy, one of the veterans of Methodism, who had served it, not only as President, but in almost every office.

"HARTLEIGH TOWERS."

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HARTLEIGH TOWERS.

A Story of English Life.

By the AUTHOR of "Andrew Gray's Story," &c.

CHAPTER X.—PETER'S LAST FIGHT.

"While souls are wandering far and wide,
And curses swarm on every side."

Keble.

THE keen frosty air of an early November day was sweeping with bracing breath through the grimy precincts of the Chadsthorpe mining settlement. Perhaps it looked less dreary, on the whole, than it did in bright summer weather, when the sunny fields and verdant woods stretched away on all sides as if gathering the skirts of their gay garments from all contact with this valley of desolation. Wild-looking, unkempt women, in mud-coloured rags, lingered about the doors of their dens as if enjoying the fresh breeze. The pale, pinched faces of the little children were fanned with the passing freshness, as they scrambled gleefully among the high heaps of rubbish which made their favourite playground.

It was about noon, and some of the workmen had come up from their underground labours for their mid-day meal. A few of them had adjourned to the "Coal and Iron" for such refreshment as it could supply; and it certainly looked the only dwelling about the place which possibly might have a well-appointed larder, or one at all. Lately it seemed as if its attractions had rather increased than diminished. "Iniquity be a liftin' up its head now he's gone," was Caleb Bartlett's comment when news was brought to him of its freshly-painted sign-board, and its newly-opened bow window on the second floor, under which "Billiards and Pool" was written in gay letters. The present customers, however, evidently preferred the benches in front of the house, and had seated themselves there with their tankards of ale and rations of bread and cheese, that being the most generous bill of fare supplied, for, indeed, eating was rather discountenanced on the premises as being by no means so profitable to the landlord as some other branches of his calling. A large noisy group still lingered about the door when a stranger came sauntering up and took his place at one of the benches, having ordered a glass of ale. He seemed to belong to pretty much the same social grade as the men round him, but presented a great contrast in the almost ostentatiously well-scrubbed look of his obtrusive florid neck and face with its unwrinkled forehead and marked absence of eyebrows. Tall and erect, with a good, though stiff carriage, he was not, perhaps, so really well-proportioned as some of those amongst whom he sat; but while they were worn with their underground toil, he seemed to have had the opportunity of making the most of his external appearance. His round head and closely-cropped hair was decorated by a small cap, perched very much on one side of his head. "A military gintleman, sure," whispered a miner to his next neighbour, while the stranger glanced round with a facetious nod, saying, "Good day, lads," in an easy, familiar tone. He was followed by a pugilistic-looking bull-terrier, bereft of tail and ears, and with many scars on his otherwise sleek brindled coat. One of his eyes was extinct, the other so sunk and bleared that it was difficult to understand how he was able to pursue the intelligent observations which his furrowed forehead indicated as he squatted himself now at his master's feet and began to blink suspiciously about. Sundry questioning glances were cast towards both man and dog. The "Coal and Iron" had from its beginning been understood to be the peculiar preserve of the outcast miners, and it was rare indeed that anybody unconnected with them ventured to visit it. But the stranger did not seem disposed only to

make a dumb show of himself; having quaffed his long draught of foaming ale and carefully re-adjusted his well-trimmed moustache, he turned to his next neighbour and said, as he glanced up at the plate-glass bow window,—

"Great privilege to have a place like this so near your work, lads!"

"Spoke like a sensible chap—a priv'lege it is, and no mistake, though there be some as would like to rob us of it, and set us down to a temperance tract instead. A good joke that, ain't it? But you'll not be one of them kind, eh?" said the speaker, glancing interrogatively towards the stranger.

"I? No. But I never refuses a tract, it makes uncommon handy spills, saves fusees, you know. Wish I had one now," replied the man, fumbling in the pockets of his tight-fitting clothes, from which he drew forth a short black pipe, while his next neighbour handed him a match-box.

"A tract, do you say?" chimed in another man. "You'll get plenty of that sort up there at the reading shop. We don't hear quite so much about it now, though, with its savings-bank and lectures and trash, as we did a year ago, when I came on the moor. 'Twas reading-room and Dr. Carew then from morning till night. I'm glad to say that enterprisin' gentleman was gathered to his fathers afore I ever gave him a chance of addressing of me. I wasn't goin' to be soaped over by the likes of him."

"Hold your tongue, Carson! Didn't I tell you I'd flog you straight off if I caught you at that again? You shan't take *his* name into your vile lips," said a deep voice behind the stranger, who turned hastily to glance at the speaker. It was Dick Hayward, the young miner, who looked even more haggard and ill-conditioned than he had done at Dr. Carew's grave. His large lustrous eyes were sunken and restless, and the deep indenting line between his well-pencilled eyebrows seemed graven there by some gnawing trouble. Nothing could quite destroy the graceful muscular curves of his sinewy figure, but his gait was slouching, and his whole appearance betokened an untidiness and neglect which his comrades recognised as being of recent date.

He sauntered up to the benches in front of the "Coal and Iron" just in time to hear the last remark, and stood now glancing threateningly at the craven Carson, a small wiry man with sharp features and hooked nose; the scanty tufts of hair which adorned the crown of his head standing erect in cockatoo fashion. But Dick's eyes soon travelled from the extinguished Carson to the stranger who was surveying him with a deliberate stare as he smoked his pipe. What was it that made the young man start back as if he had received a blow when he caught the first glimpse of the bland, florid face, seeming instinctively to draw his hand out of his pocket and clench it? The stranger's eyes moved uneasily as he noticed Dick's gesture, but he went on quietly smoking, returning the young miner's glance by an insolent stare. But Dick's hand was in his fustian pocket again, and he turned away with the air of a man who has conquered a desperate impulse. Just then his faithful friend, and indeed sole companion of late, came limping up to join his master.

Peter was a bull-dog of the orthodox kind. Large, ungainly, white, with one or two promiscuous black patches on his coat. Though he possessed the latent ferocity of temper belonging to his species, it had, through long curbing, now become an almost extinct quality. His bleared sagacious eyes blinked kindly on all human kind, except his inner consciousness told him that they were hopeless scoundrels. Children he loved, and even his views regarding dogs were considerably modified during later years. Traces of many a youthful scrimmage were visible in various scars, and the total absence of one ear, but these laurels had been won in Peter's hard times. A change in his master had brought better days for Peter, and he had long ago accepted it as his creed that it was wrong to fight—except under very special provocation. Besides, he felt by various signs that he was growing old. Rheumatism had set in in his left leg, and his teeth had begun to drop out. That there were keen pleasures connected with a good fight Peter knew full well, but he had come to see that there were better and happier things for dog lives—to be day and night with such a master as he had, knowing the thoughts and intents of his heart, getting just as good forkfuls of meat as he took for himself, and lying cosily curled up at his feet during long winter evenings, always treated with confidence and consideration—that was a worthy sphere for any dog, Peter thought, for he loved his master with all the intensity of his dog nature. During these last weeks his devotion had something tender about it that was almost human, and which had comforted Dick Hayward's heart many times. Peter now came up with rather a wrinkled brow

and cautious step, knowing that it was not his master's habit to dine at the "Coal and Iron," and at a loss to know what his movements were to be, for they had been rather queer lately, Peter reflected. Sometimes it had been his lot to have the whole of his master's untasted dinner handed to him; at another time, as had happened to-day, his master seemed to forget that either of them were in want of that meal,—both extremes being naturally distasteful to a dog of a well-regulated mind and appetite. And there was a dog having his dinner now under his very nose, he noticed, glancing at the stranger's bull-terrier, to whom Carson had been flinging mouthfuls at a respectful distance. To do Peter justice, he never thought of attempting to share the meal, though the wish may have been in his hungry dog-heart; but the stranger, not knowing to what extent Peter had cultivated the grace of self-repression, bent forward in an alarmed way and clutched his brass collar, saying, "Hold your dog, will you? He'll meddle with mine, and I warn you if Tear-em once fixes his teeth in him, I'll not venture to be the one to unfix him. 'Twould be at the risk of my own limbs. I've warned you."

Dick Hayward turned with a scowl. "Take your fingers off my dog, will you?" he muttered in a passionate tone, which certainly the stranger's remark could not have called forth. His master's prejudice seemed to thrill Peter magnetically, and he indulged in a growl.

"Well, I've warned you. You're all witnesses, lads," said the stranger, as he quickly withdrew his fingers from Peter's collar.

Peter looked up in his master's face with a curious questioning air, but he made no movement. The evil brute had, however, heard his growl, and, true to his strongest instincts, he left Carson's proffered crust to fly upon the old bull-dog.

"Back, sir—back, Tear-em," the stranger shouted, but it was of no use. "You see it's too late to hold him in now: I told you so," he said, shrugging his shoulders and folding his arms again.

Poor old Peter gave a little cry like a human wail of agony when the bull-terrier sprang forward on him. Then there followed only canine shrieks and snarls as the brutes closed with each other in a deadly struggle. Nobody spoke. The stranger continued to watch the proceedings with the air of a neglected monitor, but as the interest grew, and some breathless exclamations of a not altogether disapproving kind escaped the audience, he settled his cap more on the side of his head with a jaunty air, as if this was good sport, and he meant to enjoy it. Dick's acquaintances, meanwhile, began to glance furtively towards him. What was he thinking of Peter's chances? How could he ever have allowed him to fight in the face of such a warning? But Dick had been sulky and uncompanionable lately, they reflected, and a certain amount of satisfaction crept into their thoughts that he should receive some punishment for his recent unsociableness. As for the young miner, he stood watching the terrible fray with transfixed eyes, never moving a muscle of his face, nor lifting a finger. At one moment a gleam of hope did cross his face, when he saw a desperate pass of heroic defence on poor Peter's part. But it was very soon evident that the old bull-dog had not a chance against the distorted creature which men had made fiendish for their wicked sport. Peter's throat had been assailed several times, and the right ear, being a convenient outpost, was wrenched away at the first onset, while the remaining fragment of the left one had totally disappeared, and great wounds were visible all over his furrowed skin before the final clutch was given. That Peter's struggle for life had been a brave one was acknowledged by the shrill yell with which the wounded terrier sprang at his throat for the last time. Fast and deep he fixed his terrible hold, loosening it only when the quivering limbs of his enemy were stiffening to rigidity.

"Sorry it should have happened—very sorry. Of course I knew how it would end. But it's as plain as a pike-staff that it was your own fault," said the stranger in a hard high-pitched voice, as he caught hold of his dog, who was looking up in his master's face with the complacent air of having well executed his commission. Fastening his collar to a chain which he held in readiness, he took a phial from his pocket, and began to anoint his wounds.

Dick Hayward, meanwhile, stooped down, and lifting his dead friend carried the mangled body away without a word. Then the group of bystanders, who had hitherto taken no side, burst forth into varied exclamations. "Sarve him right," cried Carson, when Dick was quite out of hearing, and the others seemed more or less to agree with him. Only one man remarked, in rather a compassionate tone, "Dick stood it wonderful though—can't think what was in his head. He's a regular tiger when his blood's up. It's a

wonder to me he didn't make as short work o' you, stranger, as your dog made o' poor Peter."

"Let him try! I didn't want to destroy his old cur," replied the stranger, with a disconcerted air, as if he were not wholly satisfied with the recent transaction.

"You'll make a downright fortin' out o' that dog," said a short flat-featured man with a face so battered and scarred as to have a marked resemblance to the bull-terrier who lay blinking with the nose resting on his paws. "I knows them kind. He's a regular professional that. Oh, my, didn't he go at it downright purpose like," continued the man, rubbing his hands at the thought of his recent treat. "I ain't seen such a knowin' one—no, not since I came to the mines. If Peter had only been a better match we would have had rare sport to-day. Give me a week, stranger, and I'll try to get hold of a fellow as will match him. We'll make it worth your while, I'll warrant. Nothing like a bit o' sport for bringing the money out o' the pockets of us mining lads," and sidling up to the tall stranger he gave him a familiar nudge on the elbow.

"I beg that you will not attempt any such brutal sport, or I shall take measures to prevent it," said a quiet firm voice which was quite unfamiliar to them, and all eyes were turned to the speaker, who had been standing since the end of the fight a silent spectator of the scene, his foot resting on one of the benches, with his cheek leaning on his hand, but as he spoke he drew himself up to his full height and came a step forward.

"And who be for comin' a hinterferin' wi' us?" said the flat-faced man with an insolent air, as he, too, came a step forward and blinked into the speaker's face.

"Don't fear, sir," said the owner of the bull-terrier in a tone which showed discernment in its civility as he made a profoundly respectful salute, his calling, if it had taught him nothing else, having at all events initiated him in a surface civility towards his superiors in rank, one of whom he perceived the newcomer to be. "I wouldn't for the world fall in with the plans of this individual," he added, glancing contemptuously at the flat-faced man, who scowled back at him revengefully. "I'm quite a stranger here — just strolled up in passing to have a glass o' beer," continued the owner of the murderous dog, glancing rather uneasily at the gentleman; "these men can tell you it wasn't my fault. The fellow was well warned to hold in his dog, but for all that, I'm sorry enough for what's happened, I assure you, sir."

"And if Dick hadn't known he was in the fault, do you think he would have slinked away as he did?" broke in Carson. "You don't know Dick if you do. He's one of the obstinatest naturs that ever growed." But the owner of the terrier was evidently desirous of finishing his visit to the "Coal and Iron" as quickly as possible, and nodding "good day" to the miners, he touched his cap to the stranger and strode quickly away with his dog at his heels.

The landlord, who had surveyed the scene from the window of the tap-room, but had only just recognised the figure on the outskirts of the benches, now came hurrying forward with an air of excitement, and a bland though uneasy smile on his face. "Very sorry you should have witnessed such an ugly row, Mr. Hartleigh. Never saw the like before at the 'Coal and Iron,' sir. But who would have expected such conduct in a respectable got up man—a sergeant, too, they tell me. Never even noticed he had a dog with him till he fixed on Hayward's Peter. 'Twas an ugly sight to witness—and this is your first visit to us, too, sir," he continued, making some backward steps, while the miners stared with puzzled faces, pondering who he was on whom the autocrat of the "Coal and Iron" seemed anxious to bestow such unwonted civility. To them the owner of the mines was an entirely mythical person. They did not take that kindly gossiping interest in the absentee squire which was kept up among the villagers, who felt still a romantic sense of proprietorship in the reigning Hartleigh wherever he might be. The flat-nosed man, however, had an uneasy consciousness that his salutation had not been exactly suitable, and Carson's tuft of hair quite attained the perpendicular when he fully realised the import of a comrade's whispered information, and knew that Squire Hartleigh, the owner of the mines, had been an on-looker in the recent doings.

Hugh Hartleigh had come to the neighbourhood that morning to fulfil an appointment with Mr. Belton, from whom he had just parted; and having agreed to remain in Chadsthorpe till evening and return to St. Oswald's with his friend Captain Lake, who was at present shooting in another corner of the Hartleigh domain, the young squire had resolved to spend his time in extending his acquaintance with the mines, and happened to draw near for a closer in-

spection of the "Coal and Iron" premises just at the juncture when Peter's fate was hanging in the balance, and any expostulation with the owner of either combatant was obviously useless. His sympathy would naturally have been with the aged Peter; but pity for Peter's master soon became the predominant feeling. Hugh Hartleigh never could forget the expression of agony on the young miner's face as he stooped over the vanquished Peter. "A solitary man like myself probably, and that poor brute his best friend," he thought, and his heart went out in great pity for the young man as he watched him tenderly lift in his strong arms the murdered dog from where he lay at the insolent sergeant's feet, and stride silently away. Hugh felt inclined to follow him, but some other impulses caused him to linger at the grimy benches. After his recognition by the tenant of the "Coal and Iron," however, he did not seem inclined to pursue investigations further, and acknowledging the publican's salutations rather stiffly, he turned away, feeling that his first effort in the amelioration of the doings on the moor had proved singularly ineffective. This dog fight was a chance occurrence evidently, but it was easy to perceive, from the condition of the moral atmosphere surrounding the "Coal and Iron," that it might have been one of a pre-arranged series. He felt, too, that the owner of the savagely-bred bull-terrier had, certainly, escaped too easily, but why that stalwart young miner had gone off in such a subdued way, instead of taking justice into his own hands, Hugh could not understand. It had evidently surprised his companions, and he certainly did not seem the sort of man who would be likely to endure an injury with meekness. Recalling the scene as he sauntered along the coal-stained path, he regretted increasingly that he had not tried to follow, and show him some sympathy in his evident, though strangely repressed distress. He glanced at the little groups of workmen on their way to their underground toils in the hope of recognising Peter's master, but he was nowhere to be seen. Then, remembering that one of the company in front of the public-house had spoken of him as Dick Hayward, he turned to a lad who was passing and asked him if he could tell him where the miner Hayward was to be found.

"Oh, Dick, he's 'most sure to be down at his work. A stirrin' workman is Dick, and always down with the first batch," was the reply.

Hugh Hartleigh did not feel inclined to follow Dick to his underground avocations. The whole surroundings were dispiriting to him. At every glance he saw fresh proofs of the utter wretchedness of the place where so many of his fellow-creatures had toiled for years in heaping up wealth for him. Hurrying away from the dreary neighbourhood, he resolved that he would go in search of his cheerful friend, Captain Lake. Chadsthorpe was still so vividly overlaid by painful memories that he shrunk from finding himself a prey to his own thoughts while among the sadly familiar scenes. But during the past weeks he had, at all events, begun to realise that this feeling, so long unresisted because looked upon by him as the inevitable result of early circumstances, was one to be striven against. That he should in some way help those whom he had so long neglected, was the growing desire of his heart. Mr. Belton had returned to St. Oswald's with instructions in his pocket concerning the miners' homes, which would have made glad one unselfish heart resting now with finished beatings in the little green graveyard into which Tom Belton glanced as he drove swiftly past, thinking that in just such a spot he should like to lie when his work was done.

To build decent houses for his workmen was only an act of justice too long delayed, Hugh Hartleigh felt with shame; but that seemed all that he was likely to be able to do for them, he reflected rather bitterly, as he thought of his abortive attempt to interfere in the brutal sport that morning. He was now sauntering along the beechwood path. The last time he was there, on the evening of his first visit to Chadsthorpe, the trees were in all their summer verdure, giving coolness and shade from the setting sun, but now the pale rays gleamed through the thinned foliage on the mossy floor. As he walked meditatively along the little winding path, there seemed to come echoes of some words which had been spoken to him on that summer evening when the green boughs arched overhead. It did not require the same surroundings to recall them to his memory certainly, for they had often seemed spoken in his ear since then. They had followed him abroad, whither he had gone to seek fresh sources of interest. They had driven him back again to St. Oswald's, and come like the still small voice to him in the midst of the mirthful gatherings of Captain Lake and his associates. "We must serve if we would be happy and beloved," seemed to be spoken now in Mrs. Hilton's clear quiet voice. Hugh had en-

deavoured, but without success, to discover who the strange native was. He had questioned the old steward at the Towers, but he had been able to give him no further information than to assure him that "if she was a carryin' of a bundle, she was for certain a wanderin' vagrant." And Hugh Hartleigh came to the conclusion that she must have been some passing stranger, not likely again to be met in Chadsthorpe, and evidently belonging to a different class from his tenants.

While the young squire was thus imagining Mrs. Hilton far enough away, Tommy Tuckett hurried past him, carrying her bundle of finished work. Presently, however, he reappeared round a corner of the winding path without his bundle, and with a very scared look on his small face. "Please, sir, you be's a gentleman, ain't you? Aunt says I'm not to speak to folk when I'm a carryin' for Mrs. Hilton; but, please, sir, there's a man sittin' groanin' beside the old wall there. It's the short road to the mines, but I'm afeard to pass. Be you goin' that way, sir?"

Tommy was evidently much alarmed, and eager to enlist the gentleman as his protector, so Hugh good-naturedly accompanied the boy. As soon as he caught a glimpse of the man in question, he uttered an exclamation of surprise as he recognised the person whom he had been wishing to find—Dick Hayward. He left the path and went forward towards the old wall where he was seated, while Tommy slunk past with a relieved air.

At the feet of the young miner poor Peter's remains were lying. Dick sat leaning against the lichened wall gazing sadly on his dead friend, and glanced up with a frowning air at the sound of footsteps.

"I'm glad I've happened to meet you, for I wanted to see you," said Hugh as he strode through the long dank grass and stood beside him. "I was present to-day when your poor dog was so brutally murdered by that bull-terrier." The miner looked evidently chagrined at having his privacy intruded upon, and was disinclined to enter into conversation, and Hugh having a shy nature, easily repelled, quickly perceived that his presence was as unwelcome as it was unexpected.

"Poor fellow, he had a cruel end," he said, looking with pity from the dead dog to the sorrowing owner.

"'Twas the masters should have fought it out, not the poor brutes," replied the young miner clenching his hand. "You needn't be a pityin' of me, sir. 'Twas my own doin'. I sacrificed my dog. I knowed the t'other was too many for him—'twas my blood was up. Oh, Peter, Peter," he cried, with agony in his tone, as he bent down beside the faithful old companion, the pride he referred to evidently broken now.

Hugh's heart went out in full sympathy towards him. He knew what it was to be lonely, and understood how much solace could be taken away from one's life by the loss of one such faithful dumb companion. At length his sympathy seemed to strike a chord in the young miner's heart, and he looked up again with a softened light in his eyes, as he replied, "Ay, sir, you speak true, they love us so well, 'tis no wonder we grows fond o' them. My Peter was the best friend I had except one, and he's dead too. If he had been here, maybe I wouldn't have been drove to this piece o' work," added Dick, glancing ruefully at the place where Peter lay. "You'll not have known him, I daresay—the doctor," he said, glancing interrogatively at Hugh.

"Dr. Carew, you mean. No, I didn't know him. I wish I had. He seems to have been wonderfully liked by everybody," added the young squire, musing, noting this new trace of the village doctor who seemed to have been sent to undo the evil work of his predecessor.

"Liked! I should say he was, though there be sneaks as would cast stones at him now his head's low. But even the like of them, his worst enemies, he would have been ready to help. He'd serve the vilest, sir—as old Caleb Bartlett used to say," and a softened smile came into Dick's face, and his thoughts were lifted away for a moment from his present trouble by memories of the good doctor. "'Twas the thought of him that kept me from liftin' my hand to-day, sir. Don't ye think I could have floored yon puppy?" and his face darkened again as he spoke.

"Of course you could, and I admired your self-restraint in not doing it," replied Hugh in a warm tone. "By the way, who is Caleb Bartlett you mentioned just now?" he continued, thinking it wise to change the subject, besides being really anxious to extend his knowledge of mining society.

"He's the old miner as lives at the reading-room," replied Dick shortly, his face all flushing over as he rose, saying, "I must be off to the mines. It's the only day I've missed work since I can remember, except the afternoon the doctor was a buryin'," and then casting a sorrowful glance on his poor dog, unresponsive now to his master's

comings and goings, he took off his coat and laid it gently over him, saying, "I thought I'd leave Peter here till night, and then come to fetch him and lay him somewhere about my hut at the mines."

"But why not bury him somewhere about here? It would be pleasanter than among those horrid heaps of rubbish, I'm sure," suggested the young squire.

"Why, yes it would, but mightn't that be a sort o' trespassin'? Them are the manor woods, you see. The bit o' ground my hut is built on is nearer my own, leastways, as long as I'm at work here," Dick answered gloomily.

Just at this moment Tommy Tuckett passed on his return from the mines, carrying fresh layers of work for Mrs. Hilton's weary blue-stained fingers. Glancing furtively towards the miner, whose unwonted occupation had so frightened him, he was surprised to see his protector still there. "Just wait for another half-hour," Tommy heard him say. "I know the owner of the woods won't think it trespassing to lay poor Peter in their midst, and here's a little messenger I shall make use of," and as he said this he walked forward to Tommy, whose curiosity had impelled him to linger for a moment. "Do you know the way to the Towers, boy?" he asked, whereupon Tommy nodded silently, and Hugh despatched him to tell the gardener that the gentleman whom he saw this morning wished somebody sent at once to the spot with spade and a box of the size which had been sent from St. Oswald's yesterday.

Tommy was a nimble messenger, and shortly returned, accompanied by the astonished gardener carrying the articles sent for. Taking the spade in his hand, the squire dismissed him with a quiet "That will do, you may go."

Tommy's curiosity was considerably excited, having heard from the gardener that the gentleman was none other than the squire himself, about whom he had frequently heard his aunt discourse, and he now felt himself in possession of a valuable piece of news which might atone for his longer absence than usual.

"I think I should like to dig Peter's grave, if you will allow me," he overheard the squire say as he went, spade in hand, a few paces on till he came to a pleasant knoll where the grass grew short and green and mossy, and after a pause the miner followed carrying his dead.

Tommy could not hear what they said any more, so he grew tired of being a neglected spectator, and scampered away towards the village, feeling that his news this day would stand even his aunt Tuckett's searching investigation. In fact Tommy felt himself of such additional importance after his adventure, and was so shaken out of his habitual shyness and awe of his aunt's lodger, that when he deposited her pile of work on the parlour table, where Mrs. Hilton still sat at the old desk, on which a newly-finished letter lay, he became quite garrulous over the scene in the plantation. He was elated by the discovery that the lady lodger seemed after all to relish a little gossip quite as much as his more ejaculative aunt. Mrs. Hilton listened with such interest to his story that he was encouraged to repeat it with additional eloquence to his aunt, who administered tea and muffins as a reward for his being such an entertaining little boy.

But while Tommy was reaping the reward for his news in the snug little kitchen where the cat and the kettle made subdued melodies, and his aunt sat with her fat hands folded on her lap admiring her nephew's appetite, what was it that made Mrs. Tuckett's lodger pace restlessly up and down the little parlour, and pause at last in front of the old desk to take the closely-written sheets, which she had just finished, and after glancing at them for a moment, tear them in pieces and put them in the fire? She stood watching them as they shrivelled up in the glowing flames, and then turning to the roll of blue flannel which Tommy had brought from the mines, she recommenced her sewing with a meditative smile.

CHAPTER XI.—DICK HAYWARD'S WRONGS.

THE gardener at Hartleigh Towers sustained a considerable mental shock when he obeyed the summons conveyed by Tommy Tuckett, and followed him to the old wall of the plantation with spade and box. At first he had grave doubts as to the genuineness of the small messenger's commission, but after cross-questioning him with threatening severity, which almost scared poor Tommy into immediate flight, he felt that he could not venture to disregard the command, so he hurried to the spot.

Peter's mangled body was hidden among the long grass, but by the squire's side, in that lonely place, stood one of "them miner rascals," the gardener narrated to his wife on his return, and they together speculated

what Mr. Hartleigh could want with a spade and a box.

"It's like enough they'll be goin' to murder themselves both together wi' the spade," remarked Mrs. Jackson, as she paused in her stirring of the contents of a pot which she held on the fire, while there coursed through her mind recent police annals, the newspaper literature with which she was most familiar. "Would the box hold 'em both, Jackson?"

The gardener scratched his head meditatively; but certain physical impossibilities preventing his acceptance of this suggestion, he replied, "Dun'no about that. But sure enough he's gone clean mad like his father. If it wasn't that I'm my own master here, I'd look out for another situation. I ain't comfortable servin' of a madman."

While the gardener and his wife were thus discussing his conduct, Hugh Hartleigh was pouring some drops of balm into Dick Hayward's wounded heart by his kind thought for all that remained of Peter. When the turf was laid on the closed box, and the faithful dog hidden from his sight, the young miner turned to go back to his work.

There was a grateful light in his eyes as he muttered some shy words of thanks, but he did not seem inclined to prolong the interview, and Hugh, remembering his unwillingness to enter into conversation at all, did not venture to force him into further talk, though he would have liked to hear more about him and his surroundings. In spite of his forlorn and untidy appearance, he evidently belonged to the respectable class of miners, and his admiration for the village doctor showed that he was not, at all events, a confirmed evil-doer. It was evident, too, that like himself, he was ill at ease; his sorrow about the dog was, perhaps, the overflowing of some deeper source of trouble, Hugh thought, as he watched the retreating figure, resolving to seek him out next time he went to the mines.

Looking at his watch, Hugh saw that it still wanted an hour of the time when he had promised to meet his friend Captain Lake at dinner at the Hartleigh Arms; so he resolved to turn his steps in the direction of the reading-room, of which Dick Hayward had spoken. When he got into the stretch of common which lay between the village and the mines, he saw the square white building against the redding evening sky. It seemed closed and silent as he approached it, but, exploring a little, he saw what he supposed must be Caleb Bartlett's cottage at the further end of the reading-room. There were voices in the little garden.

As he walked round in search of the gate, he heard the old man who stood at the cottage door say in a pleading tone, "Now, Emma, girl, you'll be back again from the village afore the sun goes down. Don't ye linger, lass, take an old man's advice."

"Oh, but, daddy, only think of all the messages I have. I can't really be back before sunset. And you know you want me to run into Mrs. Tuckett's to get some news of Miss Margaret and them all," replied the girl in a bright coaxing tone as she came hurrying along the little garden walk just as Hugh was entering the gate.

"Here's somebody—a gentleman, daddy," she said, running back a step or two and speaking in a whisper, and then, with a dainty curtsey, she stood aside to let Hugh pass and hurried away. At another time Caleb's grand-daughter might have been curious to discover who the stranger was, and inclined to linger, but this evening there were more absorbing interests on foot, and she felt grateful to the gentleman for having appeared just at the right moment. "'Twill make the time pass quickly for daddy," she said to herself, as she stepped briskly along the path leading to the village.

But the old miner's thoughts and anxieties were not so quickly diverted as his grand-daughter imagined. He still stood at the cottage door shading his eyes with his hand as he looked after her with an anxious expression; and when Hugh inquired whether he kept the key of the reading-room and would allow him to look in, he prefaced his reply with a heavy sigh.

"Yes, sir, I be all that's left to take care of the place now. I don't properly open for another half-hour yet. You'll be a stranger, or you'd know that the bell begins a ringin' at the quarter," he replied, casting a scrutinizing glance from under his shaggy eyebrows on the young squire. The result of the inspection seemed favourable, for Caleb limped away for the key, evidently resolved to relax his rules for once. "Belike you'll be a stranger lodgin' at the village, and would like a book—and if you'll give me your word that you'll bring it safe back, you'll have one. There's a deal of readin' to pick and choose from, sir," he added, as he threw open the door with an air of pride, and glanced at the stranger to see

what impression the sudden display of his treasures had made.

It did make an impression, though not exactly of the kind which the old miner expected. The owner of Chadsthorpe glanced inquiringly round the large airy room with its many appliances for pleasant and profitable beguiling of leisure hours. The maps on the wall, the photographs with clear delicately written notes of explanation underneath, the geological collections, all told of kind and helpful thought on the part of this village doctor, who seemed for so long to have been doing his own neglected work.

The old man was busying himself throwing open the doors of the bookcases.

"There now, ain't that a goodly lot? They be all good to read, or the doctor wouldn't ha' placed 'em there; but it's my humble opinion, they're not all alike for profitin'. Here now is a wollum as should be in every man's hand and every woman's

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too, though it's not took out as it ought to be," said Caleb, handing him a copy of the "Pilgrim's Progress," after having lovingly rubbed its boards down his coat sleeve. The "Pilgrim's Progress" was Caleb Bartlett's prime favourite among his books. Dr. Carew had given him a copy years ago, and the book was still his daily reading, and it was his delight to see it carried away by any reader.

"Thank you; but I don't think I shall take a book to read to-day. I really only wished to see the inside of the reading-room. What a nice place it is!"

Caleb shook his head as he listened to the reply, and turned to replace the rejected favourite on the shelves. He seemed to regard the refusal of the book as a bad sign, and glanced suspiciously at Hugh, who walked about examining the photographs.

"Oh! by the way," he said, presently turning hastily round, "you know the young miner Hayward, I think. You are Caleb

Bartlett, are you not? He mentioned your name this afternoon, and told me you lived here."

The expression of disapproval which had been deepening on the old librarian's face now changed to one of the keenest interest. "Ah, that I do," he replied eagerly. "I knows Dick well, poor boy—or knowed him rather, maybe I should say, for he's been keepin' the common's length between him and me for the last three months and more. If I might make bold to ask, how did you chance to meet in with Dick? Been down the mine, perhaps?" And Caleb looked anxiously into Hugh Hartleigh's face, who began to narrate the sad fate of Dick Hayward's dog.

"Peter worried—dead! Peter gone too, did ye say? Poor Dick, things is goin' hard with him, sure enough," cried the old man, as he seated himself on one of the benches with a grieved face. After a moment's silence he looked up at the young 'squire and said, "Eh, sir, I thought you would be one o' the hardened sort when you said 'No' to the 'Progress;' but I see you've got a kind heart for the poor man's wrongs, and that's a good beginning for the Almighty to work on anyhow."

"Nobody could have helped being sorry for poor Hayward. He was dreadfully cut up about his old dog, and no wonder. But you say he has other troubles, and that's what struck me; but he wasn't communicative, and, being a stranger, I didn't want to look like as if I were prying into his private concerns. I was interested in the man, however, he seemed a very likeable fellow."

"That's what he is—a likeable fellow, though there be some silly folk as don't seem to think it." And Caleb glanced questioningly into Hugh's face, as if to measure his trustworthiness. "He was speakin' about me, ye say. What said he?"

"Oh! he merely happened to mention your name in connection with the reading-room," replied Hugh, in rather an absent tone as his eye travelled over the titles of some of the rows of books on the shelves.

"Well, well; 'tis three months since he has spoken a word to me or been to see me; and though I love him like my own son, I daren't send to ask what ails him at old Caleb."

"I could believe he had rather a sulky temper. It's certainly too bad of him to have left off coming to see you without any cause," replied Hugh.

"'Twould be doing Dick a big wrong, sir, if I was to let you run away wi' the notion that it was his temper as was in fault," said the old man with a quaver in his voice as he rose from the bench and fronted Hugh. "I must speak out, though it be agin my own flesh and blood. 'Tis a long tale, but this is the long and short of it: Dick and me has been great chums for a long while, an' he was true and steady to the old man as my very own son might ha' been. Emma and Dick;—that's her you saw as you came in—my dead son's daughter—Dick and her got friends, and as young folks will, took to love-makin', you know. An' when they come to me and asks leave to git married, you may think I made no hindrance, likin' Dick as I did. The weddin' was fixed for May, but Dick was fond and proud o' the girl, and he wanted to run up a better hut at the mines down there afore he took her. 'Twas just the day afore the doctor died that the cloud began to settle on Dick's face, and my Emma comes to me as light as a bird and says, 'It's all up between me and Dick, daddy, we've found out we didn't like each other after all.' But Dick's say about it I never got, for the lad won't come near me, and my old limbs won't carry me beyond the room now."

"Perhaps it's only a proverbial lovers' quarrel. They'll make friends again, and it will be all right," said Hugh, and then, glancing sympathizingly at the old man's troubled face, added, "I'm going to try to find Hayward again. I shall tell him you want to see him."

"'Twon't do no good, sir," he replied, shaking his head ruefully. "I soon found out the cause o' Dick's hurt feelin's, and Emma's speech. The girl's got another sweetheart, though I've never set eyes on him yet. Emma's dealt false wi' Dick. She ben't the kind to wash and wear no more than her mother was, an' I told Dick as much when he asked for her; but he was heady and wouldn't listen to an old man's word. And everything's gone wrong, you see, sir. The mining lads that comes to the room keeps a bringin' me ugly stories about Dick. Poor lad! It's no wonder, though, he gets a bit reckless, though, I'll warrant, they make him out worse than he is—and the master's away that would ha' helped us all. Eh, young man, ain't it strange—just to think o' a poor rotten shaft like me bein' spared, and a grand timber like him being broke down in a night's time. The Almighty do put folk into queer plights at times," and Caleb sat down on the bench again, and covered his face with his weather-beaten hands.

"It's very true, Bartlett. The Almighty does put us into queer plights, as you say—and leaves us in them too," replied Hugh, with a bitter little laugh. He had been standing with his hands in his pockets, listening to the old miner's story of his family troubles, but he now began to walk restlessly up and down the room.

Presently the old man raised his bowed head and looked anxiously at the stranger, saying, "Eh, sir, but that was a downright unbelievin' speech for an old pilgrim like me to make. Forget it, young man—and may God forgive it," he added reverently. "I surely might ha' known afore this time o' day that when He shuts us up into a corner, and says, 'Thee can't budge, old Caleb, be quiet and hold thy tongue,' then 'He knows what He's about, and is a leadin' of us by the right way, though we seem to be stickin' fair i' the mud.'"

"I fear I haven't such a distinct philosophy on these points as you seem to have, Bartlett," replied Hugh, shrugging his shoulders. "Your first remark suited me better, I must say. Dr. Carew must have really taken a great interest in this place," he said, stopping in his wanderings up and down to glance at a syllabus of readings and lectures, written in clear, small handwriting, which was fastened to the wall.

"Ay, that he did—and none knows it better than me," replied the old man, with a brightening face. "I mind well the day I saw him first, though 'tis twenty years agone. I was a restless, rollickin', reckless chap, and no mistake. The 'Coal and Iron' hadn't no better customer than me. But, though I say it myself, I was a good workman, and they knowed it. Rushworth and his crew would have been slow to turn me off, whatever row I made, as long's they got the work out o' me. So there was no check on me, and I was growin' just boastful wicked when the Almighty struck me down in the fever. The fever's always creepin' about down yonder, ye see, the whole place is so pestilent; but it had always passed by my diggin's before—and I was boastful strong as well as boastful wicked. The doctor was new then, and we hated him like we had a scoundrelly chap, Rushworth, that the owners of the mines brought from furrin parts, they say, and though I'm not a one for listenin' to all the tales I hears, there's no denyin' that the Hartleigh folks must be a downright heartless lot. They've neglected the place shameful," said Caleb in an indignant tone, not noticing how the listener winced and seemed about to say something, and then, evidently changing his mind, he began to pull out a book from the shelf, and asked, in a careless tone, "How came you then to change your opinion about Rushworth's successor?"

"Oh, sir, it wasn't long before I knowed in my heart that he was good—as different from Rushworth as darkness is from the blessed light o' day. True colours don't hide long, and I soon found out he was good, but that made me hate him all the more. 'I'm sickenin' for the fever, and no mistake,' says I to a mate, 'but just you take that gin-bottle and get it filled for me at the "Coal and Iron," and, whatever you do, don't let the doctor come within a mile of me.' Next thing I minds, maybe weeks after, when I seemed as if I was wakenin' from a bad night's sleep, and a pair o' hands gentle as a woman's, but strong like my own, was a tendin' of me. I seemed too sleepy-like to think who the hands belonged to, but the next time I wakes up, I feels as if somebody was pullin' me in pieces wi' roughness. 'Oh, Jim,' says I, ''tis a a shame to pitch about a chap so, when he's down.' 'Why, Bartlett, I'm a liftin' of you as gentle as though you was a baby—you must be content wi' me to-night, rough though I be. That poor doctor must have some sleep—he's been a waitin' on you for nights, till he's like to drop,' says Jim, and then I went off to sleep again. But the tender hands came once more, and this time I knowed whose they were. He made me love him in spite o' myself, he did, and 'twas because I saw he could care so for the likes o' me, that I first began to think that there was a God who knowed and cared too, not for one here and there, but for poor black chaps like us, as the doctor said. And then he read to me the story of the Prodigal Son, and such like. By the light o' my old lamp, when his daily rounds were finished,—the days were short then, for it was in the winter time,—he used to come and sit by me and read the Book. There was something new every day. I was just as if I'd found myself in a grand, rich mine, such as I've whiles dreamt about, where the bright ore shone so that you needed no lamps, and the precious things lay all strewn about for the pickin' up. 'Twas the doctor that took me into that mine, sir, and teached me to pick up its precious things," said the old miner, his wrinkled face glowing with the 'light which was never on sea or land' as he spoke.

The young squire gazed at him with dreamy surprise. For him, too, the hearing of such talk was like the first entrance into a new land whose horizon, instead of merging into grey levelness, stretched away into sunlighted hills. He did not speak for several minutes, and when he did so, it was to say abruptly, "You knew old Rushworth then. So did I." It was evident that Caleb must be one of the oldest residents on the mines, and probably knew many stories about Hartleigh Towers and its owners, and Hugh felt it would not be fair to extract further information without telling him that he was speaking to its present owner.

"And knowing Rushworth, I must allow that, like you, I found it difficult to believe that his friend and chosen successor, as I understood he was, could be so different."

"He warn't his friend, sir; you don't know the story nor anything of these parts, or you wouldn't say so," replied Caleb hotly.

"Well, you are right there. I don't know much about them—or too much, rather," answered Hugh with a bitter laugh, and then he revealed himself to Caleb, who, as soon as he took in the fact, glanced up at the tall figure with a look of keen interest, forgetting at the moment, fortunately, his recent unfavourable criticisms on the Hartleigh family, and said, "Wouldn't the master ha' been glad to see you here, sir! 'Tis what he longed for many a day that you would come to the post belongin' to you. Ay, ay, and so you're Squire Hartleigh as I've heard about since you were a small chap," he added, slowly and meditatively looking intently at Hugh with an admiring, gratified air. "But I must away to my post, sir," he said, presently. "'tis high time the bell was set a-ringin'."

Hugh felt that he was now dismissed. He would fain have prolonged this conversation a little longer; but the librarian's duties for the evening had evidently begun. As he was turning to go, however, he remembered that the old librarian was a likely person to know something about his first acquaintance in Chadsthorpe, whose words had certainly been a powerful influence in drawing him again towards the place which as yet had proved only an heirloom of misery.

Caleb paused for a moment to listen to his query, but in reply shook his head discouragingly, saying, "Most like she'll be one o' the tramp sort; they ben't the best sort o' women—you understand, sir—who gathers at the mines, as I often warns my Emma." Then the old librarian betook himself to his bell-ringing with renewed energy, to make up for lost time, and Hugh Hartleigh hurried away from the jangle, across the furzy bit of moorland lying between the reading-room and the old village. On his way to the Hartleigh Arms, where he was to meet his friend Captain Lake, he had to pass the window of Mrs. Tuckett's parlour, where the inmate was seated whom Caleb had just classified as belonging probably to the genus "tramp." Mrs. Tuckett's lodger was not so diligent as usual this evening. She was seated with folded hands, seemingly engaged in the twilight occupation of thinking. Catching a glimpse of the young squire's tall figure as he passed the little diamond-paned window, she started up, and hurriedly threw on her long cloak and bonnet, as if to go out; but after she had her hand on the latch, she seemed to hesitate, and with a sudden movement she turned back into the little parlour. Taking off her out-door things as hurriedly as she had donned them, and seating herself on the little hair-cloth sofa, she covered her face with her hands, while hot tears trickled down between her wearied fingers.

Hugh, meanwhile, all unheeding, sauntered on along the straggling village street. The landlord of the little inn stood on the steps looking up and down the street impatiently for his coming; for had he not ordered dinner an hour ago. The young squire passed him with preoccupied thoughts, quite unconscious of his being the object of the worthy host's agitation. Captain Lake, however, evidently did not intend to maintain such submissive silence on the subject of his friend's unpunctuality. "Come, now, Hartleigh, a hungry man's an angry man," he greeted him, starting up from his arm-chair and throwing down the newspaper he had been reading as Hugh walked leisurely into the dining-room. "Just three-quarters of an hour late," said he, confronting the young squire with his watch as Hugh glanced at his own, which happened to be mute, owing to his forgetfulness. "I declare I had my hand on the bell ten minutes ago to say I wouldn't wait a second longer, when the landlord popped in his head to tell me you were in sight. That poor man has got your dinner on his brain, Hartleigh. He was evidently terrified lest I should attack the roast before you put in an appearance. The fact is, it was to save his feelings, not yours, my dear fellow, that I didn't."

"I wish you hadn't waited, Lake. I really didn't know it was so late," replied Hugh

in a wearied tone, as he deposited his hat on one chair and threw himself into another. "Unfortunately I haven't the excuse of having been usefully employed either," he added with a bitter laugh. "Unless, indeed, you can call it useful employment having it dunned into my ears by every soul I come across that I've neglected my duty in life, as if I didn't know it too well already. You should have heard how an old miner spoke of us Hartleighs, Lake—a splendid old fellow he seems, too, and I must say I rather agree with his sentiments regarding myself and my race. I would like to make life a little more endurable for those poor fellows down in those wretched dens, though. I'll tell you what it is, Lake, instead of having the feeling of an independent man, I begin to feel like an escaped convict, in danger of being recaptured and built up in that prison-house yonder. I'm my own prisoner, you'll say; but I don't know that that makes it any the more comfortable," continued the young squire, as he began to walk up and down the parlour with a restless air.

Captain Lake stood on the rug, with his hands folded behind his back, taking full advantage of a blazing wood fire. On the smoky panel above the old chimney-piece there hung a coarse engraving of the squire's great-grandfather, the Hartleigh whom the villagers still called the "good squire." Captain Lake was surveying the living representative engaged in his restless pacing, with a perplexed expression in his shrewd face. Over his iron-grey head there had passed many a year, fraught with varied experiences of life. They had not been of a very ennobling character, either mentally or spiritually, consisting mainly in the exertions after material necessities which his social position required. The son of an officer who died early, he had to help rather than be helped by his widowed mother, and had lived on his pay since he was an ensign. It had been his duty to do so, and had been almost his sole ambition; yet the struggle had not made him either selfishly hardened or mean and grasping. No man was more popular in his regiment, or in any circle where he might happen to find himself. His unfailing good humour and *savoir faire* made him welcome everywhere. He did not choose bad men for his associates; neither was he, it must be admitted, uncomfortable in their society, as was Hugh Hartleigh when he chanced to find himself thrown into it. His maxim was pre-eminently "Live and let live," but not "help to live." He took a kindly and human-hearted interest in his fellows, and yet had a clear enough eye for their defects; the latter being disposed of by a shrug of his shoulders, as far as he was concerned, and a good-natured joke against anybody who seemed inclined to play the role of a regenerator of society. The darker problems of life were ignored by him; no standing grievance of humanity ever roused him to indignation; neither was he haunted by any feeling of noble discontent, such as he constantly perceived in his younger associate. "Having food and raiment, let us be therewith content," was the apostolic injunction which he seemed to value most, though hardly in an apostolic spirit. Although the chosen friend of many men of large fortune, he never sponged upon them, and never harboured a consciously envious spirit, though he confessed frequently that an ampler income was all that he needed to complete his happiness. That afternoon, as he wandered, gun in hand, among the stately Hartleigh woods, he frequently ejaculated to himself that his friend was indeed a "lucky fellow," nor could he help a momentary contrasting of his own narrow maintenance with such a rich inheritance, though his reflections did not silence the cheerful whistle with which he beguiled his way. But, now, he stood surveying with an air of puzzled pity the inheritor of that rich domain. He was accustomed to what he called "Hartleigh's morbid spectacles," but he never till now realised how deeply rooted was his dislike to his ancestral home, nor how real also was his recent struggle after following the dictates of his conscience regarding it.

"Upon my word, boy, I don't understand you!" he exclaimed in his cheery voice, putting his hand on Hugh's arm. "Your woods can testify that I was apostrophizing you as the luckiest dog imaginable, and here are you in the depths of despair because these woods happen to belong to you. I do believe it's your dinner you need, to make you view life in a less distorted aspect; and here it comes," said Captain Lake, seating himself at the table, and preparing to do the honours, for he was the prince of carvers. But amid all his jokes and laughter, he glanced from time to time rather anxiously on the wistful face of his younger companion, on whom the amenities of dinner had not the enlivening effect which he hoped. He was not sorry when the horses were announced as being in readiness for the return ride to St. Oswald's, and hoped that the livelier society of Hoskin's Club would chase

away the gloom with which he began to feel infected.

They were riding rather silently along the darkening high-road to St. Oswald's, when they came on two figures standing by the side of the path. "That is surely one of my men," said Captain Lake, turning his head to look back after they had trotted past the corner where the couple stood. "Yes, it's Blackwell. That fellow got leave for two days, and there he is, doubtless hoaxing some fair Chadsthorpe maiden. He's a perfect torment. I have already had two maidens all forlorn claiming him simultaneously as their sworn *fiancé*, while his wife is doubtless diligently performing his washings and darnings in some garret or other in the next town!"

"Why, that's the very man!" cried Hugh, in an energetic tone, having reined his horse and turned to look at the couple while Captain Lake was speaking. "And, I declare, that is the old librarian's granddaughter. Why, that accounts for everything. I really feel inclined to go back and tell the poor old man that I have found the missing link in the story of Dick Hayward's wrongs, of which I was beginning to tell you, Lake."

The figures were rapidly disappearing in another direction, evidently fearing they were recognised. Captain Lake glanced at his friend, forgetting his annoyance about the sergeant in his mystification as to the reason of his sudden accession of energy. "Why, you don't mean to say you think of riding back to Chadsthorpe to-night, Hartleigh? You are really too quixotic; come along, my dear fellow. Rely upon it, Blackwell's pranks shall not pass unreproved by me," he added, soothingly, for he dreaded the lengths to which this young enthusiast might go in interference with what seemed to him a trifle in comparison to the dulness which he should experience in riding on alone; so he proceeded to beguile the time by eliciting from the young squire the remainder of the episode concerning poor Peter, the details of which left Captain Lake more puzzled than ever as to the character of his friend, its capacities for depths of misery and heights of unselfish enthusiasm being both equally incomprehensible to the gallant captain.

CHAPTER XII.—A DAY'S SKATING AT THE ALDER POND.

"Covered all carking care,
With a robe of frost-work fair,
We are the creatures of joy to-day,
As free as the feathers that round us play,
The flakes of the crystal air."

It was the third week of December. The winter storm had set in early at St. Oswald's. The unwonted severity of the weather seemed, indeed, to be making a pause in the ordinary ongoings of the brisk little borough. The frosted shop-window panes concealed the wares within as effectually as the Sunday shutters. Vehicles crept along the snowy streets with muffled rustle, every now and then warned to carefulness by coming upon traces of the recent wreck of some unfortunate chariot. Disagreeable little red-cheeked boys, lurking in unexpected corners, flung snowballs with promiscuous aim, while the elderly foot passengers went slipping along the ice-ridged pavement with thoughts evidently centred in the probable peril of the next step. In the outlying country round St. Oswald's everything was folded in a thick spotless covering. The black bare boughs were sparkling with their freight of snow in the pale sunlight. No city smoke mingled with the keen frosty air, throwing a yellowing tinge over the placid pure white world which stretched all round a cluster of old-fashioned gables down in a hollow, which you could see from the high-road about four miles from St. Oswald's, well known to the townspeople as Alder Mills. The red brick walls mellowed by age, threw a warm tint into the chilly landscape, and the sounds from the farm-yard told that, though the great brown wheel was pausing in its labours, there was not complete stagnation. Facing the miller's house,—a square, comfortable-looking building, covered by a thick coat of ivy, which almost hid its red complexion,—there stretched the mill-pond, framed like a mirror by a belt of the low alders and pollarded willows, from which icicles were hanging now. It was in its present frozen condition that it formed the great attraction for the youth of St. Oswald's. On this frosty morning they were hurrying towards it in gay groups with skates in hand. The old miller stood on the bank watching the gathering company with a pleasantly hospitable air; fortunately, he looked upon it as complimentary to his pond that it should be the favourite resort of the townspeople. That pond had been to his fourscore years a sort of mirror of the progress of the arts and luxuries of modern society, and it was a subject on which he was fond of becoming autobiographical. Sometimes he would buttonhole a shivering listener to narrate what rough appliances had been extemporised for skating purposes in his young days, and how many feats they had performed with them. He had always something disparaging to say of the latest fashion in skates, though he

took the keenest interest in such. In fact, it would have been a decided breach of etiquette at the Alder Pond if a new pair of skates had not been duly exhibited to "old Alder," as they called him. There was another phase in modern skating on which he was wont to expatiate. "In my toime 'twas the lads that took to the ice, but now the lasses goes along wi' a swish and a whirl, like the topmost speed o' my old wheel there," he was saying now as he stood, with his thumbs stuck in his armholes, watching with evident admiration the skilful evolutions of a lady skater. Miss Louisa Morgan, for it was she, was always the winter heroine of the Alder Pond. Her figure never showed to more advantage that when she was skating, and her impassive face lighted up with a glow which gave to it the mobile attractiveness it generally lacked. It was she, in fact, who had popularised skating as a St. Oswald's feminine amusement. It was one of the topics on which she dwelt with enthusiasm, and during the present reign of frost she had shown her characteristic energy in arranging pleasant parties for expeditions to the old pond. The present one, for the first time, comprised Muriel Morgan, who had been before kept a prisoner on account of a cold, which had been carefully nursed by kind old Mrs. Morgan. Her uncle Richard had on the previous day carried an invitation to Frank Carew, asking him to join the skating party, which implied leave of absence from his easy principal. It was not the first time during the storm that Frank had exchanged his post in the office for an exhilarating day at the Alder Pond; but as old Mr. Morgan remarked, there would be a greater attraction to-day, now that Muriel was able to join the skaters.

During her imprisonment, Muriel had enjoyed hearing the chronicles of the doings at the Alder Pond, and looked forward with pleasure to her visit there. It was rather a disappointment when prudent Mrs. Morgan decided that she must be one of the close carriage party, owing to her recent cold. The waggonette seemed to contain the more buoyant portion, and, moreover, Frank was there. But Muriel's sweet nature was not in the habit of brooding over small personal disappointments; she presently set herself to endeavouring to make the time pass pleasantly to a couple of elderly ladies, cousins of Mrs. Morgan's, who were her companions. "Since you will ask Jane and Martha Glen, mamma, I'm positively reduced to the open carriage. I really can't stand their dulness," Louisa had said that morning, at breakfast, when arrangements were being discussed; but the Misses Glen did not strike Muriel as being so unendurable. Their pale, hard-featured faces wore rather a grave aspect for holiday making, to be sure, but she noticed that they lighted up with pleasure at the first glimpses of the white landscape sparkling in the brightening sunlight. They seemed to have a keen eye, moreover, for the smallest touches of beauty, and Muriel presently discovered, from the elder of the sisters, that their present holiday had a professional motive. "Martha, there, has been up half the night finishing her monthly magazine drawings, and now, you see, Miss Muriel, we're going to the old pond, where we haven't been since we were girls, to get some new ideas for our work," said Miss Glen, glancing through her spectacles at Muriel, who was, at the moment, admiring Miss Martha's placid grey eyes.

Many gay groups of skaters were already disporting themselves on the frozen pond when the party from Mulberry Park reached it. It made a pretty picture, with the cosy old red mill in the background, and the snow-laden trees keeping sentinel.

"Oh, Frank, how lovely everything does look!" exclaimed Muriel glowingly as he helped her out of the carriage.

"Yes, isn't it a jolly place for skating? I only wish I had known of its existence when we lived at Chadsthorpe. But come, I want to show you the Chadsthorpe hills, Muriel. Margaret charged me not to forget to point them out to you. You can get a good view of them from the bank here. I believe she actually regrets more having missed a sight of them, because of her cold, than she regrets missing the day's good skating," said Frank laughingly, as he led Muriel to the point from where she could best see the western horizon. Not even on a summer day could she have seen to greater advantage the encompassing hills of Frank's early home. The sunlight was glinting on the snow-topped ridges, and casting a rosy light on the long white undulating slopes from the foot of which the Hartleigh woods stretched. Muriel gazed in mute delight, and Frank was looking at her with kind loving eyes as he held her hand. The little clouds which had darkened the horizon for the few past days had vanished, and all seemed glad and bright.

"Oh, Frank, what a dear beautiful home

it must have been!" exclaimed Muriel, "I feel as if I had seen those hills before in some far-away happy life."

"Why, you are as enthusiastic as Margaret about our hills. It is rather nice to see the old fellows again, I allow; but, I confess to you, there was a period of my life when I almost hated them, when I thought my father wanted me to stay under their shadow all my life, and waste my life as he did," said Frank, shrugging his shoulders.

"No, Frank, we mustn't call it wasted. It seems to me one of the noblest lives I ever heard of. Promise me you will never call it wasted, or think of its having been so," replied Muriel in a timid pleading tone, as she glanced towards him with a wistful light in her blue eyes.

She was standing hand-in-hand with Frank, her face all aglow with happiness, when her cousin Louisa swept past them, already on the ice, and evidently in the full spirit of the pastime, looking her very best, the soft dark winter dress which she wore lighted up with some becoming masses of bright scarlet.

"Why, Muriel, have you actually not got on your skates yet?" she cried as she wheeled round with a graceful curve, and stood facing them. "It's really too bad to waste so much of this precious day. Old Alder says it will be the last safe one. Come, Mr. Carew," she said, turning to Frank in a familiar tone, "you are really not doing your duty by my fair cousin; you ought to be gallantly fastening on her skates," she added, glancing laughingly at Frank, who slipped his hand away from Muriel's with an embarrassed air.

"Oh! cousin Louisa, he has been pointing out the Chadsthorpe hills to me. I didn't even know you could see them from here. I'm so glad I came!" cried Muriel, turning her happy face towards her cousin.

"Dear me, Muriel, I had no idea you were so sentimental as to prefer hill-gazing to skating. Are you equally enamoured of the hills, Mr. Carew?" said Louisa in a bantering tone, turning her dark eyes full on Frank.

"No, indeed. I have just been telling Muriel that I have often wished them far away, or myself far from them rather. I leave their worship to Margaret; I tell her they are her divinities."

Then Frank and Louisa laughed together, and the latter shrugged her shoulders, saying, "Well, *chacun à son goût*," as she sped on her way, straight as an arrow, across the frozen pond.

"Doesn't she skate well?" exclaimed Frank admiringly as he watched her; and the same sentiment was being inwardly ejaculated by Mr. Thomas Belton, who at that moment stood on the opposite bank buckling on his skates.

"Here are my skates, Frank," said Muriel, unrolling the brown-paper parcel in which Mrs. Morgan had carefully wrapped her present. "Wasn't it kind of aunt Morgan to think of it? But what in the world I am to do with them, I don't know," laughed Muriel merrily.

"Why, spin along like your cousin, to be sure," said Frank. "Very pretty skates they are too. Look how smart they look beside my poor old fellows."

"Ah, but your's have seen some service, like Louisa's," Muriel replied, with a little sigh, as she thought of the many free glad-some days of which the worn skates told the tale.

After some manipulation and a few hints from old Alder, who happened to be standing by, Muriel stood in her skates, feeling more like a victim in shackles than arrayed for sport.

"Come along now, and let us have a little run," said Frank, encouragingly taking hold of her hand; but Muriel was timid, and her very anxiety to succeed seemed to make her more nervous. After a few unsuccessful attempts at progression, she begged to be allowed to go back to the snowy bank, while Frank kept assuring her that it was the easiest thing in the world if she would only strike out; and old Alder stood shouting warnings and encouragements from the bank.

"Bless her winsome face, she's the flower o' the company, to my mind, and would skiff along as well as any o' them, if she weren't as frightened as a bird," he soliloquised, as he slowly patrolled the bank, taking in the scene with eyes clear and shrewd, though they seemed half-smothered by dusty shaggy eyebrows.

So poor Muriel made another attempt, but with a more trying sense of failure than ever, for her cousin Louisa happened to be passing swiftly with an equally accomplished lady friend, and they could not resist a laugh at the halting progress which she was making.

"It's no use trying, Frank. I shan't ever be able to go on. I'm only keeping you from getting any good of your day's skating. Do let me go back to the bank again. I shall enjoy watching you ever so much more than this," said Muriel pleadingly, for she

saw an inclination in Frank's eye to accede to her request.

"Well, if you're determined, but I really don't see any reason why you shouldn't learn to skate as well as other people, Muriel," replied Frank, in a slightly irritated tone. "Then am I really to take off your skates?" he asked, as they reached the bank.

"Ah, missy, but I think you've give in too soon," said the old miller, shaking his head. "Why, if I had been a young chap, I'd have tried to eddicate you a bit longer on the ice," he added, with a humorous glance at Frank.

"But you see, Alder, she doesn't want to be educated. Isn't it a pity, with such a nice pair of skates too?" replied Frank, as he held up the skates for the old miller's inspection.

"Oh, it feels quite delightful to be able to stand again," exclaimed Muriel, with a relieved air. "Now, Frank, do go and enjoy yourself. I do so want to see you whirling along like the others—do go," she pleaded, looking up at him with a smiling face, though her heart was a little sad.

Frank was soon on the ice, going along at his best pace, with his tall lithe figure showing to advantage. The blue eyes watched him admiringly, but there was a gleam of sadness in them now. How hard it was that she should not be able to please him even in a little thing like this, she kept saying to herself with an aching heart.

Since she had been a guest at Mulberry Park there had indeed been a series of such failures. She had sung false notes in the songs she knew best, and had broken down utterly more than once in playing Frank's accompaniments. And when he had once taken a half-holiday to ride with her, she grew so timid when the horses were brought round that she begged her cousin to take her place, which she seemed to do with great amiability.

Margaret only laughed gaily when she recounted and mourned over these shortcomings to her, and even Frank had called her "a dear little goose" when his momentary irritation passed away. Yet Muriel felt conscious that her awkwardnesses and failures disconcerted him. An impartial onlooker might possibly have decided that they occasionally disconcerted him in a quite unfair and excessive degree. But, in Muriel's heart, there was no such shadow of blame; she felt full of penitence now at the thought that in so many things she evidently came short of his ideal—and when he had been obliged to give up so much for her too. Her cousin Louisa was right. It was too great a sacrifice to have been asked to make, and yet, if love could make up for it, how she loved him, she thought as she watched him flitting gaily about among the skaters.

"Now he has joined Louisa. How handsome she is looking to-day! And there is Mr. Belton going up to them," soliloquised Muriel, as she surveyed the scene with increasing interest.

Mrs. Morgan had confided to her that Mr. Belton was one of Louisa's "admirers," and "that" would likely be settled before long. But why does Louisa turn her back upon him? Muriel wonders. He has evidently left a group of ladies, who were talking to him, that he might join her; but there she is hurrying off in the opposite direction. Sometime, perhaps, she would summon up courage to talk to Louisa about this matter, Muriel decided, but though her cousin had certainly been more amiable than of old during this visit, she had by no means got over her dread of her. There is Mr. Belton joining her again with an awkward plunge, as he slackens his speed. Frank does not like Mr. Belton, Muriel remembers, so, perhaps, that is the reason they are going to part company so soon, for there they go off again through the buoyant air, and Mr. Belton stands lighting his pipe in the shade of one of the alder bushes.

Presently, however, Muriel began to feel that to be merely an onlooker was rather a cold part to play on such a frosty day, and she betook herself to rambling a little. After she had made a solitary circuit of the pond, she came upon her travelling companions, the Misses Glen. Miss Martha was leaning against a tree, making a rapid sketch of the winter scene. She had sketched Mr. Belton in the act of lighting his pipe, and there was Frank and Louisa quite recognisable. Miss Glen was evidently gratified at Muriel's delight over her sister's work, and discovering that she had relinquished the idea of skating, claimed her as an available companion for a walk, in which Miss Martha promised to join them when she had got enough variety into her picture. They went off in the Chadsthorpe direction, both agreeing that to face the snow-capped hills would make the pleasantest walk.

"But I don't half approve of your bestowing yourself on two old maids like us," said Miss Martha, looking with her clear, grey eyes into Muriel's face, as she joined them.

"Yes, that's what I've been telling her—and especially when there's such an interesting person on the ice," added Miss Glen.

Muriel blushed as she said gaily, "But supposing I would happen to be only a clog to him at this moment! Frank couldn't succeed in even getting me to stand in my skates, though he tried ever so hard, and at last I begged to be taken to the bank again. I'm afraid the old miller thought me a great coward."

"I should have imagined that walking, not skating, would have then suddenly become the most delightful thing in the world to Mr. Carew," remarked Miss Martha in a sharp tone, which made her elder sister glance at her through her spectacles with mild surprise.

"Oh, but he's so fond of skating, and I'm so glad he's getting some. He has not many holidays," replied Muriel simply.

"Why, it strikes me he has had a very fair amount of holidays, lately. I heard somebody saying he had been four times at the pond since the frost set in," said Miss Martha, again in an annoyed tone of voice which disturbed her sister, who decided that Martha must have caught a chill.

"Oh, yes, Louisa has been here four times too. But this is my first visit, because I've had a cold. I must say, I think it is much nicer walking here than struggling to keep one's feet on the ice," said Muriel, able to laugh now at the recollection of her failure, as they walked along the crisp high-road where the little morsels of ice cracked pleasantly under their feet, and the scent of burning firewood came with fragrant whiffs from the little wayside cottages. Miss Martha took advantage of a wall sheltering her from the keen north wind to make a rapid sketch of the beautiful contour of the Chadsthorpe hills. "Go on, and I'll follow, Jane," she said, "I just want to take in that belt of wood sloping from the hill. And there is a delightful turret, too, among the trees. I must get that."

"Why, Martha, child, what eyes you do have!" said Miss Glen, aged forty-two to her sister of forty, as she glanced with admiring fondness through her spectacles towards her younger sister, who in some decisive touches was securing for future uses the lichened turret of Hartleigh Towers. Muriel watched the sisters with wistful interest. How brave and clever they seemed, and what a useless little thing she was, she thought with a sigh. If only she had some such art as Miss Martha's, how she should surreptitiously be able to help Betty Skinner in eking out the slender household resources, and how she could then fill her basket with all the nice things she wanted when she went to see Tony's mother, or any other of her needy friends; but it seemed as if she had only the capacity for feeling vexed and helpless. She was reflecting thus when she caught Miss Martha looking at her with a pitying light in her grey eyes. But Miss Martha did not happen to be exactly following Muriel's train of thought, neither was she scanning the sweet young face, that she might store it in her memory and sketch-book like the grey turret for future artistic uses; for Miss Martha had a tender heart as well as an artistic eye, and she was thinking that there might be sorrow in store for this fair trustful young creature.

They had now turned their back on the Chadsthorpe hills, and set out again for the pond. Miss Glen was the most talkative of the trio, but Muriel also was encouraged to give the sisters some simple annals of her own life at Ingrave Square, telling how kind and faithful Betty Skinner was, what miraculous escapes her canary Jack had from the claws of prowling cats, and how her poor grandfather worked so hard, and took so little pleasure of any kind, never having had a single holiday since she could remember, and appealing to them if it wasn't good of him to let her go away for so long, blushingly acknowledging that her engagement to Frank Carew was the reason of her present visit to St. Oswald's, when rather clumsily challenged by Miss Glen on the point.

"Well, my dear, I hope you will have a very happy holiday. It is an eventful one, certainly," said Miss Martha, her grey eyes beaming with kindness as she looked at the girl.

Presently they reached the pond, and began to look about for any members of their party as they stood on the bank. The number of skaters had increased now, and there were several young ladies besides Miss Morgan distinguishable by their scarlet facings. It was she, however, who first discovered the returned pedestrians. "Oh, here you are, Muriel, and you, Jane, and Martha. We've been looking for you everywhere. I really began to get frightened about you, but Mr. Carew said he was sure you had gone off in the Chadsthorpe direction, and that made me only the more alarmed, for I thought you might go on till you reached those dreadful Hartleigh mines one hears about."

"Ah, you see, Miss Morgan, I was right. Muriel did go in the Chadsthorpe direction," said Frank, who had been hearing from

Muriel what a pleasant walk they had, and now turned brightly to his companion skaters.

"Well, I shall take care not to speculate with Mr. Carew about your possible ongoings in future, Muriel," replied Louisa, laughing gaily.

Muriel joined in her cousin's laugh, but the Misses Glen stood mute and grave.

"Come, you must all be dying of hunger," went on Louisa, in her most good-humoured tone. "We've had our lunch, you know; after a long search after you, we thought it best to proceed. But we have left a little for you, haven't we, Mr. Carew?" she added, laughingly, as she led the way to a corner of the frozen pond, where a little kettle, with a spirit lamp, was in readiness for mulled claret, and other dainties were here being guarded by Miss Morgan's maid. The Miss Glens seated themselves on the little bench which the miller had erected for his visitors. They seemed to enjoy their rations of cold chicken and sandwiches; but Muriel appeared hardly to have recovered her appetite since her cold, and was rather fussily teased by her cousin about her disinclination to eat. Two of Louisa's lady acquaintances had joined them, and much talk and apparent merriment was going on in the little encampment on the ice, with its kettle, camp stools, and warm wraps, when Mr. Tom Belton came swiftly skating up to it, and saying in his decisive voice, as he laid his hand on Frank's shoulders, "Look here, Carew, I want to speak to you for a minute." Frank followed him a few paces, but returned in a moment with an impatient gesture, saying, "Nonsense, Belton. If one were to believe all old Alder's croakings, nobody would venture on the ice at all."

Tom Belton glanced hesitatingly towards the other members of the group, and seemed about to speak again, when Miss Fanny Bounce, Louisa's friend, jumped up with an hysterical air, crying, "Oh, what is it? I believe something dreadful is going to happen. You will surely not deceive us, Mr. Belton?"

"There, now, stupid fellow that he is; he has spoilt the afternoon by his meddlesome interfering," muttered Frank to Louisa, by whose side he happened to be standing; but the whisper was loud enough to reach Mr. Belton's ear, who glanced round with a flush of indignation in his honest brown eyes, as Frank said lightly, "Pray, Miss Bounce, finish your lunch in peace. I assure you there isn't danger of any kind pending." But poor Miss Bounce's nerves would not be thus soothed, and she continued to stand with clasped hands and entreating eyes, gazing at the young architect, as she repeated, "You will surely not deceive us, Mr. Belton?"

"It is because I didn't want you to be deceived about the state of the ice that I crossed the pond now, Miss Bounce," replied Belton, in a grave voice, glancing earnestly at Louisa as he wheeled round. "Old Alder says it is unsafe in some places, and from sundry symptoms I think he is right. So, ladies, since you are so conveniently near the bank, I think you'd better step quietly on *terra firma*."

"Oh, dear, dear, Louisa—Emma—come, let's go," shrieked Miss Bounce, as she proceeded with more haste than dignity to scramble up the bank. Louisa burst forth into a little gurgling laugh, as she watched her, and went on sipping some warm claret, while Mr. Belton, with a vexed air, moved slowly away.

"Surely no person of sense will stop a minute longer on the pond," said Miss Glen from the bank, in a decided tone, raising her eye-glass to take statistics of how many persons answered to that definition. Muriel had been looking with white mute lips and appealing eyes at Frank, as she listened to Mr. Belton's warning. "You surely will not skate again. Oh, please don't, Frank," she said, with a ring of terror in her tone.

"Why, Muriel, are you really frightened too? I couldn't have believed it of you," replied Frank with a laugh. "Don't you see with your own eyes that the ice is safe enough? It strikes me all this is a panic got up by old Alder and Mr. Belton to cheat us out of our holiday. I know I'm not going to be done out of mine for any such nonsense," he added, preparing to go on again.

"It really seems quite a storm in a teapot. Of course I don't mean to leave off either," said Louisa, stooping down to tighten her skate. "Why there you see example is better than precept. Tom Belton himself has not left the ice yet, after being so uncomfortably sensational," she said, with a curl of her thin lips as she passed her eye across the pond, which was certainly thinning now, but where Tom Belton's broad shoulders and lounging effortless gait on the ice were distinctly visible.

"Come, Muriel," she added, gaily glancing into her cousin's anxious face as she prepared to go. "Won't you be persuaded to don your skates and give it another

trial? Believe me, there is no danger, I know the place well."

"I! oh no, no," stammered Muriel. "I couldn't get along in the morning, and I should be ever so much more frightened now."

Frank did not second the invitation, but Miss Martha, after a moment's pause, said in an adventurous tone, "My dear, wouldn't you go on for a little with Mr. Carew's help? It will be quite safe in the middle for an hour or two yet, I should think."

"Martha, are you mad?" burst forth Miss Glen with uplifted hands. "After Mr. Belton coming on purpose to warn everybody off. And danger there is, for that's a fresh wind, if I've got any feeling left in me. You've lost your judgment, Martha, I'm ashamed of you," she added, glancing admonishingly at her younger sister.

"Well, I daresay my advice was foolish, but never mind, Jane, you see Miss Muriel's not going to take it," replied Martha.

"I should hope she has more sense," replied Miss Glen dryly, not having yet been able to forgive her sister for her rash suggestion. "For my part, I'm not going to stay to witness such a tempting of Providence on any body's part," she added, rising. "Come, Miss Muriel, dear, let us go for a little walk. I think you said you wanted to get a bit of the mill, Martha. I should think now was your time."

"I think I'd like rather to stay and watch the remaining skaters. It's a pretty scene in this misty light that has crept over everything. Perhaps you will kindly go with my sister. It will be better for your cold, too, than standing about here, my dear," added Miss Martha, glancing at Muriel's pale face.

"Oh, yes, I should like to go with Miss Glen. But you don't think there is really any danger, then, Miss Martha?" said Muriel, looking appealingly at her new friend as she walked away.

"Well, I fancy that for an hour or two they will be safe enough. A good many of them seem to think so, evidently," replied Miss Martha, glancing at the rapidly moving figures on the ice. "As Louisa says, Mr. Belton seems to have given warning without example, for there he is still with those fine broad shoulders of his. To my mind, he is by far the handsomest man on the pond."

Muriel could hardly be expected to agree with this sentiment, and her gentle blue eyes travelled proudly towards her own hero, who was at the moment performing some new and wonderful evolution which her cousin was teaching him; and then she went off, though still with an anxious heart, to join Miss Glen in her stroll round the old mill precincts. Miss Martha had not sat at her post of observation long when she noticed all the remaining skaters hurrying to one spot, which seemed suddenly to have become the centre of interest. "An accident, I verily believe. Dear, how thankful I am that sweet child didn't take my advice! No wonder Jane thought me mad, but I felt goaded on to it. Where are that couple, I wonder? I don't suppose anything's happened to them; such opportune judgments don't generally occur," soliloquised Miss Martha, with a vindictiveness which was rare to her, as she hurried along the bank, where the snow was melting fast. "Anybody fallen in there?" she cried, to a panting little boy, who was scrambling up the bank. "Yes, yes; Miss Morgan, from Mulberry Park, has got under the ice, and that gentleman—don't know his name—who's been skating with her all day, is trying to get her out. They'll both be drowned, they say — haven't a chance," finished up the boy, as he leisurely unfastened his skates.

Miss Martha's placid face was blanched as she hurried to the spot. The first face she saw confirmed her worst fears, by looking more grief-stricken than her own. Mr. Belton did not seem to hear her eager questions, so absorbed was he in gazing at the spot where a little crowd still persisted in surrounding, in spite of the shouting endeavours on all sides to warn them off, for fear of widening the disaster. "I can do nothing—nothing. I must trust it all to him—and the fellow has no business!" she heard him mutter hoarsely, as he turned away. But the next moment a joyful cry resounded through the air: "They're both safe—hurrah!—make way—here they are!" and then Miss Martha saw Frank Carew climbing up the bank with the unconscious Louisa in his arms, pale, dripping, and dishevelled. "Stand aside, and let me pass," he cried, panting excitedly as the skaters thronged about; "I must take her to the mill. Will somebody run on and tell them to get everything ready? She spoke when I got her out, but she has fainted now."

Tom Belton stood with his folded arms, gazing at the pair for a moment, and the blood came back to his blanched face. But after a glance at Louisa's pale face, with its dark, drooping eyelashes closed and still, he

strode rapidly off towards the miller's dwelling, remembering that it would require skilful management to persuade old Alder to give the needed supplies, after his warnings had been so contemptuously disregarded.

Frank, meanwhile, hurried on, helping to carry Louisa to the mill. One or two of the people followed the group for a little, but the sensation was over now, and they soon dropped behind, all except Miss Martha Glen. She had tried to speak and proffer some help as Frank was leaving the bank, but he had been too much absorbed to notice that she was one of the party from Mulberry Park. How well it was that poor little Muriel had been saved this fright!" she said to herself, as she hurried up with a bottle of eau de cologne which she had just discovered in her sketching reticule. Frank had stopped, and just as Miss Martha was at his elbow, going to speak, she overheard him say in a low passionate tone, "Louisa, dearest Louisa, thank God, you are safe." Miss Martha saw, too, that the long lashes had opened, though they languidly closed again after a moment. She instantly dropped behind again, her former indignation returning in full force. Why should that sweet girl's lover speak such words to Louisa Morgan? To be sure, he could hardly have left her to drown, and somebody was required to carry her to a place of safety; but why should he be so deluded as to treat with tenderness that cold-hearted girl who evidently, for some purpose of her own, had been flattering him throughout the day, soliloquised Miss Martha, with growing indignation, feeling inclined to confront them there and then with her opinion of their conduct; but deciding that it was neither the time nor place, she lingered still farther behind.

Tom Belton stood waiting for their coming, having prepared the miller's wife to welcome Louisa. She stood at the door remarking to her husband that he had "allus an unforgivin' speerit," and to think of his setting "hisself against the unfortnit young leddy who had got such a drenchin' warn't pretty at all."

Miss Martha, seeing that Frank and Louisa were likely to receive a due amount of attention, hurried off in search of her sister and Muriel, fearing that she might, meanwhile, have heard some unnecessarily alarming accounts of the recent catastrophe. After a vain search round the many gables of the old buildings, she saw them standing at the little gate which fronted the miller's house. They had evidently heard the news, for Mr. Belton was leaning on the gate talking to them.

"Well, now, Martha child, I hope you're convinced of your folly. Where might we all have been if we had taken your advice?" was Miss Glen's greeting.

"Yes, but, Jane, remember, I didn't advise either you or Mr. Belton to go on the shaky ice. It was only this child here, and she will forgive a foolish old woman, I know. I didn't wish to see you drowned, at any rate."

"Oh hush, Martha, how can you speak so frivolously? Think what has happened. Mr. Belton has just been telling us of Mr. Carew's heroic conduct," said Miss Glen, while her sister felt inclined to apply an adjective of different signification to the conduct of the young gentleman in question.

"Here he is," exclaimed Muriel, watching him with a glad light in her eyes as he came out of the miller's house. Going forward to meet him, she laid her hand on his arm, saying tremulously, "Oh, Frank, I'm so glad—so proud of you! Mr. Belton has just been telling us how bravely you saved Louisa—poor dear cousin Louisa. It was splendid, Frank," she whispered, with tears in her eyes, as she looked into his face.

"There was nothing 'splendid' about it, Muriel, I assure you. It was the most commonplace action in the world. I simply happened to be the nearest person to Miss Morgan at the time," replied Frank, with an uneasy laugh, glancing after Tom Belton, who was lounging away with his hands in his pockets.

"It was a noble act, Mr. Carew—simply heroic, I call it," said Miss Glen in a rhetorical tone, as she came forward with a gracious bow. Miss Martha said nothing. But Frank did not notice the omission, nor did he know that her placid grey eyes were resting on him with more disapproval than they generally did on her fellow-humans.

The carriage had been despatched to Mulberry Park for dry garments for Miss Morgan, who presently emerged from the cosy warmth of the miller's kitchen, looking more blooming and triumphant than before the accident, and arrayed with due care and becomingness. She naturally took the place of the heroine of the day. Muriel was the first to throw loving arms about her in thankful happiness; Miss Glen made one of her most congratulatory speeches; and there was quite an admiring circle round her as she stepped into the carriage.

Miss Martha drove home in the open waggonette, without appearing to have developed the incipient cold feared by her sister. But that night, as Miss Glen was dropping off to sleep by her sister's side, whom she supposed already to be in deep slumbers, she was shocked and alarmed to overhear her express herself in the following mysterious words, "Oh the false, fickle, faithless young scamp that he is!" and Miss Martha, with a convulsive sob, buried her face among her pillows.

Miss Glen's heart paused in its beatings. What was this? Was it possible that the sister of her bosom had been concealing any such blighted attachment from her, and how could this love affair have come about, which evidently had ended unhappily, as was only just after such wicked concealment on Martha's part? Where could she have met him—'the scamp'—wondered Miss Glen restlessly. It is true, she remembered that Martha liked taking a morning walk by herself, and also that she always did want to go to the post-office when anything had to be sent off by the last post, on the ground of wishing to save the tired servantmaid. Miss Glen passed a sleepless night.

BOHEMIA, PAST AND PRESENT.

SECOND PAPER.

OF all the old streets of Prague, the Grosse Ring, or public square of the city, is far the most interesting historically. The Teinkirche, as we have seen, stands in it, recalling the days of the Hussites and their heroic Christian spirit. The Rathhaus, or town-hall, is on the opposite side, a modern Gothic building, but occupying the site of an older one, of which some parts, dating from the fifteenth century, yet remain. It was in front of this house that, at five o'clock on a Monday morning, on the 21st of June, 1621, the heads were struck off twenty-seven of the Protestant leaders of Bohemia, most of them nobles. The Protestants, who formed at the time a great part of the population of Bohemia, had been induced to take arms against Ferdinand of Tyrol, a bigoted Roman Catholic, the next in succession to the throne, and to elect a Reformed prince, Frederic of the Palatinate, in his stead. The movement seems to have been a very disastrous one; the Protestants were utterly defeated by the other party in the battle of the Weisse Berg, a hill situated a little to the west of Prague. Then came the day of vengeance in all its horrors. Ferdinand vowed that he would extirpate heresy, and he spared no possible method of fulfilling his vow. The execution of the nobles was but the first step of the process. Standing in the Grosse Ring, one could fancy the bright morning sun gleaming on the uplifted axe as noble after noble bent on the scaffold. The worthy men had spent the night in prayer and mutual exhortation, and from Psalm lxxxvi. 17 had made it a special request that God would show them a token for good—an evidence that they had not displeased Him; and to their great joy, as the sun appeared above the horizon, a rare and beautiful bow was seen surrounding his form; some fell on their knees, some clapped their hands, some shouted for joy; one bidding them think of Noah's rainbow, another of the rainbow in the Apocalypse round the throne, sure token of the royal character of their Master, and the certainty of His coming one day to judge quick and dead. One could fancy the feelings of relatives and friends, drawn by a dismal fascination to the spot, and the excitement of the crowd, prevented by drums and trumpets from hearing anything, and restrained by the soldiers from interfering with a tragedy that tore their very hearts. The only circumstance that had any affinity to the brightness of the midsummer morning and the iris that had risen with the sun, was the noble bearing of the victims, and their spirit of calm resignation and holy hope. After the execution their heads were carried to the neighbouring bridge, the Carls-brücke, and continued for ten years to be exhibited there on the gallery of the Altstadt Tower. All over Bohemia every effort was made to stamp out the Protestant cause. Commissioners of Reformation, as it was called, were appointed. Nobles were banished, and Protestant ministers, and thousands of the best of the people; and as often as it appeared that still the cause survived, new measures of coercion were resorted to. Priests and dragoons scoured the country. The population was fearfully reduced. All Protestant worship was interdicted, and Protestant opinions, however secretly cherished, visited with fire and sword. The history is one of the most

terrible records of persecution. And all this went on, more or less, from 1621 to 1781, when a more tolerant monarch filled the Bohemian throne, and after a century and a half of persecution, Protestants were allowed to breathe.

And has there never been any sign of the divine displeasure? Perhaps the question is best answered on the plain of Sadowa. The expatriated thousands were among the best citizens of the country; most of them settled in Saxony. Even to this day many of the best scholars in Saxony trace their pedigree to the Bohemians. For two centuries worship continued to be maintained for their benefit in the Czeckian language. Some of the emigrants carried their skill and their worth to the rising duchy of Brandenburg, and furnished some of its best blood to the young Prussian kingdom. And there came a day when an army containing, no doubt, some of their descendants, mustered around Königgratz, in Bohemia, facing the troops of the Empire which had driven their forefathers from the country. And, without any supernatural interference, the skill and force, and even the mechanical superiority, of the Protestant nation put to flight the Catholic host.

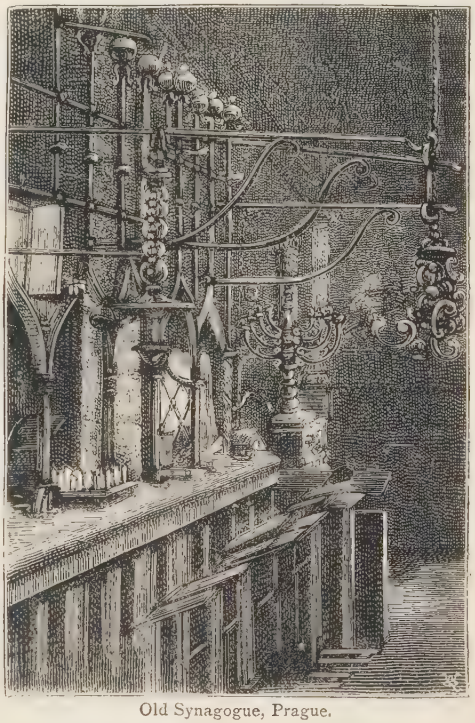
I was unable to perceive anything striking about the battlefield of Sadowa. A wide stretch of level fields and woods presented to the uninitiated eye a mere general picture of a fertile agricultural district, perhaps on that very account the better suited for a battlefield. But one could not help thinking of the needle-guns, and fancying the incessant puffs of smoke rising with such miraculous rapidity from the Prussian regiments; and one seemed to see the Austrians retreating in consternation, as if a supernatural power had been loading the rifles of their foes. We suppose that never on a battlefield was there anything that had so much the look and the effect of a miraculous force. We do not need to speculate on the hidden purposes of Providence, and yet we may be very sure that had Austria not crushed and persecuted her Protestant subjects, such a calamity and such a humiliation would never have befallen her. Another thing is equally certain; after Sadowa the Protestant interest began to lift up its head, and a measure of liberty, civil and ecclesiastical, hitherto unknown, was enjoyed all over the Austrian Empire.

There are older buildings in Prague than the Rathhaus tower or the Carls-brücke. There is a Jewish synagogue, which is said by some to have been founded by refugees who came straight to Prague from the destruction of Jerusalem. That, we fancy, may be coupled with a legend that claims part of a silver candelabra in the cathedral as having belonged to the temple of Solomon; but it is probable enough that the synagogue dates, or at least a part of it, from the sixth or seventh century. It is said to be the oldest synagogue in Europe. Some five or six centuries ago the building was raised in height, and the upper part may, therefore, be said to be modern. We do not know if it be for the purpose of giving all possible antiquity to the appearance of the building that the walls and ceiling are never cleaned, but appear begrimed with the smoke and dust of ages. But one day a sanitary agent came to the doors, not commissioned by the Government, rushed in unceremoniously, and did his work, at least to a certain extent, without any one being able to stop him. The river overflowed, and, filling the synagogue to the height of several feet, left a belt of white wall up to the point it had reached. Our attention was drawn to this by an old Jew who acted as our guide, and having got a smattering of English made it do all the service it could. The old fellow was evidently an economist, as sparing of words as most of his countrymen of coins. Verbs and conjunctions were superfluities which he scorned. He gave me a lesson in what way one may most effectively use a foreign tongue, of which one possesses but a limited stock of words and idioms. "De oldest synagogue in world. Part old, part new. Old below, new above. New black, smoke candles. Old white, overflow river. In dis synagogue no music, no organ, no sermon, only prayer. Oder synagogues, women gallery; here women *dere*," accompanying the last remark with a significant motion of his head toward a small grating or window communicating with some porch or passage, the only place assigned to women in the synagogue. The roll of the law in the sanctuary of the synagogue is said to be six hundred years old. One could not but remark that the candles, which were in great numbers round the synagogue, were all cut to short lengths. The explanation was somewhat grotesque. It appears that to extinguish a light on the Sabbath is counted a desecration of the day of rest. The candles, therefore, are cut of such length as to burn themselves out about the end of the service. Being lit before sunset on Friday evening, there is no desecration committed then. How like the old way—like the tithing of mint, and anise, and cummin; only in the treat-

ment of the candles there is a hint of humour —at least to the common mind.

The Jews, it is well known, wear their hats during worship. Probably, like other things which concern the senses only, one might get used to this practice, and not count it irreverent. I cannot say, however, that any time that I have been in a Jewish synagogue there were any of those deeper signs of reverence among the men which might counteract the impression made by the wearing of their hats. I could not see that their hearts were in their worship. The force of nationality seems to have an amazing power even in matters for which they have little heart.

The old Jewish cemetery is another singular relic of the past. It has been unused for about a century; and during all that time it seems to have been left untouched. Its great antiquity and the length of time during which it must have been used, may be inferred from the height of the soil. Its surface is now many feet above the level of the old chapel, which denotes the natural level. It is counted wrong to disturb the resting-place of the dead; and the rank vegetation and tumble-down stones show how sacredly this tradition has been observed. It is interesting to mark on the tombstones the badges of the different tribes. The hands with the fingers extended



Old Synagogue, Prague.

denote the priesthood; a lion is the badge of Judah, as in the days of Jacob. However tenaciously they may adhere to national customs, the Jews of Prague do not seem to show much reluctance to converse with Christian missionaries. They seem willing to hear what can be said for Christianity; and last winter a course of lectures, got up under the auspices of the Rev. Andrew Moody, one of the best of missionaries, and taken part in by some very able men from Berlin and elsewhere, attracted great interest, and were attended by a very large audience.

The population of Bohemia, besides Jews and Germans (the latter mostly of the Lutheran Church), consists of Slavonians. They are the most westerly branch of the great Slavonian family, and I suppose the most advanced in civilisation and culture. At one time they had a great literature, and the fact that the University of Prague was founded and was very popular before all the German universities, speaks volumes in their favour. What they might have become had they been allowed in peace to prosecute their Protestant convictions, and to advance politically and socially, as well as religiously, we cannot now say; but the brutal process of stamping out to which the Protestants were exposed arrested all progress, and placed on the population

the usual mark of languor and backwardness. At the present day it cannot be wondered if they are somewhat of a difficulty to Austria. Notwithstanding the change of religion forced twice upon them, their affinities are with the rest of the Slavonian race, and in any Slav empire of the future they would probably feel more at home than in their present connection with the Hapsburg family.

The proscription of the Protestant faith continued in Bohemia till the year 1781, when Joseph II. brought about a different state of things. For a century and a half Bohemia had been a great hunting-field for the Jesuits. The extirpation of Protestants was pursued with as much keenness and perseverance as the extirpation of wolves in England in the days of the Tudors. The Jesuits held everything in check, and the fame of each member of the order depended on the number of converts that he had gained. Bibles and evangelical books were nearly all destroyed; any that remained being carefully concealed. As a German historian remarks, "that land which had been the land of light grew darker and darker, amid constant and violent abuse directed against the heretics, from the pulpit and by the press, until the last quarter of the eighteenth century. Following the counsel of Baron Kresel von Smieten and the prelate Rautenstrauch, and disregarding the censure of Migazzi, Archbishop of Vienna, this monarch threw off the prejudices of his forefathers, set limits to the power of the Romish hierarchy, improved the schools, diminished the number of convents, and made no objections when the Archbishop of Prague, fulfilling a wish once expressed by the Empress Maria Theresa, published a German Bible, and in the preface recommended the reading of it. Finally, on October 13, 1781, Joseph issued his famous edict of toleration, to the great chagrin of the Romish clergy, who bear him a grudge to this day. They made the following couplet on the occasion:—

"Tollendos tolerans, tolerandos, Austria, tollis;
Sic tollens tolerans, intoleranda facis."

The Protestants might declare their religion, and wherever a certain number of them united they might have meeting-houses, but without steeples and bells, without ecclesiastical windows and doors. At first but few Protestants came forward, but when it became apparent that the toleration was real many thousands declared themselves. These were mostly of the Reformed communion, though a considerable section adhered to the Lutheran Church.

This rising of the Protestants of Bohemia out of their graves, after a hundred and sixty years of proscription and persecution, was one of the most convincing proofs ever given to the world of the divine vitality of a cause. It was very hard to find preachers. They had to be sent for from Hungary and other countries, wherever there were Protestant ministers using a Slavonian tongue. It is no wonder if the number of congregations was small. For the most part these congregations were in villages and country places, where they could have but little social influence. We had a curious proof of the obscurity of their stations in one important instance. Having occasion to pay a visit to the superintendent of the Bohemian Reformed Church (an officer corresponding to the moderator of the General Assembly in Scotland, except that in Bohemia the office is a permanent one), we found it very difficult to reach his house. We knew it to be somewhere in the neighbourhood of Königgratz, but the driver of the carriage we hired there had but a very shadowy idea of the place, and even when he discovered it, drove to it by a road which waxed more and more agricultural, till at last it became a mere tract along the side of a field. No doubt he might have found a better road; but the place was little more than a village, and the superintendent's house a small country manse; yet the superintendent himself was evidently a man of mark and power. A massive and venerable-looking head, reminding me of Merle d'Aubigné's, and a friend who was with me of Chalmers's, showed that the choice of a superintendent had fallen on one who could bring to the duty no common powers. The Protestant congregation is large, amounting altogether, if I remember rightly, to two or three thousand souls. They are much scattered, but this is one of the districts where Protestantism retained its firmest hold; and no doubt, if one had only had time to investigate, many a tradition of bitter suffering on the one side, and of wonderful preservation on the other, must still be found lingering among these homesteads and villages. Doubtless these people had their Airdmosses and Bothwell Brigs, and, more interesting still, their caves and vales and moorlands, where persecuted men and women hid themselves or met secretly for worship. Who can estimate the tender and holy influence of such traditions? The Bohemian Protestant Church is so conspicuously a brand plucked from the fire, that it has hardly recovered as yet from the crushing influence of the persecution. But the day

may come when the spirit of the past shall become a great power in the country, and the traditions that are now half-buried in the scenes of ancient struggle may yet thrill the hearts of a new generation, and rally thousands to the old cause.

The congregations of the Reformed Church of Bohemia and Moravia do not quite reach a hundred in number. And of these, unfortunately, it cannot be said that the pastors are all animated by the spirit of the Reformers. Of late years, however, a much more earnest and hopeful spirit has appeared among many of them. Since the battle of Sadowa, they have enjoyed much more freedom. And not a few very gratifying proofs have occurred of the friendly interest even of Roman Catholics in the Protestant cause. There have been instances of Roman Catholic mayors offering the town-hall for Protestant worship, while on one occasion the Jewish Rabbi offered the synagogue! The policy that withheld from the Protestants liberty to erect churches in the large towns now causes attention to be turned to these, where the want of Protestant churches is necessarily very great. A few years ago, there was a national celebration of the five hundredth anniversary of the birth-day of John Huss, in which Roman Catholics were most hearty in honouring the memory of one who was a patriot as well as a reformer. Among the Czeckian laity it is said that the old spirit still lingers: they bear the yoke of Rome with reluctance, and would fain enjoy the privilege of the cup, and other privileges for which their forefathers contended. If only there were a due supply of qualified preachers, there can be little doubt but the old spirit would break out, and many of the seven millions of Bohemia and Moravia would be won to the gospel. Some good is done by pious colporteurs, who traverse the country with Bibles and religious books. There is an association named after the historian Comenius, formed with the view to provide for the Bohemian people Christian evangelical instruction. "Such work," says the Report of the Society, "was perhaps more needed in Bohemia than anywhere else. This ancient kingdom, wrenched as it were from the hand of its lawful King, Christ, by the fierce anti-Reformation, became not only the scene of the persecution of believers in the gospel, but also of the wily efforts of Rome to suppress evangelical light at its source, namely, to destroy the Scriptures, and the excellent writings of pious forefathers. One of the chief inquisitors was the Jesuit Konias, who boasted on his deathbed that he had, with his own hand, "destroyed twenty thousand volumes."

One great difficulty in the way of the earnest men who are striving to extend the Protestant Church is the want of a seminary for the training of pastors. A training school for teachers has been established with some difficulty, but with great cordiality; for in Bohemia as in other countries, education is earnestly promoted by the Reformed Church. To this school some of the pastors have contributed so handsomely that as in the case of the Macedonian churches, their deep poverty has abounded unto the riches of their liberality. But the great want of an institution for rearing preachers still remains. And it is very trying, for such an opening for evangelical work as the present may not continue long, and when a time of eagerness for truth meets with no acknowledgment, the indifference that follows is apt to be all the deeper.

There is a society, with its headquarters in Edinburgh, termed "The Association for the Promotion of the Gospel in Bohemia." It aids colportage and evangelisation, and such other ways of encouraging the pastors and promoting the cause of the gospel as may occur from time to time. There are two spots embraced in the labours of this Association in which, from their connection with the sufferings of former days, it is impossible not to feel a lively interest. One of these is Leitmeritz, the scene of the tragedy referred to in our former paper, where the twenty-four citizens were flung into the river, followed by the young wife of one of them. The report of the colporteur of this district tells an interesting story of a labourer, born a Roman Catholic, living five miles from Leitmeritz. Thirty years ago he bought a New Testament in a neighbouring village. The book became so dear to him that, to use his own expression, it was as if every leaf were a bank note. By the careful study of the New Testament he came to the knowledge of the great doctrines of grace. A few years afterwards, he came into possession of the whole Bible. The man had enjoyed no other teacher; but when the colporteur met him lately, he was utterly astonished at his Christian intelligence. "Often," the man said, "when I lie down at night, God puts thoughts into my mind which I regret so much I cannot put down, because by the morning they have mostly vanished. God does so because I love Him; to those who love Him, He reveals one truth after another." Unconsciously he seemed to

verify the beautiful words of our Lord, "If a man love me, he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come in unto him, and make our abode with him."

The other place is Kuttenberg. It is the second city of Bohemia, a town of some fifteen thousand inhabitants, but without a Reformed church. In the annals of persecution, it was painfully conspicuous. In approaching it, our eye was arrested by mounds of earth, at a little distance from the railway, indicating the site of the silver mines into which, four hundred and fifty years ago, more than four thousand Hussites had been precipitated. Comenius gives a list of no fewer than twenty-one pastors who were expelled from the city in 1623. It is sad to think how successful the Jesuits were in heir efforts to extirpate the truth in Kuttenberg. There is a magnificent but incomplete church in the town, of the later Gothic style, once used for Protestant worship. In the suburbs there is one of those singular mortuary chapels, or, as it is called, a bone-house, where the memorials of death are made to assume every variety of fantastic form, so that one hardly knows whether to be solemnized or amused. The sand of the burial-ground around it has a wonderful faculty of preserving and whitening bones, so that when dug out of it they look fresher and cleaner than ever. Till lately, in the mortuary chapel, the bones were piled up as they usually are in such places—in solid masses of skulls and long bones. But a few years ago, the authorities fell upon an æsthetic arrangement, and now the bones are sorted in such figures as one sees formed of pistols and cutlasses, swords and muskets, in the Tower of London. Stars of bones, coats of arms, candelabras and crosses, are seen all over the walls; bone cottages, moreover, with tunnels running through them; bone curtains and festoonery, too, really wonderful in their effect, if one could only get over the grotesqueness of the whole thing. And it is not only whole or healthy bones you find, but likewise sundry samples of morbid anatomy. Here is a figure made up of stiff bones, and there is one exemplifying the effects of rheumatism, terrible indeed to look at, as suggesting such an untold amount of acute pain. It is said that once a year a sermon is preached in this chapel on the resurrection. If it should be thought that the preacher must be aided in such a place, in impressing his audience with a sense of their mortality, and of the reality of the resurrection, we should be very much inclined to question the fact; the bones are too fresh to suggest the notion of decay, and the arrangement is too fantastic to fit in with thoughts of the solemn and the awful.

Kuttenberg would certainly not have had a bone-house as one of its chief lions, had the cause survived which was violently crushed out by the slaughter of the four thousand in 1421, and the expulsion of the pastors in 1623. An effort was lately made under the auspices of the Society for the Promotion of the Gospel in Bohemia to erect a Protestant church, and thus rekindle the light that oftener than once burned so brightly at Kuttenberg. In visiting the town some years ago, a devoted minister from Scotland resolved to strive before he died "to see in that town a church of living men once more on the face of the earth, above that great congregation sleeping in Jesus." Difficulties of a technical nature have hitherto impeded the accomplishment of this vow; but it is believed they are only temporary; and ere long we trust a church will be erected, to commemorate such heroic sacrifices, and a living body of worshippers gathered, to whom the truth shall be as dear as it was to their martyred predecessors.

What a sense of the mercies of British Christians does Bohemia with its sad history inspire! And what mighty claims on our sympathy and aid does that cruelly persecuted Church possess! One feels it a real privilege to show kindness to those who represent the old Protestants of Bohemia. If only one could cheer them after such protracted and heart-breaking trials, or if one could but help them to rally their scattered forces and break forth on the right hand and on the left, one feels strongly that it would be a service to the Master as well as the servants, and assuredly it would not lose its reward.

W. G. BLAIKIE.

ON MARRIED LIFE.

PART I.

THE married life is the "perfect life." So sing the poets; in this, as in most things, being right. For even if the prose of actual experience may not always climb, or long bask in that sunny table-land, a grand ideal has a vital influence on every-day conduct; and conscience has something to say about the measure of our happiness being usually in proportion to our deserts. The heart says yes, though it be a lonely heart. Even though the summer be gone, and, with the cold wet wind sighing drearily over blackened flowers and thinned trees, a feeble flash of mocking sunshine peeps into a room where now there is but one chair by the fire, and where but half a life does the best it can without the other half, there is the joy of memory, and the patience of hope. Reason says yes also, and has good cause for saying so; for is not marriage the satisfaction of all the nature of man? Does it not mean *society*, where the mutual presence of man and wife is a sweet, though often inarticulate, language; and *sympathy*, in that perfect trustfulness which is the true sabbath of the heart; and *oneness* in all that touches the springs of life, and the sharing of secrets, and the bearing of burdens, and the tasting of joy? Nay, a oneness, as a poet has subtilly put it, even going back into the far past—before we met, saw, and loved. Ever since our birth steadily we were approaching each other from afar, and becoming fitted for our life in a way we knew not.

> "Alone, I said, from earlier than I know,
> Immersed in rich foreshadowings of the world
> I loved the woman; he that doth not, lives
> A drowsy life, besotted in sweet self,
> Or pines in sad experience worse than death."

And this, be it remembered, in spite of the sour criticism that we must be discoursing of the loves of the angels, and not of flesh and blood on earth. Of course there are different zones of married life, and all sorts of degrees in happiness; and it is good for many of us that it is by no means as easy to dissolve marriages as to form them. Not only the wretched Lancashire woman kicked to death by her drunken husband's clogs bitterly wishes she had never been born, but many a tenderly nurtured lady has her heart lacerated daily by the coldness and insults of a changed husband, who, having helped her to lose her good looks, or run through all her money as well as his own, takes daily revenge on her by studied unkindness. Men, too, let us confess it, sometimes find themselves hopelessly tied to women whose perpetual contentiousness is a moral reproduction of a slow death by dropping water, or whose eccentricities and jealousies hopelessly prevent their preferment, and deliberately waste their life. Nay, even when husband and wife are all to each other they can be, a profligate child, a sordid income, a wasting sorrow, will sometimes provoke the feeling that the joys of matrimony are often overpoised by its cares. To "want the warmth of double life" is, at least, to escape the contagion of other men's diseases. It sometimes seems better to be "plagued with dreams of something sweet" than to be living in a waking nightmare.

Again, if marriage is the perfect life, what shall we say about those to whom marriage is impossible, or, at least, impracticable; who perhaps would marry if they might, but cannot; or who might marry if they would, but decline? Of which latter class, among women, and those of the choicest, there are a good many more than we suspect. For it is certain that we all know persons who had they married would have been both better and happier for it—who through not marrying have missed what would have been their moral development and highest usefulness, whose solitariness seems both a loss of joy and a waste of power. Well, a wise man, sufficiently certain of his first principles, is not too much concerned to find a key to everything. If wisdom is justified of her children, God in the end shall be justified by His, when they see the way He has led them, and the hidden snares in the path that they would themselves have chosen. For if it is true that for the greater number of us married life is the perfect life, it is equally true that for others of us the single life is the perfect life. In the case of men it is superfluous either to illustrate it by instances, or to support it by argument; especially when we remember that the solution of the question rests usually with themselves. As for unmarried women, what a dreary wilderness this earth would be without them! In thousands of homes the maiden sister or aunt is the very angel of the family, the children's idol, the secret wonder and delight even of those who too unscrupulously use her; by sick-beds and death-beds a divine consoler; the depository of the sweet secrets of blushing hearts; the tender friend of the old, and the poor, and the lonely. Old maids,

indeed! Why, with certain obvious exceptions, they are the very salt of the earth, the calm and sweet light of the household that is so blessed as to own them; their distinction, to be wanted by everybody; their reward, to be useful to everybody; their home—the snuggest, warmest place in the hearts that can love. And if they have a niche to fill on earth, as none can fill like them, many of them shall have a crown of surpassing brightness in heaven. Men, and women too, sometimes keep single, not so much because no one cares for them, but because they themselves care for Christ, first and most. The chosen solitariness of an unmarried life is occasionally the sacrifice of self, secretly, but deliberately, laid at the feet of Him who pleased not Himself; and it has, and shall have, its great recompense. "The unmarried woman careth for the things of the Lord, that she may be holy both in body and in spirit." Presently she will find out, and others also, that the Lord has cared for her.

Nevertheless, all these exceptions admitted and allowed for, we may hold sturdily by our first proposition, that the married life is the perfect life; consequently that to wish for it is reasonable, and to attain it is desirable. For a woman, in spite of what a false delicacy may aver to the contrary, it is the goal of her life; while for a man it is his high felicity. Indisputably it is more to a woman than a man, if for this reason alone, that in view of all the interests that cluster round it, and the duties that spring out of it, it is her profession as well as her gladness, her life as well as her honour. For so long as she can with any sort of accuracy be called young, her functions and responsibilities are practically bounded, till she marries, by the garden walls of her father's house. No one with a rough kindness puts a loaf of bread and a cruse of water into her hand, and pushes her out into the wilderness to shift as she may. She is kept in a nest, often far too warm and snug and dull, till the course of nature turns her out of it, to find her vigour and freshness passed, and her power of enterprise died out of her, just because no one wanted it. To a man, marriage is indeed a gladness, but it is not his profession. Married or unmarried, he has still his career to make, his income to earn, and his home to ensure. The beginning of the day and the end of it are with his family; the middle of it for his work. And this being so, will it be too great a shock to our modern conventionalism to express the opinion that there is nothing unbecoming in a healthy and decided wish to be married, so long as the thought is decorously wrapped up in a dignified reserve? Nothing, also, is so reasonable or so natural as for parents to do what they can to help their children to marry—suitably and happily; all proper allowance made for individual preference, and the chances for this world not vulgarly scrambled at in contempt of the next.

Pascal somewhere exclaims about the happiness of a life which begins with love and ends with ambition. To which may we presume to add, that the sooner it begins, the better, if only it is of the right sort? For Aristotle's notion that the right time for a man to marry is thirty-seven, apart from the simply physical consideration that suggested the reflection, would practically mean an irreparable loss of many years of happiness to mankind, as well as of that steadying, and purifying, and elevating influence which is at once the sign, the result, and the blessedness of all pure human passion. For a man, in Arthur's noble words,—

> "Indeed I know
> Of no more subtle master under heaven,
> Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
> Not only to keep down the base in man,
> But teach high thoughts, and amiable words,
> And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
> And love of truth, and all that makes a man."

For a woman it stirs and enlarges and ripens the whole nature; and is at once her laudable ambition, and her true career, and her unspoken delight, and her tender secret, and her best safeguard, and her high dignity. So essential is it to her as part of her experience, that never to have been in love seems to most so strange a barrenness of spirit, that they must needs fancy they have, or that failing them, give their heart's worship to some ideal hero; so good and wholesome for them, that even if it comes to nought, with circumstances of apparent fickleness or unavoidable mortification, ask her if she would have preferred that nothing of it should have happened, and the chances are she will be glad not to have missed it, notwithstanding its pain and sadness, so much it taught her then, so much it gives her now. Let it be added, much grave protest to the contrary notwithstanding, that the faculty of love in human nature can stand a good many frosts, and still blossom again and bring forth much fruit. La Bruyère no doubt says with a certain force, "L'on n'aime bien qu'une seule fois; c'est la première. Les amours qui suivent sont moins involuntaires." But if less voluntary, they may be more permanent, and even rational; nay, it often turns out the best pos-

sible thing both for a man and a woman to have a first love nipped in the bud to make way presently for a second and a better. For it gives self-knowledge, it widens the experience of life, it steadies us, and it helps us judiciously to limit our expectations from each other. Certainly there are a few people who can never love twice, and we feel a profound respect for their moral tenacity. There are, however, many more who think they cannot until they are invited to try; and then they are surprised and pleased with their success, though if they have said too much about it before, they may feel a little foolish. In the great bulk of human beings there is commonly found, and we should thank God for it, a huge capacity for fresh, hearty, human love, which publicly buried by friends and relations when it was too weak to resist, if nature bids it and Providence opens the way, quietly reasserts itself without feeling the least shame for so doing, and unconscious of any necessity for either denying or forgetting the old love, deliberately accepts the new.

Not, however, that young people, before they can know their own minds, or have seen enough of life to get a mind to know with, are wise in forming ties which perhaps hereafter, not without mortification to the one and perhaps anguish to the other, may have to be finally and decisively severed. No weakness is so great as that which, at the cost of a sharp but short pain—nay, even the possible charge of a dishonourable fickleness—refuses to prevent a life-long sorrow. While it is better not to make vows at all than to have to break them when made, of all false vows none are so false as those which promise to love and cherish when loving and cherishing have been discovered to be impossible. If you must break your covenant, break it with one quick act and have done with it, permission first asked, and, if necessary, compensation frankly made. Surely anything is better than to compel two human beings, who in a little interval might perhaps have found their consolation elsewhere, to go on being miserable every day of their lives, because one or it may be both of them had not moral courage enough to confess to an error of judgment, which, though it may deserve censure and compel regret, is often quite compatible with manliness and honour. If early attachments are sometimes unavoidable and occasionally desirable, early engagements are usually embarrassing, and just as often selfish. There is almost a culpable inconsiderateness in the impatience of a man to tie a woman's affections to him at a hopeless distance from the opportunity of claiming them. A woman, while she may be quite sure that her sweetheart will wait for her, if he thinks her worth waiting for, will perhaps best consult her own dignity, will certainly be considering the comfort of her relations, if for a reasonable interval she prefer to keep herself free.

Sir Henry Taylor, in his delightful paper, "Of Choice in Marriage," observes how strange it is that men should be so hasty in the choice of a wife as they sometimes are, and solves the difficulty by the suggestion that "perhaps it is owing to that very fact of the decision being so critical, that it is often a little hurried." Supposing reason to be in any degree a factor in the case, the thing to do is to hit the right mean between heedlessness and priggishness; the heedlessness, which a well-known novelist does not shrink from recommending to a young man, who, having danced twice with a girl over-night and liked her, cannot do better than propose to her next morning; the priggishness of a youth, full of his own importance to society, who goes from house to house with his glass in his eye and much worldly prudence in his heart, quite unconscious of being an object of quiet amusement to the tender creatures he condescends to criticize, and much more likely than he suspects to be quietly tumbled over, with a certain civil scorn.

Some things, however, may be thought essential; and taking them in their order, quite the first is to be in love. Yet who shall tell us what being in love means? For natures so differ, that the sober account of one man, steeped in every fibre of his being with the sweet malmsey of an absolute intoxication, to another would either be an hysterical exaggeration, or something quite in another world. In fact, the distance between one person and another in the torrid zone of love is inadequately illustrated by the climatic difference between Naples and Caithness; it by no means following that the temperate affection of a Scotchman will not stand quite as much wear and tear, and in the end produce as much rational happiness, as the blazing heat of an Italian passion.

"True love is not that isolated and indivisible unity which it might be supposed to be from the way in which it is sometimes spoken of. It is mixed and manifold according to the abundance of the being, and in a large nature becomes in its

progress a highly composite passion, commonly, no doubt, having its source in imagination and imaginative sentiment, but as it rolls on involving divers tributaries, swollen by accessory passions, feelings, and affections, and deepened by the embankments of duty and justice, foreign to the subject as these last may seem to be."

This, however, does not prevent certain of the symptoms of all affections of the heart being to a great extent identical, nor the conditions of ensuring a permanent and substantial happiness the same for all of us. The arrow that pierces you so suddenly and irresistibly is sometimes a look that burst like a fire-fly in your heart; sometimes the tone of a voice so sweet, so gentle, so merry, you could listen to it for ever; sometimes a quick contradiction, sometimes an Attic repartee. It may or may not have been a declaration of war from the other side: its not being felt to be no doubt adds to its piquancy; but what happens to you is plain enough; you are bidden surrender, and without knowing it you instantly succumb. But with what hidden torments, and mental vacillation, and helpless despair, till the crisis arrives, and all is settled! The dread of your secret being discovered, except by one person; the exquisite joy of knowing it discovered by that same person, if you are sure you are not quite despised; the brightness of the wild hope to-day, and the feeling of your immense presumption that meets you, like a cold mist, when you wake to-morrow; the mingled joy and pain at being in the same room with the object of your affections, occasionally stimulated by an unspeakable indignation that any one else should be there (with an agreeable manner and intention much like your own); the undefinable feelings that sometimes make you suddenly get up and go away, as if you would a little longer resist the sweet fate that is slowly and surely overpowering you, and then the fear that your action should be liable to misinterpretation, and your hastily going back where you were before; the awe you feel of the parents, your envy of the delicious familiarity of near kinsfolk, the dread of not speaking soon enough, lest some one else should come in and snatch the prize, the fear of speaking too soon, before you have made impression enough, and so spoil everything by immature haste—these are among the superficial emotions of youthful passion, with no harm in them, and much nature; middle age may be forgiven for lightly and pleasantly glancing at them; the heart that has never throbbed under their influence has missed its spring.

If, however, we may differ over the symptoms of love-making, we can hardly help agreeing as to the conditions of a felicitous marriage. One is that *the fancy be seized;* that you marry, not only because prudence assents, but because the heart likes; and remember, fancy does not in the least insist on what is called physical beauty. You make your beauty for yourself by seeing it and admiring it with your own sense of the beautiful; and if others don't agree with you, so much the better for you; there will be fewer rivals. Yet, it is almost everything that you not only fancy, but *respect.* In fact, true love, perhaps without knowing it, begins with respect. Where there is no respect, it is not love at all, but a brute's instinct. Nevertheless the respect must speedily warm into love, for too much veneration treats you like a grandfather. Then there should be *social equality, intellectual sympathy,* and *sufficient means.* Nobody is bettered, but a great many excellent people may be hopelessly and helplessly estranged by a social gulf between wife and husband. The man, if it is he who has faced the risk, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred will presently find out that he has made a sacrifice, for which he had grievously miscalculated his own staying power. The wife, stung by the discovery that her husband does not feel her an adequate compensation for having lost most of the things in life he cares for, hardly feels encouraged to help him to bear it; and the headstrong impulse of early youth, blindly set on its own personal gratification, is terribly punished by a spoiled and soured life.

Intellectual sympathy is another condition of fireside happiness. By which is meant not at all an absolute and entire agreement on all the great questions of life (one only excepted), or a too facile, and perhaps insincere, yes on the wife's part to all her husband's opinions, whether on politics, literature, or art. It would be terribly dull to begin with, and then if Pascal is right in saying that man's dignity consists in his being a creature that thinks, it is not quite unreasonable to claim for a woman her share of the dignity, though it simply increases the respect due to her to add, on equal terms. Of all stupid, and helpless, and it must be said common varieties of moral cowardice, about the worst is that of a man who is frightened of a woman because she has got a mind, and

tries to make use of it. After goodness, quite the next best thing in a wife is intelligence. Not, indeed, that worst of all mental endowments, a vivid imagination insufficiently balanced by reason, and backed by a stubborn will. A mule is nothing to such a woman, and the flaw shows in every turning of life. But good sense—this is the best of dowries. A love of reading, and the power of talking about what you read, is a far safer and more enjoyable quality than a restless craving for amusement and change; and an absolutely mindless wife is the lifelong and aggravating retribution for the silly fear of being beaten in argument, say once a month, across your own table, with no one to know but the cat.

Another essential is *sufficiency of means*, which to some people may have a hard worldly sound about it, to others is but a reasonable guarantee for independence and honesty. If two young people like to marry upon nothing, and are pleased to call it faith or devotedness—being of age, they can do so; but then they must be prepared for the consequences. In common justice they have no right to expect that the embarrassments which with their eyes made wide open, are certain to come on them, should fall on any but themselves. Wise people think it better to wait, and their prudent self-denial usually has its reward. If they don't like to wait, nobody can make them; but they must face their risk, and balance their gains. This is certain, that they ought to have a great deal more than most people of the power of constant self-denial, and petty economy, and resolute independence, or their strong and early love may be taxed and tried to the uttermost by a grate half empty, by scanty meals, by children thinly clothed, badly fed, and wretchedly schooled, and by a continual atmosphere of mortifying indebtedness. This is probable, that very early marriages, with very slender resources, stripped of the hollow jargon of romantic nonsense, may be nothing less than the unjustifiable self-indulgence of two young persons, indifferent to every other consideration but that of pleasing themselves; and that in the end, they will have to fall back, or at least try to fall back, on innocent relations, who may be quite unable to help them without grave injustice to others; who, anyhow, need not feel themselves accountable for a rashness which they candidly denounced, and a misery which they always foresaw.

If "a prudent wife is from the Lord," the prudence that selects her may be conceived to be from the same source. Considering how the marriage of two human beings radiates with all sorts of influences on the society round them, society may be pardoned for the wish that marriages were more prudent than they are.

There is one essential more—the best for the last—moral and religious sympathy. By moral sympathy is not meant that the two characters must be precisely similar. It is a great deal better that it should not be so; otherwise there is nothing to learn, and everything to lose; faults are intensified and hardened, even goodness has less encouragement to grow. Moreover, the same sort of quality in a man is somewhat different in a woman, made different in the purpose of God. Rather, we mean that while supplementing each other's deficiencies, checking each other's infirmities, and encouraging each other's impulses for good, husband and wife should be walking side by side, on the same clear path of moral purpose, social usefulness, conscious union with God, joint hope of immortality. When men or women, fully aware of a real diversity here, still resolve to marry, either trying to believe that their difference does not really matter, or indulging the rash hope that the soul now for God may presently succeed in winning the one not for Him, there is always a tempting of Providence, there is often a deteriorating of aim. The careless soul does not always shake off its carelessness, though it readily succeeds in communicating its infection, to the devout one. It was a choice between God and man. Man is chosen, but the choice has its reward—the world and not the Father. And it is just in this part of our subject that the French way of arranging marriages has something wherewith to justify itself. On the one hand, there is the absolute responsibility which devolves on the parents on both sides, who being, not without reason, credited with a fuller acquaintance with the characters of their children than can belong to others, possess the best means of knowing what will constitute a congenial union, and prevent an unhappy one. On the other hand, there is the instinctive confidence usually felt by the children, in the will and power of their parents to do the best for them. Son with father, and daughter with mother, or both with both, give and take a confidence as touching as it is reasonable; and instead of dreading the counsels of a severer judgment, as an austere veto on all their fondest wishes, they trust, love, and use their parents as their best friends.

A. W. THOROLD.

"A SNOWY DAY."

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A SNOWY DAY.

THERMOMETER at twenty—flood and field
Are treble locked, and petrified by frost;
Fair Nature's lovely face is half-concealed,
And all her rich variety is lost
Beneath a spotless veil of virgin white.
The clouds are densely black—the wind nor-east,
And yonder schoolboy's shouts are heard a mile.
The idle plough stands on the upland height,
Frost-bound immovably, and man and beast
Suspend the industry of daily toil.
Come forth and breathe the crisp and bracing air,
Till mind and body thrill with genial glow.
Come forth and see; and seeing, tell how fair
The beautiful monotony of snow. G.

THE STORY OF JOSEPH, AS TOLD BY THE RABBIS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PASSOVER OBSERVANCES," ETC.

(CONCLUDED.)

STARVATION gradually effects that which the united solicitations of his sons had been powerless to accomplish, and Jacob is obliged to listen once more to the proposal for sending Benjamin with them, as a condition of going back to Egypt to buy corn. Judah now becomes spokesman for the rest, and flatly declares that they will not set out unless Benjamin is allowed to be of their company. It had been his advice from the beginning not to press the matter about Benjamin upon their unwilling father, but to wait till famine had done its work. The opportunity has come at last; for all the corn is eaten, and starvation stares them in the face. If Jacob is ever to relent, this is the moment. So Judah repeats what passed in Egypt on their former visit, and demands that Benjamin should be permitted to go with them—adding, "I will be surety for him; of my hand shalt thou require him; if I bring him not unto thee, and set him before thee, then let me bear the blame for ever."* These words are to be taken as a most solemn and emphatic form of assurance. If Judah failed in his care of Benjamin, he was ready to bear not only any punishment that might befall him here, but also to forfeit all his hopes of happiness in a future world. Nothing less than this can be thought to satisfy the full requirements of the words, "Let me bear the blame *for ever*."

Jacob perceives that it is useless to stand out any longer, so he yields a reluctant consent, and makes up an offering of such choice produce of the land as may conciliate this terrible ruler of Egypt. He bids them carry back the money that had been found in the mouth of their sacks, and take double money in their hands, lest the price of corn should have risen in their absence, and then to the full equipment for the journey he adds words of prayer and blessing: "And God Almighty give you mercy before the man, that he may send away your other brother and Benjamin. If I be bereaved of my children, I am bereaved."*

The journey to Egypt is made in safety, and the men present themselves before Joseph, who gives orders that they are to be conducted to his own home, so as to be ready to dine with him at noon. As it was to them alone, of all the people who flocked to Egypt to buy corn, that this unexpected mark of distinction had been accorded, they begin to be greatly troubled lest mischief should be lurking behind. Their thoughts naturally revert to the money which in such a mysterious manner had been discovered in their sacks, so they commune with Joseph's steward "at the door of his house,"†—not daring as yet to enter—and tell the story of their trouble with a simplicity that draws from him the words of comfort, "Peace be

* Gen. xliii. 9.

* Gen. xliii. 14. † Ver. 19.

unto you, fear not: your God, and the God of your father, hath given you treasure in your sacks: I had your money;"* after which Simeon is restored to them, and preparations for the approaching banquet are made. Joseph comes home at the time appointed, and nearly betrays himself at the sight of his brother Benjamin. By a strong effort he manages to compose himself, and the feast begins. "And they set on for him by himself, and for them by themselves, and for the Egyptians which did eat with him by themselves: because the Egyptians might not eat bread with the Hebrews, for that is an abomination unto the Egyptians."† As to what was the real ground of this "abomination," the Rabbis are not agreed. Most likely it had its origin in a feeling of superiority over other nations which the Egyptians cherished, and which led them to fancy that they could not sit at table with any but their own people, lest they should be lowering themselves from their exalted level. To the unbounded astonishment of the brothers, they now find themselves arranged, "the first-born according to his birthright, and the youngest according to his youth,"‡ Joseph feigning all the while to tell their ages by means of the cup with which it was believed that he could "divine." As the feast progresses, Joseph sends a dish from his own table to each of his brothers, but to Benjamin he sends five—a mark of favour that must have greatly astonished every one present, if what Herodotus tells us be true, that the distinction even to Egyptian kings themselves in all public banquets was no more than a *double* mess. Encouraged by this sign of honour, "they drank, and were merry with him."§ The Talmud says that on the day when Joseph was sold by his brethren he made a vow not to taste wine, but that when he gave this feast he returned to the use of it.

As soon as morning comes the brothers are dispatched with as much corn as their beasts can carry, and Joseph's silver cup is secretly placed in the mouth of Benjamin's sack. They congratulate themselves on the satisfactory issue of their journey. Simeon has been released, Benjamin—the object of so much anxiety—is safe and sound, their asses are heavily laden, and, as if to make amends for his cruel treatment at the first visit, the ruler of the land has feasted them and showed them unlooked-for honour. So their hearts are full of joy as they set their faces towards Canaan. But hardly have they passed beyond the city bounds before the steward comes hurrying after them with the startling demand, "Wherefore have ye rewarded evil for good? Is not this it in which my lord drinketh, and whereby indeed he divineth? Ye have done evil in so doing."* In other words they are charged with stealing Joseph's magic cup. It is not to be imagined that Joseph really practised the secret arts of Egypt, but since he had risen to eminence as a successful interpreter of dreams, it is likely enough that the common people may have regarded him as a magician of extraordinary power; so that when his brothers came to Egypt and heard of his fame, he might think it expedient to encourage the deception in their eyes, so as to prevent recognition, and might, therefore, allow it to be supposed that the exercise of his power was connected with his favourite cup. Consistently with this we find him asking his brothers further on, "Wot ye not that such a man as I can certainly divine?"† Joseph's object in thus charging his brethren with the theft, and causing the missing article to be found in the possession of Benjamin, was to see how the rest of the brothers would behave at this trying moment of extreme perplexity — whether they would abandon Benjamin to his fate, and go home with some shameful excuse for their conduct, as of old they had done in his own case, or whether nobler instincts would prevail, and they would stand by him and share his doom.

Happily for all concerned in the *dénouement* of the story, they all turned back towards Joseph's house, and fell before him on the ground. Then was fulfilled the dream that his *eleven* brethren should bow down to him, for on the former visit there were only ten. But though they have agreed to go back with Benjamin, their resolution does not hinder them from visiting upon him the full force of their disappointment and rage. The Rabbis have it that they begin to beat him, and say, "Your mother was a thief. She stole the images of Laban, and now you have done the same and have brought us into this fresh trouble." It must, indeed, have seemed to them that their anxieties were never to have an end. So they rend their clothes, in just requital for the anguish of that terrible hour when they had caused their father to rend *his* clothes for the loss of Joseph, and follow the steward back to the city. The "steward"

* Ver. 5. † Ver. 32.
‡ Ver. 33. § Ver. 34.

* Gen. xliv. 4, 5. † Ver. 15.

is supposed to have been Manasseh, and because he stood by and saw his father's brethren rend their garments, it was decreed that the land pertaining to his tribe should be rent in twain, one part lying on each side of Jordan.

The moment has now arrived when Joseph will reveal himself to his brethren, but not until Judah has stood forward and addressed him in terms of such touching entreaty that it becomes impossible any longer to sustain the part of a stern and angry ruler. He tells them who he is, and asks after the welfare of his father. No wonder that "his brethren could not answer him; for they were troubled at his presence."* But he lovingly soothes their fears, and tells them not to be angry with themselves at what they had done, "for God," says he, "sent me before you to preserve you a posterity in the earth, and to save your lives by a great deliverance."† Resting on these words, the Rabbis maintain that the prime cause of Joseph's exaltation to power was not that the land of Egypt and surrounding countries might be saved from starvation, but that Jacob and his family might find sustenance in the evil hour that was coming.

Then follows the message to Jacob, encouraging him to come down without loss of time, since there were five years of famine remaining, and promising him a home in the land of Goshen. But knowing the reluctance that Jacob—who had already spent the best years of his life as an exile from the land of promise—would naturally feel at being summoned once more to dwell in a strange land, why, it may be asked, did not Joseph make some arrangement for the regular supply of food to his household? And why should this tedious journey be thought needful? To which it is answered by the sages, that this was the only practical way for Joseph to see his father. It was out of the question for him to think of leaving Egypt—at all events while the famine lasted—and as to sending up supplies to Canaan (a thing which might have been easily arranged), the mere suggestion of it would have brought Joseph into suspicion, and would have led the Egyptians to believe that he was enriching himself at the expense of a starving country. Nothing remained, therefore, but that Jacob himself must come down to Egypt. These directions having been given, he kisses all his brethren and weeps upon their neck, and after that they talk with him.‡ The burden of their conversation is supposed to have been earnest and oft-repeated entreaties that Joseph would not betray them to their father, and reveal to him the history of their sin. It was agreed between them that the sale into Egypt should be kept a secret—a supposition the probability of which is certainly not diminished by the circumstance that Jacob never appears to have made any reference to an event which he could hardly have passed over in silence—especially when the time came for him to bless his children before his death—if he had had any certain knowledge of the dastardly act of treachery that had stained his sons.

The news of what has happened soon reaches Pharaoh's ears, who not only approves of all that Joseph has said, but adds a gracious promise of his own, that Jacob and his family "shall eat the fat of the land"* —a prophetic foreshadowing of the day when "the Lord gave the people favour in the sight of the Egyptians, so that they lent unto them such things as they required. And they spoiled the Egyptians."†

And then, besides waggons to carry their wives and little ones, Joseph gives to each of his brothers changes of raiment, in place of those which they had rent when accused of the robbery of the cup;‡ but to Benjamin he gives five changes of raiment—just as at the feast he had honoured him with five dishes—and three hundred pieces of silver. A good deal of stress is laid upon this sum of money. Three times had Joseph accused his brethren of being spies, and as an atonement for each of these accusations he gives a hundred shekels. But ten of his brothers had sold him as a bond-slave, forfeiting thereby all title to the silver which was now offered as an act of reparation, so he gives it to Benjamin, who alone was not guilty.

The journey to Canaan is made without any special adventure; but when they break in upon their father with the startling news that "Joseph is yet alive, and he is governor over all the land of Egypt,"§ Jacob's heart fainted, for he believed them not. And then "they told him all the words of Joseph which he said unto them,"‖ not omitting the parting words spoken by Jacob himself to his son, when he sent him forth on that fatal journey to Shechem, and which Joseph specially charged them to deliver, in token of his being yet alive. The old man's eye now begins to brighten, as the full assurance of a most joyful hope flows in upon his soul.¶ "And Israel said, It is enough; Joseph my

* Gen. xlv. 3. † Ver. 7. ‡ Ver. 13.

* Ver. 18. † Exod. xii. 36. ‡ Gen. xliv. 13.
§ Gen. xlv. 26. ‖ Ver. 27. ¶ Ver. 28.

son is yet alive," that is all that he can think of now, for what is it to him that Joseph is ruler over all the land of Egypt? "I will go and see him before I die."

Jacob now sets out, strong in the divine assurance that his journey shall not be fruitless, but that Joseph shall put his hand upon his eyes. This does not mean—as is commonly understood—that his favourite son shall close his eyes after death, but that Joseph shall fully provide for him, and be to him instead of eyes.*

But the patriarch and his family do not begin their journey empty-handed, for "they took their cattle and their goods, which they had gotten in the land of Canaan, and came into Egypt."† Stress is laid by the Medrash on the words "which they had gotten in the land of Canaan," and it proceeds to ask, where was all the property which Jacob had acquired in Padan-aram? To which it returns answer, that this had been given to Esau in exchange for his share of the cave of Machpelah.

And "all the souls of the house of Jacob, which came into Egypt, were threescore and ten."‡ The Rabbis point out that the Hebrew word here used for "souls," is in the singular—indicating, as they say, the complete unity of the family—specially in the service of the one true God. On the other hand, when the family of Esau is mentioned in Genesis xxxvi. 6, the plural is used—showing that each member was accustomed to walk in his own way.

No sooner did Joseph hear of the approach of his father than he "made ready his chariot, and went up to meet him." § Nothing will satisfy the commentators but making Joseph yoke the horses with his own hands, in the impatience of his eager haste. The virtue of this act of humility was put down to the credit of the Israelites, so that when, in stormy days to come, Pharaoh made ready his chariot for hot pursuit, God frustrated his wicked design, and took off the chariot wheels, so that they drove them heavily.‖

The meeting is over. Jacob once more has embraced his long-lost son, and the time is come when he must be presented before Pharaoh. But, first of all, Joseph leads into the royal presence five of his brothers ¶—not the strongest and handsomest, says the Medrash, lest the king should be tempted to keep them about his person, but the least attractive of his family. The same authority gives their names as Gad, Naphtali, Zebulun, Dan, and Asher. Then follows the presentation of Jacob himself. When it is said that he "blessed Pharaoh," * it means no more, in all likelihood, than that he saluted him with deep reverence mingled with glowing gratitude for the kindness that he had shown to Joseph. Some authorities,† however, will have it that it was the solemn patriarchal blessing that was now bestowed. Jacob, by reason of his sorrow, looked a very old man—much older, indeed, than he really was. Struck, therefore, by his venerable appearance, Pharaoh asks his age. Jacob at once corrects his mistake, and tells him that his days have been few and evil, and have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of his fathers. Some interpreters view this as a sinful act of murmuring, and say that, in punishment of the complaint, he was not permitted to reach the age of his fathers.

Of the remaining years of the famine, and of the wise measures adopted by Joseph for the support of the people in this their dire extremity, space does not allow us to treat. It is necessary to pass onward to the last days of Jacob: "And the time drew nigh that Israel must die, and he called his son Joseph, and said unto him, If now I have found grace in thy sight, put, I pray thee, thy hand under my thigh" (meaning that he was to swear by the covenant of circumcision, the most binding oath that could at that time be taken), "and deal kindly and truly with me; bury me not, I pray thee, in Egypt." ‡ These reasons are assigned for Jacob's reluctance to lie in Egypt:—

1. He knew by the spirit of prophecy that the dust of the land would hereafter be turned to lice.

2. He knew that the resurrection will take place in the land of Canaan, and that the bodies of those who are buried out of it will have to travel thither painfully under ground.

3. He was afraid that the Egyptians might hereafter practise on him with their magic rites.

But why should he have made Joseph *swear*,§ after he had given the promise that was required? He thought, say the rabbis, that Pharaoh would desire to honour him with a public burial in Egypt, but that, when he heard that his son had solemnly sworn to carry him away, he would not press his wishes.

* To use a vulgar phrase, that Joseph should "look out for him."
† Gen. xlvi. 6. ‡ Ver. 27. § Ver. 29.
‖ Exod. xiv. 6, 25. ¶ Gen. xlvii. 2.

* Ver. 7. † As, for example, the Ramban.
‡ Gen. xlvii. 29. § Ver. 31.

This done, "Israel bowed himself upon the bed's head"* — in adoration of the shechinah which rested there.

Of the blessing bestowed upon Ephraim and Manasseh, and of the preference of the younger to the rights of the elder, as also of the solemn benediction flowing forth in burning words of prophecy upon the heads of the dying patriarch's assembled sons, present limits will not allow us to speak.

Jacob has breathed his last, and Joseph sets about the pious task of carrying him up for burial to the sepulchre of his fathers. The resources of Egypt are taxed to the utmost to make the ceremonial as gorgeous and imposing as possible. "And with him went up all the servants of Pharaoh, the elders of his house, and all the elders of the land of Egypt, and all the house of Joseph, and his brethren, and his father's house, and there went up with him both chariots and horsemen; and it was a very great company."† The commentators note that in this description "the servants of Pharaoh" are mentioned *before* "the house of Joseph," the place of honour being assigned to the former. On the return journey, however, the order is reversed. It is said that "Joseph returned into Egypt, he and his brethren, and all that went up with him to bury his father, after he had buried his father." ‡ The explanation given for the change is, that when they rested at the threshing-floor of Atad,§ and the inhabitants of the land, the Canaanites, gathered themselves together in wonder at the vehemence of the mourning, twelve princes of Israel and twenty-three dukes of Edom came and laid their crowns on the coffin of Jacob. When the people of Egypt saw this great honour done to Jacob and his family, they no longer thought themselves worthy of marching in front, but yielded the place of distinction to the brothers of Joseph and their families. The Medrash thinks that the princes of Ishmael and the Canaanites came out to dispute the passage of the funeral-train, but that their feelings were turned from anger to respect.

The Talmud‖ points out that Jacob was righteous, and was honoured by being buried by Joseph. Joseph was more righteous still, and was buried by Moses. Moses was more righteous still, and was buried by God. An ascending scale of funeral honours.

But the time of Joseph's own departure is drawing near; and he "said unto his brethren, I die: and God will surely visit you, and bring you out of this land unto the land which he sware to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob. And Joseph took an oath of the children of Israel, saying, God will surely visit you, and ye shall carry up my bones from hence."* But why, ask the Rabbis, should Joseph, who was the youngest but one of the family, die before his brothers? And why should he speak of his body as "bones," even while he was still alive? To this they reply, that as Joseph acted with haughtiness when he first saw his brethren, and delayed to make himself known to them, and as, moreover, he allowed his father to be called his "servant,"† when Judah spoke to him, his punishment was that he should be the first of his family to depart, and so, as if in acknowledgment of the justice of this decree, he speaks of himself as if he were already brought to decay—dry bones and nothing more.

The Medrash says that when he gave commandment concerning his bones, he meant that they should be carried back to the very place from whence he was stolen, and that this was actually done.

The Talmud‡ relates how, that while the children of Israel were plundering the Egyptians immediately before the Exodus, Moses was busily engaged in searching for the coffin in which the remains of Joseph had been laid,§ but was unable to find it. The only survivor of Joseph's generation was Sarach the daughter of Asher, who remembered that the Egyptians had laid the coffin, which was made of iron, in a certain spot on the banks of the Nile, so that the waters of the river might be blessed from year to year, and might rise and overflow its banks. On hearing this Moses went immediately to the place, and cried out with a loud voice, "Joseph, Joseph! The time is now come in which the Lord swore to redeem Israel. The time is now come in which you caused your brethren to swear that they would carry up your bones. Show thyself, or we will be free from this our oath." Upon this the coffin rose to the surface of the stream. All through the wanderings in the wilderness was it reverently carried by the Israelites till they came to Shechem. "And the bones of Joseph, which the children of Israel brought up out of Egypt, buried they in Shechem, in a parcel of ground which Jacob bought of the sons of Hamor, the father of Shechem, for an hundred pieces of silver, and

* Gen. xlvii. 31. † Gen. l. 7—9. ‡ Ver. 14.
§ Ver. 10. ‖ Souta 10.

* Gen. l. 24, 25. † Gen. xliv. 24, 30, 31.
‡ Souta 13. § Gen. l. 26.

it became the inheritance of the children of Joseph."*

And thus ends the story of Joseph.

As it was on account of what befell him at Shechem, when he went forth to look for his brothers, that he was carried down into Egypt, so it was ordained by the Providence of God, that on the return of His people from Egypt, his last resting-place should be found in Shechem.

* Joshua xxiv. 32.

ERRANDS OF MERCY.

III.—IN THE MINT.

IF the reader can refer to Mr. Timbs's interesting "Curiosities of London," he will find that the Royal Mint is not the only mint in the metropolis, though to it we owe all our coinage in these days. In Southwark there was at one time a "Mint of Coinage," which was busy in the era of Henry VIII., whose brother, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, had his mansion near to it. But like not a few other historical portions of our large cities, the district known as the Mint in Southwark has gradually lost all trace of its ancient glory, as well as its veritable Mint, and has become a place of ill-repute, to be shunned by law-abiding citizens, especially if they have anything valuable about their persons. At an early period it had become a resort for debtors, coiners, and vagabonds, and was tolerated like another Alsatia. Gay places there a scene of his *Beggars' Opera:* Jack Sheppard and Jonathan Wild had their haunts there; and, as if to show how the broken-down poet kept them company in their retreat, if he did not even chant their praises, we find Pope turning a couplet with the line,—

"Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme."

It became so great a pest, that in the reigns of William III. and George I. its *privileges* were abolished, and we are told that when the peccant debtors went up to be cleared at the Quarter-Sessions at Guildford, "the road was covered with them, insomuch that they looked like one of the Jewish tribes going out of Egypt;" but that "they proceeded with so much order and discipline that they did not lose a man upon the expedition." The Mint did not recover prestige. In spite of special legislation in its favour, it has continued to harbour generation after generation of thieves, coiners, vagabonds, all "that loathe a law." The ordinary stream of religious ministration seemed for long to have run past it, or to have sunk without effect, like some of those rivers in the desert that are said to lose themselves in sand. The thickly populated streets, though they are fenced off at some points from main thoroughfares only by the thin disguise of a line of better-looking shops, are given up to the lowest purposes; cheap lodging-houses are thick, and public-houses, if they are not so brilliant as in other quarters, are so solidly-successful looking that, we guess, it is not "necessity" which has reduced the allowance of glass and gilt. Some time ago we made acquaintance with the Mint in a very exceptional way, and one the interest of which has not yet ceased.

Though I had heard of good Christian work having been done in the Mint by the Christian Instruction Society, by Bible-women connected with Mrs. Ranyard's Mission, and especially by Mr. James Macdougall, the founder of the Farmhouse Mission, Mr. Thorneloe, and others, I had but peeped in on the district. But now I put myself in the way of being more fully introduced to it. Accordingly, one autumn evening, as twilight was beginning to fall, in company of two gentlemen, I made my debut as a visitor; and shall tell in as succinct a manner as I can what I saw. First of all, my friends having opened and lighted up a large room which they use for the purpose of social and religious meetings, said they would now visit some of the "houses," and asked me to follow. After passing down a very dingy street, we entered a door at which some women were loafing; and, nodding to them, with a polite good evening, my guides hastened along a dingy passage and descended a very dark and narrow stair. This conducted us into a well-lighted and striking scene. We found ourselves in one of the famous "kitchens." Round the ample fire a number of men sat squatted, some of them with pipes in their mouths; others, standing in front of it, were eagerly scanning the progress being made with food which was cooking at the big fire; whilst others, again, were waiting to assume the use of the cooking utensils as soon as the others were done with them. Some who had already performed their culinary offices—for here each one cooks his own portion—were regaling themselves

at long tables, seated on forms running from end to end at both sides, as in schools. Not a few having previously partaken of something stronger than the "cup that cheers but not inebriates," were inclined to be garrulous, and to cast a little chaff at the visitors. "Well, what have you for us to-night, governor?" "Will you take a bit of tripe with us?" or a less considerate individual, with mock anxiety, would come forward with "Buy some shrimps," presenting before us a basket with a small and not overfresh supply of that commodity. After a little quietness has supervened on the first outburst, they are informed that the object of the visit is to invite any who may be inclined to attend a meeting which is just about to take place. Speeches will be made, songs sung, and recitations given, and some interesting music, and everything that can be done will be done to give innocent pleasure to whoever may come, as the only object is the real good of those who may be induced to come to the meetings.

Some old friends, who up to this point have remained quietly seated, nod, by way of intimating their good intention, and a more urgent appeal is made in midst of additional noise caused by the sudden uprisal from the floor of one who, even amid the grime and dust of his pitiably inebriate condition, bears evidence of better birth and better education than most of his companions. He is a newcomer, and inclined to be "down upon" what he is pleased to call *cant*, but the patient words of the visitors actually disarm him, and even he, apparently sobered by the magic of kind words, promises to come up with some of the others at eight o'clock.

No fewer than between twenty and thirty houses of this class are visited, with results cheerful or the reverse, very much according to the footing on which the visitors have hitherto found themselves with the more permanent of the lodgers, some of whom are old friends. Our guides now make their way back to the point they had originally started from; and what in no slight measure surprised us was that in front of the place of meeting, which looks right over to a corner public-house, one of the gentlemen mounted on a chair and began to speak, calmly but decidedly, of the injury that was done to poor working men and women by the drink and the drinking customs, and called earnestly on the crowd, who had now gathered round, to resolve to give no further encouragement to a traffic which was armed against all their best interests. Sometines an approving or a dissenting remark was made, but no special rudeness was indulged in, though a constant stream kept flowing out and in through the swing-doors of the public-house as we stood listening.

After this was over the hall was opened—a large room in the upper floor of a house which has a history. Very soon the hall was filled with the motliest, and certainly one of the most interesting, assemblages we ever saw. There could not be fewer than two hundred. The rough faces and flat foreheads, which are assumed to be typical of the doubtful classes, were not without their relief in countenances which indicated education and intelligence, such as no outward circumstances could suffice to conceal. After a short service of song and prayer, the more secular part of the entertainment began. It consisted simply of songs, accompanied by the piano, of recitations and of speeches of a familiar and anecdotic cast—one man, who had risen from the ranks of labour to a good position in a gasworks, setting forth his experiences, and frankly indicating the causes, as he thought, of his success. We need not say that the whole was pervaded by a high moral tone, or that due weight was laid on the element of temperance—into which the leaders had found themselves driven as one great help in the work of reforming men and women in such places as this. Other and higher considerations were not left out of account, but were not too patently obtruded, as "pious talk" is one of the things which the class—more especially the men—are much inclined to sneer at and to escape from, at any rate, at the first.

For more than two hours this large gathering was interested. Mothers with infants in arms sat the whole time; but we should not omit to say that in the lodging-houses women are in a minority, not a few of the men here having quarrelled with and deserted their wives and children, and are in too many cases actually in hiding from them. That the mission has not been without tangible result is proved by the fact that by its means not a few men, who were notorious for hardened indifference, have been led to go back to their wives and families, and in not a few cases these very men are now steady and respectable, and members of Christian Churches. Great tact and discretion, however, have to be exercised. The members of the mission are the depositories of many secrets, which they would deem it the grossest faithlessness under any circumstances to reveal.

The history of the house in which we now stand is worth a word or two. It soon became clear to those who were concerned with the work of the mission in its earlier stages, that one great point would be achieved, if a really good lodging-house was established into which no drink should be allowed to be brought. An appeal was accordingly made by Mr. Macdougall through the pages of Mrs. Ranyard's *Missing Link Magazine*, and through other channels, and very soon some £500 was subscribed, sufficient to buy the lease of two houses, and put them in good condition; and though in a frightful state, they were found, after thorough repairing, to be admirably adapted for the purpose. Though there is no absolute condition that the inmates be total abstainers, most of them now are so; but it is a stringent rule that no drink be brought in and drunk on the premises. That large numbers of these poor people appreciate quiet and order is proved by the fact that the two houses have from the first been well-filled; that not only do they yield some return on the money invested, but a small sum yearly is set aside. Besides all this, the big room in which the meeting has been held, is, without additional expense, at the service of Christian workers, who by means of it carry on their enterprises so far in peace and comfort compared with their condition when at first they tried to carry on their meetings in the kitchens or in a kitchen hired for the purpose.

These few facts abundantly show that many of the poor people who are driven into such vile associations are not slow to grip any helping hand held out to them; and that a rich reward waits on any earnest and wisely practical efforts in such districts. The following passage from the *Missing Link Magazine* is only expressive of the simple truth:

"The lodging-houses are crammed—the lodgings crowded—the good and bad herded together. The contagious effects of evil are well known; it is not needful that we should point out at any length what must be its influence upon all classes—pernicious to the men and women, but fatal to the children; making many of the former feel, as they recall the days when they were poor, but honest and happy, that life has become a weary burden which they would gladly lay down. Then they lose the incentives to self-reliance, courage, and hope, without which it is startling how rapid is their declension from moral rectitude. So long as they struggle to better themselves, they are safe; but when they give up the contest in despair, they soon content themselves with 'doing as others do,' and, surrounded by a sea of vice, they are carried with the tide."

The following, from the same magazine, of date, March, 1869, which tells how an opening was first made in the Mint, has also an interest of its own:—

"The way in which any footing has been obtained in this district was very interesting. For the last twelve years the Christian Instruction Society has sent its members two-and-two on Sunday evenings to those low lodging-houses, obtaining leave from the landlords of fifteen of the lodging-houses to give addresses in their large kitchens, each two members taking the houses in rotation; yet, though good seed had been sown, this appeared to lay little hold upon the inmates.

"At last, by means of a thief who had some occasion for feeling gratitude, an entrance was obtained to the worst house in Mint Street; and not only this, but admittance was gained every Sunday. Still, though the people would always listen, there could be no personal conversation with them afterwards, while seventy or eighty lodgers were listening round.

"It was desirable that they should come off their own ground to some other place, and now they meet in a cellar kitchen privately paid for, which our Bible mission shares, till we get a room of our own. The two first men who came forth to that place, we are told, have proved real converts, and are very helpful in the Bible class, which Mr. Macdougall still holds there; but, alas for the physical condition even of these reclaimed ones! Truly they want the Bible-woman and the clean shirt, and oftentimes the services of the Bible-women nurses. We may follow one of the latter, in idea, up a ladder to the loft in which lies J. F., ill of rheumatic fever. Merely to feel his pulse makes him scream with pain. He has lain twelve days unwashed, too ill to move. His shirt is black with dirt, and cleaves to his fevered skin. The refreshment of kind attention and clean linen he has found unspeakable.

"Then there is another who was a dweller in the deserted 'farm-house'—black with cobwebs, as it is at present. He is one who longs to see it redeemed, for he is a man with a changed heart, but he has been hitherto constrained to live in this neighbourhood. He was lately ill with low fever, weak from want of nourishment such as our mission happily can supply to the wants of sickness. When recently visited, he said he had only been able to get a little gruel, and if it were not for God's joy and peace within him he often felt that his troubles were more than he could bear. He, however, is of opinion that a reformed and model lodging-house in this locality 'would do more than all the preaching.' Happily he has at last obtained work, and has for the present left the Mint. But many such would return to it, and voluntarily help in mission work and Bible work if the reformed lodging-house could be secured, and this must be now or never."

The model lodging-house has been secured, as we have seen, and has in such a remarkable way answered its purpose, that it may be said to demonstrate how much room there is here as well as elsewhere for more devoted workers, for more money, for a more generally diffused interest in such glorious work; and if this should be in any way helped by this paper, surely our readers will not regret our having glanced hurriedly at some of these "Errands of Mercy" in the Mint.

H. A. PAGE.

Sea of Galilee.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS ON THE HILLS OF GALILEE.

By W. C. PROCTER.

I.—THE ELECT FISHERMEN.

THE sea of Galilee is like a great sapphire dropped into a cup of gold. Under the summer noon the red and grey cliffs, alternating with slopes of scorched grass, flame with a tropical brilliancy, which merges all colours in a metallic splendour. But the heavenly blue of the waters gives a rest both to the outward and the inward eye, as when, amid some scene of wearisome gaiety, we light upon a face of divine simplicity. This is the birthplace of the gospel. Here the serenity of the life of God, reflected in a human soul, first touched the rude hearts of men by its contrast to the gilded mockeries of an arid faith.

But deeply as the Saviour loved all traces of the Father's hand, it was neither the beauty, nor the suggestive symbolism of the scene, which drew Him to these shores. There were other attractions, of whose existence there remains, at the present day, hardly the faintest trace. Let us take our stand where this ruined watch-tower* guards the narrow pass by the water-side from Tiberias to the plain of Gennesareth. Before us the lip of the golden cup is flattened out. Between the water and the rounded hills a long crescent of shelly sand runs round to where the headlong stream of the Jordan finds á sudden peace in the broad bosom of the lake. And here in the nearest foreground is a little plain running up into the country to our left. The lower part of this plain, near the lake, is like a neglected garden now, encumbered with a jungle growth of rank vegetation, watered by three streams that spring from redundant fountains. And as the untrimmed garden of a deserted house heightens by its undisciplined wealth of straggling branches and vagabond creepers, and flowers run to seed, the sense of desolation that strikes us from broken windows and gaping roof, so the trackless confusion of this jungle makes all the more melancholy the loneliness of the now deserted shores, and the stillness of the sea furrowed only by a single keel.

Yet time was when those bare hillsides and this lonely beach were thronged with human life, as the waters still swarm with fish. Then every mountain slope sparkled with its white, flat-roofed houses scattered here and there amongst vineyards and fir-trees. Then it was hardly a sabbath day's journey from one town to another, each with its synagogue and its school, its market-place, and perhaps

* Magdala, that is "Migdol," a watch-tower. The place is still called Mejdil. It is almost the only site on the north-western shore which can be confidently identified.

its publican's table. Then this thicket of thorns and oleanders was repressed by diligent cultivation. A road cleanly cut in the rock led up the hills and round to the northern shore. The banks of these streams were noisy with playing children. And a round fountain, yet existing, but obscured by wild plants like the face of a forlorn maiden by dishevelled hair, was the daily resort of chattering damsels, each discharging her burden of news before she filled her jar with water. Above all, the blue water was flecked everywhere with sails, or plashed beneath the stroke of oars, or bubbled with the fall of nets. And a vigorous, simple-minded peasantry carried on a fishing trade, which not only fed their families, but fostered numerous handicrafts, keeping hundreds of hands busily at work. The neighbourhood was, says Dean Stanley, to the rest of Palestine, something like what the manufacturing districts are to the rest of England.

The comparison goes deeper than the mere analogy of productive industries. It is in the manufacturing districts of England that new ideas have most readily taken root; and not new ideas only, but new applications of old ideas, which had grown musty for want of earnest use. Not only the great principles which the last half century has seen embodied in the British constitution, but John Wesley's fresh enunciation of an everlasting gospel found most appreciative and fruitful acceptance amongst the busy brains and anxious hearts of the manufacturing population. There are many reasons for this, of which it is not necessary to mention more than two or three. Perhaps the elements mingled in the blood of the people in Yorkshire and Lancashire have had something to do with it. It is certain that many of the French Protestants, persecuted in their native land, found a refuge in the southern parts of the former county. Northern Lancashire has many strongholds of Catholicism; but where manufactures have drawn together immigrants of mixed race a sort of fermentation appears to have taken place, working out old superstitions, and clarifying the thoughts of men. The same districts are also more directly affected by commerce with foreign lands, specially America; and the traditional prejudices, from which no nation is free, have thus been exposed to a very effectual solvent. Besides, although the material results of manufacturing industry have been wealth and money to no small number, yet the process has involved many vicissitudes of fortune, and many a trial of patience and endurance for the masses. The agricultural labourer may have much to complain of. But at all events there is a certain monotony in his life, equally removed from the excitements of agonizing fear and of brilliant hope. Any one who knows what a manufacturing town is in a time of commercial crisis and great failures amongst employers, more especially in such a time as that of the cotton famine, will understand the contrast of its life with that of an agricultural district. People exposed to such fierce extremes of experience feel specially the need, not only of independence of character, but of the heavenly aids which brace the moral energies.

Now in all these respects the Galilean district, of which we are speaking, presented a significant analogy. Mixture of races, intercourse with the outer world, and a rougher, more passionate, and more struggling life than that of Judæa, made the northern Israelites much the more hopeful soil for new ideas or for fresh applications of old ones. This was "Galilee of the Gentiles," a name which signified that already, in the days of the prophets, the selvage, binding everywhere else the sacred tissue of the Jewish race, was here frayed away into straggling threads. Both speech and manners had been affected by some admixture with the Syrians, perhaps also with the Phœnicians. Cæsarea Philippi, Bethsaida Julias, and Tiberias on the shores of the lake, were towns of Roman construction, and of Roman associations such as even the conquerors of the world would hardly have dared to introduce into the more strait-laced and stubborn Judæa. And again, owing to its border position, Galilee was specially exposed to the disturbance of political vicissitudes. Whatever may be thought of these suggestions as to the probable causes, certain it is that Galilee was always too readily disposed to lend a willing ear to revolutionists who proclaimed a new era, to be inaugurated by blood. But this weakness was the reverse side of generous tendencies. And we can perhaps see some reasons why this turbulent land was chosen for the advent of the Prince of Peace. Now in some respects the western shore of the little sea was more Galilean than the rest of Galilee. It was honoured, or degraded, by two Roman settlements. It was on the immediate border of Arabia.* It was on the direct line of a great current of foreign trade. The very crowding of the population

* In New Testament geography the whole of the country between Syria and Palestine on the one hand, and the Persian Gulf on the other, was included in Arabia.—See Gal. i. 17.

intensified its average characteristics. And the staple trade of the people, the fisheries, accustomed them to vicissitudes both of danger and of anxiety.

Such observations may throw some light upon a saying of Christ's, which many ordinary readers of the Bible find somewhat obscure. Speaking of the death of His forerunner, He said, "From the days of John the Baptist until now the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." Who were those violent men? We know how sternly Jesus rebuked any appearance of an inclination on the part of His followers to resort to physical force. And we are quite sure, that in words apparently intended to recognise with approval the enthusiasm of His followers, there could not be a reference to anything of this kind. What then was meant? Remembering with what divine skill the Master employed figurative and even paradoxical language to arrest the attention of His simple hearers, we can have no difficulty in seeing here a description of those Galilean peasants who formed the bulk of His earliest and most eager hearers. They were characterized by vehemence of temper and an unconventional directness of purpose; qualities which are often associated with simplicity of mind and warm loyalty of heart. And if we think of it, the Gospels give many hints that the elect disciples who were designated by the Lord Himself as apostles, were pre-eminently marked by such characteristics. Of Peter there is no need to speak. He is everywhere recognised as the type of a headlong zeal, which, like keen and flashing steel, has to pass through very opposite extremes of experience, before it is tempered into trustworthiness. James and John were called sons of thunder by Jesus Himself. And their wish for the lightning of heaven shows what their temper was. There is no contradiction here to St. John's distinction as the apostle of love. Any one who thinks that there is, has scarcely understood what manner of love it was, which mastered the deep soul of this apostle as the imperious sunlight masters a thunder-laden sky. There are no writings in the Bible which seem so suggestive of an ocean calm, resting on measureless depths of suppressed passion, as do those associated with his name. The Church fathers who told how in extreme old age he spoke only of love, tell also how, being informed in a public bath that Cerinthus the heretic was in the building, he cried aloud, "Away! let us forth! lest the roof should fall on the enemy of the truth." The latter incident is not in the spirit of Christ. But neither was that earlier desire to wield the lightnings of Heaven's vengeance. All we say is, that it illustrates the primitive Christian memory of John's character.

Of the other apostles no characteristic incidents are related in the synoptical Gospels; but the fourth Gospel has some anecdotes which are suggestive as to one or two of them. The guilelessness of Nathanael, for instance, seems to have consisted in the bright sincerity of swift impulse, rather than infantine softness of nature. Very confidently Philip speaks to him, and says, "We have found Him, of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets did write." And who is He? Philip has no hesitation: "Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph."* It is with no ill-natured sneer; it is in quick impulsive revulsion from so strange a contrast to the splendours of prophecy, that Nathanael exclaims, "Nazareth! can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" But when the searching insight and the spiritual sympathy of Jesus command his awe and love, how straight the new disciple rushes to the goal of faith! "Rabbi, thou art the Son of God, thou art the King of Israel." And this Philip also, who thus lays hold of Nathanael, seems always to speak with vehemence, when he speaks at all. "Whence shall we buy bread, that these may eat?" asks the Master, standing amidst a hungry multitude of five thousand men. And Philip is at a loss how to express his astonishment at the question. He does not answer it. So far as reverence will let him, he resents it as mistimed. No attainable wealth could get them a mouthful a-piece. "Two hundred pennyworth of bread," he declares, "is not sufficient for them, that every one of them should take a little." (What a wonderful company was that, bent on the new creation of a world, and yet unable to raise two hundred pence amongst them!) Then again, it appears to us that Philip's interruption of the Master in John xiv., although it certainly expresses a universal desire, is also touched with individual vehemence and impatience, "Lord show us the Father and it sufficeth us;" as though he had said, "Why all this darkness and mystery? Sight is better than faith; show us the Father, and no other explanation will be needed."

Thomas is constantly taken as the representative of weak and doubting Chris-

* John i. 45.

tians. But, surely, this is not just to Thomas. There was no hesitation in his resolve, when the disciples vainly remonstrated against the determination of their Lord to go to the home at Bethany in the teeth of Jewish hate. "Then said Thomas, which is called Didymus, unto his fellow-disciples, 'Let us also go, that we may die with him.'"* There is a ring of loyal passion about those words, which makes us feel that we should like to have squeezed the hand of the man who uttered them, and to have stood with him shoulder to shoulder in the good fight. That is just the sort of holy violence which takes the kingdom of heaven by storm. Nor is there anything really inconsistent with this tone of high devotion in the incredulity of Thomas about the resurrection of his Lord. It was something too good to be true. He would have given his head to make it true, had that been possible. But just because the news was so stupendous, he dared not flatter his soul with mere probabilities. Nothing less than absolute certainty was tolerable to him. And when his ardent longing was satisfied, the exulting cry of his faith was more daring and more impassioned than even the confession of Peter. "My Lord, and my God!" This is the language of a heart on fire with inexpressible devotion. And it is hearts susceptible to that fire which take the kingdom of heaven by storm. True, the Lord pronounced a special blessing on those who "have not seen and yet have believed." But it was a blessing shared by none of the original disciples any more than by Thomas. It was reserved for those who, in the language of St. Paul, "had not known Christ according to the flesh;" and perhaps the fulness of that blessing has hardly been appreciated yet. But we cannot think that the words of the Master were ever intended to make Thomas a type of vacillating doubt. If that disciple wanted to have firm footing, it was only that his spiritual energy might have free scope. The mightier the engine, the stronger must its foundation be. The machinery of a village water-mill may work without mischief, while it rests only on creaking beams and swaying boards. But the steam-engine, which keeps up the multitudinous whirl of a gigantic cotton-mill, must needs rest on concrete or on solid rock.

All that we learn, then, of the apostles in their early days suggests to us that they were the very flower of Galilean vigour. In this northern land the sect of the "Zealots" seems to have specially prospered—men who exceeded even the straitest sect of the Pharisees in their jealousy for the law, and who at last went the length of assassinating, in their fury, those whom they judged offenders. Even these fanatics furnished one of the apostles of peace, Simon Zelotes,* whose name (and that is all that is left of him) seems eloquent of much. And though the kingdom, into which these "violent men" pressed with a passionate impulse, was not the rule of force but of love, they had need of all their vigour, all their bright sincerity, all their uncompromising directness of purpose, to do the work to which they were called.

Imagination shrinks from too curious a scrutiny of those material scenes which are obscured, like a sunlit sea, by the very light that they reflect. Can you mark the minute carving of a mirror, when your eyes are dazzled by the image of the sun burning in it? It is too daring a thing even to look steadily. We have something of the same feeling when we try to think of the Man that paced one day along that crescent of the Galilean shore which sweeps from Magdala towards the north. It was probably towards evening, when a few fishermen had already begun their labours, carried on mainly in the night, while others were mending their nets. The shadows from the heights by Magdala crept slowly, inch by inch, across the blue water, while that figure, solitary amongst men as the moon amongst the stars, paced along the shore, and passed without speech the groups of idlers gathered here and there. They surely knew Him, for in such places each man knows every other, and strangers are the observed of all observers. They knew that it was the Man of Nazareth—a prophet He was said to be—of whom John the Baptist had spoken in mysterious words of praise. And He had taken up the message of the imprisoned John, declaring that the kingdom of God might be looked for any day. But, different from John, He did not dwell apart in desert places, leaving those to find Him out who could. He came amongst men, and sought out specially the suffering and the sinful, to whom it seemed His highest joy to declare the good news that the kingdom of heaven was theirs also, if they were weary of sin. And it was wonderful how the poorest and most ignorant, nay,

* John xi. 16.

* It is perhaps scarcely necessary to explain that the epithet "Canaanite," by which also he is known, is not a local designation here, but the Aramaic form of *zelotes*, or zealot.

the godless and forsaken, loved to hear Him talk. Not that they always understood what He said; but their hearts seemed to follow when their heads could not, for His very life flowed through them as He spoke. Now, however, He was silent as He paced along the shore. There was the weight of some fixed purpose in His look.

Suddenly He stopped, where, at a little distance from the land, two fishermen in their boat were casting their net into the water. "Follow me," He said, "and I will make you fishers of men."* And they did follow Him. They pushed their boat to land, and, leaping lightly out, they left their worldly goods, constrained by an attraction, the whole meaning of which they could not themselves understand. But there was nothing unnatural or contrary to Jewish habits in such an action. It is only inattentive readers of the New Testament who can suppose that this was the first time Simon and Andrew saw Jesus, or the first moment when they had felt the greatness of His character. We have not indeed full information; but every hint we have makes it probable that these men, like many others at that time, were eagerly "waiting for the consolation of Israel." We may imagine that, so far as was possible in their secluded homes, they watched keenly every sign of the times. At any rate, when the fame of John's preaching reached the north, they left their boat and journeyed down the Jordan valley that they might hear him. And there, we are informed, they heard John himself declare that "there was one amongst them whose shoe latchet he was not worthy to unloose." So first Andrew, and through him Simon, had been brought into the company of Jesus; and we are led to suppose that they, with some others, sought that sacred presence as frequently as opportunity would allow. They did not wholly forsake their daily labour; but that labour did not absolutely require regular application. It permitted them, without serious inconvenience, to spend a day or two now and then in wandering to Nain or Nazareth and back, that they might renew the holy friendship which had so deeply touched their souls. We may with perfect propriety conjecture that the existence of a considerable number of such incipient disciples in this neighbourhood was one of the reasons why, when Jesus heard that John was cast into prison, "He left Nazareth and came and dwelt in Capernaum." We may be sure that this removal was the cause of no small joy to such men as Andrew and Simon. And when on this day they heard a call of special emphasis, associated with a significant promise, the prospect of a closer and more constant attendance on the Master put all thought of their present occupation on one side. With characteristic decision and impulsiveness, "they straightway left their nets and followed Him." It is possible they may have remembered the call of Elisha, or the summons to Amos as he guarded his flock in Tekoa. To them the thought that the old prophetic days were to be revived in their own experience would be a bliss neutralising all fear, and paralyzing all selfish interests.

The same considerations obviously apply to the event which immediately followed. For "going on from thence he saw other two brethren, James, the son of Zebedee, and John his brother, in a ship with Zebedee their father, mending their nets." The fact that they worked under the direction of their father would suggest that these were younger men than Simon and Andrew; while the mention of "hired servants" assisting them, would hint at a somewhat better social position. But they too had already been touched by aspirations which dwarfed all earthly objects; and they were drawn into the sweep of a spiritual dominion which left only one Master, and one brotherhood. They, or their mother for them,* did, indeed, seem long afterwards to crave for special distinctions, which the wife of Zebedee may have thought to be the due of those who had abandoned, not only their home, but "hired servants" as well. But it was a passing error, touching only the wandering, worldly, superficial thoughts, that fret the calm of even the deepest hearts. Even the sons of thunder were wooed to indiscretion by a fond worldly mother; but they were swayed to devotion and martyrdom by the far grander power of divine love.

"I will make you fishers of men." He who spoke these words showed, in speaking them, how profoundly He understood the art He promised to teach. It was impossible that these elect fishermen should comprehend at that moment the destiny which awaited them. It was equally impossible that incarnate truth should promise them the sort of destiny which their interpretation of the prophecies should have led them to expect. But this promise, like so many

* Matt. iv. 19.

* Matt. xx. 20.

words of Christ, had a homeliness that touched every-day experience, while it had an expansiveness which adapted itself to every stage of after progress through which the hearers passed. "Wherefore," asked the prophet Habakkuk, "makest thou men as the fishes of the sea, as the creeping things that have no ruler over them? They take up all of them with their angle, and catch them in their net, and gather them in their drag. Therefore they rejoice and are glad." Oh, poor humanity! rushing in crowds to every bait of sin, and entangled in aimless perplexities of self-will, "because they have no ruler over them!" The quick susceptibilities and gregarious sympathies, which have made mankind a prey to tyranny, are now at last to find a diviner destiny, and to serve that highest law by which love makes all things one. Therefore said Jesus to these elect followers, "I will make you fishers of men."

A SONG IN THE NIGHT.

I TAKE this pain, Lord Jesus,
From Thine own hand;
The strength to bare it bravely
Thou wilt command.
I am too weak for effort,
So let me rest,
In hush of sweet submission,
On Thine own breast.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,
As proof indeed
That Thou art watching closely
My truest need;
That Thou, my Good Physician,
Art working still;
That all Thine own good pleasure
Thou wilt fulfil.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus!
What Thou dost choose,
The soul that really loves Thee
Will not refuse.
It is not for the *first* time
I trust to-day!
For Thee my heart hath never
A trustless "Nay!"

I take this pain, Lord Jesus!
But what beside?
'Tis no unmingled portion
Thou dost provide.
In every hour of faintness,
My cup runs o'er
With faithfulness and mercy,
And love's sweet store.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,
As Thine own gift,
And true though tremulous praises
I now uplift.
I am too weak to sing them,
But Thou dost hear
The whisper from the pillow,—
Thou art so near!

'Tis Thy dear hand, O Saviour,
That presseth sore,
The hand that bears the nail prints
For evermore.
And now beneath its shadow,
Hidden by Thee,
The pressure only tells me
Thou lovest me!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

THE HOME OF THE SAINT AND THE REFUGE OF THE REFORMER.

By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "The Huguenot Family," &c.

WE journeyed straight from Cologne to Eisenach with the sun shining down upon us and lighting up the pleasant country, broken and woody, with little rivers, meadows, and sand-banks. The train ran long through the valley of the Rühr. After passing the large manufacturing towns of Elberfeld and Barmen, the scenery became mountainous and beautiful, the hillsides, wooded to the top, now dovetailing into, now opening out of each other. We saw snow lying in the corries at one place close to the railway line, which must have attained a considerable height. There were many little towns and villages of white and yellow houses, crossed with black or unpainted wood, and having half of each gable wood. We passed through a slate district, where the houses were blue-slated. Lying by the river and under the wood-crowned hills, the Höpke Thal was particularly wild and romantic. We noticed a fine old chateau, white and

weather-stained, with wings, steep roof, and a bell-tower. We got into a tile district again, and appreciated the warm colouring of the roofs, added to the fact that the wooden halves of the gables were generally painted a deep red, among the prevailing green of wood and meadow. We hailed moors brown with heather, reminding us of the *Heideprinzessin* of German story. At a distance on solitary country roads, Calvaries rose up before us, and thrilled us with the memory of their divine tragedy. A great cross stood relieved against the sky, at the top of an open pathway up a wooded hill. These straight openings in, and ascents of tree-clad heights have a peculiar effect. The roads were bordered with tall poplars, often with fruit-trees. The summer-houses in the country gardens we steamed by, were no longer the white garden temples of Holland and Belgium, but pyramids of wire round which trailing plants wove bowers of bare tracery in April. Flocks of sheep and lambs trudged along the highways. Odd costumes began to meet us, as women appeared in purple calicot mantles, with two tippets, like old coachmen's great-coats. The women's long baskets were slung beneath these cloaks, and formed humps on the backs. On each female head was worn a black or dark blue woollen or linen kerchief, twisted round like a turban, with an end hanging down behind—or else the head-dress was of black silk, three cornered, rising like a horn over the forehead and terminating behind in a round crown, with a flower worked on it in coloured silks or beads; sometimes there was a short veil hanging down the back in addition. In any case the hair, unless the magnificent plaits were quite uncovered, was stowed away entirely, leaving the sun-browned face altogether exposed. Shepherds in blue cloaks with staves like crooks, and wallets like scrips, looked as if they had stepped out of an old pastoral.

The country about Cassel was more open and tamer in its character, though still fine. When we had left the town behind us, we came in sight of the stately castle of Wilhelmshöhe, on a wooded height in its park, where the late Emperor of the French carried his broken spirit and worn-out body on his surrender to the Emperor of Germany, after the battle of Sedan.

We had more quaint little towns by rivers, in meadows, and with wooded hills sometimes retreating into the distance, sometimes giving place to bare braes—among which other towns were niched. Marburg is very picturesquely situated on the brink of a hill, with Lower Marburg in the hollow beneath. Occasionally we had a glimpse of a ruined castle.

As we approached Eisenach the wooded hills closed in upon us again. We passed the old castle of Brandenburg, and had the briefest glimpse of the turrets of the Wartburg frowning down upon us just before we entered the station.

We took up our quarters at the Hotel Grosz Herzog von Sachse, where the landlord modestly announced himself as speaking a little English, which on being tested proved none at all. But we were comfortably lodged, if in the extreme German fashion, our beds being without bolsters, having the mattresses stuffed higher at the head as a substitute, and in the room of blankets the usual down quilts.

Our day for the Wartburg dawned propitiously, with lovely weather, capable of showing to advantage, even in April and after an ungenial spring, a nook of the great Thüringerwald. It was very pleasant to us, after a rather severe course of old towns and their mouldering remains, to look out on the beautiful wooded background rising right behind our hotel, and the broken wooded foreground stretching away beyond the railway line. Eisenach is one of the many towns dropped down like a stone in the green sea of the Thüringerwald.

In the morning we took a stroll into the town, past the picturesque houses on the outskirts, running down to a rapid little stream with a bridge to every house, and women rinsing their clothes in the flowing water from their own doorsteps. We went beneath the Nicolai Thor, a square gate tower with a red-tiled roof. It looked still more in keeping as we saw it on another occasion, when one of the long rude carts of the country, drawn by oxen, stood under the arch. We entered the Sonnabend Markt, where the plaster houses are of half the colours of the rainbow—yellow, pale green, red—toned and mellowed by the weather. The Nicolai church, old and plain, is next the gate. Hauptstrasse leads into the grand Platz, with a large yellow Schloss having a slate roof, a coat of arms above the door, and a sentry pacing to and fro before the homely palace. Here the widowed Duchess of Orleans dwelt for a season with the boy who had been hailed as the heir of France, and his younger brother. Opposite the Schloss is the church of St. George, and in one corner the old Rathhaus, presenting a

pagoda-shaped tower, blue slated, relieved against a yellow red-tiled house. There, doubtless, hangs the bell which rings the alarm of fire that is apt to break the stillness of a German night. There is a fountain in the centre, with a gilt figure of St. George in armour. One of the large yellow houses is a Bürgerschule for boys and girls, from which issue little fellows wearing Hessian boots like their elders,—the green-coated Jäger, and having slate and satchel on back and breast. A modern trophy is a bronze statue—a female figure—Liberty, or Victory, or Germania, we could not decide which, offering laurel wreaths. On the pedestal are inscribed the names of the Eisenach men who fell in the Franco-German war. Little Eisenach has taken her share in the nation's struggle.

There is more than one agreeable public garden belonging to the town, but we found the flowers far back in the beginning of April, as might have been expected in a high forest region. Snowdrops and crocuses, which had been protected by fir boughs during the hard winter, were only in blossom; wallflowers were being planted out like geraniums in more favoured regions; but the natives appeared to indemnify themselves with the usual German wealth in house-flowers. Among others, gay daffodils and brilliant tulips were nodding against the moss with which some of the window-frames were covered. The market-women, who greeted us with their friendly "Guten Tag," had brought in bundles of flowers for sale. They had clusters of a white lily resembling star of Bethlehem, with which I had been familiar in Scotland.

Soon after our noon-day dinner we set out for the Wartburg. None of the *Wegweiser* or guides who had besieged us in the morning was to be found, with the exception of an old, slightly infirm man who laboured under a deficiency of teeth. He consented to do the deed for ten *silber groschen* (tenpence). He pointed out an old doorway through which he said Luther went to school—a statement which we took with considerable reservation, though I believe there is a tradition that the reformer preached in one of the town churches. Whether he descended from his fastness for the purpose, or returned to Eisenach and spoke to the people in later days, I cannot tell. We ascended past the *Gottesacker*, with its crosses and wreaths, and climbed through the wood, where there was an easy path, having, at intervals, seats, most of them commanding fine views.

Of course we were much too early in the year for the full charm of a German forest, but on this sweet spring day, ferns, wood-sorrels, and wood anemones were sprouting through the carpet of last year's leaves The green of the firs contrasted broadly with the ruddy brown withered foliage yet left on beech and oak, while all were glittering with shining crystal drops, as of freshest dew, exuded by the growing buds. We might reflect, if we could find comfort in the knowledge, that it was in the spring also, though it was in the month of May, that Luther mounted to his friendly durance in the Wartburg.

Our old man, whose German speech was very imperfect at best, endeavoured conscientiously to impart his information, which we tried hard to receive. He pointed out to us the boundaries of the country, what belonged to Eisenach and what to other states. He showed the blue hill of the Edelberg, and the hills connected with the legendary history of Tannhaüser, the Minnesinger. He stopped us at Elizabeth's Brunnen in the rock, and indicated the footpath like a thread, through wood and by hill, along which she carried the bread and wine to her poor. Still we wound up and round. At last, by a causewayed road between high rocks grown green with moss and ferns, which reminded me of the approach to Drummond Castle in Perthshire, and by a flight of shallow steps we reached the plateau, on which stands the castle. It consists of a group of buildings, the main member of the group modernised and castellated with the turrets which we saw on our arrival, the less altered portions forming long, low, half-detached houses, wood-crossed and many-gabled, with one notable projecting canopied window.

A little to one side is the inn of the Wartburg, a timber-crossed house with a flat roof, a gallery running round, and a small house erected on the roof. Before the door, "travellers" were lounging in the afternoon sunshine, on benches in front of tables garnished with long glasses of beer.

We dismissed our old guide, who seemed inclined to stick to us in spite of a previous arrangement, and demurred at handing over our shawls, in order to hire a guide belonging to the place, a stout cheery German. He conducted us over a rustic bridge, which crossed a dry moat, past a little flower-court with trees, bushes, and roses in espaliers,*

* In spite of the elevation, I saw vines trained over the walls and roof of a half-covered gallery.

and by a drawbridge to what is, in fact, a modernised hunting-seat of the Dukes of Saxe Weimar. We went into the entrance hall, with its groined stone roof and coats of mail, and penetrated to a fine gallery embellished with large and small groups in fresco, by Schwind, from the history of the Holy Elizabeth. There was Elizabeth in her exiled youth; as a young queen, when challenged by her royal husband for carrying the basket of bread which a monkish miracle converted into red and white roses; as a loving woman, detecting the fatal red cross in her landgrave's possession; Elizabeth parting from her husband when he departs to join the crusade; the widow and her children driven from the castle by the usurper; the queen in her nun's dress, lying dead, but passing sweet and fair, still surrounded by nuns and priests —Conrad of Marburg foremost—looking down on her; the figure of Elizabeth canonised and borne crowned and in triumph to her shrine. Here, in truth, lived, prayed, and suffered the noble Elizabeth of Thuringia; not the tender but inhuman saint of Montalembert and the Roman Catholic Church, rather the eager, earnest, bewildered girl, who strove according to her light to rise above the world, and be the brave patient servant of God, and with whose pathetic history Charles Kingsley has made many readers familiar. Her lonely and neglected youth intensified the tendency to mysticism and asceticism which is to be found in so many lofty and generous natures. Her priestly director tortured her into distrust of all dear domestic ties which God has ordained. Her nearest and dearest friend was smitten with the infection of a higher vocation, and left her to her fate. Her enemies drove her on the single course which the times and her circumstances left open to her; and so Elizabeth took a nun's vows and died in the odour of sanctity. But not for her pledges or her penances does the fragrance of her name linger in the old Thüringerwald or about her ancient home. It is the memory of her simple piety, of the touching self-denial of the girl, of the resolute devotion of the woman, who, even as we are told of Margaret of Scotland, would, with her own gentle hands, tend the leper, feed the hungry, and clothe the naked, that survives all cruel rending of family bonds, all austere fasting and flagellation.

By what seemed a sudden wide leap over the centuries we were taken next into Luther's chapel, having the pulpit which he had used covered with crimson velvet, and the room further adorned by a gilt crucifix, an organ, and a blue roof star-spangled. A staunch young Presbyterian in our company, misled by some of the adjuncts, asked, in alarm, if the castle were now in the hands of Roman Catholics; but was speedily reassured by the hearty "Ach, nein, nein" of our guide. We went through different saale, including the Great Saal, where the Minnesänger had their contest in 1207, before Elizabeth's time, and of which parts of the roof and of the old flooring remain the same to this day, the Gericht or Ritter Saal, the Fest Saal, all of them rich in relics and in marvels of modern antiques. Before concluding our survey with the armoury we were bidden study in a corridor an example of caustic German humour, where the ages of man and woman are divided into decades and illustrated cynically by appropriate beasts and birds, beginning with a calf and a pigeon, and going on through hound and hen, lion and peacock, fox and goose, &c., to the final death's heads.

We repaired to the more primitive part of the building, wood-crossed and tile-roofed, and were led to Luther's room, which continues almost as he left it. Outside the door verses and pithy sayings of Luther's are inscribed on the walls. Inside is a bare old room, with the veritable brown table and carved arm-chair where the reformer sat. The table has been so hacked and splinters bitten from its rim by the teeth of Protestant pilgrims, that it is now protected with an iron band. The rest of the furniture of the room consists chiefly of an escritoire, a rude footstool, a great carved wardrobe and a bed, a chased metal drinking-jug, and a huge, green, porcelain stone with raised figures in the costume of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Selections from the reformer's writings are framed and hung on the walls, along with portraits of his mother (very good, a sagacious worthy old face, surmounted by the white cowl of the period) and father, by Cranach, Dr. Martin's own manly face and figure in cap and gown, a pen-and-ink sketch of him by Cranach, a portrait of his true comrade Philip Melancthon, and another of the friendly elector who kidnapped and lodged Luther here—the elector in the quaint shirt body which is to be seen in Albrecht Dürer's earliest portrait of himself. Above the door hang the very steel casque and breastplate which invested and made a mystery of the personality of "Junker Georg." A still more interesting vestige of the past survives in the slight dark stain on the stones of the wall, from which the plaster has been

broken, made when the dauntless eyes which had gazed out on the world so honestly, even from the monk's cell at Erfürt, began to see visions in the brain-sickness bred of enforced inaction and gnawing care, and Luther launched his ink-bottle at the embodied personification of the devil. Truly this must have been a gloomy room in the dusk of a winter day, or when storms veiled the summer sky. But the man who could ride unflinchingly to the Diet at Worms and face pope and emperor there, whose watchword was, "The just shall live by faith," and his motto, "*Ein festé Burg ist unser Gott*," while his work here was his German translation of the Bible, could fight successfully with still more depressing influences and rise triumphantly over the weakness of the flesh. And it was not unfitting that the reformer who was to open his brethren's eyes, and clear their spirits from the superstition which crushed the saint Elizabeth, should abide for a season in her castle of the Wartburg. The view from the window is grand, commanding as it does a wide stretch of the wooded Thuringian hills, with a silver river interlacing them. In the everlasting landmarks of such scenery it is as nearly as possible what it was in 1521, though a railway now traverses the district, and wafts light clouds of smoke over the green fir-tops and across the blue sky. It is something to gaze, though but for a moment, at the very scene on which Martin Luther must have looked, morning, noon, and night, for ten long months.

A carved chest in Luther's room is now used to hold photographs of the place of the stout reformer and the Holy Elizabeth (impartially), which are offered for sale to visitors. On our way out of the castle courts we went by an old Brunnen or draw-well, suggestive of *Kühleborn*, and a walled enclosure, which proved to be a bear-pit, doubtless also an old institution, and still containing a live black bear.

As we descended the hill at our leisure, we turned aside to Elizabeth's well in the rock, but found its iron door closed and padlocked. It has a Latin inscription, dating from the fourteenth century. Some of our party remarked afterwards, over an old archway admitting to a cattle-yard in the outskirts of the town, an inscription dated 1226, recording the site of an hospital of the Holy Elizabeth.

Near the foot of the hill we entered the beautifully situated churchyard, where one looks up to the wooded hills all round, and down on Eisinach and the little valley below. There were several curious old stones. In the modern stones small porcelain plates were let into the stones, or even into bits of rough rock, with the names and dates of the births and deaths of the dead, occasionally inscribed with still more offensive unsuitability in gilt letters. Many wreaths and crosses of fir twigs and ivy leaves, having little pink and white paper roses intermingled —not so hideous as when composed of sulphur yellow immortelles, or of black and white bead-work—hung on the stones or lay on the ground. Buildings which looked like mortuary chapels contained whole heaps of such floral crosses and wreaths, with here and there a shred of white riband, falling to dust.

Before we left Eisinach we went into the Nicolai church, a homely old building, with a plain pulpit, desk, and organ. A Christ on the crucifix (somewhat to our surprise) was over the Communion Table. Two curious old pictures hung one on each side; they represented, so far as we could make out their blurred traces, the baptism and the ascension of the Lord, with holy men and women in the dresses of religious orders in adoring groups below.

CONSIDERING THE LILIES.

THERE can be little doubt that future historians of educational matters will have to chronicle of the present age that it largely devoted itself to the task of inculcating upon the minds of the young a liking for the study of their natural surroundings. The cultivation of natural science, begun in our own day, will be pointed out in days to come as a movement of high importance in the mental training of our boys and girls; and it seems to me that the subject may no less aptly be regarded in another and equally important aspect—namely, in that of its effects upon the religious and moral culture of the rising generation. It may be safely assumed that no part of the training of youth will affect their religious ideas and culture more powerfully than that portion or section of their education which calls upon them to interpret and construe, in some fashion or other, the existing order of nature. The child and the savage are, in truth, much alike in this

respect. Both will be more deeply impressed by their daily surroundings, and by the relations which they are led to conceive as existing between themselves and these surroundings, than by any other features in the common discipline of existence, through which savage and civilised alike have to pass. The first beginnings of religion are necessarily to the child, as to the savage, of purely natural kind. Each concerns himself less with the doctrinal aspects—if I may so put it—than with the simple construction of ideas from the phenomena and circumstances he sees around him. The understanding of the manner in which these phenomena have been produced, and of the causes which have produced them, requires a higher degree of culture than that which belongs to childhood. Or, indeed, if attempts to unravel the order and phenomena of nature be made either by primitive man or by the child, they result in the construction of a rude system of belief, which is perhaps better characterized by its superstitious and awe-struck nature, than by any other features. As time progresses, however, the work of mental culture proceeds apace, in the case of the child at least; and thoughts and ideas regarding the world at large become evolved, in greater part from the previous conceptions the child has been led to form of the universe. His ideas may be large and comprehensive, or, on the contrary, they may be narrow and illiberal. According as his education in natural phenomena has been sound and broad, so will his ideas of causation and effect in relation to this world's history be of comprehensive and proper kind. And recognising the broad principle, that precisely as the educational twig is bent, so will the tree of knowledge of good and evil be afterwards inclined, we may endeavour to form some conception of the nature and relations of modern education, especially of scientific kind, to the religious culture of the young, and to that of their elders also.

Firstly, it may be clearly asserted that the demands of the modern mental life necessitate that the education of the young should include some knowledge of the world and its constitution. That is to say, as mere part and parcel of their necessary stock of information, the acquisition of such knowledge should be included in their school-work. The common demands and exigencies of life, in fact, render it imperative that the boy or girl should at least have some broad and general, but at the same time correct, ideas of the universe, of its living tenants, and of the place of man himself in nature. Or even regarding the question from a less practical point of view, it needs little discernment to recognise the blank which must exist in the life of any one, man, woman, or child, who has neither knowledge nor appreciation of the beauties which underlie every visible detail of nature's ways and works. How much of the true poetry of nature must we miss if we have not been taught to look in some fashion or other at the curious harmonies and correlations which everywhere exist around us! It needs little or no scientific training, it is true, to add to the exquisite sense of pleasure and enjoyment which one experiences, for example, on beholding the marvellous blending of the colours of leaves and flowers; or the harmony, brilliance, and lustre of the hues of the humming-bird's feathers. But I do maintain that the possession of even a rough conception of the manner in which the chemistry of nature is carried on, and of the marvellous work of cells and tissues in forming and elaborating their several products, cannot but render the contemplation of the beautiful in nature more enjoyable than before. But there are very many aspects of nature for the mere understanding of which, the possession of more definite knowledge, resulting from the organized observation we name science, is necessary. Thus the casual observer in a garden might not even note the visits of insects to flowers; or if such apparently trifling circumstances were deemed worthy of observation, the observer might not attach to them the importance which deeper and continued observation has shown such circumstances to possess. But, once informed of the grand part which insects play in the fertilisation of flowers, and in the maintenance and propagation of plant-existence, the acts of the insect become invested in the eyes of the observer with a new interest, and a new and wondrous field of observation is opened up for his thoughtful consideration.

I might proceed to illustrate by many other examples, how the observer who possesses a certain amount of scientific information stands on a much higher level as regards his aptitude to make the most of his life's surroundings in the way of culture and delight, than the person who has had no initiation whatever into the mode of observing nature. For, indeed, this latter phrase really expresses what that science which is advantageous for, and capable of, ennobling everyday life consists of. Such science is emphatically and primarily grounded upon the correct

observation of nature; and, secondly, upon the due interpretation of what is observed. The higher applications of science and the technical pursuit thereof, differ most widely from the every-day information of an intelligent life, chiefly, I believe, in the second characteristic—namely, in the power and ability to apply and correlate the facts observed. But science of any kind, truly so called, simply means and implies a knowledge of facts; and this firm basis and groundwork, I argue, is capable of being formed by every one who values knowledge for its own sake, or who thinks well of the culture it is calculated to enforce.

Applying these remarks to the education of the young, we can estimate the enormous advantage which even an elementary course of instruction in things scientific is calculated to give the boy or girl entering life, and seeking to obtain a correct idea of life's nature and environments. No one is likely to deny the advantage, which one so armed will possess in that mental "struggle for existence," which forms an innate part of the constitution of this world and its affairs. And regarded more especially in the light of an intellectual safeguard against elements of mental disturbance, such knowledge, from the power it gives its possessor of discerning what is really good and true—what is fact as distinguished from theory—may well be termed a literal "philosopher's stone." To this aspect of scientific knowledge as a veritable power in the training of the young, we may next give a brief consideration.

If the aims and ends of scientific training and knowledge be properly appreciated, these aims will be found to include that of teaching a sturdy and healthful independence of thought. Necessarily one cannot expect the young at first to walk alone in matters intellectual, any more reasonably than that the tottering babe should in a physical sense be able to correlate its movements, and move about with the ease and power it will ultimately acquire. But I think the young are hardly encouraged as they should be to begin to think and judge of matters for themselves, even when a reasonable stage of educational progress has been attained. I do not mean that the boy or girl should actually be expected to argue with or dictate to the teacher in any matters concerning which, every one must allow, the teacher is the supreme authority. But I do maintain that the *habit* of forming an intellectual support and staff of one's own should be duly encouraged; and that the custom of submitting facts and observations to the tribunal of one's independent judgment should be learned as part of a child's training at school.

I presume, for example, that an intelligent teacher might, after his pupils had detailed the circumstances of any great historical event, ask them with good effect, "What do you think of the action implied here?" or, "What should you have done in like circumstances?" Historical teaching, I think, might admit some such method. But I claim for science, as its predominating characteristic, that it inculcates, encourages, and actually implies in all its methods the habit of trying to value evidence, opinions, and facts at their true worth—or, in other words, the habit of estimating, according to the rules of evidence and common sense, the worth of any statement or opinion which, in the commonest matters of life, may be submitted for our consideration.

But, it may also be truly asserted, that no surer safeguard against the disturbance of the religious life can be found, than that afforded by a knowledge of scientific matters, such as may be obtained by the young, and such as grows with their growth to be a part of their culture. It needs no very acute understanding, or any very elaborate examination of the mental life of modern times to convince one that our day and generation is terribly iconoclastic in its tendencies. The pulling down of the old shrines at which our forefathers worshipped, is illustrated by almost every department of intellectual activity. The domain of faith, according to some, has been so much infringed upon, that it has almost in some cases been deleted from a place in the sphere of the human mind. And the spirit of the age emphatically asserts itself in no novel sense indeed in apostrophizing "reason"—or what is assumed to be equivalent to that somewhat ill-defined principle—as the sole means and criterion whereby we may stamp, sign, and seal all our faiths and beliefs.

Thus the tendency to preach a doctrine of nihilism, and a creed of "know-nothingness," is a marked feature of present-day speculations. We are told that we can never know or appreciate any but secondary causes in the constitution of the world, or in our own nature. Nay, it is not certain, we are told, that we can appreciate any causes whatever. Since we are said to be but automatic creatures after all; and the springs of mental action, whereby the hopes and fears, and griefs and joys, of humanity are exercised, consequently resolve themselves into so many physical or

molecular changes in nerve and brain-tissue. And bare materialism, with its attendant destruction of belief in anything beyond sense, follows and consorts with the foregoing beliefs. Life and living beings result from the fortuitous—yet, strange to say, inexplicable—concourse of certain elements which combine to form the physical basis of life. And what need can there be, we are told by some, for hoping for any life higher than the present, or any hereafter other than that of nothingness? The advice of the modern scientist of the "advanced" school consists simply in urging us to make the most and best of our time and opportunity here; for, sooner or later, we shall be no more, and what is now a living frame and hopeful mind will soon resolve itself into an equivalent of lifeless matter. Can it be wondered at that the non-scientific individual should stand aghast at what must naturally appear to be prophecies of so doleful a nature? And is it to be wondered at, that many a perplexed being should lose both heart and faith amid the whirl of opposing theories which contest for support, as they endeavour to prove to us the why and wherefore of our being?

Now, it is exactly this state of matters that the thorough education of the young in scientific details is calculated to oppose and ameliorate. If ignorance be the fruitful parent of all that is bad, and hurtful in any sense, it is certainly when it prevents any man or woman from clearly and satisfactorily understanding the nature either of the objections which may be brought against their beliefs, or of the replies which are to be furnished to these objections. When people are unable to see or set forth the "other side" of any grave question in ordinary life, the result is admittedly unfavourable to themselves or to society at large. Much more is it to be deplored when, in matters concerning the inner and higher life, we are unable to clearly see our way amid mists of real or hypothetical nature. There are no matters in which the two sides which proverbially exist to every question are to be more clearly discerned than questions of scientific kind. Indeed, the advances of true science depend on the free criticism and investigation which are encouraged in every case. And hence no subjects more favourable for criticism and due examination can be met with, than those which are based on scientific research or authority. But for the examination of such subjects, some prior education is demanded; and the inquiry as to the circumstances in which such a training can be acquired, naturally follows this assertion. It may at once be admitted that the necessary education cannot be undertaken by the vast majority of men and women actively engaged in fighting the battle of life. To most of us, true mental culture ceases with our schooldays, and the many possess little or no time or opportunity for acquiring information on matters of scientific nature. It is, however, a different matter with the schoolboy or school-girl. The acquirement of scientific knowledge at school becomes, when rightly pursued, a natural and easy process; and the knowledge grows, as I have said, with advancing years and enlarged experience, and constitutes a stable part of the permanent intellectual wealth of the individual. How great an advantage, then, must such an individual possess, when any question involving considerations of a scientific kind, and the weighing of evidence derived from any particular interpretation of natural things, is brought forth for judgment! Such an one will scrutinise the details presented, with a fearless and undaunted mind; well knowing that what is true and good must stand in firm friendship with every other thing that is, like itself, of good report. And even if difficulty and doubt should result from the consideration, such an investigator possesses the mighty advantage of being able, through previously acquired knowledge, to search for some correlation, denial, or affirmation of the matter under dispute, and to take advantage of all lawful ways and means to remove the obstacles which impede mental stability or progress. The possession of such knowledge is, in fact, the only sure touchstone for the detection of base metal in the scientific and allied products which modern activity of intellect is continually elaborating. As the Duke of Argyll has well expressed it, in his "Reign of Law,"—"Half the perplexities of men are traceable to obscurity of thought, hiding and breeding under obscurity of language." And if only to know whether a man really says what he means in stating some fact or in propounding some thought or theory, such knowledge is valuable, as fitting us for acting as censors, and for the fair and impartial criticism of opinions which sometimes are more terrible in their look than in their meaning.

To sum up my arguments in regard to the science-training of the young, I think it may be clearly shown, that a knowledge, such as is afforded by science, and especially by a training in natural science, of this world and its belong-

ings, is, firstly, absolutely necessary as a part of common education, and as supplying an element demanded by the ordinary intelligent life and culture of our day. As Carlyle has well said, in speaking of the want of such knowledge, "it has been one of my constant regrets, that no schoolmaster of mine had a knowledge of natural history—so far, at least, as to have taught me the grasses that grow by the wayside, and the little winged or wingless neighbours that are continually meeting me with a salutation that I cannot answer as things are. Why did not somebody teach me the constellations too," he continues, "and make me at home in the starry heavens which are always overhead, and which I don't half know to this day?" Secondly, I think it is plain that, in addition to the advantages of mind-culture, of training the observant powers, and of forming independent habits of thought, the training of the young to understand natural phenomena implies the power of discriminating between what is good and evil, and between what is false and true, in the matters presented for our intellectual nourishment at every period of life. Whilst when our faith is threatened, and when beliefs tremble amidst the din and clamour of external tumult, our knowledge of nature should tend to make us await the issue with a calm heart—knowing that, through present difficulties and doubts, we may win our way to the plainness and certainty which the fuller knowledge of God and His works inevitably brings.

I have styled this brief paper "Considering the Lilies;" but I find myself at the close of my task without so much as having mentioned my title. Yet it seems to me that the burden of my theme has been a simple following of the keynote which the Great Master Himself touched, when He taught the multitudes that around them and at their feet were objects, which to their minds might well suggest thoughts, not of wonder and amazement alone, but which should lead their minds straight to God Himself, and to a knowledge of His watchful care over all His creatures. I cannot but think that if men and women in our day 'considered the lilies' a little oftener, and pondered more frequently on the beauty of life and structure which the meanest flower is calculated in the hands of science to illustrate, we should become nobler and better in our lives. Christ, as the teacher of the way of life, presents an example we may surely follow. And when we look at the birds of the air, at the flowers, at the busy insects, or at this fair world itself, and try to understand something of their fulness and beauty, and to lay up stores of useful and pleasant knowledge, there will certainly not be wanting to us in our hopeful investigation of nature, some of those deeper and higher sources of delight and feeling which Wordsworth so aptly expresses when he tells us of

"Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

ANDREW WILSON.

COREAN MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

COREA, which alone of all the countries in the Far East has obstinately and successfully maintained its ancient policy of isolation, has at length been compelled to take the first step towards entering the comity of nations, and oddly enough the compulsion has proceeded from the Japanese, who themselves but yesterday emerged from the haughty seclusion of centuries. After endless difficulties and bickerings, arising from various causes, the Japanese have extorted a treaty of peace and friendship from the Coreans, which, though its benefits, such as they may be, are for the present confined to the two contracting parties, can hardly fail to pave the way for the opening of the country to all foreign nations.

"Who knows anything about Corea?" exclaims a recent French writer. "Geographers themselves hardly know its name, no *savant* has made it his hobby, no traveller has been able to explore it, and the expeditions which a few years since attempted to make its government respect the laws of humanity, all ended in a *fiasco*." Strange as it may seem, these sweeping statements are almost literally true. As this extensive peninsula, on the eastern coast of Asia,—which contains a population estimated at ten millions, and covers an area of over eighty thousand square miles,—cannot fail, ere many years have passed over our heads, to offer a grand field for missionary enterprise, we propose, after a few introductory remarks, to give our readers a brief sketch of some of the manners and customs of the inhabitants.

The country derives its name of Corea from two characters, sounded *Kao-li* in Chinese, and *Ko-ri* in the Corean language, and we believe that it was commonly known

by this name till some five hundred years ago; then, however, the Coreans changed its official designation, and it was called *Chôsen*, the Chinese characters for which are pronounced *Chao-seën*, and may be translated "morning calm." Corea, which, we may remark in passing, is tributary to China, is also sometimes alluded to in Chinese books as *Tung-kuo* (*i.e.* Eastern Kingdom), and amongst the Manchoo Tartars it has the name of *Sol-ho;* lastly, it is occasionally called *Kao-chü-li*, the two latter syllables denoting "a colt," and this name is fabled to have its origin in the mythological story that a person called Kao fled there on a colt, and set up an independent kingdom about the end of the first century of our era.

Europeans rarely meet with Coreans in any numbers, except at Peking, to which place they are compelled to send an embassy every year to carry tribute to the emperor, and to receive their calendar at his hands. We remember seeing two or three hundreds of them there a few years ago, and they appeared to be, as a rule, rather quarrelsome, very dirty, and of a somewhat forbidding aspect. They were made particularly noticeable in the streets by their dingy white dresses, and by their extraordinary broad-brimmed hats, made of horsehair, which are perched on the tops of their heads, and fastened by strings under their chins. As far as we are aware, the first European who ever visited Corea, was a Jesuit priest, who, towards the end of the sixteenth century, was sent by the celebrated Taikosama to act as chaplain to the Christian soldiers in the Japanese army then invading the country. From that time, till some forty years ago, foreigners seem to have had no acquaintance whatever with the interior of the country, but since then Roman Catholic missionaries have been labouring there, under great difficulties and in spite of repeated persecutions, and they have periodically sent to Europe accounts, not only of the progress of the religious work on which they were engaged, but of the domestic life and institutions of the people among whom their lot was cast. From these letters, which have recently been collected together and digested by the French writer mentioned above, we are enabled to gather some idea of the curious social customs of this comparatively unknown people.

Among the Coreans women have no regular names, though most female children receive some appellation, by which their older relations and the friends of the family call them during their infancy. As soon, however, as they reach the age of puberty, their parents alone make use of it, the other members of the family, as well as strangers, employing a periphrasis, such as the daughter of so and so, or the sister of so and so. After her marriage a woman has no name at all; her own relations generally call her by the name of the district where she lived before her marriage; and when she has sons, she is called the mother of so and so. When a woman is obliged to appear before the courts of law, the magistrates, to facilitate the proceedings, give her a temporary name.

In the upper classes of society, etiquette requires that the children of the two sexes should be separated from the age of eight or ten. The boys are then placed in the outer apartments, where the men live; there they pass their time, study, eat, and sleep, and it is always impressed upon them that it is beneath the dignity of a man to live in the women's apartments, so that they soon refuse to set foot in them. Girls, on the contrary, are shut up in the inner rooms, and it is also carefully impressed upon them that they ought no longer to play with their brothers, and that it is improper for them even to look at a man, so that gradually, of their own accord, they try to hide themselves. These curious ideas become ingrained in their nature, and have tended completely to destroy what we consider family life, with all its attendant joys and pleasures; indeed, they are carried so far, that a Corean who wishes to be thought *de bon ton*, will scarcely ever hold a lengthened conversation even with his own wife, for he looks upon her as infinitely beneath himself. Above all, he will never consult her upon any serious subject, and in point of fact, although they live under the same roof, a man and his wife are always separated; the men consort with their fellows in the outer rooms, and the women receive their relations and female friends in the apartments reserved for their use. The same custom, based on the same prejudice, prevents the lower orders from remaining at home, when they wish to take a moment's rest or recreation. Among the higher classes, when a girl has arrived at a marriageable age, only very near relations are allowed to visit her, and even they are obliged to address her in the most ceremonious manner; after her marriage no one can go near her, and she herself is not allowed to go out, or even to look into the street without her husband's leave. This jealous seclusion is carried so far that fathers have been known to kill their daughters, and husbands their wives, because strangers have touched them.

Although women in Corea are thought so little of, both in society and in their own families, they are nevertheless surrounded with a certain amount of external respect. They are addressed in forms of stilted courtesy, which no one would think of omitting, except towards his own slaves, and in the streets every one gives place to a respectable woman, even of the lower classes. Save under very exceptional circumstances, the women's apartments are inviolable; and when a purchaser is going to look at a house that is for sale, he sends word to the inmates, so that they may shut the door of the women's apartments, and he only examines the outer rooms which are open to all. Again it is said that, when a man wants to get up on his own roof, he gives his neighbours notice, so that they may close their doors and windows! The wives of officials have the right of using vehicles with two horses, and are not obliged to make their attendants' cease shouting inside the capital, as even the very highest functionaries are required to do. Those, too, who are carried in sedan-chairs or litters, are not compelled to alight when passing before the gates of the palace. Women, again, do not bow the knee to any one, except their own relations, and then they do it according to fixed rules. These customs appear to be dictated by proper feeling, but there are others which evidently have their origin in the contempt in which the weaker sex is held. Thus women, to whatever class of society they belong, are rarely brought before the courts of law, be their crime what it may, because they are not supposed to be responble for their own deeds.

Corean Chief and Attendants.

When children have reached the age of puberty, their parents betroth and marry them, without consulting them, without troubling themselves about their tastes, and often even against their inclinations. The only thing that is considered, is the rank of the two contracting families; the character and feelings of the future couple are not taken into account at all. The father of the man puts himself in communication with the father of the girl, *vivâ voce*, if they live near one another, and by letter, if at a distance; they discuss the different conditions of the contract, make all arrangements, and fix upon a day for the ceremony, which appears most favourable according to the calculations of the fortune-tellers. In some respects these preliminaries to marriage, it will be seen, resemble those in vogue among the Chinese. An evening or two before the day appointed for the marriage, the lady obtains the assistance of a friend to put up her hair, and one of the bridegroom's relations or acquaintances does the same for him. Those who are chosen to perform this ceremony, are selected with great care, and are called *pok-siou* (in Chinese *pai-shou*), *i.e.* "lucky hands." The following is an explanation of this somewhat odd practice. The children of both sexes wear their hair in a single tress, which hangs down their backs, and they always go bareheaded; as long as they are unmarried, they are considered children (*ahai*), and are obliged to dress their hair in this way. They can then play childish tricks and pranks, without any notice being taken of them, for they are not supposed to be capable of serious thought or action. But marriage brings civil emancipation, at whatever age it may be contracted, even if the bridegroom be no more than twelve or thirteen years old. Henceforth they are men and women, and must put away

childish things; the new wife takes her place among matrons, and the young husband has the right of speaking at meetings of men, and also of wearing a hat for the future! After the hair has been "put up" for marriage, the men wear it knotted on the tops of their heads, a little to the front. According to ancient tradition, they ought never to cut a single hair off, but especially at the capital, young men who wish to turn their personal advantages to account, and avoid wearing too thick a bundle of hair, have the tops of their heads shaved. Married women, on the contrary, not only preserve all their hair, but procure some false hair in addition, in order to make the two braids, in which their hair is arranged, appear as thick as possible; those of all classes at the capital, and ladies of noble rank in the provinces, make with these two braids a species of large *chignon*, which is kept together by a long silver or copper pin, placed crosswise, and falls back over the neck; among the lower classes in the provinces these braids are rolled round the head like a turban and knotted over the forehead. Spinsters, who object to the holy estate of matrimony, and bachelors, who, though well on in life, have not been able to find a help-mate, secretly "put up" their hair themselves, and make believe that they have been married, in order that they may not be treated as children all their lives. This, of course, is a grave violation of national custom, but still it is winked at.

Coreans.

On the day appointed for the marriage a kind of daïs, ornamented with as much splendour as possible, is got ready at the house of the bride; relations and friends are invited to the ceremony, and come in large numbers. The happy couple, who, be it remembered, have hitherto never seen or spoken to each other, are brought solemnly on to the daïs, and placed face to face; they remain there some minutes, bow to one another without uttering a word, and then retire by different doors. The bride returns to the women's apartments, and the bridegroom remains in the outer rooms, where he entertains his friends to the best of his power. However great be the expense, he is obliged to yield with a good grace, for, if he did not, they would even go the length of binding him hand and foot, and hanging him up to the ceiling, to compel him to treat them generously.

This reciprocal salutation before witnesses, signifying the consent of the two contracting parties, constitutes a legal marriage. After that, unless the husband has repudiated his wife in the customary manner, he can always claim her, wherever she may be; in case of repudiation, however, he is not allowed to take another legal wife during the lifetime of the first; but, sad to say, after the custom prevalent in most heathen countries, this seemingly good rule does not prevent his taking as many concubines as he can support. Some of the Corean customs in this connection will not bear reproduction in these pages.

On the nuptial day, the bride is required by custom to show the greatest reserve in her words, and during the ceremony she does not even speak. This state of constraint between the newly-married couple is not confined to the marriage day, but, according to etiquette, it ought to last a long time, and for months the young wife scarcely opens her mouth to ask for the most necessary things; she never holds any connected conversation with her husband, and there is no confidence and no cordiality between them. As regards

her father-in-law, custom is still more severe; often it is years before she lifts up her eyes, or utters a word, to him, except sometimes to make a brief reply to his questions. With her mother-in-law she is rather more at her ease, but even with her she will rarely talk much, if she be well brought up.

From what has been said, it will be readily seen how seldom marriage in Corea can be productive of real happiness, a state of things which is intensified by the utter want of all pure religious feeling. The wife has literally no duties, except towards her husband, whilst he has none at all towards her. Conjugal fidelity is not obligatory, except for the wife; however deeply she may be injured, she has no right to exhibit any jealousy, and the idea never even occurs to her. Besides, mutual love and affection between the two is a phenomenon, which the manners and customs of the country render well-nigh impossible, and the husband would be laughed at by his friends, if he gave his wife any mark of real affection, or loved her as the companion of his life, the sharer of his joys and troubles. In his eyes she becomes, in point of fact, a slave of a rather higher class, destined to be the mother of his children, and to look after his household affairs. Among the nobles a bridegroom spends three or four days with his bride, and must then leave her for a sufficient time to prove that he does not make too much of her; to depart from this custom would be considered in very bad taste. Stories, indeed, are told of some nobles who, for having let fall some tears on the death of their wives, have been compelled to absent themselves from their friends' houses, in order to avoid their incessant laughter and ridicule.

As regards the wives, some accept their fate with exemplary resignation, are devotedly obedient and careful of the reputations and well-being of their husbands, and put up with the tyrannical behaviour of their mother-in-law. Accustomed from their earliest years to look upon themselves as belonging to an inferior race, they have no idea of protesting against established usages, or of running counter to the prejudices of which they are the victims. Others, however, give way to all their defects of character and temper, are violent and insubordinate, quarrel with their mothers-in-law, revenge themselves on their husbands by rendering their lives insupportable, and provoke without ceasing scenes of anger and strife. Among the lower classes, in such cases, the husband brings his wife to order with a blow of his fist, or with a stick, but in the higher grades of society usage does not allow a man to strike his wife, and his only remedy lies in divorce; if he does not see his way to having recourse to that solution of the difficulty, and cannot defray the expenses of a second marriage, he must perforce resign himself to his unhappy fate.

A woman, who has been legally married, —provided she be not a widow or a slave,— enjoys to the full and in every respect the social condition of her husband; even when she is not noble by birth, she becomes so by marriage, and her children are noble also. Again, if, for instance, two brothers marry an aunt and her niece, and the niece fall to the lot of the elder brother, she becomes by that fact the elder sister, and the aunt will be treated as her junior,—which, in such a country as Corea, makes a very great difference indeed.

The education of Corean children requires but little care, for it consists, especially in the case of a son, in giving way to all his caprices, and laughing at all his faults, without any thought of correction, the result of which system our readers can well imagine for themselves. Besides looking after their offspring, the wives of nobles have nothing to do, except to give directions to their servants, and to maintain order, as far as possible, in the inner apartments; the whole of their lives is spent in almost complete inaction; but, after all said and done, this unhealthy state of things is not peculiar to Corea. Married women, however, among the lower orders have a hard time of it; it is their duty to prepare food, to manufacture linen cloth (a species of calico), to make clothes of it, to wash and bleach them, to see after everything in the house, and besides, in summer time, to help their husbands in all kinds of field labour. The men work at seed-time and harvest, but in winter they do next to nothing, their principal occupation being to cut firewood on the mountains; during the rest of their time they amuse themselves, smoke, sleep, or visit their relations and friends.

The unjust inequality of the sexes, of which we have spoken, continues even after the marriage tie is dissolved by the decease of one of the partners. After the death of his wife, the husband wears half-mourning for a few months only, and is not precluded by law or custom from marrying again immediately. The wife, on the contrary, especially in the higher grades of society, must weep for her husband, and wear mourning all her life. It would be considered infamous

for a Corean widow of good position—however young she might be—to marry a second time. King Sing-tsong, who reigned from A.D. 1469 to 1494, prohibited the children of noble ladies by a second marriage from appearing at the public examinations, and forbad their appointment to any posts in the government service; and even now they are considered illegitimate in the eye of the law. Young widows sometimes commit suicide immediately after the funerals of their husbands, in order to prove their fidelity more effectually, and to place their reputation and honour beyond all suspicion. The nobles are loud in their praises of these pattern women, and they generally induce the king to decree the erection of public monuments to their memory. In the lower classes second marriages are not forbidden either by law or custom, but in wealthy families they ape the fashion set by the nobility in this matter, as well as in others;—among the poor the necessity for the men to have some one to prepare their food, &c., and for the women to obtain the means of subsistence, renders these marriages of frequent occurrence.

Such are some of the domestic customs of this strange people, to whom we trust that our missionaries may ere long be able, without let or hindrance, to bring the glad tidings of the gospel. The material to be wrought upon will be found rough and unpromising, but with God's help such difficulties will be speedily overcome, and, as we have remarked before, the field is a grand one, and the reward—the conversion to Christ of ten millions of heathen souls—is beyond human computation.

The theme that we have thus briefly dealt with, is a tempting one, and we regret that the limits of space assigned us will not admit of our pursuing the subject any further.

E. DUFFIELD JONES.

DOCTRINAL IDEAS OF THE BIBLE.

Their Genesis and Growth.

II.—OF GOD.

AT the heart of all religion, guided by Holy Writ, is the great thought of a God who is, in eternal fulness of life and power, like a sun that knows no morning or evening, but always abides in the splendour of noon. This thought is fed and fostered by the Bible; yet is much older than the Bible, and did not originate there. The earliest book of Scripture professes to cover twenty-six centuries, from the time of Adam downwards; during all which period God was known to mankind. So the Bible does not create the idea of God, but assumes a pre-existing knowledge of Him.

How came this thought of a Supreme Being into the human mind? Was it the fruit of fear, as the "rude forefathers" crouched before unseen malevolent powers or unknown causes? The theory is too ignoble. Was it that in the grey morning of the world some one man, deeply pondering, inferred the divine existence and character from observation of nature and the course of things; and that from Him the conviction spread to others, and descended to future generations? The feat is too difficult. It sounds well to talk of "rising from nature up to nature's God;" but history cannot say much in favour of the process, for men, looking on nature, idolised and deified its varied parts, powers, and phenomena, so multiplying gods great and small, and losing the thought of the Supreme One. We account quite otherwise for the origination of the idea of God. We believe it to have been potentially enclosed in the very constitution of man—wrapped up in the indestructible religious instinct of his nature. So originated, it has been evoked, instructed, and satisfied by revelation.

Philology and comparative mythology—studies so wonderfully advanced in recent times—show conclusively, that the further back we trace the religious ideas and usages of the Aryan nations and tribes, the fewer and simpler the elements of their religion appear to have been. We have good ground for saying that all that division of the human race recognised originally one Supreme God of Light, and hailed Him by a name which runs through all the Aryan languages, implying that He is the personification or grandeur of heaven. Certainly, if we may say so of the Aryans, who subsequently lost themselves in a very jungle of polytheism, we need not hesitate to think of the Semitic and Turanian families as having an original theistic belief.

Quite in harmony with this view is the in-

troduction of the name and idea of God in the Book of Genesis. The writer, himself Semitic, of course gives the divine name, not in any of the forms knows to the Aryan races, but in the one which was common among the Semitic people—Elohim, the Being who puts forth power. "In the beginning Elohim created the heavens and the earth." On this sublime sentence follows a magnificent sketch of the ordering of the world, in which all production is traced to the word of power uttered by Elohim without any recognition of what have been termed "second causes," or of those processes of gradual development and transmutation of which modern scientists have so much to say. The possibility of the formation of the world without God is not conceived for a moment. In the first chapter of the Bible God is unveiled in creative wisdom and power; and thereafter throughout the sacred volume He is shown in His relations to man and to man's inheritance—the earth.

Let us bear in mind, however, that when Moses wrote the Book of Genesis, or compiled it from earlier materials, the primitive theism had long been corrupted, and was in danger of being utterly lost in the muliplication of national and tribal gods. Moses came as long after Adam as we are distant from Nebuchadnezzar. He was as far even from Noah as we are from Charlemagne; and in course of that long interval lords many and gods many had begun to rule over misguided men. Accordingly a personal and distinctive name for the true Elohim was introduced; Jehovah, or Jahveh, the Living One, who is what He is. Moses, writing according to the knowledge and usage of his own time, employed both names—the denominative Elohim, and the appellative Jehovah. He seems to have selected one or the other, or used both together, according to the tenor of his narrative. Thus, in chapter i. he tells of Elohim fitting, adorning, and peopling the earth with the overhanging firmament; in chapters ii. and iii., of Jehovah Elohim dealing with man concerning life and obedience; and in chapter iv., of Jehovah accepting sacrificial worship, and punishing the violent destruction of human life.

Deeply interesting are the intimations in Genesis of communications which passed from God to man. He did not wrap Himself in reserve, and leave it to man to find Him out. God spoke. He made himself known. His voice was heard commanding the man whom He had made, and again calling the man to account for disobedience. The voice was heard by Cain, by Noah, by the patriarchs of Israel, by Moses himself; and afterwards by Joshua, Gideon, Samuel, and the prophets. So it is written; but of course it is open to question how far such statements should be literally interpreted. A strong remonstrance of conscience, or a sudden and powerful suggestion of duty, may be called the voice of God; and in whatever way the divine will was made known, or a divine impression printed on a human mind, it would be quite in harmony with the oriental style to say that "the Lord spoke." But it is scarcely possible so to explain all the utterances ascribed in early Scriptures to God. Whoever reads what is related of divine conversations with Abraham and Moses, or the story of the child Samuel hearing a message in the night, or that of Elijah in the wilderness of Horeb, can scarcely disbelieve (unless, indeed, he rejects those narratives as mere legends) that a Voice fell on human ears which, employing human tones and language, expressed the thoughts of God. Why should it be thought incredible that God has spoken?

Other modes of divine communication followed. God conveyed His purpose to some men in dreams and visions. He gave a visible sign of His presence to Abraham in a burning lamp, and to all Israel in a pillar of luminous cloud; and in later and more settled times He spoke by impelling and guiding the prophets to speak in His name, laying on their spirits a message or "burden" that often enclosed meanings reaching far beyond what the prophets were able to conceive.

Under all the revelation or instruction regarding God, described to us in the Hebrew Scriptures, the following thoughts were quite distinctly developed:—

God is One.—At first this faith was simply theism, the existence of other gods having not even been suggested to the mind. But when polytheism appeared, there was need of resistance to it and protest against it; and this we find in the strict monotheism doctrinally, if not always practically, upheld by that chosen Semitic race, the Hebrews. Their theology was definite and exclusive. There is but one Elohim, and Jehovah is His name in Israel. Other gods are not Elohim at all, but mere "vanities" of the heathen. Then this theology was enforced by the first of the Ten Commandments, "Thou shall have no other gods in my presence."

God is the Living One, in essence underived and inexhaustible, in existence continuous and unwearied. The guarantee that

His word shall be fulfilled is furnished in the formula, "As I live." All His relations with the children of men are instinct with life and reality. The comfort of those who trust in Him rests on the thought, "Jehovah lives: blessed be my Rock!" This point is strongly urged by the prophets as against the fallacious confidence placed by the heathen in gods that had no breath of life in them, that could hear no prayers, reveal no truth, relieve no sorrow, grant no deliverance.

God is the Almighty One, the Most High.—This conception appears from the very beginning. There is no limit to the power of God. No resistance can baffle His purpose. No part of the universe is beyond His control. The whole system of the world is continually maintained and regulated by Him. A sublime conception this, which raised such of the ancients as Melchizedek and Abraham far above those who, at the highest level of their thought, imagined many gods and goddesses controlling separate departments of nature, but brought into collision with one another by conflicting interests and wishes. This, too, filled the poets of Israel with an enthusiasm loftier far than that which could inspire the bards of heathenism. "For great is Jehovah, and greatly to be praised: He is to be feared above all gods."

The *spirituality* of God is not categorically expressed in the Old Testament, as it is in the New, where occur the words of Jesus, "God is spirit." Indeed the books of the Old Covenant seem freely to ascribe to Him the parts and feelings of a man; but quite obviously this is mere adaptation of language to convey an impression of God's reality to the human mind; and it is in the same books strictly forbidden to represent Him by any human or symbolical form. So ran the second of the Ten Commandments, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image." So spoke King Solomon in the grand outflow of his devotion, "Behold, heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain thee; how much less this house which I have built!"

As the Old Testament doctrine of God develops itself, it lays more and more stress on His *moral perfections*. *He is the Holy One; i.e.* One infinitely removed from all moral stain or fault. The Elohim of the nations were made after the imaginations of their own hearts, and reflected their passions and vicious desires. "Who is like thee among the Elohim, thou that art glorious in holiness?" Only Israel thought of calling its God the Holy One. And this doctrine of His holiness is the foundation of the New Testament saying that "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all."

The Mosaic theology is concentrated in the proclamation of the divine name at Mount Sinai: "Jehovah, Jehovah God, merciful and gracious, longsuffering and abundant in goodness and truth; keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin, and that will by no means clear." All the attributes ascribed to Him are those of moral perfection. We are struck, too, with the comprehensiveness, and, if we may so speak, the fearlessness of the description. The statement of God's justice or inflexibility is not toned down to harmonize with His grace, nor is the expression of His longsuffering and tender mercy stiffened to comport with His justice. We behold, as the New Testament has it, "the goodness and severity of God." He is firm as a rock. He is holy, nay, jealous, or zealous, as a glowing fire. He is at the same time compassionate and gracious. He suffers long and is kind. He pities as a father. He comforts like a mother. Jehovah delights in mercy.

Nevertheless there are expressions in the Old Testament which seem to cast serious imputations on the goodness and equity of God. We have no hesitation in ascribing them to the fashion of ancient writers who ignored the distinction between direct sanction and indirect or permissive cognisance, and placed all things without explanation under a divine causality. Thus Moses writes of the Lord hardening Pharaoh's heart, meaning no more than that the Lord, who could have destroyed Pharaoh at any moment with a breath, awaited the extreme of his proud and obstinate resistance in order the more to make His power known in Egypt. David, on being cursed by Shimei, exclaims, "Jehovah has bidden him curse David." It is evident that he meant to attribute no wrong or cruelty to his God, but wished to say that this indignity had justly befallen him under divine providence as a part of the trouble and humiliation through which he needed to pass. So also when foreign princes troubled the kingdom of Israel in the later years of Solomon's reign, the historian says that "the Lord stirred up adversaries unto Solomon."

There is really no difficulty in such language for any but those who wish to find fault with the Bible. When any tincture of harshness or cruelty appears to be mingled

with the holy character of God, it is due to the temper of Israel as an oriental and impassioned people. The severity of the people is made to throw a shadow on their God; instead of the character of their God being reflected on the people.

As we advance to the poetical and prophetical books the theological conception becomes more full and clear. The perfections of God are revealed with glowing brightness; His love of justice, mercy, and truth is affirmed and illustrated; His counsel of salvation, His willingness to pardon, and His right to reign, are declared with a dignity and warmth befitting a theme so august. It is most unreasonable to allege that the God of the Old Testament is narrow and rigid like the Jew who worshipped Him. On the contrary, He is great and just and beneficent to a degree that far surpasses the best conceptions of Divinity that any other ancient literature can show.

The New Testament proceeds on the theology of the Old, and does not alter its character, but develops its thoughts more fully. Take, for instance, the three pregnant theological sayings of the New Covenant—God is spirit, God is light, God is love. These do not so much add to the doctrine previously received as express that doctrine in clear and positive terms.

The great theological feature of the New Testament is the doctrine of the manifestation of God in Christ. This was needed to bring near to men's hearts the great and terrible God of the Hebrews. It was needed to meet those cravings of the soul which led the Greek poets to draw down the gods of Olympus into the houses and the battle-fields of men, and inflamed the Hindu imagination with legends of divine incarnations or avatars. The God of majesty showed Himself in human form and nature to the sons of men. God was disclosed—"God with us." The only-begotten Son in the bosom of the Father declared Him.

From the date of that revelation theism advances beyond a stiff monotheism, yet as much as ever rejects polytheism. God is one, but within the oneness is discovered a relation of Father and Son. Nay, more, there is discovered yet another—the Holy Ghost—who is a Being that can use the word "I," and who is spoken of as "He," and does divine works. Thus at last is reached the full development of the idea of God in Scripture. The God of creative wisdom and might, Jehovah the living One, to whom Israel witnessed, is the God of salvation to the ends of the earth as the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost. "The catholic faith is this: that we worship one God in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity. There is one Person of the Father, another of the Son, and another of the Holy Ghost; but the Godhead of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost is all one; the glory equal, the majesty co-eternal." DONALD FRASER.

READINGS FOR LONELY HOURS.

I.—JESUS ALONE.

"When the evening came, he was there alone."—MATT. xiv. 23.

IF we would escape feeling lonely, we must learn to be alone—alone with God! Jesus on the mountain apart was not lonely. He was there engaged in communion with His Father; He was strengthening Himself to meet the loneliness of living among sinful men; He was bringing down blessings from above on a world that knew Him not. Jesus is our example; let us learn from Him to be alone so as not to feel lonely. God is near us, let us strive to realise His presence; and whereas the first Adam hid himself from God because of his sin, let us with the last Adam—even Christ our head—draw near with confidence unto God, clothed in His righteousness, washed in His blood. It is good to draw near to God in the sanctuary with His people around us helping by their sympathy to excite our devotion, raise our hopes, warm our affections. But it is not only good for us, but necessary to draw near to God alone, asking not what other men think, or feel, or believe, but conscious only of the presence of the God with whom we have to do, and in whose presence ere long our souls must stand. The bustle of life's busy day cannot last for ever; the evening of life will come sooner or later, when all the friends that have surrounded us, and the objects that have interested us, and the thoughts that have worked our brains, and the loves that have warmed our hearts, shall have fallen aside from us, and like Jesus on the mountain we shall be alone, with the

setting sun and the gathering night. It is well to prepare for such an hour. It is well to gain strength to meet it, by learning betimes to be alone with God, and to recognise that in Christ we are never so safe and so blest as when thus alone. For at such moments deceptions fall away, self-delusion perishes; we see ourselves as we are, and not as our friends think us; and we have the opportunity of gaining new strength by new consecration of all we are and all we have to our God, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

"Jesus, perfect my trust,
Strengthen the hand of my faith,
Let me feel thee near when I stand
On the edge of the shore of death."

II.—THE KING ETERNAL.

"Now unto the King eternal . . . be honour and glory for ever and ever. Amen."—1 Tim. i. 17.

To the mind that feels its own littleness in God's vast creation, and to the heart that aches with the sorrows and trembles at the uncertainties of life, there is wonderful repose and sense of comfort in the word "the King eternal." Earthly dominion is so shortlived, earthly joys are so fleeting, that sometimes the sense of instability poisons all joy, and destroys all pleasure in work. We are sick of changes; we can hardly find it worth our while to labour. Our hearts echo the sad refrain of the Royal Preacher, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!" Well, it may be so with regard to the things for which that king laboured, but there is a King eternal, and of His kingdom there shall be no end; and we, if we are His true subjects, are redeemed from vanity, and are made heirs of an inheritance incorruptible. And whatever we do in this world, as for our King, and unto our King, is marked with the broad arrow that tells that it is no longer "vanity of vanities," but the Lord's. The "King eternal" knows how to bestow the stamp of honour upon even the cup of cold water given for His sake—let us welcome every opportunity of bestowing it. The great point is to be sure that in the first place we can truly say to Him, "My King;" not merely "the King" in a general sense, as men speak of the "Supreme Being" or the "Divine Ruler," but with that faith by which the believer places himself in the position of a willing and obedient subject to this Ruler, and says concerning Him, "He is my King and my God!" Thousands in all ages have done this. Thousands in this world, bad as it is, are even now doing so; and in the world beyond, who can tell or conceive the innumerable numbers who rejoice in their King and glorify His name for ever? Let it be ours to draw near by faith, and enter more than ever we have yet done into the knowledge of our God and King, the "King eternal."

III.—THE RIGHTEOUS FATHER.

"O righteous Father, the world hath not known thee, but I have known thee, and these have known that thou hast sent me."—John xvii. 25.

The righteousness of God, and the Fatherhood of God, are not known by the world. His ways are far above out of man's sight, and the natural heart has no faith to believe in their righteousness. Many things perplex the mind of men when they try to comprehend God's dealings; they do not perceive Him to to be "just and true in all His ways;" nor can they look upon Him as their Father. And so the word of Christ is as true now as at first when the sad cry was uttered by Him in the days of His flesh, "O righteous Father, the world hath not known thee!" In spite of all thou hast done, in spite of all thou art doing before the eyes of men, in spite of the word of thy truth and the offers of thy grace, alas, the world hath not known nor recognised thee!

But Jesus came with the purpose of revealing His Father. "I have known thee"—known thee as none else could do—"and these have known that thou hast sent me;"—this was the one thing that these men knew—they did not yet know the Father, but they had this first step of knowledge, that they knew that He had sent the Son: "This is my beloved Son, hear ye him." It was the foundation of all knowledge of the Father; it prepared the way for all that Jesus promised when He said, "I have declared unto them thy name, and will declare it;" having known that God had sent Him, they were ready to listen to all that He would declare concerning the name and character of God.

Let us remember that to us also, as well as to those first disciples, God has sent His Son to reveal Himself to us. Through Him alone can we know our God. By Him are the eyes of the understanding opened to discern the Lord, righteous and just in all His ways; by Him is the heart taught to return to Him against whom it has sinned, and to call Him Father. The perplexities of the mind and the cravings of the heart alike find peace when we can so receive and rest on God as our own reconciled Father in

Jesus Christ. He has declared His Father's name already in His own life and by His death; He will declare it anew to each several and individual soul by His Spirit, when He brings that soul to God. There is rest for the mind when it lays its doubts and difficulties at the foot of the cross, and looks up to the Righteous One; there is rest for the heart when it returns to the bosom of love, the bosom of the Father.

M. A. S. M.

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

I.—THE OLD.

WHAT of the Past?—Behold a guarded shrine;
And in the shrine an image seeming fair,
Bedecked with costly robes and jewels rare,
And garlands wove of flowerets fresh and fine.

Before the image bows the worshipper
In abject reverence; tinkling bells are rung;
Chased, golden censers, rich with incense swung;
And priests of every passion minister.

No light from heaven may fall within the place,
But silver lamps shed forth their garish ray,
And mimic stars of night and glow of day,
Shedding false lustre on the idol's face.

Amidst the heavy fragrance can there be
Room for pure air of heaven to float around?
Or can we catch, through the seductive sound,
Fresh song of lark, or murmur of the sea?

Even the flowers the sacred form that wreathe
Soon lose their sweetness in such atmosphere;
No plant of heavenly growth may blossom here;
Nothing of spirit-life has power to breathe.

Yet fondly to this soulless state we cling,
Loving its soft allurements and its ease;
We shrink from outside frost and wholesome breeze;
And shun obedience to our lawful King,

Who reigns beyond this boastful shrine of sense,
Where Self sits throned a queen of base desire,
Insatiate, though the sacrificial fire
May die not, nor the victim flee from hence.

Vanish the *Old!* with all its pomp and pride;
Its glittering show; its pleasures light and gay;
Their certain end we know must be decay.
Awake the *New!* which ever shall abide.

II.—THE NEW.

"Dead unto sin!" The old, sad life is o'er;
And all its folly and its vain delight
Are buried now for ever out of sight,
And we shall be their servants nevermore.

Dead unto sin; but quickened by the power
That raised our Saviour's self from out the tomb;
Risen with Him; and victors o'er the gloom
Which wrapped our spirits till that wondrous hour

When faith tore from our eyes the fleshly veil
That hid the radiance of our Master's face;
We live henceforth, by His renewing grace,
Within the one true Church's holy pale:—

That one true Church of which He is the Head,
And we th' unworthy members—that grand fane
Which hell's dread force is leagued against in vain;
For which the Lamb's own blood was freely shed.

Here all parts move in perfect, glad accord
With the Almighty Will that guides the whole:
That will is love—sole law which doth control;
Sole source of service rendered to our Lord.

Oh happy service! thus made proud and free;
Springing from love, and seeking only love
As best reward: well may the hosts above
Their service blend with thine in jubilee:—

In solemn triumph over sin and death—
The lust of self; the old life of decay.
The Church of God's new-born rings through the day
With voice of praise: at night the quiet breath

Is heard of prayer, whose answer still is sure;
Which only pleads, "Let Thy dear will be done;
Thy holy temple reach beyond the sun,
Expand on all sides, and for aye endure."

EMMA RHODES.

OUR MONTHLY SURVEY.

I.—HOME NOTES.

"ON EARTH, PEACE."

IT certainly looks like a prophecy unfulfilled. Here we are, at the eighteen hundred and seventy-sixth anniversary of the advent of the Prince of Peace, and apparently with as much of the pomp and circumstance of war around us as ever. And no man among us can tell what new horrors of strife, what untold carnage and destruction, what fierce fires and thunder of desolation may not curse and blast a portion of our earth before another Christmas brings back the memory of the angels' song. We need to remember that the perspective of prophecy is peculiar. It often seems to take no note of times and seasons. It appears to portray the consummation, when it is only foretelling the commencement. Every one knows that in a very blessed and true sense, the birth sung by the angels did bring "peace on earth." And it is equally true that if He who was born that night in Bethlehem were taken by all men as their Lord and Master, there would be nothing but peace on earth. But how can there be peace, if the Lord of Peace is virtually disregarded? The eighteen hundred and seventy-six years that have elapsed since the song of the angels have made two things plain—first, that no other force has power to produce peace on earth; and second, that when the religion of Christ does take possession of men's hearts, there is no passion, interest, or impulse of the kind from which war commonly springs, that it is not able to quell. We have seen that self-interest, however enlightened, does not put an end to war. There have been prophecies, not a few, on the part of very confident men, that it would have this effect, but it has not. Mr. John Foster said with his wonted power fifty years ago, "Nothing will operate efficaciously to this grand effect which does not go deep into the constitution of men's souls, and change their temper, so as to quell internally those fatal passions which have perpetuated external war. And that is what cannot be done by any civilisation, national refinement, science, or even an enlightened theoretical policy. All these may be but like fair structures and gardens, extended over a ground where volcanic fires are in a temporary slumber below. All these may be shattered and exploded by some mighty impulse of ambition, or some blast of revengeful anger. These exterior movements may have those passions in full existence there; and if they are existing, they will prove it is not for nothing. No polish, cultivation, or intelligence in a nation would be any security against its being possessed by a spirit of *haughty and imperious pride*, which would impel it to resent and avenge some insult, at whatever cost of blood and destruction; or any security against *ambition*, when tempted by some opportune juncture for making a splendid conquest; or against a nation's running mad for martial glory, at the will and under the direction of some great national champion; or against the pernicious delusion of an extravagant *patriotism*. No: there must be a greater, nobler power brought into prevalence among mankind, and that is plainly CHRISTIANITY. It is in no other way assuredly that prophecy gives the pledge for the realisation of our hope on this subject. And on any other ground we should agree with those speculators who scorn the notion of mankind being ever estranged from war. Nothing springing merely from the action of the human mind can suffice. It must be something coming from Heaven. And *this* is the appointed and qualified agent."

But this "something coming from heaven" must get into men's hearts and rule there. And the evil is that even in Christian countries, it has not got into this place in all hearts, possibly not even in very many. And the continued prevalence of war is a plain evidence that Christianity has not yet done its work, and that this is owing to the fact that it has not got yet into the hearts of all.

And yet even with the measure of power which it has, it has done much in this country for which we may well be grateful. It is not a little to be able to say that the nineteenth century has witnessed no sight of war within the islands of Great Britain and Ireland. It is much to be thankful for, that an occasional riot has been the greatest disturbance of our internal peace and order for generations past. Since the sad day of Culloden in 1746, no battle has been fought in England or Scotland. No living person remembers war within our sea-girt shores, and hardly any of our fathers remembered it either. Human blood has become very sacred in our eyes. We have become so accustomed to sit in peace under our vine and under our fig-tree, that we hardly think what a mercy it is to be able to do so. Our children have become so used to their Christmas sports and joys as to take the whole as a matter of course. One use of war, though it be two thousand miles away, is to make us think of our mercies. Other people have not the same peace, and the same sense of security that we have. The more warm, on that account, ought to be our thanksgivings, and the more earnest our prayers that the Prince of Peace would command the homage of many more hearts among us, and that the foundation might thus be laid for a more abundant fulfilment of the angels' song.

THE TEMPERANCE CAMPAIGN.

What is most encouraging in the aspect of the Temperance movement at the present day is, that it is engaging earnest attention from some very important classes of the community, who have not hitherto been accustomed to grapple with it very earnestly. The cause is more likely in such hands to receive dispassionate treatment such as will command the confidence of all earnest and sober-minded men. It is encouraging, for example, that medical men are evidently much more in earnest about it than they

used to be. It is encouraging that clergymen in high position are laying it to heart, and are bracing themselves for any effort of self-denial which may appear to be their duty, in the peculiar position which they hold. It is also encouraging that journals of influence are taking up the matter, and freely circulating important facts, even though bearing against their own position. For example, in connection with the Arctic Expedition, very considerable interest has been felt in the fact that some of the men were total abstainers, and the *Daily News*, the *Graphic*, the *Spectator*, and other journals of the same class, have very fairly represented the results of the case. Here is the statement as given in the *Spectator*:—

"One of the most interesting inferences to be drawn from the records of the Arctic Expedition appears to be that the total abstainers — at least, those of the total abstainers who had been in the habit of total abstinence for some time before the Arctic Expedition—were apparently much less liable to scurvy, and able to do much more work under exposure to great cold, than those who took the ordinary proportion of alcohol. The total abstainers on the *Alert* — the ship whose crew suffered the greatest privations—surpassed the rest of the crew in the work they did. Ayles had been out one hundred and ten days and Malley ninety-eight, and neither of them was attacked by scurvy, indeed, both enjoyed good health. Yet Ayles (who is a teetotaller of many years standing) was absent on one occasion eight-four days from the ship in one expedition. Indeed, scurvy attacked every member of this ship's party except Ayles and Lieutenant Aldrich, and Lieutenant Aldrich, though not a total abstainer, was the next thing to it, so greatly did he dilute his grog. So, too, Henry Petty, of the *Discovery*, a total abstainer of some years' standing, entirely escaped scurvy, in spite of great exertions. On the whole, the evidence of the expedition is decidedly unfavourable to the supposed utility of alcohol. Captain Nares, on Thursday, threw some doubt on the inference as to alcohol, but he did not deny that the above statements were true."

Among other points that have been undergoing discussion, is the Gottenburg system, to which reference has oftener than once been made in these columns. Mr. Chamberlain, M.P. for Birmingham, has indicated proclivities in that direction. The *Times* in a leading article suggested that it ought to be set on foot here in the first instance by a private company. It appears that Mr. Cowper-Temple, Mr. Morley, Sir Harcourt Johnstone, and others have actually begun the experiment, having taken a licensed house between Marble Arch and Oxford Circus and placed it under a manager, who is to derive no profit from the sale of intoxicating drinks. These drinks, however, are only to be wines, beer, &c., it having been resolved that no spirits shall be sold. Dinners, suppers, tea, coffee, &c., are provided at a low charge, and the dining room, when not required for meals, is to be used as a reading room. The experiment has only just been commenced, so that as yet the results cannot be known.

The Archbishop of York dealt lately in a telling way with Manchester statistics. There was a public-house in that town, he said, for every thirty-one houses. The thirty-one houses had to keep the thirty-second house constantly going, to keep its master and mistress in comfort, and to bear the tax, which amounted in each case to between £500 and £600 a year. He also spoke of the constituents of the drink that was often sold. For example, they had gin adulterated with glycerine and nitric acid. A little glycerine was put in to smooth the drink as it went down their throats. There was a book called "The Mixer's Manual," which one must be a publican before he was allowed to look into. Besides the time and money which they were wasting in keeping up number 32, they must remember also that they were wasting no small amount of food. Fifty-seven million bushels of malt were consumed every year on brewing; twelve million bushels of grain went for spirits; and the money spent on drink during the last seven years would have extinguished the national debt and left £100,000 over. The Archbishop desired to see the proposal of Sir Harcourt Johnstone adopted, that the number of houses should be reduced to one for every five hundred of a population.

The Registrar-General has made his contribution to the cause in the shape of statistics of death caused by delirium tremens and intemperance. Varying somewhat from year to year, the number of such deaths has increased decidedly during the last few years. In 1870, 1871, 1872, 1873, and 1874 it was respectively for every million of persons, one in twenty-nine, thirty-two, thirty-one, thirty-four, and forty-five. The total deaths from this cause during the year 1874 was 1,053. Of these, 810 were men and 243 were women. Of the men, 197 were under thirty-five years of age, 37 under twenty-five, and 3 under twenty. Of the women, 48 were under thirty-five, and 7 were under twenty-five. These figures, of course, are exclusive of those who by drinking bring on various diseases which are the immediate cause of death. Suppose a Minotaur or other monster demanding year by year a hecatomb of victims to be consigned to a hideous death—what horror and indignation would there be! Yet here is but one form of the multitudinous sacrifice which our national curse entails.

It is small comfort to know that the evil is spreading elsewhere—in France, for example.

"It is surprising," says the *Times*, "to hear that the duty on spirituous liquors in France has yielded 31,000,000f. over the estimate of 261,326,000f. A similar increase may usually be found in our own budgets, and it can never be seen with comfort, for, however satisfactory it may be to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, it tells a melancholy tale of self-indulgence and vice. The growing consumption of spirituous liquors in France is one of several signs that her people are losing their old habits of sobriety. The drinking of absinthe in her great cities threatens to become as great a curse as the drinking of gin in our own. The National Assembly has attributed many of the excesses committed by the Communists to the fact that during their defence of Paris great masses of the people were habitually intoxicated. Most of the peasantry would

still be a pattern of sobriety to our own working people, but in parts even of agricultural France there is less temperance than there used to be."

THE ANTI-VACCINATION RISING.

The imprisonment of the six Keighley guardians, for refusing to enforce the law requiring vaccination, has led to a good deal of excitement and discussion on that subject. The discussion turns on two points —not always, however, very carefully distinguished— whether, under any circumstances, the passing of such a law is not an interference with the liberty of the subject, and therefore an act of oppression; and whether, in this particular case, the facts are not such as to make it more than doubtful whether vaccination is a benefit. In regard to the former point, there is little room for discussion. The best friends of liberty hold that there are matters in which the opinions, interests, and inclinations of individuals must yield to what is held to be the general good; and that in the case of a disease so infectious and terrible as small-pox, it is the duty of every individual to submit to such regulations as the nation deems essential for the preservation of health and life. On the other point, the real effects of vaccination, there is room for a serious difference of opinion. In the *Christian World* are printed many letters from intelligent correspondents, detailing the facts on which they have taken their stand in protesting against compulsory vaccination. One pledges himself to facts, as having occurred in the neighbourhood of Gainsborough, of a very distressing kind.

"Last month," he says, "about a dozen children, or perhaps a few more, were vaccinated at Misterton and Walkeringham, two villages about a mile apart, a short distance from Gainsborough. Up to the time of vaccination these children were perfectly well and healthy. Very shortly after vaccination, nine at least of these children were attacked with a most loathsome disease, described in the depositions I have enclosed. Six of them have died in a state of corruption. Three have suffered most piteously, but seem likely to recover. All the cases have been similar. No other children but the vaccinated ones have been similarly affected in the slightest degree—in fact, the health of the other children of the villages during the time has been unusually good."

The possibility of children being poisoned wholesale by syphilis through vaccination is horrible and heart-rending. Reference is made on the other side to the recent article of Dr. Richardson in *Good Words*.

"It is doubtful whether the Vaccination Act itself may not sometimes be repealed under the pressure of the stern opposition that is made to it. Yet how unreasonable the opposition is, how thoroughly it is maintained by simple want of knowledge, is proved by this one circumstance, that the members of the medical body, who are by necessity most familiar with all the dangers and all the advantages attending the process of vaccination, are so satisfied as to the infinitesimal character of its danger, and so assured of the infinite quality of its advantages, they are, of all sections of the community, most anxious to secure for themselves and their children the protection it affords. On the occasion of the prevalence of small-pox in 1870-1, a public vaccinator to whom I applied for the vaccination of my own family informed me that the doctors alone gave him sufficient employment for another pair of hands, that they were always the first to apply to him, were most importunate of all to take advantage of the prophylactic, and were, he believed, all but universally protected by it."

THE LONDON SCHOOL-BOARD ELECTION.

We do not advert to this election as partizans of either side. The Church party have frankly acknowledged that they have been defeated, and that at a time when they looked for quite a different result. It is always interesting to mark how men express themselves after a defeat. One sometimes sees a great difference, as between some with whom all the anxiety is to repair a party disaster, and some who look beyond the horizon of party, to higher interests which they believe to be involved. In this connection we note with interest the following remark in the *Guardian* :—

"The elections disclose a state of feeling in the working classes, in which they are prepared to believe any bold misstatement against the Church and the clergy, however unsupported by facts in the present, however signally contradicted by facts in the past. If we are inclined to think that some colour has been given to calumny on the present occasion by errors of policy, we yet must add that the colour would hardly have deceived any but jaundiced eyes. The significance of this fact goes far beyond the educational question. It will be undoubtedly increased, if the cause of the Church be identified with political Conservatism. Feeling, as we do, convinced that the working classes are under a fatal delusion as to the power which should be their best friend—believing that only to the anti-Christian element of society, whether high or low, ought the Church to be an enemy—we commend this consideration, painful as it is, to every thoughtful Churchman."

The meaning of this we take to be, that for the clergy to appear to be identified with one of the great political parties of the State, is to incur the risk of losing the confidence and support of the working classes. The working classes are peculiarly sensitive at the present day, and look with the keenest possible eye on all who in any cause or connection claim their confidence. For the clergy to be identified with political conservatism is counted by this writer a sure means of increasing the aversion of the working classes towards them. And if the working classes be alienated from the clergy, the *Guardian* naturally fancies that they will become the victims of secularism, or some other system equally objectionable. The *Guardian* we believe to be right; the course which it contemplates will, in the long-run, lose the working classes to any Church which may follow it. But then it must not be supposed that the remedy is to rush into the arms of any other political party. No Christian minister who identifies himself very closely and ardently with any section of the political world, has much influence with the working classes in his own proper sphere. His influence with them spiritually is not increased, but rather diminished. We believe that the working classes, on the whole and in the long-run, respect most the minister who honestly and hear-

tily gives himself to the work for which Christ appointed him, to seek the salvation of men. But along with this, and flowing out of it, they like to see a wide human interest in all that concerns the welfare of the race; and they like especially to see a kind, brotherly sympathy with those who have to bear the heat and burden of the day with fewest alleviations and refreshments. Let them be assured of these things, they would not mind very much to whichsoever political party the minister might quietly give his adherence. At least, it would not count as a leading element in the question as to what view they would take of his efforts for their spiritual good.

In these times, one feels that the position of the working classes is so very precarious, as regards their adherence to Christianity in its very essence, that any hints are to be received with care which either indicate obstacles on the one hand, or helps on the other, towards more cordial relations between them and the ministers of Christ.

II.—GLANCES ABROAD.

RELIGION ON THE CONTINENT.

Several members of British churches, who have recently been inquiring into the state of religion abroad, have been giving their impressions of it in various forms.

1. Professor BLAIKIE, D.D., of Edinburgh, who lately visited most of the countries where Reformed churches exist, in order to explain the object of the Presbyterian Alliance and General Presbyterian Council to be held at Edinburgh next July, remarks,—

"I should like to add that nothing could have been more encouraging than the reception uniformly given us wherever we went. If I had had any doubt of the desirableness of the Alliance and the propriety of the movement, it must have been completely dissipated by what we experienced. Unless one visits these countries, one can have little idea of the discouragements and drawbacks under which our brethren have to do their work. The shadow of the Papacy, the influence of Rationalism, the want of a well-kept Sabbath, the backwardness of the laity to aid the work of the Church, the poverty (in many cases) of evangelical literature, the trouble frequently caused by the Government, render the prosecution of Christian work far more difficult among them than among us. Nor have the Reformed churches as yet experienced much of that fresh current of spiritual life which has been pouring itself over the American and British churches. Hence the wistfulness of the look which the more earnest men among them were casting towards us. They hope that our Alliance will give them moral strength and courage, and help them to assume a more aggressive attitude toward the sin and error that surround them. And they hope that they will get more of the spirit of life, and especially that their elders and laity will be quickened in their work. If only our meeting next July can be rendered practically efficient, great good may be done. I should like to add that while writing in this way of the Reformed churches generally, I met with instances not a few of beautiful Christian devotedness, both on the part of ministers and others, well fitted to give a stimulus to ourselves and to all who have the privilege of being conversant with them."

2. Mr. PATON, of Nottingham, in a survey of the religious state of Europe, presented at a recent meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, adverted first to the astounding development, the organized activities, and the aggrandised influence of the Romish church during this century. Internally, the morality of the Jesuits was the recognised moral system of the whole. Externally, there were wonderful activity and success in dominating the secular authorities of the world, and generally conquering and ruling men of mark. The old Catholic church in Austria, Bohemia, and Italy, is tainted by rationalism, but in Germany and Switzerland it holds by the positive faith of Christianity, and is not unlikely to go on to higher and more scriptural positions. In regard to the influence of governments, it was an unfortunate thing that in many countries the two great parties are styled Catholics and Liberals, and that the Liberals, knowing no religion but the Catholic, are fighting for freedom without religion. Obliged to coerce the Church of Rome, in order to prevent her from trampling on the civil rights of the citizens, many governments were unfortunately extending their coercion to the Protestant communion too; but still he believed that the true idea of the Church was gaining ground, as a great society of the followers of Christ, and that there was a progress towards her self-government and freedom. Governments were feeling that religion in some form was the greatest factor in the life of a nation; churches were assuming a distinct and more independent form of existence; and the standing of the laity was receiving more recognition. The notions of Strauss and others in philosophy and religion were disappearing; a hard naturalism or materialism was supplanting the ideal speculations of other days; and the churches were securing themselves within the entrenchment of a positive emphatic faith in a supernatural revelation from God and a supernatural redemption by grace.

Mr. Paton gave it as his firm conviction that Evangelical Christianity was eminently fitted to meet the wants of the Continent at the present time; and there was a deep silent thirst for it:

"Brethren have come here to-day to tell us of earnest, hungering quest—where it was little thought of—for the spiritual truth of the gospel: from Bohemia in the south-east, where Protestantism was butchered into silence, to Sweden in the north-west, where it has been drugged into stupor. Amid the bigoted and superstitious Catholic peasants of Italy and Spain, and the freethinking working men of Germany and France, we hear of wonderful revivals in isolated places—a spark of truth suddenly igniting a prepared people, and flaming into a marvellous light. Lord Radstock can tell us of the welcome to the gospel in Russia, and probably of secret Bible meetings among eminent Russian nobility in Paris and Wiesbaden; and I have heard through friends of a splendid awakening of evangelical life in Macedonia and Epirus, and the region round about. I believe, however, there is vastly more of this anxious desire, this dumb aching need of the glorious gospel of the grace of God, than we are at all aware of, if only the evangelical Churches were to probe deep and wide

for it, search for it, appeal to it, and evoke it by the persistency and power of their own faith."

3. The Rev. WILLIAM ARTHUR, at the same meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, read an elaborate paper on Papal Europe, in which he contrasted the amazing difference between the import of that term before the Reformation, at the time of the Council of Trent, and at the present day. While Mr. Paton had painted in vivid colours the elements of power in the Romish Church of to-day, Mr. Arthur delineated its elements of weakness. He dwells especially on the spirit of languor and listlessness which Rome breeds in contrast to the activity and enterprise of Protestantism. Reference is made to the outspoken statements on this subject of members of the Church of Rome themselves, such as the late Count de Montalembert, Professor Lepp of Munich, Senor Castelar, the Spanish orator, and M. Laveleye of Belgium. The Roman Catholic element of population rather loses than gains. In Great Britain, notwithstanding all the perverts of the last thirty years, and all the new churches, schools, and monasteries, the Pope has not so many subjects as he had at the beginning of his reign. In America, he has some six or seven millions out of the forty millions of the whole country, whereas, according to calculation, he ought to have fifteen. In the single State of Minnesota it is calculated that more members are lost to the Romish Church every year than are gained over the whole of the other States. And as to the English-speaking population of the world, at the time of the Reformation it probably did not exceed six or seven millions, whereas now it amounts to some eighty millions, being thirty in Great Britain and Ireland, forty in the United States, and ten in the colonies of Britain over the world.

FRANCE AND ITS POLITICAL CRISIS.

A ministerial crisis caused indirectly by strong feeling on religious questions is a somewhat singular phenomenon for France. The resignation of M. Dufaure's ministry seems to have been caused by certain adverse votes on the Budget of Worship, and by the rejection of the bill forbidding military honours to be paid at the funerals of Chevaliers of the Legion of Honour, desiring to be buried without religious ceremonies. In regard to the Budget of Worship itself, the ministry were triumphant in the vote against the proposal to discontinue all aid from the State to the clergy, or, in other words, to disestablish the Church. But on some points of the measure they were outvoted. That and other humiliations brought about their resignation. The action of the Chamber clearly indicates strong dissatisfaction and distrust towards the church, as governed by the Ultramontanists. The speech of Prince Napoleon was violently anti-clerical. One of his antitheses is likely to live, "When you sow Jesuitism, you reap revolt." He did not fear that France would ultimately succumb to clericalism, but the passions that might be evoked meanwhile formed the danger. He ridiculed the idea of a soldier not getting military honours at his funeral unless he was provided with "a ticket of confession." The Bonapartists were much excited at the Prince going against the policy of the Bonapartists, and when M. Gambetta in the course of the discussion spoke of "the fanaticism of the Spanish woman of whom they had made an Empress of France," the President rebuked him for the violence of his language.

THE DIVISION IN THE REFORMED CHURCH OF FRANCE.

Local conferences of pastors of the Reformed Church continue to be held at various parts of France, with the view of devising some middle ground on which a union may be continued between the rationalist and orthodox sections of the Church. One of these has been held at Rouen, and another at Lille. It may be remembered that previously a conference was held at Nimes, whose conclusions were in favour of the rationalists, and another at Le Vigan, which took the orthodox line. The two conferences just held have tried to compromise matters, and the principal decision to which they have come appears to be that the next Synod ought to authorise all the formulas of ordination now in use, and any other that may be found not in contradiction to the faith of the Church [conformable to the faith of the Church—*Lille*], but that as the faith of the Church is embodied in her formularies and authentic documents, candidates shall not be required to express their adherence to the confession of 1872.

GERMANY—THE MARPINGEN SWINDLE.

The detective police are dangerous customers to the clever priests that set children to proclaim that the virgin has appeared to them. At Marpingen a wild Irishman made a great sensation. Being on a walking tour, he came to the sacred spot, hob-nobbed with the priest, and was a very devout worshipper. The Irishman was the detective in plain clothes, and his information thus cleverly obtained enabled him to expose the imposture, and get the children to confess to the authorities that their story was invented, and they had been put up to the trick.

ITALY—THE LIBERTIES OF THE CLERGY.

In opening his Parliament a few weeks ago the King of Italy gave a hint that Prince Bismarck's policy may have imitators in the Peninsula.

"It remains for us to face a problem hitherto unattempted. The liberty conceded to the Church in our kingdom is far greater than it enjoys in any other Catholic State; but it cannot be applied in a manner to offend against public liberty, or to infringe on national sovereignty. My Government will present for your examination provisions which are necessary to give efficacy to the reserves and the conditions indicated in the law which sanctioned the ecclesiastical franchises."

III.—JOTTINGS FROM THE MISSION FIELD.

THE JAPANESE AND HIS DAUGHTER.

At a recent meeting at Manchester, a missionary, recently returned from China, told the following story:—

"Six Japanese girls were sent over to America to be educated. One of them took a situation as governess in a family, where she read the English Bible. She wrote under deep religious conviction to her father, urging him to procure a copy of the Bible and read it. He, thinking it was a whim of his child, dismissed the subject from his mind, and destroyed the letter. This was ten years ago. Some seven years later he went as commissioner for Japan to the Austrian Exhibition. There he saw the Bible Stand, and was impressed with wonder that so much should be made of any single book, and that it should be thought worth translating into so many languages. He purchased a copy in Chinese, and read it with curiosity. Curiosity deepened into interest, and by degrees he became convinced of the truth of all the Book taught. In his journey through Europe he made his own observations of the three prevailing forms of Christianity, the Romish, Greek, and Protestant faiths. He was satisfied that the last of these came nearest to the teaching and spirit of the Book itself. On his return to Yedo he applied to the American missionaries for baptism. Hearing of the step he had taken, his daughter wrote to him from America to suggest that, as he had the means at his disposal, he should purchase a heathen temple for purposes of Christian worship. He did so, and in the temple thus purchased the Christian missionaries now meet for worship."

THE CEYLON TAMIL COOLIE MISSION.

The intense agitation and indignation produced by the conduct of Bishop Coplestone in connection with the Church of England missionaries in Ceylon invests with special interest the mission in which they have been engaged.

A large part of Ceylon consists of coffee plantations, the owners of which are chiefly Europeans, while the labourers are commonly immigrant Tamils, from the south of India. Many of these were Christians, and it was deeply impressed on the mind of Mr. Murdoch, Indian Secretary of the Christian Vernacular Education Society, that something ought to be done for the spiritual oversight of these men, as well as for their heathen fellow-workmen. It was agreed that the Church Missionary Society should provide missionaries, while the owners of the plantations should raise their salaries. Many of the planters were Scotch Presbyterians and Nonconformists, but they cordially fell in with this plan. A European missionary, a clergyman of the Church of England, superintends the native agents and the whole mission. Mr. Hobbs took charge in 1855, and has a number of catechists under him. Year by year the work has continued to grow, and no small measure of the Lord's blessing has rested on it. At present the work is so large as to require two European superintendents, two native Tamil missionaries, and thirty catechists. There are 250 communicants, 938 native Christians, and 500 children at school. To disturb the mission by making it more High Church would probably lead to the withdrawal of the Scotch planters and the formation of new missions.

There are other ten Church of England missionaries in Ceylon, engaged in missionary work among the Cinghalese and other inhabitants of the island.

SOUTH AFRICA.—THE LOVEDALE INSTITUTION.

It is always a pleasure to find one missionary body gratefully acknowledging the labours of another. In this spirit, the *Chronicle* of the London Missionary Society gives a sketch of the work in the Lovedale Institution of the Free Church of Scotland, to which, they say, they are greatly indebted for native labourers in the South of Africa. The account is given by Mr. Young, one of the missionaries. 1. The first thing to which he called attention is the civilised and beautiful aspect of the place and of the surrounding country; it is indeed a Lovely-dale. 2. At the printing office is to be seen the printing of the *Kaffir Express*, the first Kaffir newspaper, now a flourishing concern. 3. Then comes the book department, with all the appearance of an English bookseller's shop. Here, too, is the post office, for Lovedale has ten thousand letters, &c., annually; and the telegraph office, for Lovedale is in telegraphic communication with the world. 4. Then comes the manual labour department, with blacksmiths, carpenters, cabinet makers, bookbinding, and what not. The bookbinder is a splendid tradesman, and highly qualified to teach the branch to the apprentices. At the Cape Town Exhibition last year, he gained the prize for ornamental bookbinding, although specimens were sent from all parts of the colony. Not content with this, he has sent the same books to the Philadelphia Exhibition!

IV.—OUR MEMORIAL RECORD.

DR. MELANCTHON W. JACOBUS.

Dr. Jacobus, well-known as one of the most esteemed theologians and pastors of America, has been suddenly removed. He filled the office of Professor of Biblical Literature and Exegesis in the Theological Seminary at Alleghany, Pennsylvania. He was the author of a series of popular commentaries on certain of the books of Scripture, bearing the title, "Notes Critical and Explanatory." Holding a somewhat higher position as exegetical works than the commentaries of Dr. Albert Barnes, they hardly came up to them in practical power. Dr. Jacobus was much esteemed as a pastor, and even after he had retired from pastoral functions to fill a professor's chair, he was called a second time to the pulpit. His life was active and busy, and his high character secured for him a more than ordinary share of esteem and honour.

MR. GEORGE MOORE.

Mr. Moore, whose valuable life was ended through an accident which threw him down with violence on the streets of Carlisle, was one of the best-known men in the City of London, and highly respected wherever he was known. He was born in the year 1807 at Mealsgate, in Cumberland, where his ancestors had cultivated their own small farms for generations. Very early in life he came to London, and at the age of eighteen, with nothing to rely on but his own energy and business talent, he entered the service of the house in which he was destined to become a principal, and rose rapidly to a high position. During his connection with the firm the business was enormously extended, its factories being now at Nottingham, Manchester, Paris, and New York. Beyond the limits of the commercial world Mr. Moore was known by the zeal with which he threw himself into philanthropic enterprises, and often marked out new lines of his own. The Commercial Travellers' School at Pinner loses in him perhaps its best friend. Founded for the children of a class to which he once belonged, he was never tired of labouring for its interests. Home missions, hospitals, reformatories, owe much to his liberality, and about eight years ago he built a church—Christ Church, Somers Town—and schools entirely at his own cost. Together with Colonel Stewart Wortley he proceeded to Paris on the cessation of the siege in 1871, and administered the fund raised to mitigate the distress so prevalent at that period. Mr. Moore was often pressed to accept municipal honours, and also to enter Parliament, but uniformly declined. In 1844 he was elected sheriff of the City of London, but preferred to pay the fine of £500 to accepting the office. He was accustomed to pass the autumn at his seat, Whitehall, Cumberland, and at the last general election was pressed to stand for his native county, but could not be induced to overcome his reluctance to enter the field of politics.

GUILLAUME GROEN VAN PRINSTERER.

Though it is some months (May 19) since "the Guizot of Holland" was removed from his labours and his country, the publication of a memoir by Dr. Cohen Stuart clearly indicates his right to a place of honour in our brief record of men of mark in the Church of Christ. The following sentences are from Dr. Stuart's notice:—

"Groen Van Prinsterer was born August 21, 1801, near the Hague. From the earliest youth he showed himself to be a man of no common order. At the age of twenty-two he was the author of two essays, both of which displayed uncommon erudition and superior talent, and even drew the attention of foreign critics. Soon afterwards he became the secretary of King William I.

"A son of the Reformation, not of the Restoration; sprung from Calvin, not from Rousseau, Groen Van Prinsterer was not the follower of a humanitarian liberalism, but of liberty founded on the inalienable rights of the individual conscience. It was to these principles, derived from the Christianity of the Reformation, and strengthened by his studies and his experience, that he must devote his life and his talents. In his youth the disciple of these doctrines, he was not long in becoming their apostle. He was so in believing it his duty to communicate his opinions to the king; and to the honour of the king it must be said, he withdrew from him neither his esteem nor his confidence. Strange and interesting spectacle! A young man, distinguished by the royal favour, the private secretary of an almost absolute monarch, in the very palace of his sovereign, employing his hours of leisure in editing an opposition paper, *Les Idées Neerlanaises*, in nowise hiding his convictions from his master, who on his side, while holding his own opinions, respected his servant for the uprightness, in which he felt he could all the more rely. A scene such as this is seldom met with in the annals of court life.

"Political events favoured M. Groen's tastes. He exchanged his post as an active politician for the charge of the archives of the royal house, and soon he conceived the plan of his great work, "The Archives, or Unedited Correspondence of the House of Orange, Nassau," thirteen volumes of which appeared in succession. Then came the two great volumes of his "Manuel de l'Histore de la Patrie," another herculean work, the product of incredible labour and study; it is at once a work of art and of science, in which a master hand has engraved, in tables of bronze, the great outlines of the history of his country.

"The great historian was equally great as a statesman, and he has been called the Guizot of Holland. By the strength of his character, as well as by the force of his eloquence, he was not only the chief, but the creator of the party to which he himself gave the name of the 'Christian and Historical,' or 'Anti-Revolutionary Party.'

"'Not a statesman, but a Christian,' was, and ever continued to be, his motto. He had no other politics than the gospel, as he understood it. To have the truth accepted, with all its consequences, was his one ambition. Questions simply practical or material had no absorbing interest for him, and though not altogether indifferent to such subjects, it was but rarely that he meddled. But were the question one of principle, or of higher politics, of the rights of conscience, of the rights of a minority, of freedom of education, or the royal prerogative, or when the opening of the Budget afforded an opportunity for the discussion of principles, then might M. Groen be heard pleading his grand cause with the holy zeal of a prophet, addressing his burning philippic against inanity, incoherence, and all the baneful tendencies of modern Liberalism."

CHIEF JUSTICE WHITESIDE.

The Rev. Canon Peacocke paid the following tribute, in Dublin, to the memory of the deceased judge:—

"As the matchless advocate, the brilliant orator, the righteous and fearless judge, the upright and God-fearing man, he would take his place, and that no mean one, in the ranks of those who had adorned the annals of their country and shed lustre on the Irish name. He had left behind him the memory of splendid talents, of lofty powers that were never degraded by being put to an unworthy use or employed in an ignoble cause, and, what was far better, the memory of a spotless reputation, of a character unsullied by meanness or dishonour. If he had not done so, the intelligence of his death would not have awakened so profound a regret on the part of all classes in the community, nor would those whom he addressed have gathered in their crowds to testify by their presence the esteem in

which they held him and to the loss which they believed their country to have sustained . . . . . Every undertaking which was calculated to promote the religious and social welfare and the intellectual and moral improvement of his countrymen, and more especially of the young, in whom he took a deep and constant interest, was sure to meet with his cordial sympathy and hearty support. . . . Deeply impressed with the belief that the true road to happiness was by the paths of religion and virtue, that the way to usefulness and distinction in this world was by the rugged ascent of patient perseverance and self-denying labour, he was ever ready to help the young men of this city in their efforts after self-improvement by lending the aid of his presence at their meetings to encourage them, and by his brilliant talents to edify and instruct them. Thus he had left his mark behind him."

The Rev. gentleman paid a tribute to the religious character of the deceased, and made an eloquent appeal to all present to listen to the voice of God, and search the foundations of their own faith and hope to see how they stood in relation to that unseen but awfully real world which lay so close to them, and within the bounds of which they might be called any moment to enter.

SIR ELKANAH ARMITAGE.

This distinguished citizen of Manchester, who has just been removed at the ripe age of eighty-two, not only rose from the lowest ranks, but rose slowly, and began his life of labour in a mill at the early age of eight. When, after twenty years' labour in the service of others, he did become an employer himself, he took great pains to procure the best workmen, and to produce the best fabrics, and ere long he attained to great prosperity, wealth, and fame. As mayor of Manchester, and in other high positions, he conferred very great benefits on the community. In reference to the philanthropic and benevolent aspect of his character, the *Nonconformist* says :—

"The philanthropic and beneficent side of Sir Elkanah's life is that to which it is least possible to do justice. "Systematic beneficence" is a motto that lecturers and preachers have expounded eloquently enough; but long before it was adopted as the watchword of associated efforts their promoters might have pointed to Sir Elkanah Armitage as a perfect example of its meaning. Throughout life his appropriation of his means to the help and service of others was "systematic" in the widest sense. As he rose in prosperity his gifts became multitudinous, and they were made for social and political as well as religious and missionary objects. As a Nonconformist, he gave freely to the foundation and support of Congregational places of worship, but he was as far as possible from being sectarian in his charities, and thus there are churches and schools connected with the Establishment which have received from him substantial aid. In behalf of any effort for the education of the poor his sympathies were especially easy to move. It was one of the ruling ideas of his life to see new generations of children enjoying opportunities denied to himself. But wherever he gave help, it was characteristic of him to ascertain that he gave it in the most effective and practical form. In 1862 we reported the first opening of the workpeople's rooms at Pendleton, which were established by Messrs. Armitage for purposes of instruction and recreation for their operatives, and which were developed into one of the most extensive institutions of that character, whether of public or private foundation.

"Sir Elkanah was not a man who made a great profession of religion. He believed that religion could be better represented in life than in creeds, and that he could best display it by showing love to his fellow-men. Always ready to do anybody a good turn if he could, his kindly influence was in pretty constant request, and one of the modes in which his use of it was perhaps pre-eminent for liberality was that of personal recommendations. Home duties were never neglected by Sir Elkanah, and his friends will cherish the recollection of the domestic pleasures and pastimes that he loved to encourage. It was never his ambition to amass an enormous fortune, but he preferred to do good in his day and generation to all around him, both by example and by active beneficence. He enjoyed the highest pleasures of life and friendship as long as he lived, and he was spared to see much good springing up from what he had done. By all the people of this great industrial city he deserves to be held in memory as one of the fathers of its prosperity and progress since the days of his early service in it."

Among other persons of mark in the religious world, but belonging to schools of various extremes, who have just passed away, we observe the name of Mr. GEORGE DAWSON, of Birmingham, best known as a clever lecturer and litterateur; the Rev. Dr. BEARD, a leading theologian and minister among the Unitarians; the Rev. W. GRESLEY, a writer of religious novels and other works in the interest of the early Tractarian movement; and Miss LYDIA PRISCILLA SELLON, whose name used to be very familiar to the world when Anglican sisterhoods began.

The London Missionary Society records the death of Teava, an aged evangelist of Rarotonga, ordained in 1832, when John Williams was in those parts, and especially mentioned by Mr. Williams in his "Missionary Enterprise."

"SHALL I TELL HER ALL ABOUT THIS BOTHER?"

Page 291.

HARTLEIGH TOWERS.

The Story of a Noble Purpose.

By the AUTHOR of "Andrew Gray's Story," &c.

CHAPTER XIII.—FRANK CAREW'S TEMPTATION.

"For your soul (and this is the worst
To bear, as you well know)
Has been watching you from first
As sadly as God could do."
Owen Meredith.

ABOUT the same hour as Miss Glen lay wakeful, listening to her sister's mysterious utterances, Frank Carew was making his way home from a social gathering at Mulberry Park, which finished up the day at the skating pond. The light was still burning in the sitting-room when he reached Greenwood Gate. Margaret was evidently waiting in spite of her cold, and Doss was barking shrilly on the outlook for his coming, and yet Frank did not seem in any hurry to join the friends so faithfully keeping vigil for him. After pausing a moment near the door, he turned with a restless air and began to pace up and down the silent pavement. This finished holiday did not appear to have soothing memories for him. Even the warm thanks and hearty congratulations concerning his feat at the Alder Pond, which had been showered upon him during this evening, seemed now to re-echo jarringly through the frosty air as he hurried home. To be the hero of the hour was generally a pleasant sensation for a character like Frank's. Why then did the most commonplace comments on the part he had acted in the accident come to him with a sting? Frank Carew was by no means so entirely false as Miss Martha Glen had been thinking him in her honest spinster heart, though her indignation was certainly far from groundless. Frank's first adverse impressions of Miss Morgan had, it must be acknowledged, been replaced by a growing friendship. It was not, however, until this day at the Alder Pond that he began to realise how absorbing that friendship was becoming. He felt now obliged to acknowledge to himself a certain preference for Louisa's society to that of Muriel, which was startling to him, and which at one moment filled him with self-accusation, while, at another, he found himself weaving excuses for the state of matters. Was it not kinder to Muriel, for instance, not to ask her to play his accompaniments when she was so shy? And how could he possibly hang about all day on the ice with a girl who could not skate, and did not wish to learn? And, besides, had not Muriel more than once expressed in her quiet gentle way much satisfaction that he and her cousin should be such friends? She had often, too, talked glowingly of Louisa's many charms, though she had always felt constrained to add the criticism that she was not so patient with her kind mother as might be. But Muriel's judgment in that instance must be hasty and perhaps unfair, thought Frank, for had not Mrs. Morgan explained to her, during the first days of her visit, that somehow, Louisa always grew impatient and hasty tempered when Leonard was at home. The explanation was required as, unfortunately, the discomfort at these times was not merely personal to Miss Morgan and her brother, but a vague feeling of discomfort and unpleasantness pervaded the household. Now, Lieutenant Morgan had left Mulberry Park very shortly after Muriel came, so that Louisa's reign was undisturbed, and since Frank knew her, she had been most gracious and smiling to all. The friendship between her and Mrs. Carew had also flourished. Margaret, alone, still retained what her mother called "one of her father's prejudices" against this new acquaintance, though it was only evinced by a certain shy reserve on her part. The intimacy between Frank and Louisa seemed, indeed, to have been fostered on all sides by a series of apparently trivial circumstances, as

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appears to be sometimes the case for a time in that mysterious part which evil is permitted to play on the battlefield of the human heart. Now, however, as Frank Carew stood alone under the starlit sky, it was clearly revealed to his conscience that this growing fascination for Louisa Morgan was an enemy to be faced and fought. Had he only probed a little deeper, indeed, he would have perceived that it held its place mainly by appealing to his vanity. He could not help acknowledging that while in Miss Morgan's company there always seemed to come to him a pleasing consciousness of being himself interesting and delightful, which was new to him, even with his knowledge of Muriel's admiring love. And it was surely natural, Frank argued now, that he should enjoy her society, seeing that she had such an evident appreciation of him, often, indeed, singling him out from among many others as the special object of her graciousness. This evening, as they parted, she had with glances more eloquently grateful than her well-chosen words, thanked him for having saved her life, and had playfully charged him not to fail to be present at a conversazione which was to be held on the following evening, where she would look forward to meeting him and again talking over their wonderful escape from the dark waters of the Alder Pond. "What must I do?" was Frank's refrain, bareing his throbbing forehead to the keen night air as he sauntered aimlessly along. His troubled words were not, however, the upliftings of an overwhelmed and tempted soul to the strong and holy One, but rather the wayward questionings and hesitating desires of his disquieted heart. For the time being, however, the pleader for the right, at the court of conscience, prevailed, and Frank came to a decision which seemed to lighten his heart, and made him quickly retrace his steps in the direction of Greenwood Gate. Drawing out his latch key, he at length admitted himself to his home. Margaret met him with a tired face, but it presently kindled into interest when Frank jocularly narrated his adventure at the skating pond, dwelling chiefly on the old miller's indignation that his warning had been disregarded, and describing his visible gratification that his prophecy had received such a speedy fulfilment, when he discovered that the result was not fatal to anybody concerned. Presently, Frank jerked out an announcement which appeared to surprise his sister. "Stop a minute, Margie," he said as she was going to take the lamp from the writing-table. "I've got a note to write. I have made up my mind not to go to that affair to-morrow night, after all."

"But why, Frank? Won't the Morgans be disappointed? Mamma says Miss Morgan thought it very ungracious of me to refuse, and you know they were particularly counting on your help. Besides, Muriel will be sorry if you are not there."

"Oh, as to that, I think she will like much better to come and spend a quiet evening here. I'll suggest that in my note now, and you might go and arrange it to-morrow, that she should come alone, you know, when the others are at the conversazione. I mean to plead an incipient cold, for I really believe that my cold bath has done me no good," said Frank as he sat down by the old table and began to write.

"But, Frank," again remonstrated Margaret, "don't you think the Morgans will think it very selfish of us to lure Muriel away, though certainly it would be delightful to have her here on Christmas Eve. Still I must say, Frank, I think you ought to go to this entertainment as you promised. Besides, you have no proper reason for not abiding by your engagement."

"Yes, Margie dear. I've got a perfectly good reason for changing my mind. So please don't say more about it," interposed Frank in a decisive tone as he folded his finished note. Margaret did not guess the real cause of Frank's sudden resolve. Muriel, in her visits to Greenwood Gate had invariably been accompanied by her cousin, and thus the progress of friendship between her and Margaret was slower than it might otherwise have been. Muriel had, it is true, in the loyal heart of Frank's sister a place from which no intervention of Louisa Morgan was likely to dislodge her. Lately, however, both had been kept prisoners by colds; it was some time since they had even seen each other, and so it happened that Margaret was entirely unsuspicious of the presence of the little cloud which was threatening to darken what she believed to be the sunniest of horizons.

On returning from the post-office Frank found Margaret still waiting in the sitting-room.

"How kind of you to wait up so late for me, Margie dear!" he said, looking at his sister with more fondness than he had shown of late.

"Oh, Frank! I waited up because I wanted to tell you, now that you are really

"I assure you it had a very special interest for me, Miss Carew. I've been feeling more each time I visit Chadsthorpe how much I owe to your father for the laborious years he spent in fulfilling my neglected duties," Hugh went on in a quiet tone. "In fact, it was a wish to express somewhat of my deep obligations to your family which brought me here to-day; Carew, and not Hartleigh, is the name written over Chadsthorpe now," he added, lifting his dark melancholy eyes on Margaret's glowing face.

"But you are going to care for the miners now, Mr. Hartleigh. I heard that you had been at the moor, and papa used to say, if you could only see things with your own eyes, everything would be changed. He did not blame you, indeed. He would never let anybody say it was your fault that the miners were so neglected," said Margaret eagerly.

Then Hugh told in some well-chosen words how he had discovered, on that summer afternoon in the little graveyard, who had been the friend and helper of his forsaken workmen, and how the sight of their grief had first awakened his slumbering sense of obligation towards them. He told her, too, of the visit which, impelled partly by curiosity and partly by a sense of his neglected duty, he had paid to the mines, and how he had everywhere found traces and noble fruits of Dr. Carew's labours of love.

Margaret sat listening with proud, glad joy to her father's praise, gathering up hungrily every word of the young owner of Chadsthorpe, who, burdened by a sense of many-sided obligations to her father, which he was full of earnest anxiety in some measure to express, was by no means conscious of the intense pleasure he was bringing to the heart of the doctor's daughter. He had finished his narration with some desponding personal remark, and was glancing dreamily into the fire, when Margaret exclaimed in a glad energetic tone,—

"Oh! Mr. Hartleigh, you don't know how very happy you have made me! You are the first person I have heard speak with a true conception of what papa really did. It seems to have made life look clearer and brighter to me all in a minute to know that somebody at least has found out all that he did during those long years. Of course, some of the miners are grateful, and know what he was," added Margaret after a short pause, feeling as if, perhaps, she had been ungrateful in her sweeping statements. Her thoughts were at the moment chiefly running on her mother's and even Frank's want of appreciation of the work, to which her father had so freely given his best strength. "Old Caleb Bartlett, for instance. He worships his memory. The old miner at the reading-room—have you seen him, Mr. Hartleigh?"

"Yes. Caleb is an acquaintance of mine. A capital old fellow he is. I had a long talk with him one afternoon, and only wish I had gone to have another, for thereby hangs a tale," added Hugh with a smile. "Did you ever happen to see a young miner, Hayward? He seemed to have a great admiration for your father also."

"Oh, yes! Hayward was a great favourite of papa's. He used to say he had a fine character, and that he hoped great things of him. It is curious, I only once happened to get a glimpse of him," said Margaret softly, her thoughts straying back to that sunset on the moor when she and Caleb had watched Dick Hayward's figure against the bright horizon.

"Poor fellow, he very nearly got himself into trouble to-day by attacking a soldier to whom he owed a grudge when the detachment were leaving town. Indeed, if it hadn't been for my friend Captain Lake, mischief must have come of it. But I hope the matter may be patched up."

"Why, was that Dick Hayward!" exclaimed Margaret in a tone of undisguised astonishment. "I saw that scene, Mr. Hartleigh. It happened directly under our windows in front of the old archway there. I saw you too, but of course I didn't know who you were," she added with a sense of amused relief that light had broken on this small mystery.

It was now Hugh's turn to look surprised and amused also, when he reflected what the position of things must have seemed to an onlooker. "If you know Dick Hayward, then I suppose you also know that apple of discord, Bartlett's granddaughter, Miss Carew?" he said presently, with a somewhat perplexed air.

"Oh, yes! I know Emma. But why do you call her an apple of discord? To be sure, I remember papa used to say that old Caleb was always in a state of worry about her upbringing. By-the-bye, was not Emma going to be married to Dick Hayward? I recollect hearing my father say so last Christmas?"

"Ah, yes! But I see you are quite behind in the chronicle of poor Dick Hayward's love affairs, Miss Carew;" and then Hugh

told how he had made friends with Dick on the day when poor Peter was worried by the fiendish bull-terrier, and all that followed.

"Your father was right, Miss Carew. There must be some splendid points about Hayward," he added after having told how Caleb was mourning his quarrel with Emma. "Why, it was the most quixotic idea in the world that brought him to town to-day! It was not to work vengeance on the sergeant for having poached on his preserves, but to insist that since the wolf had invaded his fold he shouldn't leave it without eating the lamb! That is the plain English of it, as I have just been telling Hayward. For it appears from Dick's story that the fair Emma had avowed to him a decided preference for the red coat, and the rejected miner had accepted his hard fate like a man. But hearing a rumour that the regiment was leaving St. Oswald's, he came off from his work, and started on the knight-errant quest of bullying the sergeant into fulfilling his promise to marry Emma. When he came to town to go to the barracks, he heard that the soldiers were actually leaving to-day, and his zeal for the jilted Emma made him wait to pounce on Blackwell. But I didn't guess that the scene took place under your windows, Miss Carew," said Hugh with an amused glance, and then it struck him that the thwarted love of Dick and Emma was, perhaps, after all, an odd topic on which to have stumbled with his young hostess.

But to Margaret it brought no sense of embarrassment. She had learnt in the old life to take a simple and unaffected interest in the welfare of her neglected and lawless neighbours, and this chronicle interested her, as her father's work amongst them used to do of old. All her admiration and sympathy went out for the poor wronged Dick, and she felt ashamed to think she had even misjudged him for a moment as she watched the scene from the window.

"And you were so kind and nice to him, Mr. Hartleigh. I saw it all," she said, looking with new admiration in her eyes towards her visitor.

"Poor Hayward! I was never so sorry for anybody, I think," replied Hugh in a pitying tone. "His chief trouble now seems really to be how Emma will stand the shock of hearing that there is a Mrs. Blackwell who still maintains a flourishing existence. I have promised to do all I can to soften the ancient Caleb, whom Emma reports to be filled with indignation at her predilection for the sergeant."

"And yet, Mr. Hartleigh, you were saying a little while ago, that you couldn't do anything for the Chadsthorpe miners. It seems to me that you have been doing a good deal for one of them to-day," said Margaret, smiling sadly as she thought of how happy it would have made her father to see the long absentee owner interested in the fortunes of one of those downtrodden despised miners.

The visit had already been a tolerably long one, and might have been still further prolonged, for Hugh was beginning to be conscious that this afternoon was being pleasantly spent, but Jane now appeared, saying there was a person at the door who would not come further, but was "particular" anxious to see Miss Margaret. Then Hugh made his hurried good-bye, and there came to Margaret a consciousness that the afternoon had been a rarely pleasant one. The young squire, meanwhile, hurried downstairs, his face already assuming the dreamy melancholy expression which it generally wore when he was not talking. On the mat he almost ran up against a portly, panting, elderly woman, who, as he passed out, gave a spasmodic exclamation of recognition.

NOON AND NIGHT.

I.

'TWAS high noon in the meadow,
As I lay 'neath the drowsy trees,
And my child's laugh fell on the stillness,
Like a sweet fresh summer breeze.

And his feet ran over the daisies,
And among the cowslips sweet,
And he filled his arms with the wild flowers,
And showered them down at my feet.

And I wove the cowslips and daisies
And wildflowers into a wreath,
For the golden locks of my darling,
With the frank blue eyes beneath.

II.

Now the moon rises over the yew-trees,
And the stars sing one by one,
As the noiseless music of night-time
Mourns the death of the parted sun.

And the daisies have closed their petals,
And the dewdrops the cowslips kissed,
And over the low-lying meadows
Hangs a cold white robe of mist.

And a white cross gleams in the churchyard,
'Neath the old tower's shadow deep,
And the wide blue eyes of my darling
Are closed now fast in sleep.

CHARLES W. STUBBS.

HONOURABLE WOMEN.

By Miss CHESSAR.

I.—DEBORAH: WHAT SHE DID, AND WHY SHE DID IT.

AMONG the many women whose names and histories are handed down to us in the Bible narrative, Deborah occupies a peculiar place. Other women are prophetesses, such as Miriam and Huldah; others, like Sarah and Esther, hold high station; some, like Hannah, have the gift of sweet song, and many others are persons of far-reaching influence. But Deborah alone is the one to whom was assigned the pre-eminent place of judge in Israel.

It is probable that, in a quiet and social way, she had been exercising her office of judge for some time before those circumstances arose which brought her prominently into action. The record of these renders the two chapters in the Book of Judges that contain all we know about her, by no means the least stirring of the many vivid narratives with which the Bible record is filled. Deborah is not spoken of as having been suddenly inspired with the impulse which gave her the position of a leader among her people, but as if the office of judge were one which she had long and wisely filled: "Deborah, a prophetess, the wife of Lapidoth, she judged Israel at that time." It has been said that she was not so much a judge in the ordinary sense of the word, as one gifted with prophetic insight, and by virtue of her inspiration, "a mother in Israel." But this, so far as it is a denial of official position, seems hardly reconcilable with the reiterated statement that "the children of Israel came up to her for judgment;" and so far as it is an assertion of positive qualities, says that she filled her position in virtue of personal fitness rather than by mere political favour. As a matter of fact she was a true judge, one to whom because of her

natural good sense, her large, just, and sympathetic mind, the people resorted, as an arbitrator in cases of difference, an adviser to be relied on in cases of difficulty. Women of such quick judicial faculty are not unknown even among ourselves—women to whom all instinctively turn when help and counsel are needed—true judges, whose influence even on public affairs is not the less real though they sit in no judgment-seat. Such were those women who were called to council and thought half-divine among the early tribes of Germany; and such women are those who, even now, take place among the elders of certain Arab communities when they are met in debate.

A knowledge of the world as it lay around her, and of the varying circumstances of human life, was added in Deborah to her personal experience. She was the wife of Lapidoth, and she calls herself "a mother in Israel." She was mistress of a household, had men and maidens at her command; probably was a mother in more than the metaphorical sense, and so knew how to feel for the doubts and fears of those village mothers, whose hearts must have often been burdened with anguish in the days when the "inhabitants of the villages ceased in Israel." Of Lapidoth, her husband, we know nothing; but, as a Jewish writer* has suggested, "that Lapidoth in no manner interfered with the public offices of his wife, called as she was to them by God Himself through His gifts, implies a noble confidence and respectful consideration towards her, evidently springing at once from the national equality and freedom tendered to Jewish women; and from a mind great enough to appreciate and value such talents even in a woman." Deborah was indeed a woman in whom the heart of her husband might safely trust, and whom he might well rise up and praise.

She probably belonged to the tribe of Ephraim, and her home was "between Ramah and Beth-el in Mount Ephraim;" but from the expression "the princes of Issachar were with Deborah," some have imagined that she may have belonged to that tribe. With regard to her in other respects, also, imagination has run somewhat loose, as if by turning about the few words that describe her personally, a nearer and fuller view could be obtained of so remarkable a woman. Thus, the expression "wife of Lapidoth" has been taken to mean, as Tennyson says, "that great dame of Lapidoth;" and her very name, "Deborah," which signifies "a bee," has been fancifully supposed to be an official title, implying her office as a prophetess. Among the Egyptians, as with the sovereigns of the Napoleonic dynasty, the bee was the symbol of regal power; and the Greeks held it as a type not only of poets, but of the priestesses of Delphi, and of the goddesses Cybele and Artemis. Such ingenious suppositions, however, are not needed to picture her out—a stately woman, governing well her own household, sought after by all who desired counsel and judgment, and exercising her great influence for the good of all around her.

She dwelt under the palm-tree of Deborah, "a well-known and solitary landmark, probably the same spot as that called Baal-Tamar, 'the sanctuary of the Palm' (Judges xx. 33)."* Palms in former times were much more common in Palestine than they are now; but, however many grew along the low coast plain, or in the sheltered valley of the Jordan, they must always have been comparatively few in the colder uplands; and the palm-tree, under whose shade in the clear light of early morning, or as the sun dipped westering towards the Mediterranean, Deborah sat and judged Israel, was undoubtedly one pointed out for distinction by its very rarity.

In the days of Deborah's office and power as a judge, northern Israel was sorely oppressed by the tyranny of Jabin, king of Hazor. During the years which had elapsed since the rout of an earlier Jabin, and the destruction of an earlier Hazor by Joshua, the capital of the Canaanites of the north had been rebuilt; the Canaanites, whom the Israelites had not exterminated, had risen again to power; the "children of Israel again did evil in the sight of the Lord;" and to punish them, those whom their own folly and disobedience had left among them in the land, became as thorns in their sides, and Jabin with his captain Sisera for twenty years mightily oppressed the children of Israel. Deborah, in her place as judge, saw much of the effects of this oppression. The country was becoming depopulated; famine and disease were probably doing their work among the people. As in some eastern countries now, where the approaches to villages are carefully hidden lest they should be discovered by a brutal soldiery, the highways of northern Israel were unoccupied, and the travellers walked through by-ways.

* Miss Grace Aguilar.

* Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine," p. 145.

The meetings at the wells, where the women gathered to talk as they filled their water-jars, and those at the gates, where the men assembled to converse on village affairs, could no longer take place. The fear of the archers of Sisera oppressed the people; such war-like instruments as they possessed had been taken from them; they were an unarmed people ruled by an armed foreigner; and misery naturally reigned throughout the land. Doubtless Deborah, in her position as judge, had used her influence to redeem the people from the error of their ways, to rouse them to a sense of their wrong-doing, and to a desire for that moral change upon which alone could rest their hope of manly strength and a permanent improvement in their political condition. But she also saw that some strong physical measure must be taken to free the people from the yoke of Jabin's oppression; and her patriotic soul burned within her till that end should be accomplished. It was to her ardent mind that the special message was communicated, which she in her turn sent on to Barak, and which resulted in the great movement that overthrew the power and pride of the Canaanites. God commanded that Barak should draw towards Mount Tabor; and that with him he should take ten thousand men of the tribes of Naphtali and Zebulun. At the same time He intimated that Sisera, the captain of Jabin's army, with his nine hundred chariots of iron, and the multitude of his followers, should be defeated at the river Kishon, where his forces were to be assembled.

Barak is mentioned in that enumeration which is given in the Epistle to the Hebrews, of persons who were distinguished by their faith. He was of those who "waxed valiant in fight, and turned to flight the armies of the aliens." But it is to Deborah that belongs the honour of kindling and keeping alive in the beginning the fire of faith which became so bright in Barak. For, at first, his response to her message exhibited but feeble trust: "If thou wilt go with me," said he, "then I will go; but if thou wilt not go with me, then I will not go." He showed a want of reliance in himself, a want of belief in the express promise of God. But, if she went with him, he was willing to go. Possibly he thought that her presence, revered as she was by the people both as judge and as prophetess, would inspire his untrained forces with confidence because they had among them a person specially sacred and favoured of the Lord. Her presence would be at once a safeguard and an omen of success. It was the same feeling in him as that which, long after, caused the Israelites to send for the ark from Shiloh, that it might save them out of the hand of their enemies; and Barak probably hoped that a special terror, the result of the presence of Deborah, might fall upon the host of the Canaanites.

At once Deborah consented to go; no fear found place in the heart of this dauntless and patriotic woman. "I will surely go with thee," she answered; "notwithstanding," she continues, reproachfully, "the journey that thou takest shall not be for thine honour, for the Lord shall sell Sisera into the hand of a woman." How this prophecy was to be fulfilled, was certainly unforeseen both by Barak and Deborah; but that it was to be fulfilled Deborah at least had faith enough to be clear and certain. In its utterance, the prophetess may have thought only of the fact that, in asking her to go with him, Barak was really yielding to her the honours of command; and this view is taken by Josephus, who says that, when asked to accompany Barak, Deborah "answered indignantly, Thou, O Barak, deliverest up meanly the authority which God hath given thee into the hands of a woman; neither do I reject it." Be this as it may, Deborah had that kind of confidence which generally justifies itself, and probably Barak had life enough to feel this and sense enough to yield under these circumstances the honour of command even into the hands of a woman.

That this assumption of command was real and wise is evident from the record. Deborah went with Barak not only to Kedesh, where he called the people together, but she also accompanied him to the top of Tabor, from which the attack was to be made upon Sisera's army, and it was she who gave the word, after whose utterance, Barak arose and swept with headlong force down into the plain.

The plain of Esdraelon, in the broadest part of which this memorable battle was fought, is "a wide rent," about twelve miles across, which lies to the north of the mountains of Central Palestine, and separates their mass from the bolder hills that, far to the northward, rise into the mountains of Lebanon. Through this plain, in a north-westerly direction, flows that "ancient river, the river Kishon," which before emptying itself into the Bay of Acre, washes the northern foot of Mount Carmel. The plain of Esdraelon, or Valley of Jezreel, has a somewhat triangular shape, and to the north-east

of this triangle rises, to a height of nearly a thousand feet, the singular isolated height of Mount Tabor. It is wonderfully symmetrical in form, with a rounded outline, and, on the top a small oblong plain, where are still to be seen the ruins of a Roman city. A comparatively dense forest of oaks, pistachios, and other trees and shrubs, now clothes the sides of the hill, and gives shelter to wolves, lynxes, and wild boars. From the summit is obtained a magnificent view of the plain stretching away to the distant Carmel, and the glittering line of the sea. Such is Tabor, as modern travellers describe it to us; and, in outline, such must have been the hill, the plain, and the river in those troublous days, when Barak, Deborah, and their ten thousand followers, were collected on and close around the table-land at the top of the mountain.

Sisera, with his hosts, had assembled by the banks of the Kishon, near Taanach, "the name of which is still preserved in that of a village on the slope of the hills skirting the plain on the south." His nine hundred chariots of iron, hitherto emblems of the power with which he "mightily oppressed the children of Israel," were drawn up in battle array, and around him were his "multitudes," doubtless scorning the puny efforts of the rebellious Israelites. With him were the allied and tributary kings of Canaan, chiefs who "took no gain of money," but desired to share in the glory of conquest.

In battle array, the armies were prepared to meet. Just at the moment when Barak began his descent, a violent tempest arose. "A tremendous storm of sleet and hail gathered from the east, and burst over the plain of Esdraelon, driving full in the faces of the advancing Canaanites."* "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera;" the Kishon, swollen by the sudden torrent, rose and flooded the plain, and swept away many of the multitude. The confusion of the rout was increasing by the terror and struggling of the horses, "the prancings of their mighty ones." Chariots and host together fled away before the victorious Barak, who pursued after them, till "there was not a man left." Sisera, the captain of the host, in the confusion of the battle, "lighted down off his chariot and fled away on his feet." Far to the northward, under the shelter of an ancient oak, he sought refuge in the tent of Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite. There, at her hands, he met his death; and Barak, pursuing Sisera, saw him as he lay on the floor of the tent, with the "nail of the tent" driven through his temples.

A victory so overwhelming to the enemy, a restoration of liberty and of national life so complete to the oppressed people, deserved well to be celebrated in triumphant song; and the national thanksgiving which rose from thousands of hearts found utterance in Deborah's marvellous song. Through all the disadvantageous medium of a translation, the vigour, the life, the patriotic fire, the boundless thanksgiving with which Deborah's heart was filled are clearly evident to us.

The beginning and the end are full of heartfelt praise to God. The song presents with the utmost vividness a picture of the condition of the people, of the strife, and of the glorious end. All through it are bursts of exultation. The prophetess encourages herself; rouses herself to fresh energy when she sings, "Awake, awake, Deborah; awake, awake, utter a song;" and the very soul of triumph expresses itself when she says, "O my soul, thou hast trodden down strength."

The changes of her mood are great. There is the pathos with which she describes the unhappy condition of the people, when "the highways were unoccupied, and the travel ler walked through by-ways;" then come the swift descriptions of the tribes who answered to the summons of Barak—Zebulun, Naphtali, and Issachar, with Ephraim, Manasseh, and Benjamin. Reuben, Dan, and Asher, who afforded no help, are dismissed with short, almost contemptuous, notice; while upon Meroz, whose inhabitants might have aided in the destruction of the enemy and did not, bitter curses are outpoured. It is probable that to these assured success could alone enlist their sympathy, and in that their tone of mind could not believe. They lacked that enthusiasm for national freedom which at once marks and makes the men who crush the mighty. Instantly following the denunciation of the faint-hearted people of Meroz comes the commendation of Jael. In her patriotic rejoicing over the defeat of the Canaanites, and the death of the arch-enemy, Sisera, Deborah seems to forget or utterly to ignore the fact, that Jael in putting Sisera to death had been guilty of a treachery almost unheard of among the dwellers in tents. But now the land was free from tyranny; men might stand in the gates; women go unwounded to the fountain! With Sisera died robbery, cruelty, crime—cruelty and crime large enough to afflict a nation, therefore Deborah's patriot heart poured upon Jael blessings, because she had contributed to the completeness of the

* "Sinai and Palestine," p. 339.

victory its lastingness. The powerful description of the waiting of Sisera's mother for his return introduces a vein of satire. Deborah, as a woman, knew what would be the probable anticipations of the mother of a leader hitherto unvanquished. She heightens the vividness of the idea by epithet piled on epithet, so that the grief and desolation of the vanquished, the joy and triumph of the victor, may be more fully shown. Then, suddenly, the end of her exultation comes. From fierce denunciation of those who did not help Israel, from high praise of those who did, and from rejoicing over the discomfiture of the fallen, Deborah turns her thoughts and her song to Jehovah, to Whom alone she rapturously ascribes all glory. The enemies of the people of the Lord were the Lord's enemies, their victory is His:—"So let all thine enemies perish, O Lord; but let them that love Him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might."

Strangely sweet and soft, after this record of battle, of struggle, of victory, of the contention of mighty passions, falls the closing line of the chapter which records the song of Deborah. It is no part of that marvellous outbreak of poetry, but it follows, like the dying fall of music, "And the land had rest forty years."

This rest, this time for well-doing, followed the great victory; and it was not till after the lapse of that long period that Israel once more did evil in the sight of the Lord. It is hardly to be supposed that Deborah lived to see the end of that period of peace. More likely is it that the falling again into evil ways came when her God-fearing judging was over, and when the effect of her wise words and good example had begun to be weakened through the passing of time. But, till the end of her life, it is not difficult to imagine her exercising still her office as judge, with increased reverence from the people, for whose sake she had done so much. Again she sat under her lofty palm-tree, again she ruled her household, a wife and mother, and she saw day by day around her in the improvement of her people the evidence that God had blessed her work among them.

For women of the present day, what lesson does Deborah's life convey? Very few among them does God call to public positions of trust and confidence; most of them, if they are judges at all, must be so within the limit of their own home circle. If they are to inspire a nation with nobler life, with more godly strength, it must be first through the children that God has given them. Few indeed are the single natures large enough to love and to lead a people. But the same fire which kindled Deborah's ample soul must kindle every other woman's soul if, in her particular place, she is to do her special work—the fire of faith, of faith in God and goodness; faith in all things—the very stars in their courses—somehow helping that love which is set on God and His righteousness. In Deborah we may well see what, even in very different circumstances, is a secret of power. The position to which she was called she filled well, because she was well inspired. Duty with her came first. Though a public functionary and in great honour, personal preference and love of personal distinction found no place in her aim in life. The talents that were given to her she cultivated by yielding herself to the Divine will, and in daily following that will found at length their use and her own place. Opportunities presented to her of doing the good which was in her to do, and giving the good which was in her to give were to her Divine duties. It was thus that, with all the peculiarities of her position—judge in Israel, joint leader of an army, inspired prophetess—she still remained a womanly woman, distinguished in the historic narrative as "the wife of Lapidoth," distinguishing herself as "a mother in Israel." Here, indeed, there are lessons for all.

AN EVENING HYMN.

(FROM THE PARIS BREVIARY.)

THE day is ended, Lord of all,
To Thee our grateful thanks we pay;
And prostrate, as the shadows fall,
Before Thy footstool humbly pray.

What sins the livelong day has known
Let Thy great mercy expiate;
And let us, while with sleep weighed down,
Renew our strength our sins to hate.

The evil spirit stalks around,
Still seeking whom he may devour.
Father, within Thy love be found
Our shelter from his dreadful power.

Ah, when shall Thy blest morning rise
That shall no following sunset know?
When shall that country greet our eyes
Whose sacred bulwarks fear no foe?

T. G. C.

RESHAPED BY CHRIST.

A Talk with Children.

By ALEXANDER MACLEOD, D.D.

IN the Italian city of Florence, more than four hundred years ago, there happened to be a great block of marble. Now at that time the people of Florence loved to have marble figures of saints and angels in the squares and churches of their city. The rulers of the city, wishing in this to please the people, sent for a carver of marble and said to him, "Take this block of marble and carve it into a beautiful statue for our city." But the man to whom this was said was careless or unskilful. He spoiled the block. He cut into it here and there, but brought out no statue. And it was cast aside, and lay in one of the building-yards of the city, covered with sand and rubbish, until it was forgotten, or looked upon as a worthless thing.

When the marble had lain in that place nearly forty years, a young man, named Michael Angelo, the son of one of the citizens, had occasion to be in the yard where it lay. And seeing the block buried in the rubbish, said, "I wish the rulers of the city would give it to me to carve." "But it is spoiled for carving," said a friend. "Not so spoiled," answered Angelo, "that there is not an angel inside still." The rulers hearing of this, and looking upon the block as worthless in its present state, said, "The young carver might go to work upon it and let the angel out." So he cleared it from the rubbish, had it set up on end, took his hammer and chisel and began to carve. And bit by bit the misshapen block came into shape. And at last, when his carving was ended, there stood before the eyes of the citizens a splendid figure of David with his sling. And this the citizens set up with joy in their city, and it is one of the great sights of Florence to this day.

When I read this story the other day, in the "Life of Michael Angelo," I said to myself, "It is like the history of man upon the earth. First there is the fair unspoiled marble of human life, the first life in the garden, as made by God; then there is the marred life, the life misshapen by sin; then the beautiful new form of life, the new shapely Christian life, wrought in us by Jesus Christ. It is also like the story of the Prodigal. First there is the fair boy, the innocent life, with the promise of all good in it, in the early home; then there is the spoiled boy, the boy who would be a lord to himself, who took his life into a far land, and marred and wasted it all by sin; and then there is the boy new made, forgiven, clothed, and in his right mind, received back into the home once more."

This led me to think of other lives I had known or read about,—lives that had been marred by sin and cast out as worthless, just as the block of marble had been. And then I went on to think of the merciful Saviour finding these lives in their lost-ness, and lifting them up out of the dust, and reshaping them, and making them beautiful with the beauty of His own life.

I.

The first I thought of was the Apostle Peter. I thought of that night when he denied his Lord with oaths and curses. It was the last night of our Lord's earthly life,—the night in which Judas sold Him for thirty pieces of silver.

Peter did not mean to deny the Lord. He loved Him with his whole heart, and meant to be brave and true, and to stand by Him, and fight for Him against all His enemies. Early that same evening he said, "Lord, I am ready to go with Thee both into prison and death." And Peter really thought he was ready to do all this. And when Judas and his band of cruel men came into the garden of Olives and began to seize and speak harshly to Jesus, Peter, in his brave anger, seized a sword and cut off the ear of one of the band.

If it had been by sword the Lord was to be served that night, Peter might not have failed. But the Lord blamed him for using a sword. And then came into Peter's heart the beginning of fear, and with that an evil thought about himself. He said to himself, "This Judas band have lights, and they must have seen me as I struck with the sword." When the band left the garden, and hurried into the city, the lights flashing on everything as they went, Peter felt that they were flashing back on him. "If I follow I shall be found out," he thought. But how could he refuse to

follow, when he had said, "I will go with Thee both into prison and death?" He followed, but it was with halting steps and in sore fear. Up through the silent streets raged the noisome band, as peaceful citizens in their homes were lying down to rest. Up through the very streets in which, but the other day, Jesus was welcomed as a king, He was now dragged as a prisoner. On, from one place to another, they dragged Him, till they came where His worst enemies were waiting, all athirst for His blood. It was the palace of Caiaphas, that year the high priest, to which they brought the Lord. Peter still followed, but at a distance, and hiding in the shadows behind. Now he saw how evil it was to have used the sword.

The palace was built like a little square of houses in a city: the palace all round, an open court in the centre, and an entrance hall at one side. A maid was waiting at the hall door to let them in. She held her lamp against every face as it passed. Now was Peter's first trial. He shrank back. That lamp would discover him. The others would see the man who had struck with the sword. But then he looked wistfully as his dear Master was led in, and across the open square and into the judgment-hall out of his sight. Then, still looking through the gateway, he saw the men who had taken Jesus into the judgment-hall come out again into the square and kindle a fire. The night was cold, the fire was tempting. He would be nearer his Lord if he were inside. At last he ventured in. It was then, as the maid held her light to his face, and saw his troubled look, he uttered his first denial. "Thou?" she said. "Thou art a follower of that man?" Alas for Peter! His fear for himself came over him like a great wave of the sea, and he said, "Woman, I know Him not." After a while, as he stood near the fire, another said, "Art not thou one of this man's people?" And a second time, with angry voice, Peter denied that he was.

All this time he could see the judgment-hall and the crowd of evil men who were bearing false witness against his Lord. And he could see, standing bound before them, the form of the Lord Himself. But at last the long night was coming to an end. The night clouds were beginning to break. And the grey streaks of morning were coming faintly into the sky. It was then that some word which Peter spoke told the people standing about that he was from Galilee. They said to him, "Your very speech tells what you are. You are a follower of the Galilean there." A third time Peter denied that he knew Him whom they called the Galilean, and this time he denied with oaths and curses. But even as he was speaking, he saw a movement in the judgment-hall. And his Lord turned round and looked at him. Then sank Peter's heart within him. His Lord had warned him that he should deny Him three times before the cock crew, and at that very moment the cock began to crow. The Lord's look pierced him like a sword. He saw his cowardice, his ingratitude, his sin. And rushing out, to be alone, he sobbed and cried as if his heart would break.

It was a great sin which he had sinned. He had been ashamed of Christ. It was a great fall from a good and blessed state. He had been a lover of Jesus. He was the first to see and say, that Jesus was the Saviour of the world. And now, by his three denials, the fair form of his love and life was marred to the very heart.

Yet the loving Saviour took back His erring servant into His love. He put a new heart in Him and a right spirit, and made him strong and bold to speak all His truth. And it was that same Peter who preached the first sermon on Christ in Jerusalem, and told its rulers, that by wicked hands they had slain their Lord. It was he who told the same rulers, when they commanded him not to preach in Christ's name, that it was better to obey God than them. And it was he who first saw, that the gospel was not to Jews only, but to the whole world, and who Himself went among the Gentiles and told them of Christ's love. A brave, true, kind-hearted man; a real saint, whose once-marred life the kind Saviour reshaped.

II

The next I thought of was John Bunyan. You have all read the "Pilgrim's Progress." You remember the story of Christian and his burden, the evil city from which he fled, and the wicket gate through which he escaped, and the cross where his burden fell off, and the open grave into which it fell. You remember the strange things which happened to him after that, the strange places he saw, and the people he met by the way. And you cannot have forgotten the river he passed over at last, or the songs which were sung as he and Hopeful were led

up to the gate of the Celestial City on the other side.

Could you imagine that the man who wrote that wonderful story had once been, like the block of marble I spoke of, all marred and spoiled by sin? Yet that is his own account of his early life. Bad companions, and ignorance, and his own foolish heart led him into evil of every kind. "It was my delight," he says, "to be taken captive by the devil at his will; being filled with all unrighteousness, so that from a child I had few equals, both for cursing, lying, and blaspheming the name of God."

John Bunyan was a tinker, and the son of a tinker, in Elstow. He had been taught to read, but forgot it. He was idle and given to play. When he grew up to be a lad, for a short time he had to become a soldier, and go into battle. But all through these years the Lord Jesus was watching over him, and preparing him to be one of His soldiers, and to write the "Pilgrim's Progress." He sent strange thoughts and voices into the lad's heart. One Sunday afternoon as he was playing on Elstow Green at *Cat and dog* with other lads, he heard a voice saying to him, "Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell?" Although the voice was only in his own soul, it sounded so real that he looked up to heaven for the speaker. Like Nebuchadnezzar of old, also, the thoughts on his bed troubled him. He had dreams in which he saw wicked men shut up in globes of fire. His thoughts, when those dreams came, were like masterless hounds rushing up and down in his soul. Once, for a whole year, and after he had taken Christ for his Lord, he was tempted by a voice which told him to sell Christ as Esau had sold his birthright. The voice said, "Sell Him, sell Him, sell Him." Sometimes it would say it hundreds of times together, till he had to set his soul against it.

"One morning," he tells us, in the story of his life, "As I did lie in my bed, I was as at other times fiercely assaulted with this temptation. The wicked suggestion running in my mind, 'Sell Him, sell Him, sell Him, sell Him,' as fast as a man could speak. I answered, 'No, no, not for thousands, thousands, thousands,' at least twenty times together. But at last, after much striving, I felt this thought pass through my heart, *Let Him go if He will;* and I thought also that I felt my heart freely consent thereto."

John thought he was now fairly lost. "Down fell I, as a bird that is shot from the top of a tree, into great guilt and fearful despair."

But John was not lost. God was bringing his misshapen life into His own form. In His kindness He gave him a godly wife, who taught him once more to read, and used to tell him how good it is to be good. Her father was good. John tried hard to be like her father. He went to church. He read the Bible. He followed the ten commandments. He prayed. Still he was not happy. But one day, he says, "The good providence of God called me to Bedford to work at my calling, and in one of the streets of that town I came where there were three or four poor women sitting at a door in the sun, talking about the things of God." He drew near. He listened to their talk. It was about the new birth. He learned for the first time, like Nicodemus, that a man must be born again. He now saw that it was not the ten commandments, or going to church, that was to save him, but a new heart. And in good time, but not without many temptations, such as the one to sell the Saviour, he received from that Saviour the new heart, and never more turned aside. And so it came to pass, that out of this poor, ignorant, idle, gypsy lad, Christ formed a new, manly, beautiful life. Evil dreams of wicked men in globes of fire passed into the back region of his soul, and dreams of Christian pilgrims came into their place. He became a great preacher in this land. And although evil men put him into prison for preaching, he, even in the prison, dreamed his dream of heaven. He heard the bells of the celestial city ringing, and saw the forms of angels and just men made perfect going up and down on the golden streets. And in the solitude of his prison, with only his blind daughter to visit him, he wrote that story which old and young shall read as long as books are read in this world—the story of Christian's pilgrimage from earth to heaven.

III.

It was a great blessing to John Bunyan that God gave him a wife who could pray. She prayed for him. It is the same blessing to you, when you have fathers and mothers who pray. They are always asking Jesus to give you His own beautiful form of life. And if, at any time, in any of their children, they see evil coming into the life, or the first fair form of baby life becoming spoiled by sin, it is to Jesus they go in their distress. They say to Him, "Lord Jesus,

save our child; for Thy mercy sake, reshape the soul." But many a praying parent has to die before the prayers are answered, and the beauty of God can be seen on the children.

In a seaport town in Scotland, about twenty years ago, a Christian mother was dying, and some very earnest prayers which she had offered were unanswered still. Her husband, her sister, and all her children except one, were in the room beside her. "Are you willing to go, darling?" the sister said, bending over and kissing her. "If it seems good to my Father, I am," she whispered. Then, after a little pause, she added, "And I have no fear and no care." But when she said "no care," the sister, with all who were in the room, thought of the absent one. And she said, "About Dan, dearest, have you no care for Dan?" The dying mother said, whispering her words out one by one, "My prayers for Dan are with God; He will answer them in His good time. Dan will yet become a child of God. Day and night for seven years I have prayed that this might come to pass." These were her last words. In a little while she died.

Dan had been a great care to her. He had been idle and wilful, and many things besides that are bad. His boyhood was wasted with idleness. He passed through school without learning anything except to read and write. There was no fear of God in his heart. He hated goodness and work. Many a time his mother had taken him into her room, and pleaded with him to leave his idleness and folly; but she pleaded in vain. At last he went to sea, and at the time she died was sailing on the coast of China.

But his mother had not left her prayers with God in vain. About six months after he had heard of her death, he was one night keeping watch with another sailor on the look-out. The night was dark, a strong wind was blowing, and the ship in full sail running before the wind. As he was pacing backwards and forwards on the poop, the one sailor on the one side, he on the other, the ship gave a sudden lurch, and he was thrown overboard. In a moment he felt himself falling through the darkness into the deep darker sea. He heard, or fancied he heard, the words, "Man overboard," sounded out by his companion. But next moment he felt himself in the black waters and sinking, sinking, sinking into their depths. He knew he had almost no chance of being saved. The ship was rushing forward at great speed, and must already be far from where he sank; and the night was very dark. But soon he ceased to think about safety or ship. His whole by-past life seemed to open up before him. He saw the school in which he was so idle, and the church which was such a weariness to him, and the house he had loved so ill, and the room in that home in which his mother had so often prayed and pleaded with him to change his life. The years of his boyhood came back to him one by one; and days in which he had played truant, and the faces of companions with whom he had wrought mischief. Then he recalled the time when he first went to sea, and his mother's tears as she parted with him. And then a vision of his mother on her death-bed, as she had been described to him in letters from home, came vividly into his soul. He seemed to be in the very room, and to hear the words which she had spoken, and her last words about himself. Then there was a great light, and in the centre of it he saw his mother's face; then, as he looked at her, expecting her to smile on him, the face changed and disappeared, and there was a sound of bells; then a murmur as of bees; then the light faded, and a great silence fell upon his soul.

When he came to himself again, he was lying in his berth. Dark though the night was, and far behind though the ship had left him, his brave shipmates searched back for him with the long-boat until they found him—and found him as he rose, perhaps for the last time, to the surface. It was a long week before he was able to leave his berth. But he left it a new man. In that week God gave him a new heart and changed him in some measure into His own likeness. His mother's prayers were answered, as she foretold. Her idle, wilful boy became an earnest Christian man, and for many years did noble Christian service as captain of a vessel.

IV.

I may be speaking to some boy or girl who is passing an unchristian childhood, and whose heart is beginning to see the evil of it, and to wish that Christ would put that evil away. For that child's sake I will tell a little history of a childhood which a Christian lady once told to me. The lady and I were speaking of children, and she said, "Do not despair of any child. God can turn boys and girls who are rude, and selfish, and untruthful into right-hearted children of His own. I am far from being what I ought to

be. I am still a very imperfect, very frail servant of the Lord. But my childhood, when I look back to it, was as far from right as any child's could well be. I had no thought but for myself. I have never since met a child so selfish as I then was. My brothers and sisters, my father and mother—I cared for none of them in comparison with myself. I coveted and seized the best things. I took the best places for myself. When the younger children came in cold and weary, I would not leave the warm corner at the fire to help them, or give them the corner to sit in. When anybody in the house was sick, it was a worry to me to be asked to wait in the sick-room, even for half-an-hour. And when I was found out in any of my selfish and unkind ways, if I could defend myself by a lie, I told that lie. One day, there had been some worse outburst of my selfishness and untruthfulness than usual, and my father was present. 'Child, child,' he said to me in bitterness, 'I have never had one hour's pleasure in you.' It was a terrible word to come from a father's lips. I was fourteen at the time, and old enough to know the meaning and feel the pain of the word. It went into my soul like a knife. I crept out of sight, went up to my little room, threw myself on the floor, and tried to cry. But no tears came to my eyes. I only felt the sharp words cutting me through and through, 'Child, child, I have never had one hour's pleasure in you.'

"I tried to think my father wrong, tried to think him mistaken, or unjust, or hard. But the more I thought of his words, the more clearly I saw them to be true. Then my thoughts went up to the Father in heaven. Had He also never had an hour's pleasure in me? I became afraid. I thought I was in His presence. And a face that at a distance was in some things like my father's, in some other things like pictures of angels I had seen, seemed to look at me, and look down into my very soul, with severe eyes, while from the lips came the words, 'Never one hour's pleasure in you.'

"I do not know how I got into bed that night, and I have no remembrance of what took place for the next day or two. I could never after feel that my father loved me. And he died without taking back his words, or showing me any love. But I thank him for his words. They were God's sharp tools to new-shape me. My life began to change from the hour they were spoken. With my whole strength I cried to God to help me to cast my selfishness away. And God has been very kind. As I said, I am still far from being what I ought to be; but He sends hours to me at times in which I am free to think, that even He is well pleased with me now, for Jesus' sake."

v.

But now I must bring this talk to an end, and I will only say one thing more. God is very good, and both able and willing to reshape lives which have been spoiled by sin; but do not think it is all the same in the end for the lives He reshapes, as if they had never been spoiled by sin.

I knew a man once whom God had new-made—a most worthy, kind-hearted, God-fearing man. What God had changed him from was hard-heartedness. He had hard thoughts about God and man. He was hard in all his ways. He believed that everybody was dishonest, and had to be watched. He used to say, "God is no more to be trusted than other people." Although he came to the church on Sunday, he listened with hard thoughts to everything that was said. He was always finding fault, always saying to some one or other some bitter unkind word.

By the merciful providence of God this hard-hearted man fell ill, and for a time it seemed as if his illness might end in death. The servants whose honesty he never believed in were very kind to him in this illness. Neighbours whom he had spoken unkind words of came in and helped. The pastor whom he had often sneered at, and his fellow members in the church he attended, came about him in loving and tender ways. And this love touched his hard heart. Through this love came upon him, for the first time, a belief in the love of God. On his sick bed he learned that God may be trusted. He learned how great and true the love must have been which sent Jesus to die for us. God's love shining from the cross of Jesus was like coals of fire upon his heart. Its hardness was melted away, and a gentle, loving, trustful spirit was given to him, and he rose from his bed a new man, humble, meek, merciful, and full of charitable thoughts and deeds. But when this took place he was nearly an old man. The years which went before were lost years to him. So long as they lasted, the evil thoughts of his heart shut him out from being a friend either to God, or man.

And therefore it is unwise and wrong for

any one to say, "I will go on in evil a while longer, and God will make me all right in the end." It is certain, that the longer one remains in such a way, the hurt of it will go deeper and deeper into the soul. Sin is always evil, and it always leaves evil marks behind. The statue of David which Michael Angelo carved is not so beautiful as it would have been if the block from which he carved it had not been spoiled before.

HENRY, THE REFORMING MONK OF CLUNY.

IN the year 1116, on the morning of Ash-Wednesday, two men, dressed as monks, and bearing the cross as a banner, entered the city of Le Mans. They proceeded to the residence of the bishop, followed by an eager crowd of people, crying, "Henry, the deacon! Henry, the deacon!" "Is Henry coming to preach to us?" and a murmur ran that the young monk of Cluny would be the Lent preacher. The object of the two messengers bearing the cross was, to ask the bishop to allow their master, Henry, to preach in the cathedral church of Le Mans. His fame had already spread through that part of France, and the bishop was glad to let his people have the benefit of the services of so famous a preacher. He was himself about to proceed to Rome, but he left instructions with his archdeacon that Henry should have the church, and no one should molest him.

Next morning, at the early dawn, the streets of Le Mans were full of people. Every avenue to the church was crowded, and the vast building was soon filled. The vernal sun, rejoicing after its victorious struggle with the frosts of winter, gleamed through the stained glass windows, and illumined a sea of human faces. The archdeacon read the mass, during which the people showed some impatience.

There was a pause. A young man in the habit of a monk ascended the pulpit. He was tall and slender, with a lofty forehead, and deep piercing grey eyes that darted fire under heavy dark eyebrows. The hair on his head was cropped, but his beard was long; he was barefooted. This was his custom, even in the coldest days in winter. There was solemnity, and yet all was bright. The preacher was young. It was morning and early spring, when a new life seemed to be vivifying every heart and spreading joy over the face of nature. The monk read the words of a psalm, taking for his text, "I rejoice at thy word as one that findeth great spoil." He spoke of the riches of the world, but in the divine word he found the pearl of great price. Lent was the season for repentance, and there was much of which the world had to repent. The word of God was neglected. Morality was vanished from the earth. The worship of God had given place to the worship of saints.

A new religion had been substituted for that established by Jesus Christ and corresponding to the corruption in worship was the corruption in the lives of men. "Lives of men, did I say?" the preacher repeated with a clear voice that rang through every corner of the vast building. "Would to God that men of corrupt lives were only found among pagans." "AMONG PAGANS," he repeated with a thrilling emphasis, "would to God they were found only among the lay people. The men who live by this vast superstition that has been substituted for Christianity are the tyrants of the earth. They have taken to themselves lofty titles, unlike those assumed by the apostles of Jesus Christ. They have vast possessions in all lands, and have laughed to scorn the simple command that they are to take no thought for the morrow. They live in palaces, and when they appear in public it is with a pomp and a magnificence which rival the splendour of the princes of this world. The Church, as men call it, has taken the world into its bosom, not to purify it, but to be defiled with its natural impurity. This is that antichrist that should come into the world, a growing spirit of departure from Christ's religion among those who bear the Christian name, growing until it has become a real opposition to Christ's gospel, and everywhere we find the contrast between what Christ had appointed and what now is." Murmurs of applause and approbation were heard throughout the church as the monk proceeded to denounce the corruptions of the higher orders of the clergy. He then proceeded to contrast the simple worship established by Christ, with the additions that had been made by the lovers of vain show, and those who wished to encourage superstition. The archdeacon and the canons looked as if they would have torn him from the pulpit, but the bishop had charged them to protect the monk of Cluny.

The sermon was ended, and the hearers dispersed to their dwellings. "*We* have heard strange things to-day," they said to each other, as they moved in groups down the streets and over the squares, and the answer invariably was, "Not more strange than true." The devout people in the south of France, the forefathers of the Waldenses and the martyrs of Toulouse, had never really submitted to the Church of Rome, and were within it only by the force of outward circumstances. They had traditions of a simpler Christianity handed down from the times of Irenæus, the early bishop and martyr, and they lived in faith and patience for the restoration of the primitive gospel. The clergy were divided in their judgment: the higher and older members of the clerical body denounced the monk as a traitor who had abused the confidence placed in him by the bishop. These demanded of the archdeacon to forbid him admission to the church, but the younger and poorer clergy sympathized with the monk.

The archdeacon could not refuse the church, and the next morning Henry again appeared. He was escorted from his lodgings by many of the humbler priests, and a larger number of monks of the strict rule of St. Francis, at that time the great enemies of ecclesiastical pomp and ceremony.

The priests who accompanied had, with their own hands, erected a stage in the centre of the church, as being more convenient than the pulpit. The crowds again poured in by every door, and the returning sun shone with a new radiance. A bird, perched on the top of the rood, sang a cheerful song, undisturbed by the presence of so great an assembly of human beings. In due time, the monk took his place upon the stage, and again read the verse, "I rejoice in thy word as one that findeth great spoil." He again spoke of additions to God's word, and after passing in review the popular doctrines of the Church of Rome, showed that they were all without foundation in the word of God. He then turned to his chosen theme, the vices of society. "The word of God," he said, "was against all unrighteousness, and through ignorance of God's word men walk in darkness. Your iniquities, saith the prophet, shall be your ruin. Sin is the canker-worm that eateth into the hearts of men. The whole head is sick and the whole heart fainteth. Unless the Lord had left us a very small remnant, we had been as Sodom and Gomorrah." The preacher then denounced the clergy for their luxurious living, their worldly magnificence, and their vicious lives. He spoke of them as sitting in Moses' seat, and laying heavy burdens on men's shoulders—burdens of payment and penances, pardons invented to enrich the clergy, and to enable them to plunge deeper into the sins which are crying to heaven for retribution. "The hierarchy," he said, "is the body of death, which the true Church has to carry with it as its perpetual burden. It is that man of sin whom Christ will destroy with the breath of His mouth and the brightness of His coming. The corruptions of the visible Church, both in life and doctrine, is the sure sign that the Lord is at hand. He will come with His avenging angels to execute judgment on the earth. I see the signs of His appearing. The heavens are darkening, the elements of nature are in terrible strife. Hark! how the thunder rolls! The face of nature burns with liquid fire! The kings of the earth and the proud rulers who in the name of the Church set themselves above kings, and the mighty men who made themselves rich and enriched their families with the goods left to God's Church, are crying to the rocks and the mountains to fall upon them, and to hide them from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb. What avail their proud titles now? They have heaped benefice on benefice, as other men add field to field; but, alas! it was but treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath, and the revelation of the righteous judgment of God. Lo! the scene changes! Yonder is a sea of glass mingled with fire! The victory of God's saints is begun. Righteousness hath triumphed. Let the nations take their harps and give glory to God, for His judgments are revealed in the sight of men."

For many days during that Lent, Henry the deacon preached in the cathedral church of Le Mans, proclaming the terrors of the Lord against all ungodliness, and without fear exposing the wickedness of the rulers of the Church. The people left the services of the priests, whose lives they knew to be evil. They collected vast sums of money, and asked the monk of Cluny to use them as he thought best, for the furtherance of righteousness in the world. He proposed the ideal of a Christian commonwealth, according to which he was to reform society. This is a subject deserving more consideration than it has yet received. How many Christian reformers have proposed, as the only means of renovation, the reconstruction of society. Instead of raising it on the brute side of men's nature, it is proposed to construct it on the truly

human elements, which it is the object of Christianity to nourish and strengthen. Henry's schemes had in them something of the wildness and impracticability of enthusiastic minds. He was surrounded by weeping Magdalens, who cast their jewels and fine garments into the fire, and determined for the time to come on a life of purity. Ardent Christians of purer lives received them into their families, and treated them as if they had never sinned.

When the Bishop of Le Mans returned from Rome he found the whole of the people devoted to Henry. They received the bishop with no demonstrations of joy, and they had lost all appreciation of what was once so great a gift—the episcopal blessing. They said that Henry was their true bishop, and that the priests hated him because he attacked with the weapons of the sacred Scriptures their vices, their incontinences, and their false doctrines. The bishop knew too well that these things were true, but he had too much sympathy with men of earnest and pure lives to treat the monk with severity. He simply begged that he might retire from his diocese.

Henry went to Provence, where he continued his life as a reformer. The Archbishop of Arles took him to the Council of Pisa, and presented him to Pope Innocent II. as a heretic. The Pope cursed him, and ordered him to be imprisoned for life. But the monk escaped from his cell, and appeared again in the districts of Toulouse and Albi. The people here were ready for the voice of a reformer. In ten years time the churches were deserted, the nobles as well as the common people had renewed their protest against the usurpation of Papal Rome; the very priests had gone with the multitude. They neglected the tonsure, and with long beards met in the same assemblies with humble Christians whom they treated as their equals. St. Bernard was sent to reclaim these people to the Roman Church. He is said to have restored them to the faith. But such vast multitudes were unmoved that the Pope had to unsheath the sword which St. Peter gave him for the extirpation of heresy. What the preaching of St. Bernard failed to do was done more effectually by the Holy Inquisition.

J. J. HORSEFALL.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS ON THE HILLS OF GALILEE.

By W. C. PROCTER.

II.—THE SYNAGOGUE AT CAPERNAUM.

AMONGST the most interesting discoveries made in the course of explorations of the Galilean shores is that of the ruins found amongst the jungle and rubbish accumulated on the site called Tell-Hûm, near the north-western corner of the little sea. On that spot lie jumbled in a chaos of ruin many shattered and silent fragments of a once busy town. Was this Capernaum? Were those the foundations of the synagogue built by the Roman centurion, out of his love to the despised provincials, toward whose spiritual traditions his heathen heart felt so strange a yearning? Alas, we cannot tell. For as the rising tide obliterates the footsteps of your dearest friend who has just parted from you for ever on the sea-shore, so that to-morrow morning you cannot say, "just here he stood, or there," but only "hereabout;" so the deluges of Mahommedan conquest and destruction have here swept away all the names, traditions, and memories that usually identify famous places. And no man can say, "Here stood the feet of Jesus," or, "Those very stones echoed to His words." The sanctity of His presence remains indeed, but, like the perfume of the spikenard in the shattered and empty vase, it is not here or there; it is everywhere.

Yet if our learned critics and observant travellers could unanimously assure us that Tell-Hûm was Capernaum, how grateful we should be! And with good reason; for so long as body and soul are needful to complete consciousness, so long will physical objects, which have kept their identity amidst revolutions of life or affection, have a singular power to reproduce to the heart the old state of things before the change. When God "takes away" from a young man "the desire of his eyes at a stroke," it is not so much she who seems to die, but rather the whole world; for the world was the body of which she was the soul. And now the world lies at his feet like a corpse, lustreless, uninteresting, vapid. Time brings its changes, and in other scenes the sullen wanness of a bereaved life may be relaxed by new sympathies. But the pall of death still hangs over the place of his unspeakable loss. All

sounds seem muffled there, all lights seem dim. There is a distance and strangeness about it, like the surroundings which have mingled with a dream, and still obtrude themselves when the dream is fled. Yet, if anywhere the dream can be brought back again in all its brightness, it is here. The one life, which all things about him dumbly crave, will suddenly come back with a vivid familiarity impossible elsewhere. Again her face beams round the well-known turning in the lane. Once more the light, flickering through dancing leaves, falls on her figure fleeting down the avenue that leads nowhere but to her. Familiar phrases, cherished cadences of voice, graces of action, unspeakable sympathies and inspirations, all are with him once again. And it is only uncontrollable tears that convince him of his loneliness.

Something of an analogous power over the heart is possessed by the physical objects such as buildings, hills, rivers, and roads, associated with specially interesting historical events. True, there is not the same intensity of personal feeling, and the bond of association is not fixed by individual memory, but created by contemplation. Yet there is such a thing as generic memory, the group of recollections cherished by a whole race, and realised by each successive generation of children almost as soon as self-consciousness. Habitual contemplation of events which are thus common property makes that generic memory almost a personal thing. And so it comes to pass that, amidst historic scenes, we appear to be remembering afresh something we had half forgotten of our own experience, rather than imagining only what happened to others. We can hardly pass through Westminster Hall, on whatever business we may be bent, without feeling the very air thronged with the ghosts of departed kings, statesmen, and martyrs. There is many a spot on Scottish hillsides sanctified by memories of the Covenant, where those who now sit at ease in Zion feel afresh the inherent earnestness and imperial supremacy of religious conviction. The modern Christian traveller, standing on the Appian Way, where, after sweeping away from the Tiber, it shoots like an arrow's flight across the Campagna, finds the broad blocks of the hoary pavement more eloquent than the most pathetic inscriptions on the tombs at hand. For this way, treading on those very stones, came St. Paul from Appii Forum, a prisoner, weary, shipwrecked, worn, but "not ashamed of the gospel of Christ." We can fancy to ourselves the clank of arms mingled with earnest voices of re-assurance and faith. We almost expect to see issuing from the dust cloud careering towards us, the shields and spears and crested helmets of the guards, flanking on either side the little band of Christian brethren. And if we "cannot see the features right," the miracle embodied by one amongst them, of feeble body and trembling nerves inspired by unconquerable faith at the very gates of haughty Rome, enables us to realise in such a scene, more fully than almost anywhere else, the struggle and the victory implied in the words, "the power of God unto salvation."

Such earthly aids to spiritual imagination are not without their danger. It is the craving for such excitements of association which lies at the root of all the superstitions of pilgrimage and relic worship. And perhaps this reflection may console us for the fact that there are so few physical objects, apart from the general features of natural scenery, that we can at all certainly associate with the earthly ministry of Christ. But it need not in the least diminish the interest with which we follow the investigations at present being made on the soil of Palestine. If we could feel sure that the foundations recently uncovered at Tell-Hûm were those of the synagogue in which Christ habitually preached, we should not indeed be spiritually the richer by one touch of grace, or one aid to faith, but the very picture of such remains would give new liveliness to our conceptions in thinking of the earthly forms through which the Eternal Word took hold of the hearts of men. "*The word was made flesh, and dwelt among us.*" "*Rabbi, where dwellest thou?*" asked Andrew and his friend. Jesus said to them, "Come and see." It was in household conversation, household ways, and household sympathies that they came to realise God's Word dwelling amongst them. Now it is not in mouldering Galilean ruins, but in our own houses and living families, that we are to find the Word dwelling among us incarnate at the present day. Yet, after all, the ruins are most venerable and dear; and we would that we knew more about them.

But as a matter of fact we do not know. And that is especially true of us as writer and readers, while the lights and shadows flit over us amongst the Galilean Hills. We are not critics. We have no ability to judge between the doctors who tell us that Capernaum was at Tell-Hûm, and those who say

it was at Khan Minyeh. Nor need we lament our insufficiency. In our unscientific ignorance we find that our delight in the works of God is untroubled by any speculations as to the processes through which it pleased Him to bring them into being. What a repulsive note of discord it would strike, to suppose Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, when the "spring of love gushed from his heart" at sight of the "happy living things," checking his emotion until he had determined the genealogy of water-snakes! The life and the beauty were there, however they came there, and it is their presence, not their pedigree, that reflects the glory of God. It was the heartfelt recognition of life and beauty as present manifestations of an eternal Power and Love, who works in ways unknown and unknowable, that is described by the poet as the secret of spiritual freedom and joy. Just so, as we bend in devout contemplation over the Galilean sea, we have no critical instruments to analyze the beautiful things we find there; nor can we calculate the deviations of the refracted lights that play through the depth of centuries. Heavenly visions are not proper objects for a spectroscope. Nor is there any call for its application; for it is not the sight of the eyes, it is the feeling inspired in the heart, that is the real revelation of God.

We do not know, then, whether our explorers have unearthed the true synagogue of Capernaum. But the broken stones have set us thinking. For they remind us that in every Jewish village where even ten families dwelt, there was a place of assembly, whether built for the purpose or not, where they met together every Sabbath to praise Jehovah, to hear the reading of His commands, to be instructed in their meaning, and to pray for grace to keep them. With a simplicity anticipating that of Quakerism, these places were each called the "meeting," or "gathering;" for that is the literal meaning of "synagogue." It was an institution unheard of in the world elsewhere, and pregnant with moral power. A school of religion, a fountain of inspiration, a refuge for the tempted and the sorrowful, where all germs of virtue should feel the quickening heat of social life—such was the ideal at which the Jewish "meeting" aimed. But it was very far indeed from attainment. In fact, it had lost a good deal of the vitality it had formerly possessed, when it sent forth young Jews kindled with sacred fire, half prophetic, half warlike, to the battles of the Lord. Maccabean memories now seemed an impossible dream. It required religious fervour to understand them; and religious fervour was gone. The services of the synagogue were a sacred custom enforced by fashion; and people dared not stay away even had they desired to do so. But hardly an attendant went home the better for what he had heard. The Pharisee stopped in the corner of the street to pray; the hard-hearted son said "Corban" to his destitute father; the trumpeter of ostentatious charity made the market ring with his brazen blast. And the strangest of it was that not a single soul felt the discord between his worship and his life. It was in such a state of things that Jesus came to Capernaum, and began to preach in the synagogue.*

It is difficult to illustrate out of our own experience what took place then, without seeming to introduce unworthy associations into sacred thoughts. And yet, without some attempt of the kind, it is impossible to bring home to our hearts the spiritual significance of the Gospel story. Some of us, alas, have known what it is to attend, Sunday after Sunday, at a church where the worship is a dead formality, and the preaching is dry conventional disquisition. The prayers fall with monotonous flow into an infinite void, and there is no glow in the heart such as comes with the sense of a present God. The preacher draws nice distinctions between correct and incorrect beliefs. He tells us what the Church has taught, and how this teaching has been interpreted by one doctor, or misinterpreted by another. But he never makes us feel the power of divine facts, or forces us to judge ourselves, or commands our will into action. Our hearts never "burn within us as he talks with us." His voice sounds like that of some showman in a cathedral, rattling over dead traditions of the place, which flit by us drearily like fleshless skeletons, and pass away. But on some occasions there visits us a strange preacher, of whose power over the human heart we have heard rumours from other places. We attend with a languid interest, expecting only profounder subtleties, and more astonishing displays of learning, than those to which we are accustomed. But something in his reading of the Scriptures strikes upon the heart as though the man were actually living through the scenes or the feelings of the sacred record. And when he opens his mouth to address us, a great stillness falls upon the congregation. We are astonished at the simplicity, at the directness of his

* Matt. iv. 13; compare Mark i. 20, 21.

language; at the familiar reality of the facts to which he points, and at the kindling inspirations he draws from them. He uses the records of the past only to bring out the divine significance of the present. We find ourselves charged with the same responsibilities, and struggling with the same temptation, and breathed upon by the same Eternal Spirit, as David and Isaiah, and Peter and Paul. There is no theological disquisition. A simple, generous, and obvious creed is indeed assumed throughout. It is so much a part of the preacher that it pervades all his arguments, all his illustrations, all his appeals. But it is evidently as the foundation of character that he values it; and it is as the foundation of character that we feel its strength. What a sudden change has come over our religious experience! Only yesterday we dreaded the effort of attending to a sermon, as we should dread to pick our way by narrow and tangled paths through a befogged and shaky quagmire. And now we find it, to use a figure of Robert Hall's, "like walking through infinity on adamant."

Surely we are not wrong in supposing that such an experience as this, though of far greater intensity, lies veiled in the brief words by which the Gospels describe the first effects of Christ's preaching. Why was it that when He closed the book at Nazareth, after reading from the prophet Isaiah, "the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened on Him?"* No doubt they wondered what He would say; for they had heard strange things of Him. But we cannot help thinking there was something in the tone of His voice which gave freshness and new meaning to the Scripture. And then it is said "all bare Him witness, and wondered at the gracious words that proceeded out of His mouth." The description given by Mark of His appearance at the synagogue of Capernaum seems at first sight rather different. For the impression of His power is spoken of, rather than the winningness of His grace. "They were astonished at His doctrine" (*i.e.* teaching); "for He taught them as one that had authority, and not as the scribes." The common interpretation of this is, that the hearers were amazed at the assumption by Jesus of an official right to command. No doubt the words will bear that meaning; and we might be content to acquiesce in it but for two reasons. The first lies in that significant contrast at the end, "not as the scribes." Now the scribes did assume an official right to teach; and it was just their officialism which dried up the "sincere milk of the word," and left the Scriptures a dead letter. It was not then the absence of such an assumption on their part which made the contrast between their teaching and that of Jesus. The second reason is this; Matthew uses the same words in describing the effect produced by the sermon on the Mount;* and we can have no difficulty in explaining them there on grounds very different from the mere assumption of personal authority. The word signifies power, as well as authority. And the explanation seems to lie in the rendering our translators have given of a parallel passage in St. Luke: "His word was with power."†

Let us conceive the people in Capernaum gathering Sabbath after Sabbath in their synagogue to hear the Scriptures droned out in a monotonous chant, and the interpretations of learned rabbis quoted, and the subtle distinctions between them carefully explained with nice choice of phrase. Would not the men yawn, and the children go to sleep, and the women, secluded behind their lattice, hold furtive conversations by nods and smiles? The only part of the weekly observance that had any vivid interest, or obvious bearing upon present life, was the gossip at the doors on entering and leaving. What must have been the effect, on such an audience, of words like those of the sermon on the Mount? And we cannot err in supposing that the earlier discourses of Jesus in the synagogue would be similar in character. For the first time, probably, in their recollections of public worship they felt the power of God present to heal them. Their consciences were searched by the direct insight of the preacher; and their spiritual desires were awakened by the self-revealing brightness of the blessing He pronounced. The temptations, cares, and sorrows of their common every-day life were transfigured into the solemn issues of a conflict between heaven and hell. The world, that had seemed so dull and dim in the long eclipse of supernatural wonders, was now seen to be bright everywhere with the signs of a divine presence, in the graces given to man, in the tokens of providence, in the beauties of creation. They had been asking, "Where is the Lord God of Elijah?" supposing that to find Him they must dig down into the grave of the past, or ascend to unrevealed heights of the future. But now when Jesus spoke, they felt that the present time was

* Luke iv. 20.

* Matt. vii. 28, 29. † Luke iv. 32.

RUIN OF AN ANCIENT SYNAGOGUE (*Kefr Birim*).

as full of God as the lost Eden or the ungained heaven. It wanted only the hearing ear and the seeing eye. The Eternal Presence is not indeed to a world of sin what He is to a world of purity, any more than the sun is to a land of mist and rain what he is to an Italian May. There may be no open vision of the great light. Yet it is only by his diffusive radiance that the world is visible at all. All things reflect him in proportion to their capacity; and the very sadness of the rain is made magnificent at times by his sudden though fragmentary revelation of his supremacy. So also is the Divine Presence in a world clouded by sin. And Jesus taught these men that they should not say, "Lo here is God, or there," but should rather feel how He is everywhere, and He is everywhere recognised by all that is akin to the divine nature. "Blessed are the poor in spirit;" for their unselfish lowliness is a recognition of God, and therefore "theirs is the kingdom of heaven." "Blessed are the merciful;" for their hearts are in sympathy with God, and "they shall obtain mercy." "Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God." And so through all the round of common affections, common duties, common aspirations, this holy Preacher pointed out how the glory of the living God made them what they were—attractive, imperative, or inspiring. Did they want to be the children of God? Let them return love for hatred, and blessing for cursing. Did they want to dwell in heavenly light? Let them keep a single eye to duty. Were they fearful of consequences? Let them open their eyes and see how all parts of creation testify of one supreme Providence which makes all things work together for good. The fowls of the air, the lilies of the field, family life, seed and blossom and fruit, stormy winds and steadfast rock—such were the emblems that to the great Teacher were bright with a divine significance. And it was by opening the eyes of His hearers to this significance that He taught them to realise the present nearness of God. Most noteworthy is it that never in all His recorded teaching did He recur to the wonders of the past for inspiration. He quoted sacred history or sacred wisdom only in argument with those who took their stand against Him on tradition, or else to give force to denunciation. But in all His instructions to His disciples and to willing hearers, His appeals are to the present that they feel, and to the future their hearts can presage. Thus He acted out His own words, that "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living." Thus He manifested God to men, "and His word was with power."

What wonder that unclean spirits should flee from such a presence? Or what wonder that the people, who felt the healing of their souls by the Divine Word, should look for equal blessings to the stricken and wounded bodies of their suffering friends? "At even when the sun did set, they brought unto Him all that were diseased, and them that were possessed with devils. And all the city was gathered at the door."* How sad and how joyful, how quickening to the imagination, is such a picture! Their rigorous doctrine of the Sabbath would not permit them to hasten, even for the alleviation of the suffering of their loved ones, till "the sun did set." But after that synagogue service, with the words of salvation ringing in their ears, they could not wait till another morning's light. The Sabbath was ended with the setting sun. And when the long shadow of the hills touched the Perean shore of the sea, all was plunged into sudden night. There was no prolonged dusk to soothe the excitement of the day into the stillness of night. But so soon as the darkness came, the pent-up eagerness of their spirits in an instant changed the Sabbath calm into a kind of sacred fair. The plash of oars was all along the shore; the tramp of bearers in every street; the weary sighs and plaintive moans of the sick made a sad discord with psalms of praise and cries of gladness. And lanterns flashed hither and thither; and eager inquiries were made by wayfarers. But where all streams of life and suffering converged at one door, there cries were hushed, and sorrow was soothed, and pain was healed. So from all shores of the sea, and from all cities and fields of the land, the streams of human want and sin are striving for one issue. Ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands, have heard the words of the Lord Jesus now. And when they hear of a present God, they think there must be healing for them. Not yet, not yet. The sun must first go down on a divine but misunderstood and misused day. Then, in the darkness that falls, men's hearts shall fail them for fear and lack of faith. Yet by such dim lights as are left, they shall seek the spirit of Jesus, and all that find it shall have rest.

* Mark i. 32, 33.

THE MIRACLES WHICH JESUS DOES.

O YE to whom yet never star arose
To guide the soul;
To whom the Christ is as a dead man gone
To that still goal
Whence word comes not, nor moan,
Behold the miracles which Jesus does!

He gives the labourer leisure as he goes,
From toil to toil,
And to the anxious man a heart of peace
Amid turmoil;
Kills pain which does not cease.
Behold the miracles which Jesus does!

He makes the sick man, restless, full of throes,
Contented still.
He beauty makes out of deformity;
To slaves of will,
Gives freedom and simplicity.
Behold the miracles which Jesus does!

He maketh thorns more sweet than any rose;
A narrow board,
More comforting than is a bed of down;
Of shame, reward;
And out of chains, a crown.
Behold the miracles which Jesus does!

He makes the full extent of human woes
Seem not too much;
He makes old pleasures more than new wounds smart.
With lightest touch,
He breaks the hardest heart.
Behold the miracles which Jesus does!

He makes zeal burn in hearts more cold than snow.
He makes ills bless.
He makes the practised actor lose his part,
And clumsiness
A work of perfect art.
Behold the miracles which Jesus does!

He us sweet visions of the Father shows,
Though we are blind,
And makes us trust them while we scarce believe
He can be kind
Who lets his creatures grieve.
Behold the miracles which Jesus does!

To this strange catalogue there is no close.
But I must end,
And what I leave unwritten with my pen,
Do thou, my friend,
See,—and proclaim to men
The endless miracles which Jesus does.

W. C. M.

ON MARRIED LIFE.

By the Rev. CANON THOROLD, M.A.

PART II.

AND now all is settled. The delightful fears of a possible repulse have given place to the vivid gladness of assured possession. "Yes" has been spoken as well as looked; written as well as spoken; both the families know, and both approve. There has also been the first interview, which writes itself on the heart, indelible for eternity.

> "My wife, my life—O we will walk this world
> Yoked in all exercise of noble end,
> And so through those dark gates across the wild
> That no man knows. Indeed I love thee; come,
> Yield thyself up; my hopes and thine are one;
> Accomplish thou my manhood and thyself.
> Lay thy sweet hands in mine, and trust to me."

Some people giggle when they see two young people walking together in the deep rapture of their first betrothal, as if there was anything really ridiculous in it, or as if they would not be only too glad of such a pleasant prospect for themselves. Others, while in their hearts they smile pleasantly, smile with the honest joy of happy delight, at what, without talking pompously about it, is one of the most touching sights in the world. How absorbed they are, and how rightly absorbed, in each other! Having taken the most momentous step that two human beings can take in relation to each other, they are glad it is done, and lose no time in enjoying it. Their horizon is absolutely bounded by their own prospects; yet nobody thinks of calling it selfishness. They are so wrapped up in each other, and so supremely content with each other (though perhaps a month ago they had never met), that their own relations feel pushed aside into a tame background, and the brothers and sisters don't quite like it, having never gone through it themselves; while parents, having personal recollections on the subject, are not in the least afraid of being really forgotten, nay, have a shrewd notion that they are far too likely to be wanted, to be set aside for long. The interchange of the confidences of two lifetimes, the mutual confessions of budding attachments in other directions, which "of course never would have come to anything," but are hinted at now to

make possession doubly sweet and sure, the inconceivable number of messages, and notes, "with haste" outside—within, the most tropical expressions of attachment, underlined with such deep ink that the slightly fatigued Cupid rewards himself for his incessant errands by trying to make out all he possibly can; the delightful tiffs, the bitter repentances, the occasional hitches, that always occur even in the best-arranged courtships, when the lawyer on the lady's side (the constitutional enemy of the gentleman) makes objections, which to those ignorant of lawyers' ways at such times would seem so hopelessly formidable that there can be nothing to expect but the whole thing broken off, and—in the *immediate* distance, two broken hearts and two early graves; the congratulations of relations, some of them slightly chilly, the presents, which are always curious, as showing the absolute unthinkingness that can imagine nothing else in the world fit for people going to set up house but inkstands, paper knives, and perhaps a fish-slice (in electro plate); the evening strolls, if it is summer; the coses by the fire, if it is winter; and then the awfully deepening interest as the wedding-day, so long put off, at last draws near, causing much palpitation to one of the parties concerned, to the other a chronic excitement which his phlegmatic brothers irreverently describe by fizzing. Well, with all the pleasant fun we may make of it, and glad as anybody concerned in it is to get it over, it is the golden month of the golden youth of man. It will bear no repeating, and it dreads no forgetting; good and beautiful as it is, the best is in front.

As to the wedding itself, and the best way of getting over it, men have their views, very clear and very hopeless. Women too have theirs, and they triumph. But it is soon over, and then the satisfaction and rest. A man would vastly prefer to come quietly to church in his travelling clothes, meet his bride also arrayed in hers (and how much better she always looks when dressed to go away, than white and ghastly in her glittering brocade rustling) with just enough friends for sympathy, and not enough for fussiness; and then, when all is done, get into a brougham, and drive to the railroad. Clearly, however, society will never stand this, and for one reason out of many, that it would be robbing womankind generally of a public occasion full of manifold if inexplicable satisfaction in all that chiefly touches their claims and affects their dignity; to the bride in particular would it, on the day of her life's victory, forfeit her the glory of her coronation. So the great day comes, with all its paraphernalia and excitement, its wasteful expenditure and its intense fatigue. The carriages drive briskly to church; over the young couple, round whose dawning life all kindly interests cluster, benediction and prayer go up to God Most High; there is the withdrawal into the vestry for the first congratulations, and the going home for the second. A tedious interval is not inaptly passed in the modern and slightly vulgar fashion of exhibiting the presents; and after a meal, in which there is usually an odd mixture of smiles and tears, stale jokes, heavy compliments, the partaking of miscellaneous food, when it is too early to have an appetite, and the making of congratulatory orations, in which the orators are heartily applauded for being so kind as to sit down—the sacrifice to conventionalism is over, and with the best of the day wasted, the bridegroom carries off his spoil.

> "When crowned with blessing she doth rise
> To take her latest leave of home,
> And hopes, and light regrets that come
> Make April of her tender eyes;
>
> And doubtful joys the father move,
> And tears are on the mother's face
> As parting with a long embrace
> She enters other realms of love."

As to long honeymoons, all sensible people are come utterly to disbelieve in them. They are a forced homage to utterly false ideas; they are a waste of money at a moment when every shilling is wanted for much more pressing objects; they are a loss of time, which soon comes to be dreary and weary in a grand hotel, or dull lodgings, with nothing to see, and less to do. Most of all, they are a risk for love, which ought not so soon to be so unpleasantly tested by the inevitable petulances of a hopeless *ennui*.

Three days by all means, and then, oh! happy friends, go straight home, with your money in your pocket for the real honeymoon, say six months hence, which you will enjoy far more, when you have spent a few happy home weeks as man and wife together, and which you can honestly claim as your usual holiday. Whenever you come back, six weeks hence or one, you will have just as much to stand the fire of a little hard staring, which won't hurt you, and of bright pleasantries, which need not vex you; and the sooner you are at home, the sooner you will find out what married happiness means.

The first year in the new home—ah, there is no year like it; for though others may be happier, the early freshness is gone. Home, I say; for young married people should

always if possible have a home of their own in preference to lodgings. Every divinity should have a temple, and spousal love as much as any. Otherwise the first associations of the life will be bald, and mean, even frowsy; the husband will have no house to rule, and the wife no household to manage, and there will be a tendency for shoes to get down at the heels, and things generally to be in a crumpled and loose condition. No matter how tiny the house is; that it is the first, makes it a palace. No matter if you are a little cramped in money matters, if there is reason to expect you won't be always cramped. It is an immense gain to be compelled to economise; for rich as we may become afterwards, habits of wholesome thrift never quite leave us. The furniture may be scanty, and some of it old; but a clean chintz makes common things pretty, and the dullest of rooms is set off by some of the bright nicknacks that came in so plentifully among the bridal spoils. Besides, if you start with everything you want, there is nothing to wish for, and no pleasure in adding to your possessions. George Eliot has a subtle remark about the "best society, where no one makes an invidious display of anything in particular, and the advantages of the world are taken with that high-bred depreciation which follows from being accustomed to them." Not much fear of that here! No doubt there will be pictures and photographs, the hanging of which takes at least a day, occasions considerable discussion, and perhaps involves the first serious divergence of opinion. If there is a garden, and one good tree, of course a lover's seat will be placed there. On each side of the fire-place there will be an easy chair, with a table to it, for the inevitable teacup, the newspaper, the work, perhaps even a book for reading aloud. For in an early and enthusiastic period of married life, there is often a good deal of reading aloud—liable, it must be added, to drop into total disuse after a short experience. The husband's voice is usually found to have been sufficiently tried during the day to make further exertion undesirable. The wife consoles herself by feeling that now she can choose her own books, and on the whole prefers that, when her husband does speak, it should be conversation.

The first year! As we look back at it, over a vista of intervening memories, a tender dew steals over the heart, while we thank God for all that has been given, and all that has been spared. When we think, too, of what He has pulled us through, our praise is not unmixed with wonder.

> "Regret is dead; but love is more
> Than in the summers that are flown,
> For I myself with these have grown
> To something greater than before."

It was a time of mutual enlightenment and discovery, the fitting of everything into its proper place, the learning about everything its true measure. Sometimes the wind was in the east, and the air was keen; sometimes the sun was lost, and in a moist atmosphere all was chilly and depressing. Tastes and antipathies were one by one discovered, favourite authors compared, pet theories perhaps roughly handled; now and then candour had a brusque way of expressing itself, and admiration paused to criticize where once it adored. But true love can stand a great deal more than this, and only be the better for it. So far from disturbing, it helps to discover unity; in trying, it disciplines and braces it. And when, as the months come and go, a little cry is heard, and presently in a darkened room a pale face looks an infinitude of satisfied love into the not unmoved eyes even of an English husband, their life is crowned, and a new joy begins!

And now, husband and wife, that we have got you together, and opposite each other, with a bright fire, and the green Pillischer lamp, and her mother's miniature on the table near her, and the tea coming, and after tea the *Times*, let us sketch for you in firm, but not too impracticable, outlines what a husband ought to be to his wife, and a wife to her husband. If, at first sight, it all seems an ideal, which none are ever likely to reach, remember that imagination is of immense help in the formation of character, and we are not the less likely to reach it for wishing it could be true. How, moreover, can an ideal of married life be pitched too high, when the Holy Ghost has condescended to use it as a type of the union between Christ and the Church?

First of all, a husband should be *tender;* and tenderness is love in expression. It is worth noticing that when St. Paul lays down the broad lines of duty between married people, he does not tell the wife to love her husband, nor does he bid the husband to obey his wife. Rather he bids the husband love, which sometimes he is not quite disposed to do; and the wife obey, which it is not to be taken for granted she will do too easily. Yes, he is to love her, and not merely with the passing fancy of the senses—perhaps Grandcourt gave Gwendolen that—

but with the same sort of tenderness and sacrifice wherewith Christ loved the Church, and gave His life for it. Mr. Disraeli has beautifully observed, "Instead of love being the occasion of all the misery of this world (as is sung by fantastic bards), the misery of this world is occasioned by there not being love enough." This is certain, that as time goes on, married life is not usually found to want less love, but more; not less expression of love, but more. Caroline Perthes, writing to her husband, is not content he should love her, but wishes the phlegmatic German would sometimes tell her so, which some husbands (no doubt weak-minded men) secretly desire of their wives. Oh, there can't be too much love, if only it is of the right sort, and with the right motive. No one yet was ever spoiled by excess of love, though hundreds and thousands have been made happier and better by it. Nay, if now and then a quick word is said, and a keen reproach retorted, and there is a sense of hurt and wrong in one heart, if not in two, and the quick-witted woman, relieved of her sudden heat, and unconscious of the sting in her words, wonders why her silent husband can't forgive as she has forgiven, and instead of judging herself, feels rather hard on him, let the man show himself a man, by kissing away the lines from the ruffled brow, and through conquering himself doubly win her. Heat should never settle into the heart, nor vexations be suffered to harden into estrangement. Love is a very sensitive plant, and soon perishes of cold.

"As through the land at eve we went
And plucked the ripened ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
O we fell out, I know not why,
And kissed again with tears;
For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
O there above the little grave,
We kissed again with tears."

Then in a real and chivalrous way he should *respect* her. Yes, respect her in studiously consulting her wishes; in treating her, especially before servants and strangers, with the deference and courtesy she deserves; in refusing to notice, or at least to resent, those inevitable frettings which secretly she is as sorry for afterwards as he can be, and which are often the result of feeble health or secret trouble; in taking especial care that when she goes out into society, or visits his relations, she should be spared the mortification which, say what she may to him, is sure to wound her, if she is dressed with a conspicuous inferiority to every one else; last, but not least, in being scrupulously careful not to criticize her nearest relations until the time comes that she is sufficiently at her ease with him to do it herself.

Some of these counsels may seem quite gratuitous, and married people who live in Paradise may quietly observe, that the people who need them are savages. That is exactly what it is. For much unhappy experience goes to prove that there are a great many savages, and in all classes of the community, and in England as well as elsewhere; and that while no one has a stronger right to claim good manners than a wife, she is sometimes the last person to receive them; and that occasionally the husband is a gentleman anywhere but in his own family.

Then, while ruling the house, he should be *gentle* in ruling it; for as to his ruling, the law of God clearly lays that on him, and only his incapacity can repeal it. "The husband is the head of the wife." She expects it, and secretly thinks less of him if he is not. The world expects it, and politely laughs at him if he is not. God expects it, and His divine order is violated if he is not. As a matter of fact, it will sometimes happen that the wife is the stronger of the two; and if it is so, he may be all the better for it, and she none the worse. It is not her fault that she is the stronger; she is what she has been made, and water must find its own level. Very likely he has married her with his eyes open, conscious of not being strong enough to fight his battles single handed, and with a shrewd feeling that the safest kind of ally is a wife. Even here the bridle-rein should be in his hand, and Joan sit behind. When, however, he is the stronger, and certainly, on the whole, it is better he should be, let him show his strength, not by masterfulness and small tyrannies, and a sort of Xerxes fondness for everybody falling down and worshipping him, but by a rule at once undeviating, consistent, strong, and kindly, for which every one will heartily thank him, and secretly respect him—his wife most of all. Let him also feel and show that she has her domain as well as he his. Husband and wife are king and queen in the family, and let the queen be queen.

Circumstances may occasionally make it necessary for the man, instead of the woman, to hire the housemaids, and order the dinner, and dress the children, and pay the tradesmen; and where it is so, he must make the best of it, and do as well as he can, *not blaming her*. If, however, there is no necessity for him to do it, his insisting on doing it is a fussy intrusion into his wife's province, and he will probably commit the double fault of

diminishing her dignity, and hopelessly muddling the house.

While, further, he values her advice, and wishes to be aided by it, when there is a divergence of opinion, the responsibility of deciding is with him, and he must not shrink from it. Questions of profession and duty, of habitation or locality, of purchase or investment, of children being put out into the world—these fall to him as head, and it is for him to decide them. Even an occasional mistake does less mischief in the long-run than feeble vacillation, or still feebler subservience. The reproach hardest to bear is from a man's own conscience, when he knows he saw what was right, but had not the pluck to do it.

Then would you like to know how to oil the wheels of life, when now and then they move a little heavily—how to bring into it an element of sweet romance which shall remind the now staid, but still impressible, matron of the days of her maiden power, when a cold look from her brought winter into the room, and when the faintest wish would have sent some one, we know, off on a walk of a dozen miles for the first violets? Now and then *give her a present*—a real present, which, without involving undue expense, is good enough to compel a certain sacrifice, and suitable enough to make her cheek flush with delight at seeing that just as the bride was dearer than the sweetheart, the wife is yet dearer than the bride. These little acts of sudden and spontaneous affection do a great deal to keep even the best love from stagnating, and succeed much more than we are apt to suppose in sweetening it when it is stirred. Presents, I say, and good ones if he can afford them; if not, then the best he can afford. It is nothing to the purpose that he never gives himself any. Holding the purse, he can, if he likes, supposing there to be anything in it; and if, on the whole, he prefers keeping his money to spending it, his balance in hard cash is just as much a gratification to himself in another way. It sometimes, however, is found that the husband who does not see the necessity of giving his wife presents has no sort of scruple in receiving them from her. There are also husbands who, though they never give their wives presents, give themselves a great many, and either drive horses or wear rings that would keep a married curate for a whole year, and provide their wives with handsome presents for a lifetime.

Love, love! Oh in how many ways we may show it if we please! How glad we are when our friends show it us! How often we show it to ourselves! How much we expect it from others! It is quite true that the costliest presents without love are a ghastly deception; it has yet to be proved, that they may not go together. A wife has a human nature as well as a husband, and a little tender petting does her a great deal of good, and the children too. Often those who get the least deserve the most. As to the husband's recompence, paid, and in full, if you doubt it, ask him.

"Let the wife see that she *reverence* her husband." And to begin at the beginning, almost the one thing an active man wants most from his wife is an intelligent and kind sympathy with his professional employment. For the happiness of life consists far more in its interests than in its possessions; and who can care for a wax-doll at the other end of the table, whose only object in life is to put on clothes, and then put them off? He wants another double to himself, who can enter into his pursuits, share his disappointments, divide his burdens, and exult in his success. If there is one path straighter and quicker than another to a man's heart, it is this. One of the most graphic portraits in Lothair is that of the prosperous lawyer, Mr. Putney Giles, who, occupied the entire day with managing the affairs of great families, gaily anticipates his return home at night to tell his wife all the news of the day.

And here it may be opportune to remark that it by no means follows that the only or best way in which a wife can show sympathy of this kind is in personally co-operating with her husband, even where it is in her power. Clergymen's wives, for instance, are sometimes praised to the skies for spending the greater part of their time away from their own families in the active duties of the parish. It is a distinct question, whether their first duties are not with their own children at home. So far, however, as sympathy with the parish work is concerned, it is often the far wisest, as well as most effectual way of showing it, not so much to be incessantly busying themselves with duties which cannot be the first or the nearest, as to combine with a keen interest in all that is going on that quiet domestic repose which makes fresh air for him when he comes back, jaded and weary. To be a mere duplicate or repetition of himself gives him none of the variety, which is the best kind of refreshment, it simply keeps him in the narrow groove, out of which for an evening

hour it is better for everybody that he should be pleasantly lifted. She has had all the more leisure for seeing the parishioners, and judiciously sifting their talk for him, as well as a fresher mind both for hearing and weighing it. His news is new to her: her news is new to him, and it is a change for them both.

And coupled with sympathy should be encouragement. For if a man's own wife does not believe in him, and look up to him, and admire him, and like him better than any one else, poor man, who else will? If he is not king at home, where is he king? Nevertheless her encouragement must be delicate, and judicious, and perfectly sincere and discriminating, and in rather sparse measure. Praise is always sweet, from no lips so sweet as a wife's. But unless a man has turned into a bluebottle fly that can't get honey enough, he won't care for it unless it is perfectly natural, he will be vexed by it if it is overdone. In fact, he will only feel ridiculous if she praises him publicly for the very thing which his friends and relations happen to be aware he has never possessed; and though he likes her to admire his speeches, if she likes all alike, or picks out the inferior passages for special remark—it is flat.

TWO LITTLE TINKERS.

A Bit of Christian Work.

By the AUTHOR of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

I.

ONCE upon a time, it matters not whether lately or long ago, there lived in the far north of Scotland two maiden ladies, whom I shall call Miss Kirk and Miss Macrae. The latter inhabited a house not more than a few centuries old, close by a ruined castle which her ancestors had built about fifteen hundred years ago. I doubt not Miss Macrae cherished every stone of the tumble-down ruin more than the grandest palatial residence that modern hands could build. Her neighbour and friend, Miss Kirk (I choose the name advisedly, as "kirk" is Scotch for "church," and this lady was a church in herself, one of those "living epistles known and read of all men," which the New Testament speaks of)—Miss Kirk was a new-comer to the place, but allied with Miss Macrae in all good works. Unmarried and independent, with no special home duties to absorb them, these two ladies made duties for themselves among the old and the sick, the needy and the young. Neither of them was particularly brilliant, or youthful, or beautiful, yet in both was an inexpressible and continual charm of cheerfulness, activity, energy. You could not look on their faces without noticing there the shining of that perennial happiness which, I think, only comes to busy people, and people whose business is all for others, not themselves.

These two ladies, in their waterproof cloaks and umbrellas—no sensible person ever goes out without waterproof and umbrella in Scotland—their serge or linsey skirts kilted moderately high above their strong "tacketed" boots, with their clear-cut, high-featured Highland faces, and sweet sing-song Highland voices, were "a gude sicht for sair e'en," as the Lowland proverb runs.

They were walking thus—walking and talking earnestly about their endless work—their poor, their school, and a sort of Training Home they had just started, catching a half-dozen of young waifs and strays, and trying to make them into good servants, and, finally, good wives and mothers. The sunset was fading rosily behind the old castle, the sea, and the distant mountains; but they were too busy almost to notice it, though not too busy to notice two little figures coming up the avenue towards them—human figures, though of the most uncivilised type of humanity, bare-legged, bare-headed, fluttering in rags, through which the brown skin peeping in large holes betrayed that what was called the "frock" was the only garment; there were evidently no under-clothes at all. Yet they seemed girls, and the elder must have been at least twelve or thirteen years old.

"Look," said Miss Macrae, "these are certainly two little tinkers."

"Tinkers," I should explain, is the generic term for a class of wanderers common in the Highlands, and much disliked by the better sort of peasantry there. They are not gypsies, nor yet exactly what we in England call "tramps," as they have a distinct trade, and rarely expose themselves to the lash of the law. But they live the roughest, wildest,

most wandering of lives, "tinkering" pots and pans, and going about in bands, each band having attached to it one absolute idler, the "piper," who plays his bagpipes at feasts and weddings, and is usually the most confirmed drunkard of the whole. They are "clannish," that is, they hold together, and sometimes have a certain respect for family ties; but, on the whole, they are as uncivilised as Red Indians or Australian Bushmen. They do not even possess tents, like the gypsies, but sleep in some hillside cave, or beneath a whin-bush, or under the lee of some wall, just outside a town or village, which the police will not allow them to enter, while summer lasts—the short Highland summer. What they do in winter it is almost impossible to say. Sometimes they reappear, like stray swallows or bats, on mild November evenings, to beg of some kind farmer the favour of a night's lodging in his barn; and perhaps the farmer's wife will let them boil their kettle at her fire, while the farmer's bairns dance "a wee whilie" to the pipes; but then they vanish again, and no one inquires after them, no more than after the birds or the beasts—they are only "tinkers."

The Tinker Woman.

These little tinkers stood in the path, staring with wide eyes from under their shaggy locks, as wild as those of some young Highland bullock, and of much the same colour. You would hardly have thought they belonged to the same human race, the same common womanhood—as the two Highland ladies, neatly-dressed, gentle-mannered, pleasant-voiced, who now confronted them, and from whom they seemed inclined to run away at once, only the avenue was narrow, with a steep brae on one hand and the sea on the other.

So the elder came boldly forward and began begging of the "honered leddies," in the true tinker whine.

Now Miss Macrae and Miss Kirk held the doctrine that the charity which gives money is charity in its lowest and often most harmful form. They did not put their hands in their pockets, and they listened with the calmest and hardest countenances to a long and doleful story of how the big girl and her "cousin" had "rin awa" from a bad father, the "piper" of a band of tinkers, to which, after some close questioning, the children owned they belonged.

"Very well, I hope you have told me the truth; and now perhaps I had better tell you the same—that I don't mean to give you a single halfpenny."

The elder girl looked up. She had a shrewd, sharp, but not unpleasant or really bad face, and the kindly face that looked down upon her made Miss Kirk's "No" more desirable than many people's "Yes." The poor little tinker smiled.

"No, not a halfpenny," repeated the lady, with a decision that amused Miss Macrae, who knew the weakness of her heart over all helpless and wretched young ragamuffins. "But if you will come with me, I'll try and help you to earn it."

"Thank you, ma'am," said the little tinker,

dropping altogether the tinker whine, and speaking in her natural voice, and, while she did so, even under her dirty face and uncombed hair, she brightened into something more like an ordinary decent "lassie." Her eyes met Miss Kirk's with a straightforward, honest, but half-entreating gaze, as if there were in the creature, semi-barbarian as she was, the instinct to look up to somebody, and she felt, somehow, she had found somebody to look up to.

"Have you been at the house, begging of any one there?" said Miss Kirk, the more sternly that she was conscious of her heart melting within her, and of a frantic wish to rescue these two, the "very tinkerest" of all her tinker protégés, as Miss Macrae afterwards told her.

"We met an auld wife, and twa lassies, that speered wha we were. Wha micht they be?" was the reply.

"That must have been mamma and the girls," said Miss Macrae, laughing at this irreverent description of her beautiful English mother, more beautiful, even in faded bloom, than any of the new generation. "I hope they gave you nothing?"

"Just a bawbee."

"Well, you'll not even get that from us. We don't believe in charity, we believe in work."

"Eh?" said the tinker lassie, with a look that made Miss Macrae feel, for the hundredth time, how absolutely hopeless it is to begin "preaching" to people, trying to inculcate moral or religious lessons to poor creatures tired and dirty, wretched and cold.

"Are you hungry?" said Miss Kirk, going at once to the practical.

"Ay, ay," replied the two little tinkers, with a look as if they could almost eat up one another, or the lady either.

"Come along then, and I'll see what I can do for you."

"Take care what you do, and that you don't do too much," whispered Miss Macrae, knowing with whom she had to deal.

"I'll be very prudent," returned her friend, and immediately started back into the town hard by, with her two eccentric followers.

But the little town knew Miss Kirk and her ways. She could go anywhere or do anything. The street the tinker lassies took her to, where they said they had lodged every night, was one of the very worst corners of it. "Poor bairns!" she thought, and listened with indescribable pity to the coarse tinker slang which they exchanged behind her back with other bairns no older than themselves. Determined to get them out of the lodging-house, she was going to speak to the landlady of it, hanging about on the doorstep, half-drunk, when the elder girl interfered, with a business-like air.

"I've settled with the wife; ye needna gang till her. She's no gude company for a leddy." And with a slightly patronising air, as if up to everything, she walked ahead of Miss Kirk, till they were quite out of the noisome street, then fell behind.

The Tinker Child.

For nearly an hour did the lady wander up and down the town, with her two black sheep at her heels, for no one would take them in; every decent lodging shut its door firmly against "tinker folk." It was long past her tea-time, and Miss Kirk was beginning to feel very tired. She had divided a loaf between the children, but they looked hungry still. She was thinking of giving them their tea on her door-steps—she was sure they could not be admitted further—and then going out again with them, there would be still a brief hour before darkness came, when she suddenly called to mind an old woman, once a farmer's wife, who always spoke kindly of the tinker tribe, declaring they were not so bad as people thought them, and that she had never turned them away from her door.

The humblest of doors it was now, and the rooms within—well, they might be cleaner, but perhaps that was all the better. No clean or tidy person could have received two such guests. Even Mrs. MacPhie hesitated, but finally gave in, and condescended to arrange a bed on the floor—an actual bed under a real blanket!

"I'll pay for it, and for your supper too," said Miss Kirk, as she departed. "But you must pay me back by weeding in my garden all to-morrow. Be sure you are there by ten o'clock."

"You don't really expect the children will come, my dear," said Miss Kirk's good old aunt, as she told her the story, in apology for being so late, when they sat over their comfortable tea.

"Happy is he who expecteth nothing," was the laughing reply. "Still we shall see."

And sure enough, precisely as ten o'clock struck, a little girlie appeared at the garden gate, and, without asking anybody's leave, began energetically weeding. Only one—and when Miss Kirk, afraid lest the tinker mind might not be able to distinguish between weeds and flowers, rushed to the rescue of her favourite border, she saw it was the elder girl.

"Where is Mary?" Jean and Mary, they had told her, were their names; as to surnames they were apparently doubtful if they had any.

"Ma'am, she just sleepit in" (overslept herself). "It was such a braw bed, we both sleepit the minute we put our heads down, and the wife, she said she didna like to put us up" (call us) "in the morning. But I'm here ma'am, and Mary she'll be no lang o' coming."

"Did you get your porridge?"

"Ou, ay, fine!" smacking her lips and licking them, not unlike a cat after milk, or a dog with a specially nice bone. There was so much of the animal about this neglected human being.

"Poor soul!" thought the compassionate lady, but she did not let her pity be seen. She only explained the work that was to be done, and how she expected to find it done by dinner-time, when some more porridge should be forthcoming, if the girls wanted it, and then she went out after her own business.

This was, as usual, that of other people. I think it is always the busy folk to whom other folk invariably apply for help, and somehow they always find time to give it. Miss Kirk did. One of her strongest points was that habit of arrangement which uses up odd minutes, as well as all other odd things, and so, wasting nothing, succeeds in making time for everything.

After a very full day, so full that she had almost forgotten her two little tinkers, she sat down to rest in her parlour—"rest" meaning having to read and answer about a dozen letters—when she saw her cook enter with a countenance of horror.

"Ma'am, please, will you be so kind as to come? These tinker lassies! The little one is dancing a jig outside our very garden-gate, with a—a great multitude of people looking on."

"Well," said Miss Kirk, amused at the "high English" in which Highlanders who learn it as a language, often speak, always politely, often very poetically, translating into it their native Gaelic. "Well, and what harm will that do us?"

"Harm, ma'am? They will be thought to belong to us. Our neighbours will suppose they actually live here!"

"I wish they did—if it would save them," said Miss Kirk, who, her friend Miss Macrae declared, was a one-sided woman, and not to be trusted where the question of waifs and strays was concerned. However, so great was her cook's distress, that she went out to see what was really wrong.

There they were, the two young Pariahs of even that very rough society, the elder whistling, actually whistling a dance tune, and the other bounding to it like an india-rubber ball, her shaggy locks flying, her fingers snapping, and her dirty face all red with excitement, as she gave vent to the "heughs" and "hochs" indispensable to Highland dancing, and which it is utterly hopeless to describe to any one who has never seen the like.

Round them, watching the proceedings with the utmost delight, was, scarcely a "multitude," but a merry little crowd, composed chiefly of all the young idlers—and old too—of the neighbourhood.

"Stop," said Miss Kirk, and they really did stop at that gentle but authoritative voice. "This will never do at a lady's garden gate. You disturb my aunt. Go away, children; and," still more kindly, "you, Jean and Mary, take the rest of your money"—a few pence merely. "Go back to Mrs. MacPhie, pay her, and come to-morrow at the same hour."

She had no time to say more; besides, she did not wish—why should she? the children were doing nothing morally wrong; it was

only following out their ordinary life, and Miss Kirk had the sense always to draw a clear line between fun and wickedness. Still, she had spoken strongly enough to make her doubt if she should see anything more of her two little tinkers, who were as ignorant of any of the restraints of civilised life as beasts of the earth or fowls of the air.

Next morning, however, Jean was seen diligently weeding—only Jean, not Mary. The latter being inquired after, Jean's tears sprang to her eyes.

"Deed, an' I dinna ken whar she is. Her mither's got her. But she told me she'd rin awa to me, if she could. The mither's an awfu' bad woman to bide wi'; just sic anither as my faither."

Evidently "Honour thy father and thy mother" had not been taught to this young person, and how difficult to teach it with such parents!

Miss Kirk turned away in silence, completely nonplussed.

More puzzling still was her position a few hours later, when little Mary, having somehow escaped from the tinker band, was again seen weeding beside Jean, both evidently quite happy and comfortable. But their comfort did not last, for very soon there appeared at the kitchen-door a third tinker lassie, only about five years old, who, in a shrill voice that nothing would silence, declared her "mither" had sent her to fetch Mary, and refused to go back without her.

Poor cook, so sensitive to public opinion, again fetched her mistress, entreating her to send the young vagabonds quite away, and not disgrace her house "with the likes o' them." So, for peace sake, Miss Kirk was obliged to let Mary go; but Jean could nowhere be found.

"She's hiding," said Mary; "she's feared for her faither."

"What is her father?"

"An ugly wee black man" (*i.e.* dark complexioned) "that plays the pipes. He's always drunk, and he beats her. If I were Jean I'd hide too," added the child as she sullenly departed, without any expression of gratitude to Miss Kirk, except what was implied by being so very loath to go.

After dark there came a ring at the front door, not the back; evidently these tinker lassies had no shyness, no sense of awe towards superiors; and Miss Kirk, who opened it, saw standing there a little black figure, as black as if it had just come out of the coal-hole, which it really had.

"I'm Jean. I've been hiding frae my faither. I'll no go back to him. I'd like to stop with you, or with yon other woman"—meaning Miss Macrae, who had been spending the evening, and now came behind, laughing silently at all her friend had brought upon herself by such weak tender-heartedness; yet the trust, if inconvenient, was quite touching, and the girl standing there made no attempt at the tinker whine, but spoke up like an honest girl, and looked right in the face of the two ladies; neither of them attempted to scold her.

"I'm afraid to take her into the kitchen; the servants might object," whispered Miss Kirk; but I'll go and fetch her some food here. You'd like some supper, Jean?"

"Eh, wouldn't I," answered the poor, starved little soul, sitting down on the door-step, where next morning was the impression of herself and her clothes, as black as a coal, on the white stone.

Miss Kirk could do no more than feed her, like some animal impossible to admit indoors, and then send her back to Mrs. MacPhie's, with an entreaty to wash away the coal-dust and make herself as decent as she could.

"I'll try, my leddy. This was a braw gown ance; it's never been washed. I'll wash it mysel; it'll do fine," added the girl, affectionately contemplating her rags. What she was to dress in while she washed them did not seem to occur to her.

How the business was managed nobody inquired, but sure enough next morning "yon other woman," paying a visit to her friend, received a patronising nod from the small person, whom at a little distance it was difficult to distinguish as boy or girl, still persistently weeding in Miss Kirk's garden.

"I wish I could weed her as well as she does my flower-beds," sighed that benevolent lady.

"Better pull her up entirely, like a young dandelion?"

"Don't despise my pet weed. If dandelions only grew in greenhouses, we should think them the prettiest flowers imaginable."

So jested the two ladies, who always carried on their charitable works in the merriest way; they never could see the reason why good deeds and long faces should go together; and after watching Jane awhile they called her up to the door-step, and had a little conversation with her.

It was not quite easy, for they had to translate their meaning into the simplest words—Scotch, not Gaelic—she did not

speak Gaelic, and the "tinker talk" was quite peculiar, often incomprehensible even to these ladies, accustomed as they were to chat with the poor. But they managed to find out from Jean that she was no longer afraid of her father's catching hold of her, the band he belonged to having travelled south, and she had still hopes of Mary's escaping again and joining her here.

"They're just always fou" (drunk), "her mither and my faither, and then they beats us, and we rin awa."

What could Miss Kirk say? or even Miss Macrae, who the hour before had argued severely upon the danger of separating parent and child?

"Have you no mother, Jean?"

"Ou, ay! but she's daft. Somebody put her safe in the madhouse at Loch-gilp head."

The child said this without the least feeling; no more than she had shown in speaking of her "fou" father. No sense of shame appeared in her—no idea of reverence for any human being. And yet, when she looked at Miss Kirk, and at Miss Macrae too, though she spoke of her so carelessly as "yon other woman," there came a light into her eyes and a softness into her voice. They were probably the first human beings who had ever spoken to her softly or kindly.

"What shall we do with her? How shall we get her to have the slightest awe or respect for anything or anybody?" said Miss Kirk, as the two friends walked away together.

"Bring her into the house; probably it is the first decent dwelling she has ever entered. I have often thought, watching the wretched-looking peasants of France or Italy on their knees in the beautiful cathedrals, that the beauty was a great help to their religion. I mean it must have been good for them that the only beautiful house they ever behold should be God's house. You need only to see that the feet are washed clean—the frock was, I observed, till there was hardly a rag of it left. How does the girl ever make it hold together?"

"Poor lassie!" replied Miss Kirk, pondering many things in her mind, to be decided after she saw the effect produced by the invitation, which was given solemnly after the day's work was done, and the day's food eaten as usual on the door-step.

Miss Kirk's drawing-room was simple and pretty, hung with family portraits; her grave, stately Highland grandfathers, and beautiful great-grandmothers. The tinker lassie stood and gazed upon them open-mouthed, with more interest than even she showed in the furniture, though the latter must have been her first notion of comfort and elegance.

"Is yon man deid?" she said at last in a sort of whisper.

"Yes, long since; a hundred years ago."

"And yon woman—she'll be deid too?"

"Certainly; she was my great-grandmother. You see she wears a different kind of dress from ours now."

"Ou ay. But oh, she's bonnie! And thae folk," pointing to a modern sketch of a young lady and gentleman taken on their marriage, "they're no deid, surely?"

"No," replied Miss Kirk smiling. "They are only growing a little old, with a young family rising up round them."

"Eh?" said Jean, only half comprehending. She heaved a deep sigh. "I wonder you like to live wi' a' thae deid faces." And without more ceremony she walked right out of the room. Half an hour after she was found sitting in her old corner at the door-step, doing nothing. Could it be possible that the poor ignorant tinker lassie, probably for the first time in her life, was *thinking?*

(*To be continued.*)

A SMALL ISLAND OF THE PACIFIC.

By Rev. A. T. SAVILLE, Missionary.

I CALL the subject of my paper "A Small Island of the Pacific," because it is small indeed—only eighteen miles in circumference—and because neither by reason of antiquities, politics, nor customs has its name any meaningful associations. Indeed its name is scarcely found on even the large maps of the world, as my readers will see for themselves, if they refer to south latitude 27°30, west longitude 144°15. Yet, though small, unknown, and a nameless, black spot on the map, the island of Rapa—the place of which I am writing—is full of interest to the Christian; but not for its physical features. If you would see the full beauty of the islands which distinguish the South Pacific, by no means go to Rapa. Even the peculiar characteristics common to the numberless islands near the equator are wanting in it. No barrier reef, with its long line of

snowy white surf for ever rolling and foaming upon the coral breakwater, encircles it. Nor even in the still and shallow waters of its shore will you find those variegated glories of coral—blue, red, orange, and white—seen over the side of every boat gliding across the shallow lagoons within circling reefs. Enchanting sight it is when, for the first time, you look down on these many-coloured submerged forests of coral, whilst amongst their lights and shades a hundred gaily-marked and coloured fishes are darting to and fro. But Rapa cannot offer this sight.

Even the long stretches of cocoa-nut palms, everywhere fringing the white beaches of the Pacific, are not found here. Here and there, you may see one single specimen, puny, dwarfed, and fruitless. Neither orange nor bread-fruit-tree finds a congenial home. Even the colour of the wild verdure, with which mountains and valleys are thickly clothed, is not of the wonderfully rich deep green of other islands.

Yet let us not, by our negations, do injustice to Rapa. There is much about it varied and beautiful, like the mountain magnificence which borders Loch Lomond and the other lochs of Scotland; although we need not go so far as Rapa to see a Scottish lake.

Let us look back a little, that we may the better see why it is a place of interest. It was in December, 1791, that Rapa was discovered by Vancouver. In common with all later visitors, Vancouver was struck with the dissimilarity of the scenery to the scenery common to the inhabited islands in those seas; but he was still more impressed with its warlike appearance. He says that he could not find any houses upon the beach, as he had been accustomed to do; but on the summit of six of the highest hills he found fortifications resembling redoubts, having a sort of block-house in the shape of an English glass-house, below and around which were strong defences of palisades. Within the palisades, and on the top of each of the citadels, a number of people were situated as if on duty, and it appeared to him that all the inhabitants of the island dwelt there. About thirty canoes came off to his vessel. These were filled with dark, dirty-looking natives, whose only clothing was a few green leaves tied around their waist. Their bodies were not tatooed, and their hair was cut exceedingly short.

The Rev. W. Ellis called at Rapa in 1817, when he seems to have been most impressed with the people's thievish propensities, which kept him and all on board in a continual state of anxiety and watchful vigilance. They seem to have been kidnappers too: they tried to sieze a big youth who was standing by the gangway, but found that he was too much for them; then they made a rush for the little cabin-boy, and, if the sailors had not come to his rescue, they would soon have carried him over the ship's side. One of the thieves, however, did manage to pull off the lad's shirt, and jumping overboard with the prize, swam with it to the shore. A cat was stolen, and vigorous efforts were made to remove the dog too. They found that it was attached to the kennel, and tried to carry dog and kennel with it, but the crew defeated them.

Thieves were they, and pirates too; for a short time before Mr. Ellis's visit, Captain Powell was becalmed off Rapa, when the natives, discovering the helpless condition of the ship, paddled in their canoes towards it, and fifty of them sprang into the water, seized a hawser hanging over the side of the drifting vessel, and made strenuous efforts to pull it ashore, to divide the monster spoils among themselves. The sailors struggled in vain to get the rope on board; the natives were too strong, and, had not the sailors, at the captain's order, severed it with their cutlasses, the ship would have probably become a wreck. A fortunate breeze set them out to sea.

But Rapa is happily no longer remarkable by such peculiarities as these. In 1825, Christianity was introduced by some of the natives who had visited Tahiti, and there received a little knowledge of Christ. As of old, this fresh-made discipleship must tell its joy. The glory of their voyage was the finding of Christ, and to their fellow-islanders they told in glowing words what they had seen and heard. Two Tahitian teachers followed, the gospel was believed, idols were abandoned, and common life began to be renewed, and to the illustration of this point I want to lead my readers. The one sole physical trace of idolatry which the modern visitor will find is a roughly carved stone used as a house door-step: this they tell was once part of a god worshipped by them and their fathers. On stepping ashore you need no longer be afraid of your "big youth," your pockets, nor even of the loose things you may have left in your boat. Europeans, especially Englishmen, receive cordial greeting, and everybody finds a people tolerably intelligent, and very gentle and kind, every single individual of whom will seek to give him, entire stranger though he be, a warm shake of the hand—from his Majesty Parima the king down to

the youngest and most insignificant of his subjects.

Nor are these people peculiar even by the antiquity of their wild-nature clothing. The fig-leaf style of clothing has long since been discontinued. Many of the girls are dressed in smart print, muslin, and even silk robes, of not very un-English appearance. Some of the people have a strange weakness for blankets and travelling rugs, wrapping themselves in them, not in the chills of evening alone, but in the blazing mid-day sun; which attire is a kind of full dress.

With assurance as to our safety, let us land. The shaking of hands fairly over, we are led to the village near the beach, consisting of a group of twenty or more houses; for the people no longer live in the elevated military seclusion as Vancouver found. The walls of the houses are of plaited reeds or of bamboos. Many of them have doors, and some, windows —windows, by the way, being considered a great luxury for a South-Sea islander's house. The floor is simply the earth spread over with a layer of dry grass, and the whole is one room. Each house is surrounded and overshadowed by walls of stout trees, planted to protect the frail dwellings and thatch roofs from tempests to which the island is exposed.

As to household furniture, here and there upon the dried grass-carpet, fine mats are spread, and near to these are "pillows" —pillows with two or four legs, on which is a circular piece of wood just fitted to the nape of the neck, and reclining on this they take "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." In almost every house some kind of box completes the furniture; except, perhaps, in the king's house, where there is a rude four-post bedstead. This regal couch is primitive in the extreme. Four straight branches of a tree form the uprights, the ends and sides of the bed are of the same. It has been tied together with cinet—a preparation of stringy bark. A few blankets are laid across the cinet-bottom, and a piece of old print is flung around for a mosquito "netting." Let missionary zeal rest there if it can! The glorious work! Yes, but oh the fleas!

You will be anywhere welcome to a meal, and with the household box they gladly extemporise a table for you to eat it off—if you refuse to take it off the floor, as less fastidious mortals do. Taro, bananas, and fish are their only food; but to such as they have you are welcome. If you are a very grand person or it is an extraordinary occasion, they will kill a fowl or small pig and present the special food in your honour. The substantial meal finished, a luxury will follow, one of their "made dishes," called "poi." You are invited to taste and eat, and if you refuse, expect to fall immensely in the estimation of your host. But the first taste is sure to satisfy you for a whole life-time. Nothing can more offend the English palate than this cold, sour stuff; but even if the taste were good, your notions would stand awkwardly in the way of enjoying the delicacy taken from a dish where so many fingers, not over-clean, have already dipped.

There is but little quiet during the day-time; they are a busy, industrious people. Their staple food is taro, and their staple occupation is taro culture, which is carried on in the low, wet land, their richest kind of plantation, where the labourer works ankle deep in mud. Almost every house is noisy with the wooden mallets of the women engaged in the manufacture of tapa, or native cloth, made from the bark of a tree. They always beat their mallets to time, and so keep up a rat-a-tat-tat very much like a set of drums going, and in the midst of it all there is a continual ring of laughter. A happier, merrier set of work-people you cannot find, even in a British workshop. You will not be long in their presence before they put a mallet in your hand, and ask you to try your skill in the manufacture of the cloth. Of course you blunder, and soon discover that the wooden hammer refuses to work as gracefully and usefully in your fingers as it did in theirs. Then rings a laugh of good-natured merriment at your clumsiness, and a promise, which they never fail to fulfil, that the sheet of cloth will be yours when finished.

Some of the women you will find engaged in the quieter employment of plaiting soft beautiful sleeping mats; others are busy getting the next meal ready, and some are far away up the mountains gathering the edible fungus which grows on the decayed trees, for sale to Chinese merchants. Men find employment in fishing, planting, building houses, boats, canoes, and in herding the flocks of goats upon the mountains. Every individual is a landowner, and each native possesses fishing ground. As free men, they love work, as slaves, they refuse it, as unprincipled employers have often found.

But what the gospel has done for this secluded little spot, will be seen in a deed which expresses more than words what is the sort of heart they have. It is likely you will see some one marked with small-pox, and thereby hangs a part of my tale. Nearly fifteen years ago, a

number of Peruvian slavers were cruising among the islands of the Pacific. Their object was to steal natives, convey them to Peru, and there sell them to work in the gold mines. Many islands were nearly depopulated by these marauders. They first tempted the natives to come on board and, when a deck was filled sailed away, carrying the poor frightened and weeping people from homes which they never saw again. On one of the vessels so laden small-pox broke out, and spread fast among the people heaped together in the hold. Deaths ensued, and daily the dead and dying were thrown overboard into the sea. The captain, alarmed at the immense havoc which was being made among his human cargo and his crew, resolved to make for the nearest island, and there land the whole of his smitten slaves, in the mere selfish hope of at least clearing himself of this foul, deadly plague. The nearest island happened to be Rapa, where he put in, and the dying and suffering natives were quickly thrust into the boats, rowed ashore, laid upon the burning beach, and there, without house, or food, or human friend, helpless, were left to live or die as chance might fix. The ship emptied, the slaver sailed away, rid of those for whom he cared less than for dogs. Some wanderer on the beach bore tidings of the sufferers to the people, who went out to relieve. Their hearts were filled with compassion, and in spite of the loathsome appearance, they took the helpless sick in their arms, they placed them in their homes, housed them, and nursed them till they nearly all died—nine only of the several hundreds survived, and the dead they buried in large graves.

But, alas! many a sad day followed: whilst these new followers of Christ were doing their beautiful Christ-like work, the contagion seized themselves, spread, and in a few weeks' time robbed every house on the island of some of its inmates. Hundreds perished, and almost every inhabitant was stricken with the plague. Only a few remain to tell the tale of those woeful, yet surely noble days. But woeful though they indeed were, none who passed through them ever speak of their calamity as if they regretted their kindness. They rather rejoice with solemn joy over the saving of nine slaves alike from a loathsome malady and a miserable bondage.

At the same time they do express great abhorrence of the monster white man who first deceived these people, then tore them from their homes, and at length, upon a strange shore, sick and helpless, left them to perish, and the white-man trader hates them for their tale.

The beautifulness of Rapa lies not in its scenery; but in the light and goodness which Christ has carried into the mind and heart of its people. In another paper I hope to say more on this aspect of this small, little-known, but interesting spot.

CONSTANTINOPLE, PHYSICAL AND MORAL.

"BEAUTIFUL for situation, the joy of the whole earth," is a description which once might have applied with great fitness to the present capital of the Turkish empire. The beauty of the situation remains; but as a stronghold of superstition and tyranny it has become the terror rather than the joy of the world. There is something terrible in the contrast between the glittering fairness of the outward scene, and the associations of corruption, oppression, cruelty, and intrigue, which are fixed in the memory of Christendom. To Constantinople may be applied the words of the prophet Zephaniah in speaking of Nineveh: "This is the rejoicing city that dwelt carelessly; that said in her heart, I am, and there is none beside me: how is she become . . . . a place for beasts to lie down in! every one that passeth by her shall hiss."

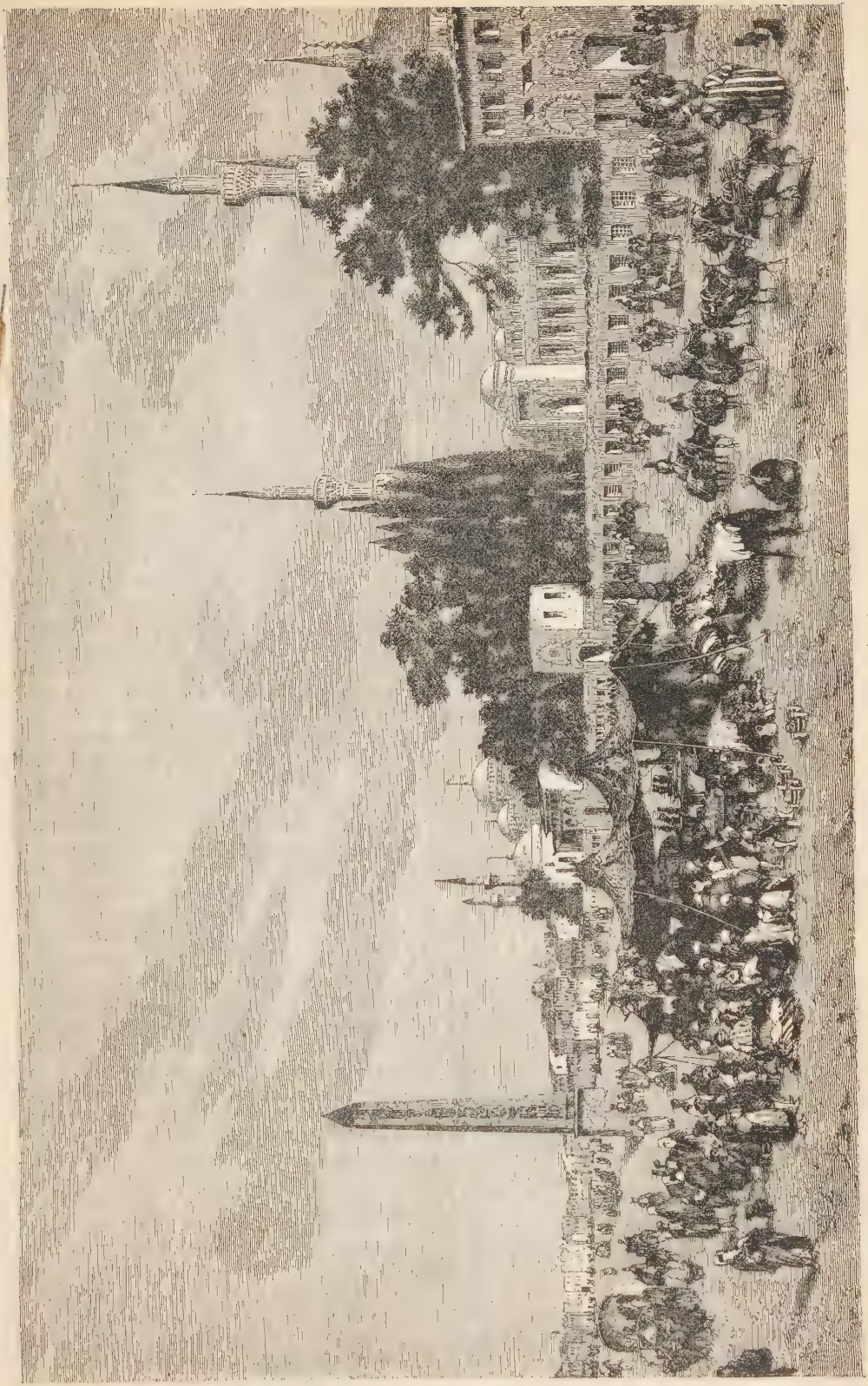
But she is very beautiful, at least when viewed from a little distance, before the rottenness of the wooden houses and the filthiness of the narrow streets are perceptible. On voyagers sailing up the sea of Marmora, Constantinople, backed by the swelling land, rises like a star set in the bosom of a cloud. And as they approach nearer, the star opens out into a flower, whose petals are wide-spreading palaces, and its stamens graceful minarets. Then as the vessel floats by the seraglio, and casts anchor within the Golden Horn, the traveller finds himself at the centre of a scene unrivalled in all the world. Turn where he will, the fairest forms of nature lend themselves to heighten human art. The maze of the palace, three miles in circumference, the grand dome of St. Sophia with its four soaring turrets, the sparkling roofs that follow the roll of the land as the foam follows the crest of a wave, fling a glamour over the hideous corruption, both physical and moral,

that welters in the old city beneath. Then the Golden Horn, as it is called, somewhat answering to a Norwegian Fiord, interposes a curved lane of sea-water between the old town and its modernised suburbs, Galata and Pera, where merchants and diplomatists have introduced western architecture with western manners, and have constructed a handsome city of stone. Farther on, the Bosphorus opens out towards the Black Sea, and the gloomy north, while away on the right the Asiatic suburbs of Scutari and Kadikoï, with their villas and palaces, complete the embrace with which the imperial city has grasped, what was once, and may be again, the central position of the world's strategy. Add groves of myrtle and olive, with lines of trailing vine; add gardens and pleasure-grounds, and alcoves overhanging the sea; add glittering sunlight on the water, and white sails shining, and caïques skimming like insects from point to point; and we have the elements of a picture such as no other city in the world can rival.

But it is not the physical features of Constantinople that give it its highest interest. It is the former supremacy and the miserable decay of its moral influence that make its story most worthy of study. The magnificent advantages of the position had attracted the enterprising Greeks a thousand years before Constantine made it his capital; and the old city of Byzantium is believed to have occupied the site now engrossed by the Seraglio, or official palace of the sultan. But when the first Christian emperor determined to transfer the seat of government thither, the transformation of the place was so radical and complete that the former name entirely perished, and Constantine had no difficulty in imposing his own. It is not at all unlikely that his determination to establish Christianity as the religion of the state had a good deal to do with his enterprise; for the old Rome was so impregnated with pagan traditions, so glorified by pagan rites, so identified with priestly interests in all parts of the world, that even a despotic emperor might well hesitate to decree that it should suddenly become the head-quarters of the new religion. But the very foundation of Constantinople was laid, if we may credit imperial sincerity, in Christian faith; and its birth was associated with the triumph of the cross. In the first century of its existence it was the chief scene of the labours of perhaps the prince of post-apostolic preachers, St. John of the Golden Mouth, or Chrysostom; and what to us is less interesting, though of more worldly importance, it became the place of the archi-episcopal throne, whose indomitable rivalry with the Papacy finally severed the western and eastern Churches. This separation may be dated from the year 1054, when the emissaries of the Pope laid on the altar of the great cathedral an anathema and an excommunication of the Greek Patriarch and all his adherents. The main reason ostensibly alleged for this step was the opinion held by the Greeks in regard to the doctrine of the Holy Ghost. That difference was rather verbal than practical, and could hardly by any possibility have affected Christian character or life.* And it is to be feared that official jealousies had much more to do with the schism than any theological opinions. Efforts were made at various times afterwards to bring about a reconciliation, but they never really succeeded; and the reunion of Christendom by any negotiations about outward forms is now more hopeless than ever. Yet the words of the Master, "Be converted and become as little children," would, if universally obeyed, accomplish it at once.

One result of this alienation between eastern and western Christians was to weaken both the moral and physical forces of Europe in its conflict with Mahommedanism. The armies of Islam had already overspread Western Asia and North Africa. They had conquered a great part of Spain, threatened France, and nearly succeeded in establishing a permanent hold on Southern Italy. The danger which threatened Christian civilisation was therefore very serious, and all the more so because the sword of fanatical aggression had now passed into the hands of a race at once more vigorous, more brutal, more ignorant, and a hundred-fold more numerous than the Arabs and Moors, in whom the old fires had begun to pale. The Turks, of whom there are various tribes, are a branch of the great Tatar, or Tartar race, whose numberless hordes wandered then, as now, over the steppes of Asia. In centuries long gone by, invaders akin to the Turks had threatened Europe. But this particular branch first became a political power under the dynasty of Seljuk, whose grandson Togrul Beg, was subduing Persia and threatening Asia Minor at the very time when the division between eastern and western Christendom was consummated. The founder of this dynasty had embraced Mahommedanism;

* It is almost unnecessary to remind readers that the Greeks insisted on the form, "proceeding from the Father *by* the Son," while the Roman Church would hear of nothing but "proceeding from the Father *and* the Son."



In Constantinople.

and all the horde, as a matter of course, followed his example.

It was in the conquest of Jerusalem and the Holy Land, that these Seljukian Turks, as they are called, first alarmed the chivalry of the west. The very name of a religious war naturally and properly excites horror. But setting aside the passionate sentiment about sacred places, so eagerly encouraged by Peter the Hermit and his associates, there can be no doubt that there were good and substantial reasons why all Christendom should at that time have united to repel a wave of barbarism and savagery that threatened to sweep away, not religion only, but civilisation. And the want of such a union at that time entailed on succeeding generations all the anxiety, bloodshed, and misery that have resulted in the permanent encampment of a Mahommedan power on European lands. But such a union was impossible; and we cannot be far wrong in thinking that one main difficulty was the sectarian bitterness of rival Churches. Instead of being the centre of Christendom, Constantinople had now become almost its advanced guard; and many parties of crusaders who went to fight for Jerusalem, passed through the imperial city. But the result of this intercourse was to inflame the jealousy of the sects rather than to ally it. The Greek emperors had not the wisdom to see the practical importance of the issue before them, or the energy to avail themselves of their opportunity; and little did they think how near the time was approaching when they would cry in vain for the help that they now slighted and rejected. As it was, the last crusade, toward the end of the thirteenth century, left Jerusalem, Palestine, and Syria in the confirmed possession of the Turks.

The enterprise commenced by the dynasty of Seljuk was carried to a triumphant conclusion by that of Osman, or Othman, from whom the "Ottomans" derive their name. After the great cyclone of Zengis Khan and his hordes had swept over Asia and retired again, the Seljukian dominion was no more. But the new Turkish adventurer, Othman, broke through the lines that guarded Asia Minor, and swept the country to within sight of the imperial city. This was in the middle of the thirteenth century. His immediate descendants firmly consolidated his conquests, and even made raids into Europe, thus threatening Constantinople in the rear. But superstition and luxury, degrading when separate, destructive when combined, had sapped both the faith and the manliness of the empire; and to the city there was left nothing but the melancholy comfort of being devoured last. A fresh deluge of wild conquest from the east, under Tamarlane, retired again without changing the issue. Christianity and Islam still confronted each other across the Bosphorus as before. Gladly would the last Constantine, and last Roman emperor, have accepted aid now. But the hour was past; and such opportunities, once lost, are never given again. At length, when Mahommed II. was almost at the gates, a desperate effort was made to patch up the schism that paralyzed Christendom. It went so far that a joint mass was celebrated in the cathedral of St. Sophia. But the actors in it were insincere. The bigots on either side had not faith enough to be tolerant, and some slight variations of ritual excited a riot which scattered the hollow agreement to the wind. Then came the end. The very next year (1453) saw Constantinople writhing hopelessly in the grasp of barbarism. Her last Christian emperor made a gallant defence, and was struck dead by the first assailants who rushed up the breach in the final assault. And then in the pillage and sack, the murder, rape, and unnameable crimes that followed, Constantinople first learned what her present owners understand by the rights of conquest.

Since that time Mahommedanism has, of course, been the established and the ruling religion. Nevertheless, no attempt was made entirely to extirpate Christianity. The ferocious war-cry of conversion or death was not always found convenient to the conquerors after victory had been achieved. And Mahommed II., with all his savagery, was a man of intelligence enough to understand that to empty his new capital of Christians would be to rob it, not only of art and literature, but even of the comforts of civilisation. He therefore promised a contemptuous toleration, though, of course, all right of propagating the faith was denied, and no office could be held in the church except with the approval, probably in the more important positions the direct appointment, of the Sultan. The great cathedral church of St. Sophia was turned into a Mahommedan mosque. The same fate overtook half the churches in the city; and the remainder were left in the possession of the Christians. On such general terms the two religions have subsisted together, side by side, for four hundred years, the truce between them being maintained, it is to be feared, not by any large-hearted charity, but mainly by a want of vitality in either of them. A word or two on the organization of each.

Mahommedanism has no priestly order, properly so called. Its most sacred person is the khalif, literally "successor," that is, of Mahommed. There are two princes who claim this honour, the one being the Shah of Persia and the other the Sultan of Turkey. The latter claims it through the transference of the khalifate from Egypt, where an Arab dynasty formerly reigned. The only other classes of people entitled to spiritual consideration are the sophis, or learned men, and the dervishes, or saints. The sophis, again, are divided into two classes—the ulemas, interpreters of the sacred law, and the mollahs, who are the preachers in the mosques. There is probably, however, no hard and fast line of distinction between them. The dervishes, by the practice of asceticism and meditation, with occasional ecstatic exercises of a physical character, gain a reputation analogous to that of hermits. The softas, of whom so much has recently been heard, are students who aspire to the position of ulema or mollah.

The great mosque, formerly the cathedral church of St. Sophia, is not the original building of Constantine, but was founded by Justinian in the sixth century. The plan is that of a Greek cross, the length being two hundred and sixty-nine feet, and the breadth two hundred and forty-three. It has a dome of a remarkably flat curve, showing considerable skill in construction. The minarets mentioned above were added by the Mahommedan conquerors for the accommodation of the "muezzin," or criers, who take the place of church bells in calling people to prayers. The interior is enriched with jasper, alabaster, and marble, which Mahommed II. saved, it is said, with his own hand from the fury of his soldiers. The Mahommedans in their worship seem rather to despise the elaborate ritual of the Greek and Roman Churches. And preaching is so important in their service that they have pulpits in different parts of the mosque, so that a number of discourses may be delivered to various congregations at the same time.

In addition to St. Sophia there are about three hundred other mosques, which seems a considerable number; for the Mahommedan population, excluding Jews and Christians of all kinds, probably does not much exceed half a million. Every one of these has attached to it a school or class of aspirants to the position of a sophi; and, in addition, there are about four hundred schools for children. It would seem, then, as though both elementary and secondary education were well provided for. Yet the Turkish population generally is one of the most ignorant of any that make any pretence to civilisation. The fact is, in the matter of education, mere statistics of appliances are worth very little. We ought to know what they are used for; and in Constantinople, we fear, they are used for little more than the cultivation of a mechanical memory which automatically reproduces passages from the Koran.

Turning to the Greek Church, we find that the Patriarch, whose position may be compared to that of the Pope, is surrounded by twelve synodal bishops, all of them invested with their office, or, at least, with its dignities and emoluments, by the Sultan, and all dependent upon his license for the exercise of their spiritual functions. The clergy, below the dignity of a bishop, may be married men—one of the very few points, if not, perhaps, the only one, in which the Eastern communion resembles Protestantism rather than Romanism. No images are allowed in the churches, however, and, even in sacred pictures, perspective is tabooed, as well as any use of light and shade such as would give apparent solidity to the figure. The purpose of this is professedly to prevent idolatry; but, as if to illustrate the uselessness of rules and laws where the life is wanting, it is a well-known fact that Greek and Russian peasants cherish their little pictures of saints as a kind of household god, and say their prayers to them as devoutly as any Italian contadino to his image of the Virgin.

The Patriarch of Constantinople has, it is said, a greater number of spiritual subjects than the Pope of Rome. At any rate the Greek Church professes to cover all Russia—a world in itself, all the Danubian provinces, as well as Greece, and almost every part of the Turkish dominions except Armenia. Happy should we be to believe that this great Church stands less in need of reformation than her Roman rival. But we fear that the example set in the miserable centuries, when both Rome and Constantinople preferred to nurse their jealousies rather than succour Christ's flock, has more or less infected both bodies throughout the world. They lie like two sunless clouds, cold and dark, round either hemisphere of our spiritual horizon. But when the Sun of righteousness arises and shines, they may be perfused and transfigured by the light. Nay, they may make the glory of the latter day more splendid through the deep and long but mournful experiences of their story. — O. MOUNTFIELD.

"THE SOLDIERS' FRIEND."

WHO WILL HELP?

By Colonel H. D. TAYLOR.

WHEN in India I had more than once heard and read of Miss Sarah Robinson and her work amongst our soldiers, and had resolved that if I lived to return to England I would inquire more particularly into the matter. One pleasant summer day last year, at a watering-place in the south of England, I gladly availed myself of the opportunity of attending one of Miss Robinson's meetings. It wasn't by any means a large meeting. There were from forty to fifty ladies and four gentlemen, three being clergymen and myself the fourth.

When Miss Robinson was introduced to the meeting I saw a pale, slight, sickly-looking woman, her frame evidently enfeebled by illness, and her face marked with those unmistakable lines which tell of protracted suffering. At first sight of her, most people would probably have thought, "Surely this is not a person who can have done any great work;" but the light in her eye when she stood up to speak, giving token of the fire of an enthusiasm burning within, would probably have caused them to change their opinion.

I do not think I ever heard anything more interesting, more affecting, and more instructive than her speech. She told us what led her to undertake the work—spoke of her discouragements, her difficulties, her encouragements, and her final success. Residing in Portsmouth for the purpose of doing what she could for soldiers, her spirit, like Paul's at Athens, was moved from day to day when she saw the evils by which she was surrounded. She found that Portsmouth, so far as the soldiers and sailors were concerned, was wholly given to drink. She described one short street in the town, in which there are no fewer than fourteen liquor shops, nine of these being in a row without any intervening houses. She told us of other places also—dens of iniquity, where other allurements to catch the men are superadded to those of drink. And, while the temptations and snares so abounded, at that time, there was not in all Portsmouth a single house to which a soldier, desiring to maintain his self-respect and to keep himself sober, could go for quiet reading or writing or amusement. Worse still, she saw there was not a lodging in all that large city in which a respectable soldier's wife could pass the night, and to which she could take her children. So great was the prejudice against soldiers and their wives, and so firmly rooted the impression that it was impossible to be respectable in the ranks of the army, that all decent lodging-houses were closed against them. She told us that she had known, not one or two, but dozens of instances where the wives of soldiers had preferred to walk the streets the whole night, or had taken shelter under railway arches, or in rooms of half-finished houses, rather than go to the only lodgings into which they would be received.

Then she gave us an account of the arrival of troop-ships from foreign stations, and the scenes that too frequently, or indeed invariably, follow in the streets of Portsmouth.

The regiments coming home from foreign service usually bring a good deal of money with them. A regiment will seldom have less than £3,000, generally more—one regiment that came from Abyssinia had eight or nine thousand pounds. Within a few days, all this money is spent in Portsmouth in drink and debauchery. Too often the best men in the regiment succumb to the manifold temptations to which they are exposed; characters and good-conduct stripes, the rewards of the good behaviour of years, are recklessly lost in the saturnalias of the first few days after landing in England. The regiment, as a body, is temporarily demoralised, and requires weeks of discipline before it can recover from the effects of the riot. But while the regiment may and does recover, there are many individuals who do not recover, and who date their rapid ruin from their landing from service abroad, on the shores of their own country.

These things pressed upon her mind so heavily that, at last, she felt something *must* be done, and that, if no one else would undertake it, she would herself. No one gave her any encouragement; on the contrary, every one, including those most favourable to the object she had in view, said that "her scheme was chimerical. In other places," they said, "it might succeed, but in Portsmouth, never. The evil was too great; the opposition from those interested in maintaining the *status quo* would be too powerful; it would not be fair, hardly honest, to ask the public to give money for an attempt which must certainly fail." So, however,

thought *not* Miss Robinson. Nothing daunted, she set herself to work, first, to devise and think out in its details a scheme for a Soldiers' Home at Portsmouth, and then to give it an existence. When she laid her proposal before the army authorities, they consented to grant a piece of land for a site, and to supply the stone required for the building. This was conceded at first unconditionally. Afterwards, however, Government took alarm when it became known that Miss Robinson proposed that there should be religious teaching and services in her institution. It was represented that, unless the Government was prepared to give an equal advantage to Roman Catholic soldiers, and to assist to the same extent in providing a home for them, it might be accused of partiality and a departure from the great principle of toleration and equal favour to all denominations; Miss Robinson was therefore informed that the one condition upon which the grant would be made was, that the Bible should be excluded from the institution. To this she would not consent, and, in consequence, gave up the offered assistance from Government and appealed to the public. In a short time she had raised £13,000, had purchased a house, and adapted it to her purpose, and had opened the "Portsmouth Soldiers' Institute."

At the conclusion of the address I went up and introduced myself to Miss Robinson, as an officer much interested in her work, and in the account she had given of it. I was invited to come to Portsmouth, and see the Institute and judge for myself. This I was able to do a few days afterwards, and I will now endeavour briefly to relate what I saw there.

The Institute is situated in one of the main thoroughfares of Portsmouth, and near the Infantry Barracks. The house, or rather a part of it, was formerly the Fountain Hotel. Two adjoining houses were subsequently acquired; communications were opened so as to throw them all into one, and the whole was fitted up, furnished and adapted for the uses of the soldiers. I was shown over the place by Mr. Tufnell, the intelligent superintendent, who has been an invaluable aid to Miss Robinson, and who takes an immense interest in the work. On the ground floor there are —a reception room, where soldiers can receive their friends and relatives, both male and female—a kitchen where all the cooking is carried on—a bar where every kind of wholesome food and non-intoxicating drinks can be had at moderate prices, neatly and cleanly served—two billiard rooms, with excellent tables, one for the non-commissioned officers, and the other for the privates. In regard to these I may mention that every one who plays must pay—the charge is a penny a game to each player. The accumulated pennies received during the first year have been sufficient to pay the cost of the tables, and to provide other games. Betting at any game is strictly prohibited, and cards are not allowed. A comfortable smoking-room completes the accommodation on the ground floor. Up-stairs are Miss Robinson's apartments, where she lives at her own expense, and a large airy reading-room, well supplied with papers, periodicals, and books; at one end of the room is a long table, upon which, at intervals, are blotting-books and inkstands, where soldiers can write letters to their friends; pens are provided gratis, I think, but they must find their own paper and stamps. This room is extremely comfortable, and, as may be supposed, is a popular resort, especially on a cold or wet day. Then there is a room which is used for sewing classes and mothers' meetings, for the women.

In a retired part of the building there is the Bible-class room, well provided with religious publications, and there a religious meeting is held daily, conducted usually by an officer or some competent person, and sometimes by Miss Robinson herself. A notice of the meetings to be held during the week is posted up in several conspicuous places about the house. There is a suite of apartments intended for officers and their families, where they can be lodged and boarded quite as comfortably, and certainly more economically, than in any hotel, if they can make up their minds to do without wine or beer; for no relaxation is permitted of the rule which excludes all fermented liquors from every part of the Institute. The attics are devoted to dormitories and bath-rooms for soldiers and soldiers' families, and very clean and inviting they looked. In each bedroom there is washing apparatus and plenty of soap and fresh water.

Here a soldier on leave can find a clean and comfortable lodging for a night, or for as long as he likes, at a very moderate cost; and here the soldiers in garrisons can bring their wives, or mothers, or sisters, or any female relation who may pay them a visit. But, as may readily be surmised, the accommodation for these purposes is very limited, and Miss Robinson has on hand a scheme for providing a set of lodging-houses to accommodate the female relations of soldiers

who come to Portsmouth, as well as to take in those families of soldiers in the garrison for whom the Government provision is inadequate. Money only is wanted to bring this project to maturity. At the back of the Institute there is a large grass-plot, which has been converted into a bowling-green; at one side of this there is a skittle-alley, and at the end of it there is a large hall, that can hold upwards of eight hundred people, where lectures, concerts, and penny-readings are given, and public meetings are held.

Thus it will be seen that the Institute is very complete. It is, in fact, a well-ordered and economical club for soldiers, where they can spend their days and their evenings in quiet and comfort, with choice of rational amusements and intellectual pursuits, and where they are safe from the temptations to drunkenness and debauchery that are so abundantly and alluringly set forth for them in Portsmouth.

I was greatly struck with the evidence of practical good sense that pervades all the arrangements of the place. There is no show and no glitter, but everything about it, the furnishing of the rooms, the selection of the books and papers, the amusements, the arrangements of the bar, the rules of the house, all seem to show a complete understanding of the wants and ways and tastes of soldiers, and a strong common sense in dealing with them. Miss Robinson lays great stress upon teetotalism, and considers it to be a powerful instrument for the preservation of soldiers from all sorts of evil. It is hardly necessary to say that Miss Robinson's principal object in all her works is to win recruits to the service of her Divine Master, but her endeavours after this are put forward in a broad and sympathetic spirit, and are observable mainly in their results. The spirit of the whole is thoroughly catholic: all are welcome to come, no matter what their creed or their denomination; the only condition imposed is, that every one who comes shall conduct himself with common propriety, and this condition is always fulfilled, and the soldiers themselves are the first to insist upon its observance.

At the end of the first year, that is, in September, 1875, no less than 2,740 soldiers or soldiers' relations and friends had received a night's lodging in the Institute, and the daily average number of men using the house was 150. Although, as above stated, teetotalism was not pressed upon any one, 195 men entered their names in a book kept in the bar for those who wished to take the pledge. There were 63 members of the mothers' meeting and sewing class, and 110 members of the children's Wednesday meeting.

On the arrival and departure of troop-ships, the house was frequently filled with the families of soldiers, a large proportion of these being Irish Roman Catholics and nearly destitute. Stores of books and papers were sent on board the ships for the use of troops embarking on foreign service, and agents from the Institute went on board the troop-ships that arrived at Portsmouth, and invited the men to go there when they landed instead of to the grog-shops.

In troublous times, when England is at war, our soldiers are made much of: nothing is then too good for them—the papers write of their valour and their virtues, and the nation cheers them to the echo; but when the danger is past, the poor soldier finds his value suddenly gone down in the market. There is an old rhyme which expresses what I have just written, from the soldier's point of view. It is this :—

> "When war is at hand and danger high,
> *God and the soldier* is all the cry:
> When war is over and wrong is righted,
> God is forgotten and the soldier slighted."

Those who remember England during the Crimean war and after it will be able to appreciate the grim humour of this doggrel, and to realise how true it is. I have heard people sigh and have seen them shake their heads upon hearing that the son or brother of some respectable neighbour had enlisted as a soldier; as though they considered that all hope was over for him, and that now he had fairly gone to the dogs. But, with whom rests the blame of this probability? Is it with the men? or is it with their lot in life? Let those who find the explanation in the characters of the men ask Miss Robinson what *she* thinks of soldiers. She will tell us that, judged by her experience, our "common" soldiers are as a class simple-hearted and generous, easily led—with unfortunately little to lead them but to evil—quick to do a kind action, helpful to their comrades, chivalrous, and tender in their behaviour towards women and children, and, perhaps, of all classes in the kingdom, the most appreciative of kindness and sympathy. She will tell us that in all her varied experience, and in all the peculiar places and scenes and societies in which, in the prosecution of her work, she has occasionally found herself, she has never met with rudeness or insult from a soldier; that, on the contrary, she has been

invariably treated with the same respect and delicacy that she would expect from well-bred gentlemen; that she has often been made their confidante in private and domestic troubles, has been accepted as their guide and counsellor in anxieties, and as their consoler and friend in distresses. This is a testimony as to what under favourable—shall we not rather say under reasonable circumstances — the common soldier may become. Nor is it singular.

I remember asking an officer of the Highland Brigade, who had been through the Crimean war, upon his return, what had struck him most and made the greatest impression upon him throughout the campaign; and he replied, "It was the conduct of the private soldiers. I can never speak of them in future but with reverence." I believe that those who knew them best, and have had opportunities of comparing their conduct in the field with the soldiers of other nations, will declare without hesitation that for endurance, for pluck, for devotion to duty and submission to discipline, the British soldier has no equal; these soldiers of whom Napoleon said, "They never know when they are beaten."

And this brings me to the question I have placed at the head of this paper, "Who will help?" No one can say with truth that this is a question with which they have no concern. There is not a man or woman in Great Britain that is not under Christian obligation to think of and care for the moral, domestic, and spiritual welfare of the men who do for them the often dreadful work of protecting them from foreign enemies. By merely providing the opportunities of rational recreation we may reduce drunkenness, create self-respect, encourage good conduct, and promote health and happiness. Taking the broadest view of the subject, this is essentially a national rather than a local duty; it seeks to advance the highest interests of our soldiers, to make them better husbands and fathers, better citizens, better Christians; and thus it claims the sympathy and should receive the support of all right-thinking people.

There are several principal ways in which help can be given. All can help by giving greater publicity to what is being done at Portsmouth. Miss Robinson finds that the Institute with the work that is being done in it is but little known beyond the regiments that have benefited by it. If it was more widely known, it would doubtless receive more support, and it would be extensively imitated. I believe Miss Robinson is willing to visit any of our large towns, and there hold drawing-room meetings, where she can give a detailed account of her proceedings in the past and her projects for the future. Influential people, either ladies or gentlemen, can therefore help her by getting up such meetings and inviting her to come to them; and after hearing her story and reflecting upon the good results that have been obtained, it might enter into the hearts of some of her auditors to aid in establishing an institute similar to the Portsmouth one in their own or in some neighbouring garrison town. Further, aid can be given in a substantial form in the shape of donations and annual subscriptions. It is obvious that an institution such as I have attempted to describe, cannot be kept going without a considerable annual income. It cannot be altogether self-supporting, though the receipts contribute materially towards its maintenance. There are taxes to pay, there is a considerable establishment to keep up, the charges for lodging and for the articles sold at the bar are fixed at the lowest possible rates, and not with a view to profit. Many of the women and children who are taken in and lodged are unable to pay anything at all for their entertainment. Miss Robinson therefore looks to the British public to supply what is needed. Hitherto she has not looked in vain, and has received sufficient or nearly sufficient for the requirements of her Institute. But what sufficed for it during the first year of its existence will by no means be enough to foster its growth. Day by day it will be more frequented and its expenses will daily increase. Already the want is felt of enlarged accommodation, of more buildings. The necessity for lodging-houses outside of the Institute for the families of soldiers of the garrison who are not provided with quarters by Government, is urgent: clothes have to be supplied to destitute women and children about to embark with their husbands on foreign service, or arriving in England from foreign service; books and newspapers are required for the reading-rooms, besides many miscellaneous expenses which can readily be imagined. Money for all these is requisite; surely we may expect it will be liberally supplied.

There is another way in which Miss Robinson's hands can be greatly strengthened, and although this way is limited to only one or two, it is perhaps the way in which the greatest assistance of all can be rendered. Miss Robinson's health is not good, and the strain which the creation and superintendence of this Institute have put upon it has been more than she can bear. She sorely needs

aid, and is anxious that one or two ladies, like-minded with herself, should join her and become associated with her in her work. Pleasant rooms in the Institute have been prepared, and are now ready for her future companions. May we not hope that it will soon be put into the hearts of one or two of those ladies of England who now so freely give themselves and all they have to good works, to join her?

Once more, help may be given by establishing similar institutions in other places. Except at Aldershot, Woolwich, Chatham, Colchester, Edinburgh, and Dublin, I believe there are no others. In no other places throughout the British Isles, so far as I know, does the soldier, sitting idly in his barracks and finding his time hang heavy on his hands, see a friendly hand held out to aid him, or hear a friendly voice raised to warn him of the dangers and temptations that beset his path. There is, I believe, in no other garrison towns any place of resort specially devoted to the soldier, where he can pass his leisure time in harmless and healthful amusement, or in quiet reading or in study. In most of the places where our soldiers are quartered there is no alternative for him but the canteen or the pot-house, the music hall or the dancing saloon. With all their evil concomitant attractions, these are ready, everywhere and at all times, to welcome him with open arms. Surely this ought not to be. If men of influence—some of our statesmen and general officers, and others in high command—would only take up the subject and appeal to the Government and to H.R.H. Commanding-in-Chief for countenance and help, the work would be done. The comparatively small sum of money required for each institution would soon be subscribed, and we should no longer be subject to the opprobrium, of having it said, that our soldiers are driven as a refuge from idleness into public-houses and other demoralising places, by not providing for them some respectable resort.

And now I have said my say, and will only add that if any are moved by the perusal of this paper to desire further information and they should have the opportunity, let them go to Portsmouth and there see and judge for themselves. Miss Robinson will give them a warm welcome; they will, in a visit of a couple of hours, come to a far better understanding of the Institute and the system pursued in it than they can get from a hundred descriptions such as I have here attempted. They will see, too, the soldiers who daily crowd the rooms, and will learn from their lips in what estimation Miss Robinson is held in the army, and how nobly she has won the distinction of being called "the Soldier's Friend"—the title by which she is now known in nearly every regiment in the service.

BEAUTIFUL, CONSTANT ROBIN.

BEAUTIFUL, constant robin!
Singing in the snow,
With all other summer things
Thou didst not go.

Swallows now in brighter lands
Glance away their day:
Nightingales to warmer nights
Trill out their lay.

Summer flowers all have gone,
Scarce a weed is found;
Even leaves that clothed the trees
Hide in the ground.

Autumn fruits that in plenty
Hung from every bough,
Long ago have left their place,
None are there now.

Sunbeams e'en are not sunny
As in summer day;
Everything that's beautiful
Has gone away.

Yet, robin, brave and constant,
Singing in the snow!
With these many summer things
Thou didst not go.

Frost did not freeze the friendship
Of a heart like thine;
Thou could'st stay when all had gone,
And not repine.

True, like thee, other song-birds
Have not taken wing,
Yet upon the snow-leaved bush
They can not sing.

Maybe chill does never strike
To thy heart, so warm,
Clouds do not obscure thy sun,
Nor tempests harm!

Leaves and fruits, birds and flowers,
Sunbeams constant play,
Sure surround a love which cold
Drives not away.

Fair the thought thou sing'st to me,
Robin, in the snow!
One above is just like thee,
He will not go.

Thou, songster, as my Bible,
Thought of Him dost bring,
Of His love and constancy,
Whom angels sing.

Dark the thoughts of what may be
In the future strange,
How the song, the flower, the sun,
The world may change.

Darker still! that change may come
By my doing wrong,
I myself the winter be,
Cold, drear, and long.

Summer friends will then forsake
This hard wintered heart;
Joys within and joys without—
All will depart.

Nearest kin and lover too
Who now fast abide,
Giving life and finding life
Most at my side:

These will all, like summer birds,
Seek some brighter day;
Yet with them will God not go,—
He'll ever stay.

There to Him the summer is,
Where one needs a friend;
Sunshine did not make His love—
Cold will not end.

Yes, He'll stay and cheer my gloom,
Drawing nearer then,
And, by song, bring beauteous things
All back again.

Fair the thought thou sing'st to me,
Robin, in the snow:
God above is just like thee,
He will not go.

BENJAMIN WAUGH.

JOHN WOOLMAN; A STUDY OF CHARACTER.

By HENRY C. EWART.

WHO, that followed the cruise of the *Challenger* with intelligent interest, has not been almost awestruck by the part that is played by infinitesimal sentient life in piling up the solid structure of the world? Inconceivable billions of little creatures building around their bodies fairy houses of exquisite finish, only to merge them in the chalk mud that may one day sparkle as white cliffs fronting the morning sun; numberless sparks of feeling quenched in the abyss, to make a foundation of brute strength for the world to come; it is a picture human in its sadness, divine in its suggestions of self-sacrifice. In such a light, what a new solemnity is given to the limestone mountains! what an unutterable fulness of life is sealed up in their silence! The granite heart of the earth hides its own origin in a mystery of fire; otherwise there is much to hint that all the solid bones of the world have been compacted out of an endless variety of fragile fleeting consciousness. The eternity that lies behind us is not the monotonous azure deep which is all that the glare of present interests allows us to see. Science opens our eyes to discern how every point in it burns with starry life. Materialism is dissected with its own scalpel, and its uttermost atoms are found each to possess a soul.

Like thoughts are suggested by the great institutions of social order, the materials of which are but the solidified mud of ancient human seas. Infinitesimal shells of thought, secreted by millions of vanished minds, have gradually built up the foundations of modern life. Marriage, property, chieftainship, law, must have required ages of slow development before they assumed the rudest forms recognisable by us. And there was not a step or a moment in the measureless procession of imperceptible changes, which was not quick with human feeling, such as would move our sympathy or indignation, if we could recall it now. We do not know that any spiritualist has ever attempted to call up the owner of the Neanderthal skull. But were such a feat possible, with what eager curiosity should we witness the lighting up again of one separate spark of consciousness now merged in the solid darkness, out of which our present habits, feelings, and associations grow! Of a similar nature, though not quite so sensational, is the interest we attach to the recovery of any vivid personality from the dusky faded memories of the times immediately preceding our own. In those times there are plenty of shining names. But the dim crowd of nobodies have special attractions for us; perhaps from the sort of "fellow-feeling" which is said to "make us wondrous kind." We are lost amidst the throng, as they were lost. And we know that we quiver with keen sensibility, tremble with foreboding fear, burn with eager desire. So did they; though "their love and their hatred, and their envy is now perished; neither have they any more a portion for ever in anything that is done under the sun." There they lie, no more distinguishable to ordinary sight than dead globigerinæ in the chalk ooze at the bottom of the Atlantic; and the present generation is "raining down" its tiny shells of character, to join them in building up a world that we shall never see. "The memory of them is forgotten;" so will ours be; and why should we cumber ourselves about them? Take the dull name Smith or Jones, half undecipherable on the rickety headstone that seems to think its turn also has come to lie down and rest. The stooping greybeard who hobbles toward us, full of gossip, over the grassy mounds, is sure of an attentive hearing if he can tell us the village traditions that turn the moulder-

ing name into a living man. Indeed, the solemn fascination of Gray's "Elegy" to a very large extent depends on this imaginative longing to re-invest the dust of centuries with individual life. Herein, too, lies the whole power of the "address to an Egyptian mummy" which sounds so quaint and strange only because it is so uncommonly true to ordinary human nature. No matter what the explanation may be, we love the dead, even when they are unknowable. And any light upon a forgotten life touches the heart like a glimpse into nature's mystery.

To ordinary knowledge and observation what a blank seems to lie behind the last victorious struggle by which any beneficent social change has been effected! Our eyes are fixed upon the troops who scale the rampart, but their dead comrades who filled up the ditch with their bodies are forgotten. Take, for instance, the crusade against slavery, perhaps the holiest war that men have ever waged. We are so dazzled by the lurid blaze of battle in which this "sum of all villanies" received its death-blow, that we forget the dark times behind. The noble fanaticism of John Brown of Harper's Ferry, is safe from oblivion, because it was the spark to which many attribute the final explosion. But a hundred years before John Brown was hanged, a patient, irrepressible Quaker preacher had traversed the same fields, proclaiming to deaf ears the miseries which slavery was preparing for the future. To us, reading his words now, there is a tone in them as of inspired prophecy. "This trade of importing slaves from their native country being much encouraged," he says, "and the white people and their children living so generally without much labour, was frequently the subject of my thoughts; and I saw in these southern provinces so many vices and corruptions increased by this trade and this way of life, that it appeared to me as a dark gloominess hanging over the land; and, though now many willingly run into it, yet, in future, the consequences will be grievous to posterity. I express it as it hath appeared to me, not at once, nor twice, but as a matter fixed on my mind." Such forebodings fell lightly on heedless souls in the growing darkness of that time. But the *character* they suggest could not have lived in vain. It helped to form the solid ground on which the battle of freedom was afterwards fought out.

This preacher was John Woolman, a name justly dear to the Society of Friends, but not, perhaps, as well known to the outer world as it ought to be. His brief journal, and one or two papers, chiefly on the subject of slavery, have been several times published. And recently two short pamphlets have been issued, giving a sketch of his career.* But it is exceedingly probable that nine out of ten of our readers never heard of him before, and we venture to believe that a little information concerning him may not be uninteresting. He was born in 1720 in Burlington County, West Jersey, not far from the Delaware river. His father, who seems to have had a plantation of his own, apparently enjoyed the state of life devoutly prayed for by the son of Jakeh, "neither poverty nor riches," but a comfortable sufficiency for daily needs. Amongst the simple colonists of the neighbourhood John early acquired a reputation as a proficient scholar, and his skill as a ready writer proved very profitable in after years, though it involved him in many scrupulous debates with his conscience, when he was asked to draw up wills, or other documents, having any reference to property in slaves. We do not hear of any brother, but there were two sisters, to whom he refers with gentle affection. He must have grown up mainly in their society, for he felt no attraction to the rude sports of his male schoolfellows. Only on two occasions do we hear of the boy-nature breaking out in its ordinary forms of unpleasantness. At twelve years of age he records some rude rebellion against his mother, and the quiet words of fatherly expostulation which, in a Sunday walk after meeting, fell upon his heart like a softening rain. The other instance, though it occurred earlier, is more illustrative of character. On his way to school, as a robin flew out of her nest, he threw stones at her in idle sport. But, when one of them struck and killed her, he was seized with remorse. The helpless misery of the callow young filled his imagination with horror; and he felt there was no help for it but to complete his crime by destroying them as well.

In his character, as it was afterwards developed, there was a marvellous mixture of apparently crotchety independence and really sublime self-sacrifice, which at first sight appears paradoxical. Nothing would induce him to gratify even his own *friends* by a harmless conformity to custom in matters of dress and social observance. But on the other hand there were no limits to the

* "John Woolman, a Biographical Sketch." By Dora Greenwell. London, 1871.
"J. Woolman," a paper read at the Friends' Institute, Manchester, by David Duncan. London, 1871.

sacrifices he would make for those who had no claim whatever upon him, except that they were human beings, suffering wrong. In this respect he was a typical Quaker; and in this respect Quakerism emphasises, though sometimes in a distorted form, one of the grandest aspects of Christianity. For in the devoutest of the Friends, as in all saintly characters, we think it may be remarked that duty comes before all rights, and that what looks like the self-assertion of eccentricity, being merely faithfulness to duty, springs, equally with self-sacrifice for others, from the spiritual joy of losing self in God.

Such, at any rate, was the secret of John Woolman's life, and to this both his sturdy disregard of human opinion, and his scruples, often fantastic enough, may be referred. "I was not low enough to find true peace," he says in his last illness, speaking of past disquietude of mind. And again, "In the depths of misery, O Lord, I remembered that thou art omnipotent, that I had called thee Father, and I felt that I loved thee, and *I was made quiet in thy will.*" For him the gate of heaven is always in the deepest part of the valley of humiliation. But it must not be inferred that he revelled in self-slander, such as seems to delight morbid souls of the Simeon Stylites order. In his case humility of soul is not in the slightest degree to be identified with an artificially exaggerated sense of guilt. On the contrary, in his journal he speaks of himself with quaint complacency as being in his youth "a tender young man," studiously disposed, and always, with very trivial exceptions, of a serious turn of mind. But perhaps complacency is hardly the word; it is rather an innocent thankfulness that he should have been early and easily drawn into that self-abandonment to the will of God, which is his essential idea of religion. There is no terrible struggle such as Bunyan relates, though there is an hour's darkness before the true light shines. But when, on leaving home for his fatal mission to England, he says, "As I sat down alone on the deck I felt a satisfactory evidence that my proceedings were not in my own will, but under the power of the cross of Christ," we see how the practical lesson of the crucifixion was enshrined in his deepest life. Indeed, one of the most valuable results we get from our study of John Woolman is the confirmation of our feeling that the moral and spiritual power of Christianity is safe beyond the reach of all theological wrangles. The nothingness of self, the majesty of God as the sum of all duty, the sacredness of mankind, nay, of all sentient life, as the offspring of God,—such were the lessons that this humble Quaker learned from the spirit of Christ. Rarely has there been a better illustration of the superiority of doctrine *lived* to doctrine *spoken*. Rarely has the power of the cross as "an example" been more touchingly manifested in the experience of any disciple. The story of Nazareth and Calvary possessed his heart, mainly because he read in it the secret of the life that prevails by dying.

The following words extracted from his journal will justify the above description of his religion:—"I was early convinced in my mind that true religion consisted in an inward life, wherein the heart doth love and reverence God the Creator, and learns to exercise true justice and goodness, not only towards all men, but also towards brute creatures; that as the mind was moved by an inward principle to love God as an invisible, incomprehensible Being, by the same principle it was moved to love Him in all His manifestations in the visible world; that as by His breath the flame of life was kindled in all animal sensible creatures, to say we love God as unseen, and at the same time to exercise cruelty towards the least creature moving by His life, or by life derived from Him, was a contradiction in itself." In another passage the love of nature is felt to be very closely akin to the love of God. "I looked upon the works of God in this visible world, and an awfulness covered me; my heart was tender and often contrite, and universal love to my fellow-creatures increased in me; this will be understood by those who have trodden in the same path. Some glances of real beauty may be seen in their faces who dwell in true meekness." So when during his brief peregrination through England he was saddened by the dire development of the slave trade, "under the weight of this exercise," he says, "the sight of innocent birds among the branches, and sheep in their pastures, who act according to the will of their Creator, hath at times tended to mitigate my trouble." The homely Quaker had, we see, a poetic soul, and there almost trembled on his lips the song that some half century afterwards took the world's ear and heart,—

"O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare;
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware."

* * * * * *

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

We are not surprised that such a man should add, "I found no narrowness respecting sects and opinions, but believed that sincere upright-hearted people in every society who truly love God are accepted of Him."

Broad as this religion was, it was fed, as all earnest religion must at some time be fed, by the symbolism around which diffusive sentiment crystallizes in conviction. It is always with some sadness that we hear of a child that takes no pleasure in childish sports. But some children seem to take their sports in heaven while their bodies lie listlessly on the earth. And so it was with John Woolman. For while his noisy companions released from school made the air ring with their shouts, he would lie in the shadow beneath the trees, and there pore over the twenty-second chapter of Revelation. Here again we feel a soul of true poetry in his Quakerism. "The pure river of the water of life proceeding out of the throne of God," the calm, bright, changeless day, throughout which pure contemplative souls bask in eternal light, the large-heartedness of the divine love, which through "the Spirit and the bride" cries "Come" to all the world,—these fascinated the visionary boy with glimpses of an eternity in which God is all in all. And the very fact that they were in the last chapter of the Bible had an impressiveness of its own. We ourselves in reading those words always feel as though we had been borne for ages down a lordly river, and were listening to the last murmurs of its current, while it sweeps us out into a shoreless and silent sea.

John Woolman, however, was not one of those who make contemplation an excuse for idleness. He was not only "a tender youth," but he was steady and plodding. And he attracted the attention of a prosperous baker, who engaged him to look after a shop and store at Mount Holly, some distance from his home. Here he began to feel moved at times to speak in the Friends' meeting. His first experience in such efforts may be commended as a salutary lesson to young orators, not only on sacred, but on secular subjects. "One day," he says, "being under a strong exercise of spirit, I stood up, and said some words in a meeting; but not keeping close to the divine opening, *I said more than was required of me;* and being soon sensible of my error, was afflicted in mind some weeks without any light or comfort." This discouragement, however, did not silence him. His mouth having been once opened, he felt constrained to testify his convictions both in public and in private. His soul being grieved by some disorderly proceedings in a neighbouring tavern "at the time called Christmas," he found no rest till he had spoken with the proprietor on the subject; and he was devoutly thankful that his expostulation was taken in good part. His employer, a Quaker, had, like many other members of the society at that time, swallowed all scruples about property in negroes. Nay, we read to our astonishment, that on one occasion he "*bought several Scotchmen, servants*, from on board a vessel and brought them to Mount Holly to sell."* This worldly-minded Quaker ordered his clerk to make out a bill of sale of a negro woman. John did not like the business at all; and much searching of heart was the consequence. But not finding it easy to determine what were the precise limits of due obedience to his master, he compromised the matter by drawing up the bill and making a solemn protest against the transaction as he delivered it up.

But as far as we can learn, this was the only time that he used his pen for such a purpose. Another friend, requiring a similar service from him, was told that he did not "feel easy" to render it. And years afterwards, when his reputation as a scribe brought him employment in draughting wills, he steadfastly refused to be even indirectly concerned in perpetuating property in human beings. On one such occasion he says, "As writing is a profitable employ, and as offending sober people was disagreeable to my inclination, I was straitened in my mind." But he adds, "In this case I had a fresh confirmation that acting contrary to present outward interest, from a motive of divine love, and in regard to truth and righteousness, and thereby incurring the resentments of people, opens the way to a treasure better than silver, and to a friendship exceeding the friendship of men." Once, when summoned to the bedside of a dying man for the purpose of drawing up his will, Woolman was troubled to find when the work was half done that there was a slave in the case. He felt great perplexity; for any excitement to the patient might have been disastrous. But he quietly went on with his work, omitting the obnoxious provision; and when all else was finished, he took the document to the bedside, showed the sick man what he had left out, and said that as he did not feel "free" to assist in making any disposition of slave property he would make

* These may very probably have been convicts who were disposed of in this singular manner. But kidnapping was by no means uncommon at that time in Scotland, as well as in Africa, for the purpose of supplying the plantations with labour.

no charge for his labour. In the end the will was accepted as it stood, and the slave was emancipated.

He was now invited, or "moved," to go out on several preaching expeditions amongst the Friends; and he began to desire some way of life which would provide him with food convenient for him, without threatening either extreme of poverty or riches, both of which were equally objectionable to him. For he had already observed that "where the heart is set on greatness, success in business does not satisfy," but there is a constant craving for acquisition which becomes dangerously absorbing. Accordingly, though already about twenty-four years of age, he set himself to learn tailoring from the "serving man" of his employer. And though we should have imagined that both legs and fingers would be rather stiff at such a late period of apprenticeship, he made such good progress that he was soon able to start in business for himself. In a world where so many people fail even to provide themselves with bread and cheese, it seems odd that any one should be troubled with a difficulty in keeping back the tide of wealth. But John Woolman found this to be his chief worldly perplexity. Trading as he did only in sound goods and on principles of transparent honesty, he experienced a success which exceeded not only his expectations, but his desires. We often hear nowadays that a scrupulous trader will soon find himself in the bankruptcy court. Perhaps human nature was different in New Jersey a hundred years ago. At any rate, ten years after he started his tailoring, our friend began to be quite alarmed at his prosperity. "It had been my general practice," he says, "to buy and sell things really useful. Things that served chiefly to please the vain mind in people I was not easy to trade in, seldom did it, and whenever I did I found it weaken me as a Christian." Notwithstanding this scrupulosity, however, "the road to large business appeared open; but he felt a stop in his mind." And whenever John Woolman felt a "stop in his mind," it was his fashion to put his foot down firmly at once. He therefore gave his customers due notice of his intention to limit his trade, in order that they might have fair time "to consider what shop to turn to." He had already before this time married "a well-inclined damsel, Sarah Ellis." But "superfluities" appeared to him as little desirable for his family as for himself; and he felt himself henceforward free to devote a considerable portion of his time to itinerant preaching.

In the course of his journeys for this purpose he often traversed the battlefields which, in our day, the death-struggle of slavery has deluged with blood. And the scenes which wrung his soul with grief in the Shenandoah Valley, or at Fairfax, Monoquacy, and Hoe's Ferry drew from him protests and prophecies, to which the fate then in store for the whole neighbourhood now gives a startling significance. "I have seen in the light of the Lord," he cried, "that the day is approaching when the man that is most wise in human policy shall be the greatest fool; and the arm that is mighty to support injustice shall be broken to pieces; the enemies of righteousness shall make a terrible battle, and shall mightily torment one another; for He that is omnipotent is rising up to judgment; and He will plead the cause of the oppressed; and He commanded me to open the vision." He declared that he could hardly bring himself to write the things that he had seen where slavery was then making most rapid progress. The carelessness of owners about the marriage ties of slaves; the terrible sum of weekly labour performed on a peck of Indian corn and a few potatoes, with a little salt; the savage sound of the overseer's whip; the semi-nudity of adults, the total nakedness of children, the brute ignorance of all alike, entirely disturbed the serenity of his usual contemplative quietism. "These are the people," he writes, "by whose labour the other inhabitants are in great measure supported, and many of them in the luxuries of life; these are the people, who have made no agreement to serve us, and who have not forfeited their liberty that we know of; these are the souls for whom Christ died; and for our conduct toward them we must answer before Him who is no respecter of persons." It was customary with Friends on a preaching mission to receive free entertainment wherever they went. But in such a society the custom went against Woolman's conscience. He did not feel "free" to act upon it; for as in slave-owning families he received the service of slaves, it seemed as though he were a consenting party to the robbery of their wages. He therefore paid his expenses as though he were at a tavern; but saved the susceptibilities of his host by handing the money to the servants.

It is half amusing, half sad to meet, in the record of his experiences, all the stock defences of slavery which have been current in our own time. One curious variation of the Hamite theory was the assertion that negroes were descended from Cain. To this Woolman made the obvious reply that Noah,

who is the father of us all, belonged to the family of Seth. But his hardy opponent was not to be settled so easily. He maintained that after the Flood, Ham went to the land of Nod, which, being very far away, had escaped the deluge; and that he had obtained a Cainite wife there. Woolman retorted that it seemed very unlikely Cain should be specially exempted from a deluge provoked by human wickedness; but that it mattered nothing to the question, for the son is not to bear the iniquity of the father. Liberty, he maintained, was the personal right of every slave, and God would interfere to assert it. Others alleged the squalid wretchedness of savage life in Africa as a reason for considering the deportation of slaves rather a blessing to them than otherwise. But Woolman, who probably knew nothing about Africa beyond its shape on the map, already anticipated many of Livingstone's observations on this point. He answered that the traffic in slaves must incite intestine conflict between various tribes, and increase the desolation amongst them.

With all this early abolitionist's strong feeling about slavery, the absence of passionate invective is remarkable. This did not spring from fear. For even if he had been of a timid nature—which he certainly was not—there was much more freedom allowed to the expression of opinion in those than in more recent days. The evil was then young and growing, and perhaps on that account apologetic rather than intolerant. It is hoary evils, with little to hope and everything to fear, aged abuses, rheumatic and cramped, and tottering toward the grave with wheezy breath, that are most given to cursing. But the comparative mildness of Woolman's language sprang from the central principle of his religion, "quietness in the will of God." We have already seen how mistaken is the notion sometimes entertained that Quakers were never slaveholders. During John Woolman's lifetime they were tarred with the same brush as all other religionists; and there are many evidences that this was a special vexation to his soul. But in his continual protests there is a beautiful absence of any bitter conceit of his own purity. To a yearly meeting he says, "I have been under a concern for some time, on account of the great number of slaves which are imported into this colony. I am aware that it is a tender point to speak to, but apprehend I am not clear in the sight of heaven without speaking to it."

"Clearness in the sight of heaven," that was John Woolman's idea of "sweetness and light." And, *pace* Mr. Matthew Arnold, this was found in his case not inconsistent with some very fantastic nonconformist scruples. He would never pay a war-tax; but his refusal showed none of the intolerance which sometimes accompanies "the dissidence of dissent." "I all along believed," he says, "that there were some upright-hearted men who paid such taxes; but could not see that their example was a sufficient reason for me to do so, while I believed that the spirit of truth required of me as an individual to suffer patiently the distress of goods rather than to pay actively." But the dangers of such a principle are obvious; nor is it difficult to point out where the fallacy lies. The "inward light" which has so grand a place in the Quaker theory of life, considered apart from the ordinary doctrine of the witness of the Spirit, is, after all, only the last result of inheritance, tradition, experience, observation, reflection, and aspiration. We do not for a moment deny its divine significance. But all things, when looked at aright, have a divine significance; and most of all when seen as "parts and proportions of one wondrous whole."

It is dangerous for any man to attribute disproportionate importance to his own isolated convictions. All things have to be considered; the order of nature, especially as a stream of tendency constituting progress, the stability of society, the partial suppression of individuality needed for social organization, the distribution of responsibility where the necessities of united action throw the personal conscience, as it were, into a common fund of moral feeling—all must be allowed their due influence in moderating the excessive individualism into which the Quaker theory runs. But if a man's mode of ascertaining duty is simply to shut his eyes and ask his soul what it feels "free" to do, it is an even chance whether he will be betrayed into anarchical license, or entangled in petty scruples.

John Woolman was too good at heart to be in any danger of the former error, but he was very far from escaping the latter. For instance, he took it into his head that "the use of hats and garments dyed with a dye hurtful to them" was inconsistent with the Christian profession. Travelling in weak health through the grimy manufacturing districts of England, and on foot because of a scruple about mail coaches, he writes amongst his last words a mild protest against this wickedness. "Dyes being invented partly to please the eye and

partly to hide dirt, I have felt, in this weak state, travelling in dirtiness and affected with unwholesome scents, a strong desire that the nature of dyeing cloth to hide dirt may be more carefully considered." But he had passed through a moral conflict worthy of a more serious issue before he had been able to face years of martyrdom for an undyed hat. "The apprehension of being looked upon as one affecting singularity felt uneasy to me. And here I had occasion to consider that things, though small in themselves, being clearly enjoined by divine authority, became great things to us; and I trusted that the Lord would support me in the trials that might attend singularity, while that singularity was only for His sake. On this account I was under close exercise of mind at our general spring meeting in 1762, greatly desiring to be rightly directed; when being deeply bowed in spirit before the Lord I was made willing to submit to what I apprehended was required of me; and when I returned home got a hat of the natural colour of the fur." The practice of the Friends in wearing their hats at meetings must have made this very hard for him; and he confesses that it was. Indeed "the hearts of some were turned away from him." But he had his reward, for "his heart was often tender at meetings."

Another instance of still more fantastic scrupulosity. In March, 1772, only six months before his death, he took passage in a vessel to go to England. But after viewing the accommodation he determined to take a berth in the steerage, greatly to the surprise of all who knew his means. And this is how he "opened his exercise" to the owner. "I told the owner that on the outside of that part of the ship where the cabin was, I observed sundry sorts of carved work and imagery, and that, in the cabin, I observed some superfluity of workmanship of several sorts; and that, according to the way of man's reckoning, the sum of money to be paid for a passage in that apartment hath some relation to the expense of furnishing it to please the minds of such who give way to conformity to this world . . . . and that, in this case, I felt a scruple with regard to paying my money to defray such expenses."

It is curious to note in connection with this tenderness of conscience about "superfluities," what a serious matter he makes of the discomforts suffered by sailors, of whom in the steerage he saw a great deal. Anticipating Mr. Plimsoll, he says, "Where owners of ships attain to the perfect law of liberty, these will be blessed in their deed." The steerage was so insufferably close that at nights he was fain to stand up for an hour together with his head close to a deck grating that he might get a breath of air. But he looks at "the present dispensation as a kindness," teaching him what poor sailors suffer. He is deeply troubled about the boys, whose natures are seared and hardened by this way of life. And, with quaint candour, he says, "As I believe sailing is of some use in the world, a labour of soul attends me that the pure counsel of truth may be humbly waited for in this matter by all concerned in the business of the seas." Alas, that has been waited for a long time; and the wreck chart suggests that we have hardly found it yet.

Arriving in London in June, 1772, he says not one word of the impressions made on him by the modern Babylon. But, on starting shortly for a journey northwards, he is careful to record prices of food and rates of wages. His quietism is shocked by the hurry of stage-coaches, which "frequently go upwards of a hundred miles in twenty-four hours." The horses are killed with hard driving, and post-boys are frozen to death on winter nights. "So great is the hurry in the spirit of this world that, in aiming to do business quick to gain wealth, the creation at this day doth loudly groan!" Let us think of that when inclined to grumble at the slowness of the express train that creeps along at thirty miles an hour instead of fifty. But the bustle of this life was nearly over for John Woolman. Weary and footsore, for conscience' sake, he tramped through the mud and soot of the manufacturing districts, endeavouring everywhere to raise up amongst the Friends a testimony against slavery; and, reaching York, he was seized with small-pox, which carried him off in the course of a week. He was, to use his own quaint phrase, "quiet in God's will" to the very last. May we, who have witnessed the triumph of the cause for which he laboured in apparently hopeless obscurity, learn the lesson of his life.

OUR MONTHLY SURVEY.

I.—HOME NOTES.

CLOUD AND STORM.

THE year 1877 has opened amid cloud and storm. Elemental forces have been at work. Wave and wind and flood were let loose. Amid the ravage created by them, not a few acknowledge that they do not find it easy to believe that they are the ministers of a God of mercy. At some points the tides rose to almost unprecedented height. At Brighton, Eastbourne, and Hastings much damage was done. At Dover the pier and part of the harbour works were carried away, and some £60,000 at least will be required to repair them. At Portsmouth the tide was higher than at any time since 1839. Communication with the Isle of Wight was wholly stopped. Goole and Ipswich also suffered severely. Wrecks, with sad sacrifice of life, occurred on various parts of the coast; and the whole sum of loss to our shipping, it is feared, is not yet nearly known. There were floods inland as well as on the coast. Low-lying lands in many counties were submerged to such an extent that the waters, tossed by the wind, presented the appearance of great lakes. The Thames overflowed its banks, and in the district of South Lambeth especially the inhabitants were involved in great suffering. In Gloucester people had to get access to their upper rooms by boats. At Lincoln the smiths and boiler-makers had to cease work altogether, as the water reached their fires; whilst working men were conveyed to and from their houses in boats. The damage done to property must be beyond calculation. The autumn-sown seed over thousands of acres has been washed out and swept away; so that, after many months, the flood may leave its bitter record—especially for the poor—in "dear bread." These inland inundations, besides, generally leave a great deal of mischief behind them, in addition to the immediate damage that they do. Fever, ague, and other diseases follow the subsidence of the waters; drains give way, houses are soaked, and exhalations carrying noxious effects are prepared, and make their presence felt months after the flood is gone.

It is not attractive work to forecast evils; but wise men prefer to know the real state of the case, that they may do what may be done to repair the losses so wrought, and to relieve the sufferings so entailed. The Lord Mayor of London promptly opened a subscription list for behoof of those who had suffered—an example which was certain to be followed throughout the country.

Looked at from a moral and religious point of view, one clear use such visitations may have is to stir the feeling of kinship, to renew the sense of common interests and common risks in view of forces that lie beyond human control. Material losses may count as gain where a genuine impression of this kind has been produced. And, in spite of the tendency, which we so often hear is greatly on the increase, to regard such outbreaks as the mere expression of certain iron laws, the sense of common helplessness and the instinct of mutual trust which such awe-inspiring spectacles inevitably awaken, have a testimony of their own. It is a testimony, too, which directly allies itself with religious feeling. At such times, private concerns are, to a great extent, at all events, swallowed up in the larger interests that have suffered. When the hand of God falls heavily on a people by earthquake, by flood, by storm, by pestilence, each one is ready to lay aside personal concern, to do what may be done for all. And precisely as each in such a crisis rises above his merely personal interest in act, surely he may do so likewise in thought, in prayer. If his petitions represent only his own merely selfish interest, he can hardly hope to be heard; but, in so far as the heart traverses a wider range, as it rises to the idea of a Fatherly hand which holds all the elemental forces in control, then his prayer may profit. If we pray for rain, or for the withdrawal of it, thinking only of our own little patch of ground, our petition may be in spirit denied, even while it may seem to be literally answered; and we may need the discipline of material loss and suffering to enable us to "spiritually discern" in such matters. There can be no such thing as a *selfish* and real prayer.

How wondrously the Jewish people were led and educated by years of wandering, by trials manifold, to the perception of a common aim, a national well-being so linked to a Divine Providence, that the one was but the reverse of the other! To the faithful Jew there was no personal interest apart from Israel; and when the nation lapsed from this faith, there came captivity; with no return till the faith that could yield up everything for the rebuilding of Jerusalem had been restored. The Bible is rich in instances that enlighten the demands of every day. Here we may see the foreshadowings of that Christian union and self-denial which makes believers truly One body, to influence the world. If such is the spirit in which the Christian people of this country are brought to regard calamities like these, then indeed for them, in the true sense, "God sitteth on the floods," and a lesson of mercy will remain when the "rains are over and gone, and the voice of the turtle is once more heard in our land."

DRINKING CUSTOMS AND TEMPERANCE.

The subject of temperance has been a prominent one during the month. It is a hopeful circumstance in many respects that the Church of Christ is becoming day by day more convinced that there is no great question of national or world-wide importance in which she has not an interest, and with which she is not called on actively to concern herself. When, therefore, we find politicians earnestly discussing the question of the reduction of public-houses, and the best means

of fighting the demon of drink, Christian people must listen with an interest far keener than can be awakened by any merely party-question. This, at all events, is a national matter. The topic was started by Mr. Chamberlain, M.P., who has carried a measure in the Town Council of Birmingham to ask Parliament for powers to authorise that municipality to buy up all the public-house property in the town, and entrust the houses to the care of those who would have no interest whatever in the profits on the sale of the drink. This is, in general, an application of the Gothenburg system (the success of which has often been referred to in these pages) to a very much larger town; and the experiment, if carried out, could not fail to be watched with intense interest. The reasons in support of such a movement have been well stated by Mr. Chamberlain; but his proposal has led to a good deal of criticism, even from those who, like him, are anxious to reduce the public-house influence; and he has met with a direct and powerful opponent in the Right Hon. Robert Lowe, who has published an article on the subject in the *Fortnightly Review*. Mr. Lowe's arguments are mainly those of a politician. He objects to any interference with property, save in cases of the most unquestioned public utility; points out the evils likely to arise by placing such a monopoly in the hands of a corporation; and denies that the decrease of dram-shops would reduce the amount of drinking. He argues that we have to deal not with a wrong that we can redress, not with a crime that we can punish, but with a vice, an evil habit, which is not within the reach of the law without an intolerable inroad on personal liberty. Much as mankind suffer from each other's vices, they have come to the conclusion that it is better to endure them than to incur the loss of liberty which a censorship would imply. He would adopt means of regulating the traffic, such as were proposed by a committee of the House of Commons in 1854. Mr. Lowe, it seems to us, hardly lays due weight on the moral element, and misses the value of the scheme in respect of *removing from a whole class the prime interest in extending the trade*. More apparent force lies in his objection that it commits to a corporate body too large an amount of patronage. But under the present system, it is patent that too great power is placed in the hands of a class who are almost, if not altogether, irresponsible. Mr. Chamberlain is able to declare that the effect of a decision resolutely to reduce the number of licenses in Birmingham, had led to a decrease in drunkenness; so that a first step had already been taken there not without success. As to the multiplication of dram-shops not increasing drunkenness by increasing the temptation to it, Mr. Lowe here places himself in direct opposition to the combined opinions of policemen, home-missionaries, and all who have had opportunities of observing the poor, not to speak of the piteous confessions of the miserable slaves of drink themselves. Mr. Bright, Mr. Baxter, and Mr. Leone Levi have each taken up the subject, while the Free Church of Scotland has made a special deliverance, showing how deeply exercised the public mind is on the matter at present. We prefer not to go further into the question just now, but to extract from the *Pall Mall Gazette*—a journal which is far from yielding itself to sentiment in such matters—a paragraph which suggests that, while politicians are debating, each man and woman in the measure of their influence may do something in favour of temperance, and more especially those who employ work-people:—

"There is an interesting letter in the *Times* from Messrs. H. R. Williams and Co., of Lime Street, giving an account of an experiment they have tried during the last year, with a view of helping their men to keep sober. The letter is one which deserves to be studied by all employers of labour. The theory on which the experiment is based is that drunkenness comes mainly from a habit of resorting to public-houses, and that this habit is contracted almost as a matter of necessity by workmen having nowhere else to go to during their dinner-hour. To remedy this the firm provided a dining-room and reading-room, and a boiler in which to cook potatoes. Here the men and boys now take their dinners, and as a result of the corporate feeling promoted by intercourse with one another during the meal, they have formed among themselves a library fund, out of which newspapers and magazines are provided for the reading-room, and a deposit and loan-bank to which last year a large proportion of the workmen, and this year all of them, are subscribers. The result, as stated by Messrs. Williams, is that, so far as they know, there has not been 'a single instance of indiscretion or excess or anything approaching it in the matter of drink during the whole of the last year. Not a boy or man has been absent without leave, and every one has been in his place on the morning following our national holidays.' This last-mentioned fact is especially worth the attention of employers. Probably all that Messrs. Williams have spent, either in the sacrifice of space or of subscriptions, has been more than repaid them by the amount of work they have got done during the days that follow the three bank holidays. It is a common complaint with employers that their men are either absent or useless during the greater part of Christmas, Easter, and Whitsun weeks The habit of drinking too much, which is formed on working days, becomes irresistible on holidays. When men cease to find their pleasure in the public-house during their dinner-hour, there is at least a chance that they will not go to the public-house to look for it when they have a day instead of an hour to themselves."

This experience, however, can hardly be said to support Mr. Lowe's dictum, respecting the improbability of the decrease of the number of public-houses, decreasing the amount of drinking, for it is a confession that their very presence is a temptation to working men generally, unless special counteracting attractions are provided and made easily accessible to them.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS' CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

Few classes of the community are more exposed to perils of a special kind than "commercial travellers." Besides the inevitable temptations arising from constant movement from place to place, and lengthened absences from "home," certain tra-

ditions till recently prevailed so strongly that any one who dared to set them aside was likely in many ways to be made uncomfortable, if not ostracised altogether. There was, for instance, the dinner wine-bill, to which each was expected to contribute, a custom which was the cause of much coercion. Many a young man has, owing to it, been compelled to listen to coarseness and obscenity which he abhorred, till custom had done much to deaden the antipathy. It is therefore matter for congratulation that the rule of the wine-bill in the commercial dining-room is now greatly relaxed, and that a movement is on foot for Christian union among commercial travellers, which promises ere long to make an end of some old and evil traditions that remain. This is a Christian Association which was formed some four years ago, and now numbers about fourteen hundred members. As there are some thirty-five thousand gentlemen "on the road" in this country, that may seem a small proportion; but the very possibility of such a union is matter of congratulation and hope. The fourth annual meeting of the Society was held in the beginning of January, and the proceedings spoke of work and progress. In the report it was stated that a deeper thoughtfulness and a higher tone were pervading the great body of the profession, due largely to the leavening influence of the association. We learn from the *Christian* that the—

"Main feature of the evening's deliberations was a proposal to supply every commercial-room and every bedroom in the hotels throughout the kingdom with a copy of the Scriptures where these are not already to be found. The proposal was most heartily taken up, notwithstanding that it will involve the purchase of about two thousand Bibles for the commercial-rooms, and twenty thousand for the bedrooms. It was resolved to open a separate fund at once for the purpose, and take steps to the accomplishment of this great project. And here we may interject the remark that there can be but one opinion about the value of this proposal, and we are sure any aid which our readers might think well to give would be gratefully welcomed and utilised."

MR. GEORGE MOORE'S WILL.

Not very long ago some remarks were made in these pages on the tendency of modern days to abridge the "beautiful amenities" of wills. Legal technicalities, it was said, so largely took the place of the old fashioned remarks, often so quaint and kindly, that wills had become cold and colourless in their uniformity. But genuine Christian character can triumph even here. No thoughtful person, we think, could have read the abstract of the will of the late Mr. George Moore, recently given in the newspapers, without being moved, and realising a character and a history. The personal estate was sworn under £400,000. The charitable bequests alone amount to nearly £120,000. Among these are £20,000 for an orphanage, £5,000 each to several Church of England institutions, £3,000 each to various missions, hospitals, and philanthropic societies; among the other items are £1,000 to the Wesleyan Missionary Society, and £500 to the Christian Community (established under the patronage of John Wesley in 1772). And few could have failed to be struck by the ingenuity of distribution shown in that allocation of legacies to each person in the employment of the firm, according to the length of service. The *Warehousemen and Drapers' Trade Journal* says:—

"A legacy by the late Mr. George Moore has been distributed among the *employés* of the Bow-church-yard establishment, as a New Year's gift, amounting in the case of those who have been in the house for fourteen years to nineteen guineas; seven years, ten guineas; three years, five guineas."

MR. TOOTH'S DETERMINATION.

The name of Mr. Tooth has recently occupied a space in the public prints which not a few will think disproportionate to his real achievements. He has raised a scandal in the parish of Hatcham through his extreme ritualistic practices, and, after having defied his bishop, he has treated the Court of Arches with contempt. That court had inhibited him; but he set forth what he thought sufficient grounds for declining to obey. It was generally believed, and Mr. Tooth did not deny it, that he desired to be committed to prison, hoping that this punishment for the doing of what he held to be his duty would raise such an excitement as would secure the repeal of the Public Worship Regulation Act, under which he had been condemned. The *Daily News* said that "Mr. Tooth and his friends perfectly well knew that his claim not to have been inhibited by any lawful authority was a mere empty play on the meaning of words. As a clergyman of the Church of England, he and his whole position and authority were creatures of the law which he contemned. His claim to martyrdom, if he had the courage to compel the Court of Arches to assert its power, would have no more foundation than a similar plea put forward by any other law-breaker." On any view, the scenes witnessed at Hatcham have not been edifying. Fences set round about a place of worship in the vain hope of preventing riots are not seemly, to say the least; and a man who has any part in provoking such outbreaks ought to be very certain of the goodness of his cause. Mr. Tooth declared that he was not animated by any spirit of defiance, but only acted under convictions as to the discharge of his spiritual duties; but it is clear that *de jure* he ceased to be a minister of the *Established* Church when by act he set the Courts at defiance.

II.—GLANCES ABROAD.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION IN THE UNITED STATES.

The disturbances that have arisen in the election of President in the United States show that the leaven of the slavery spirit is still actively at work. The men of the South are resolved, as before the war, to carry their point, or to fight it out to the bitter end. For a long time past much concern has been caused to calmer-minded politicians by their cruel treatment of the enfranchised negroes, and by the contempt

and outrage to which the "carpet-baggers," or Northerners, who had tried to settle in the South had been in too many instances subjected. How deeply these feelings of hatred and retaliation lie in the minds of the Southern Democrats, is proved by their indifference to what was transparently their own immediate interests, in reference to these northern immigrants. After the war, the Southerns were stripped—sorely in need of money, of labour, of population. These Northerners were peaceful and industrious, and friendly also. Their very presence proved that. But they got indifferent welcome. Their children were insulted in the schools, and were seized and beaten on the roads; they themselves were persecuted and mobbed, in some cases even killed; and, naturally the stream of emigration turned from the south to the west. The Southern Democrats have an idea of making up for this and other losses by political disturbance. The anomalies in the system of voting at the Presidential elections presented an opportunity, and have been seized by them for their own ends. The "Democracy of States" was viewed by the founders of the American polity as essential to its perfection. This means that in a Presidential election the States are absolutely equal — a small State being as important as a large one, and a thinly-peopled State as a densely-crowded one. It may thus arise that the majority of the people throughout the Federation may be for one candidate, and the majority of the States for another. Hence the term "minority President." John Quincy Adams, General Taylor, Mr. Buchanan, and even Mr. Lincoln, were "minority Presidents," that is, they had fewer votes than their opponents, but more States in their favour. A grave crisis may arise from this peculiarity of the United States Constitution, notwithstanding the earnest efforts made by President Grant and others to maintain order. It can be said, we think, that the triumph of Southern influences could hardly be in favour of humanity and progress, and the cause of philanthropy and the gospel could not but suffer by such a triumph.

DEPRESSION OF TRADE IN AMERICA.

Another thing which makes thoughtful people look with the more concern to the United States in this crisis is the great depression of trade. In no country in the world is the political element more sensitive to disturbances of this kind, as must necessarily be the case where universal suffrage co-exists with a constantly-recruited and therefore a comparatively unsettled population. Mr. Thomas Connolly, in a letter to the *Times*, describes the present as very gloomy and the future as well-nigh hopeless. He says, that English artizans wishing to better themselves would do well not to go to America just now. We sincerely wish our American brethren well through the difficulties in prospect for them.

THE CONFERENCE AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

The Turk and his powers have been much on the public mind. In spite of weakness and decay, he remains strong in one thing. He knows the might of diplomatic temporising. He has met the demands of the powers calmly, and has calmly urged his counter-proposals. The deliberate manner in which the Turkish ministers shook their heads at the mere mention of the reports of Mr. Baring, Mr. Schuyler, and others, as though they were but idle rumours, shows the true Oriental immobility and state-craft. The peace of Europe is worth the sacrifice of much. The representatives of the Powers evidently felt this, and were conscientiously desirous to yield everything that was possible rather than plunge the nations into war. Turkey interpreted this too strictly to her own advantage, and assumed a firmness of attitude which was hardly to be expected. It is evident from the way in which she is inclined to view the enormities of the past that little real reform is to be expected of her. And when we think that the yielding too easily to her claims "may perpetuate the misery of eight millions of Christians for a long term of years," we hardly know whether peace would really be a blessing; and can only rest in the faith that God in His providence will graciously overrule all for the good of the world and of His Church.

MISS LEIGH'S WORK IN PARIS.

Le Christianisme au XIX. Siecle thus speaks of the work which is being carried on in Paris by Miss Leigh, to which we have repeatedly referred:—

"There exists in Paris a work of foreign origin, very interesting, though little known. It is the Home started by Miss Leigh for the reception of English women or girls who, having come to Paris with the view of seeking situations as governesses or lady's-maids, often find themselves suddenly without employment, and in distressing pecuniary difficulties. This Institution has already done good service, and saved from misery, and perhaps from despair, foreigners who but for it would have found themselves alone, and as it were cast adrift in our great city. Thanks to a generous gift of M. Galignani, the refuge has been enlarged by the addition of an orphanage, destined for the reception of English children, whom death or some other circumstance has deprived of their parents.

III.—JOTTINGS FROM THE MISSION-FIELD.

THE NEW WORK AMONG THE MOHAMMEDANS OF WEST AFRICA.

The Church Missionary Society has received some interesting and very gratifying intelligence from its agent respecting the progress of the new work among the Mohammedan population in and around Sierra Leone. Writing from Fourah Bay, Mr. Schapira says that the children attending the school are daily increasing in number, and that the Bible-classes for Mohammedan adults are continued daily and with success. He has had as many as thirty-five attendants, most of whom were strangers brought by their friends. After he had finished preaching the salvation of the gospel to them, the words were discussed among

themselves, and those who attended the Bible-classes tried to prove to their friends that Jesus is not only the Prophet and Servant of God, as the Mahommedans style Him, but the Son of God. Mr. Schapira has three Mohammedan candidates for baptism under daily instruction. "One of these," he writes, "is an interesting inquirer. He came here from the Yaruba country, and religious instruction was his sole object. His father was a priest, and he heard a missionary preaching the Word of God, which left a strong impression on his mind. He lately heard of our school for Mohammedans, and made up his mind to come here. . . . . He appears to be a very zealous and earnest searcher after the truth. . . . . I must confess that I find it at times a blessing to my own soul when I see that jet-dark soul yearning after light. May God make him a worthy bearer of the cross! He is still young, and maintains himself by making and selling country cloths. He labours till three P.M., and spends the rest of the time at our school."

Mr. Schapira visits Port Lokkoh once every month, and his last visit, he tells us, was particularly blessed. He was engaged during his stay in constant reading and explaining the Word of God to the people at the king's house, apart from his public preaching. A Mohammedan sherif came to visit him, and told the king that he must give him large presents, as he was a sherif, a true servant of Mohammed, and that everything they had was his, according to the law of Fatimah, Mohammed's wife. This was a good opportunity for the missionary to point out to them the blasphemy and tyranny of such a doctrine. His words did not fall upon barren ground, for, before he left, Conditu, the king, brought a little boy and addressed him as follows :—"My friend, this is my beloved child, and I entrust him to your care, for I am convinced that he will be brought up in the fear of God, and may in time become a great blessing to our country; but you must promise me to give him a good English and Arabic education."

PERSIA—A CHURCH AT ISPAHAN.

A letter from the Rev. Robert Bruce, C.M.S., dated Ispahan, October 17th, 1876, gives further news of this mission. After Mr. Bruce had paid a short visit to this country last year, leaving his new translation of the Persian New Testament and a Catechism and Scripture History in that language to be printed here, he returned to Persia, and arrived at Ispahan in November, 1875, where he was welcomed at the gates by many Persians, Jews, and Armenians. He found, however, that the Armenian and Romanist priests had poisoned the mind of the Prince Governor, the eldest son of the Shah, who ordered the mission school to be closed. After references to and from the British minister at Teheran, the school was allowed to be re-opened in March, 1876, when the governor paid it a visit, and expressing himself well-pleased, requested that the school should be named after himself. A calm now followed; and Mr. Bruce was also cheered in his work by the return in June of his wife, who had remained in England for the restoration of her health for a year, and now rejoined him after an arduous journey alone across Russia, the Caspian Sea, and Persia. But the present communication shows that the intriguing priests are at their old work again. The Sunday services in the mission rooms were so well attended that it became necessary to add to the accommodation. Mr. Bruce began to build a chapel, but the Moslem Great High Priest forbade it, saying, that though Christians were allowed to live in the land, they were not permitted to build new churches. On its being pointed out to him that the Romish and Armenian churches there were once new, he said, "Yes, but the Moslems had neglected their duty in allowing them to be built." Presently an order came from the Persian authorities at Teheran to stop the building. Meanwhile, the Romanist and Armenian priests were besieging the moslem Sheikh-al-Islam with complaints, charging the Protestants with being like the Baabys, having no fasts or prayers, &c., and being in fact infidels, and that Mr. Bruce's object was to make the people infidels, rebels, and British subjects. By invitation, Mr. Bruce met his opponents in the presence of the Sheikh, and briefly answered their charges, such as that he did not believe in the intercession of saints, in purgatory, fasts, and the immaculateness of the Virgin Mary. He asked the Sheikh if he approved of pictures of God in the churches, pictures of the Virgin, worshipping her as mother of God, and so on. The effect was like magic on the Sheikh, who is a sincere Moslem, and has a horror of images; yet, strange to say, he had never heard of these things before, though they are to be seen in the churches in his own city. The result was, that Mr. Bruce was allowed to go on with the building of the church, which, however, is not to be called a church, but a school, and is to be used as a school on week-days. Mrs. Bruce is likewise busy trying to get up her girls' school, which was kept in abeyance during the contest. Mr. Bruce concludes, "All is well, God has put a new song into our lips, trials are indeed blessed to a young mission as they teach our young converts that God hears prayers. O that we knew it ourselves as we ought."

MISSIONARY PIONEERS IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

From the Australian papers we learn that the Rev. George Brown, Wesleyan missionary, has returned in the *John Wesley* from his twenty months' visit of exploration to New Britain and New Ireland, two islands which lie to the east of New Guinea. Mr. Brown, we hear, has explored one hundred and fifty miles of the coast of New Britain, and one hundred miles of that of New Ireland. He also crossed the latter island, and made a large collection of birds and other specimens of natural history. The island is reported to be well populated, but, though no white man had ever been seen in the interior before, the exploring party met with no opposition or hostility. Mr. Brown found some difficulty in persuading the natives to go any distance from their villages, as they are so often at war with one another. Mr. Brown has, we regret to

relate, proved beyond doubt the existence of cannibalism among the natives, for on one occasion a woman was seen roasting the thigh and leg of a man who had been killed the day before! Mr. Brown further furnishes a statement which may prove of the greatest interest to supporters of the Darwinian theory. The natives of Blanche Bay, in New Britain, assured him positively that there existed a race of men with tails at a place called Kali, and they indignantly repudiated the suggestion that they were monkeys, asking if monkeys could fight with spears, plant yams, build houses, &c. Mr. Cockerell, a naturalist and collector from Queensland, accompanied Mr. Brown, and was left for seven days with a Samoan teacher in New Britain as a hostage for some chiefs who were taken to the mission station on Duke of York Island, and he also spent five months in making collections in New Ireland, where the natives showed themselves very well-disposed towards him, but they were found to be dreadful cannibals. There is a very strange custom, it seems, in this island which requires that a chief's daughter shall be kept in a cage in her father's house until she is of marriageable age. This cage scarcely gives her room to move, and she is not allowed to leave it during any part of the day, but after night-fall she is permitted to take a short walk in the company only of near relatives. Another very odd custom is reported by the expeditionary party. When a chief in New Britain dies, his body is wrapped up and placed in a tree, while those of poor people are put into canoes and allowed to drift away to sea. These brief accounts of some of their peculiarities are quite sufficient to show what a difficult task our missionaries have before them, ere these poor deluded heathens can be civilised and converted. The natives of these parts, we may add, have large plantations, but only work about two days in the week. They live chiefly on bananas, cocoa-nuts, and pork, but they also eat human flesh. The houses, which are small, have bamboo sides and thatched roofs. There seem to be no powerful rulers in the islands, but a number of petty chiefs, the system of government being apparently patriarchal rather than tribal.

MISSION WORK IN CENTRAL CHINA.

In a letter from the Rev. Joseph Race, of Hankow, which appears in *Wesleyan Missionary Notices*, we find cheering evidence of the good that may be effected by missionary tours in the interior of China. Before the commencement of the past summer he and his colleague were able to make several short journeys of this nature, but during the intense heat of July and August they would be impracticable. "One trip," Mr. Race writes, "we made up to the Tea District, was full of interest to us. The treatment we received amongst the people there, and the respect with which they listened to the preaching of the gospel, was a matter of grateful surprise to us. It contrasted very strikingly with the treatment we received at one or two places a few weeks before. . . . . On the Sunday we rested at a rather small country town, and having taken with us a few medicines,—simple remedies for the complaints most common in China,—were soon surrounded by a host of patients, for many of whom we were able to do something, and to all of whom we endeavoured to preach the gospel. Again and again we preached during the day, and when towards evening we tried to escape from the town for a little retirement, a crowd followed us, asking us to preach to them again, which we did from the steps of a Buddhist temple just outside the town. The country in these parts was very fine, vastly superior to anything we had seen before in China. We were surprised, too, to find what a number of the people already possessed portions of the Word of God. Again and again they brought them to us saying, 'Look! we have already purchased a copy of your book, but having no one to teach us, we cannot understand it.'"

MISSIONARIES AND SCIENCE.—MADAGASCAR.

The old complaint that missionaries had not done much to further science and learning is not now heard. The names of Livingstone and Legge are in themselves refutation enough. No form of missionary effort is more likely at once to attract the people, and to benefit science, than medical missions which are now being gradually extended over the globe. Madagascar has, in this respect, been a fertile field. Not only, for example, has Dr. Andrew Davidson been enabled to pursue special studies in leprosy and other diseases incident to Eastern climes and to throw new light on some points, but he has opened to the Malagasy the medical science of Europe. The following few lines give the result of years of labour:—

"The hospital, as you are aware, is being repaired, but the patients are coming in greater numbers than I can attend. The break in the hospital work has afforded me an opportunity of finishing the books I had begun. I shall send you shortly a few copies of the 'Practice of Medicine'—700 pages—now finished and binding. It is too heavy to be sent by post. It is the largest work yet published by any missionary in Malagasy, and beautifully printed and illustrated by the Friends, who have undertaken the whole expense. The Chemistry, too, is finished, and will, I hope, be a useful class-book for the college. A second and much enlarged edition of *Theræpeutika* is being issued."

And, as showing how medical missions seem to be approved of Providence, where access might not else be easily found, Dr. Davidson, in a recent letter, says:—

"I told you before of two young men from the South, who came up here with Messrs. Street and Sibree for medical advice. They are now well, and have made such advances in learning that one of them can already read his New Testament, and the other progresses very hopefully. We cannot quite judge whether they are getting light regarding the most important of all matters—time will show. But we all hope and believe that they will be the means of doing a vast amount of good in a very dark part of this island—a district where rank heathenism prevails, where all children born on unlucky days are still murdered, and where only idols and charms are

trusted in. I am thankful that what I have long desired seems now about to be accomplished, although not in the way that I had planned. The remarkable providences connected with these youths coming here for medical advice, and getting restored health and sound instruction, lead one to hope for important issues on their return to their native land. The light, so long confined to Imerina, seems now likely to be carried into the dark regions beyond."

PROGRESS IN JAPAN.

The recent extraordinary progress in Japan has been accompanied by a singular change of attitude towards the Christian missionaries. Instead of needing now to pursue their work secretly, and amidst the fear of action being taken against them on the ground of certain edicts, they are able to speak and to preach openly; and are much inquired after by the young, who are at once anxious to learn English and to hear what the Scriptures say. One of the converts of Mr. Ensor of the Church Missionary Society, who was thrown into prison in 1871, is now publicly preaching the gospel in the capital of the empire, "no man forbidding him." Notwithstanding a certain rationalistic tendency, fostered by Buddhism, the open and inquiring character of the Japanese presents promising ground for the missionary, compared with the proud reserve and contemptuous indifference of their neighbours, the Chinese. It is evident that the missionaries are taking due advantage of all the circumstances in their favour. A church has been built in Nagasaki—the open port of Kiusiu—which is "within a few minutes' walk of any part of the town, and very conspicuous to the Japanese coming by ship to Nagasaki." Recent communications from Mr. Evington and Mr. Maundrell are highly encouraging. The following extract from the writing of the latter will be read with interest:—

"Mr. Stout called to ask me to lend him fifty Chinese New Testaments, which he was anxious to send to Kumamoto. Mr. James, an American ex-sea-captain, is schoolmaster at Kumamoto, under the Japanese government, and he has written to Mr. Stout, saying that the last few days there has been quite a commotion among the young men of his school about Christianity. A few of them have been reading the Scriptures for some time past, and the last day or two they have professed their faith in Christ, which has raised a storm of opposition. There is quite a demand for the Word of God. I wonder if the visit of Midzu Shina and Nakamora [two native catechists in connection with the mission] had anything to do with this. Kumamoto is within one day's steam from here, due east, and the other side of Shimabara Gulf. It is the capital of Higo, and is said to be, at the least, twice the size of Nagasaki, and inhabited by a higher class of people, chiefly Samurai. It is some little distance from the sea, which would be an advantage to it as a missionary station. If the work succeed at Nagasaki, it will not be difficult to do something for Higo and the other provinces of Kiusiu by native agents.

"I have thought of having a preparandi class here. There is almost a mania among Japanese youth for the acquisition of English, and certain I am that among future Christian young men of Japan there will be the same earnest desire for the higher knowledge. Besides, as quite a majority of the educated Japanese appear to imbibe Western rationalism, it will be most important to have our mission-agents well grounded in the truth. Notwithstanding, then, the supposed greater prejudice to Christianity in this part of Japan, the work to be done in this way, and the openings that may occur at any time at Kumamoto, Saga, Kakoshima, and other large towns in Kiusiu, suggest that there should be a stronger mission here."

A MAHOMMEDAN CONVERT.

The *Missionary Herald* (Baptist) contains an account of the baptism of a Mahommedan lady in rather remarkable circumstances. She is a wealthy person, having estates, partly in Nepaul, and partly in British territory. She had never seen a missionary. She was taught to read by the wife of an indigo planter and a native Christian teacher. She studied the New Testament in Hindustani, written in Roman characters, in which the lady was able to give her lessons. Then, being thoroughly convinced of her need of salvation through Christ, she travelled to Calcutta—a journey of fully five days—in order to obtain baptism. She brought with her three members of her household and four children. She found her way to the Baptist missionaries at Howrah, where the railway ends; and, after examination, she and her three adult companions were baptized. She had asked that the rite should be administered to the children also; but the missionary, in accordance with his Baptist views, declined to do it. The case is, in several points of view, very encouraging. We trust we shall hear more of this lady, her example, and her influence.

IV.—OUR MEMORIAL RECORD.

SIR TITUS SALT.

By the death of Sir Titus Salt a great gap has been made in the ranks of philanthropy. He was a man of remarkable gifts. His practical foresight and power of organization, combined with strict method and scrupulous integrity, enabled him to develop a giant industry. Others were slow to see the possibilities that lay in the long-neglected alpaca wool, though these he had fully pointed out; and, that his idea might not be lost, he was himself driven to give it practical application. A success, almost unprecedented, rewarded his efforts. The works at Saltaire, which have often been described, give employment to over three thousand five hundred persons. But what imparts a special character to Saltaire is the wise manner in which the founder solved some of the most difficult social problems. Every question was scrupulously looked at by him from two sides—in its economical bearings, and as a decision on it was likely to affect the moral and spiritual well-being of his people. It has been well said that the "works at Saltaire have vindicated the spiritual nature of man, while seeming to aim only at the production of fabrics for the clothing of this perishable frame; and, viewed from that point, they have

distinctly added lustre to the highest wealth of the empire." The record of Sir Titus Salt's life is thus a testimony to the possibility of a truer relationship between employers and employed than that of the "cash-nexus;" and one which is at the same time a better guarantee of success even on lower levels. Surely we cannot be wrong in finding in the results of such a life an application of the wonderful words, "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven, and all other things shall be added unto you." Sir Titus Salt's endless exertions and unsparing outlay for his people's benefit did not hamper him, and militate against commercial success, but aided him: the money was well invested that was set aside for ends moral and religious.

"His purpose embraced," says the *Leeds Mercury*, "the supply of comfortable dwellings for his workers, and schools and every other institution which might be requisite to surround those dwellings with the best influences. There followed rapidly, therefore, the erection of houses for the workpeople, and a dining-hall. The streets were laid out on a uniform plan, and the houses, unlike those then occupied by the Bradford operatives, have at least three bedrooms, and each house has a back yard and conveniences to itself. The houses latterly built are superior to those first erected, and better class dwellings are supplied for the managers and overlookers. Three thousand five hundred workpeople are employed, and eight hundred dwellings of various classes have been built, and are occupied by four thousand five hundred persons, over a space of twenty-six acres. There are in all twenty-nine streets with numerous shops, but the beer-shop is happily absent. Intoxicating drink is not permitted to be sold at Saltaire. Some of the grocers were at one time allowed to sell beer, but the privilege was abused, and the sale was stopped."

Nor was this all. The Factory Schools, a handsome pile of buildings, rose in 1867, and in 1868 forty-five almshouses, with their chapel and infirmary. The Club and Institute, a large and handsome building with quadrangular gardens in front, faces the schools. This was completed in 1871, and cost £25,000. The park was opened in 1871, comprising fourteen acres, and includes, with the river at its base, places of amusement for young and old. The Saltaire Sunday-school cost £10,000. And not the least characteristic of his bequeathments is that of a fund of £30,000 to be invested at interest for the sick and aged poor of Saltaire and the neighbourhood.

His contributions to other charitable schemes were on the same liberal scale; he was a stranger to narrow and sectarian prejudices. Though he had been throughout life a member of the Congregationalist body, when his neighbour, Mr. Jonas Foster, built a new and beautiful Episcopalian church close upon the borders of the Crow Nest grounds, he presented a chaste and costly stone pulpit. The piety and humbleness of his heart found perhaps the most fitting expression which words could give to them in his dedication of the Saltaire almshouses, "In grateful remembrance of God's undeserved goodness, and in hope of promoting the comfort of some who, in feebleness and necessity, may need a home."

Such a life has a national importance, and no section of the Church can afford to look lightly at its lessons. Sir Titus was in his seventy-third year, and had been in failing health for some time past.

THE REV. HENRY RENTON.

The United Presbyterian Church has lost one of its active leaders in the Rev. Henry Renton, of Kelso. He was a man who combined great severity of thought with uncommon breadth of active sympathy. His excessive regard for discipline led him to look coldly even on the union of the Secession and Relief bodies, owing to some suspicions of laxity in that regard. His unflinching devotion to the voluntary principle characterized him to the last; but along with this stern adherence to his principles, which appeared in his discussion of all great questions, there was a prudence and a gift for framing conciliatory measures in many respects remarkable. Probably it was on account of this that in 1851, when certain difficulties had arisen among the missionaries of the Church in South Africa, he was selected to go out as a delegate with the view of restoring matters to a satisfactory footing. In this mission he acquitted himself to the admiration of the Church, and on his return was rewarded with the highest distinction it could bestow, in being appointed Moderator of Synod. He was a graceful speaker, an earnest preacher and a man of the highest personal character, "straightforward, chivalrous in honour." For years past he had suffered from asthma, and died suddenly while sitting in his chair dictating a letter regarding the Edinburgh United Industrial Schools, in which he had all along taken a warm interest. He was seventy-two years of age.

THE REV. DR. STAMP.

Methodism will miss the energetic presence of the Rev. William Wood Stamp, D.D., who died in his seventy-sixth year. He was president of the Conference in 1860 in London, and was to the end unwearied in watchfulness over the affairs of the Connexion. "Few men among us," says the *Watchman*, "had so exact a knowledge of all questions of Methodist polity, or watched with more interest all the details of our Methodist history; and for a long time past he has been one of the most trusted advisers in our affairs. He has died, as he desired, before his loss of power unfitted him for service."

"THE OLD LESSONS OF PATIENCE AND FAITH."

Page 368.

HARTLEIGH TOWERS.

The Story of a Noble Purpose.

By the AUTHOR of "Andrew Gray's Story," &c.

CHAPTER XV.—AN ERRAND OF MERCY.

"Mrs. Tuckett, is it really you? I couldn't think who wanted me so particularly. I never guessed it was a Chadsthorpe friend!" exclaimed Margaret, when she saw Mrs. Hilton's landlady stationed on the mat as she came hurrying down-stairs. Her portly figure was arrayed in gay-coloured festive attire, which had been selected from a well-filled chest where strata of garments led a fossil existence. But this visit to Greenwood Gate had seemed to the worthy widow a fitting occasion for their excavation, and their fragrant scent of lavender was now filling the passage. But while Widow Tuckett's garments were so suggestive of summer flowers and gaiety, her face betokened the reverse.

"You are tired, Mrs. Tuckett. Do come into the dining-room and rest," said Margaret, as she led the way.

"Well, miss, I daresay I do look tired. I've all'ys said as 'tis the mind, not the body, as wears folk out." And she again buried her face in her ample spotted handkerchief.

"You are in trouble, I fear. What is it, Mrs. Tuckett?" asked Margaret kindly, checking the inquiry for Mrs. Hilton that was on her lips, so that she might sympathize, if possible, with the cause of the evident distress of the usually smiling landlady, whatever it might be. "Nothing wrong with Tommy, I hope, or any of the others?"

"No, thank goodness. Tommy's in the best o' health and jist extry able for his victuals. There's no scrimpin' of him nowadays, Miss Margaret, I sees to that since he's been my boy. As to them other poor children, they're as well as they'll ever be wi' that poor shiftly mother," added Mrs. Tuckett in a brisker tone. "No, Miss Margaret, 'tain't my own kith and kin that's a troublin' of me or that's brought me here to-day. It's that poor strange critter—the least troublesomest lodger as I've ever knowed in my born days," said the landlady with renewed agitation.

"Mrs. Hilton! Oh, surely there isn't anything the matter with her? What is it?" cried Margaret, in a tone of painful suspense.

"Matter with her! There's matter enough, miss. She's gone off her food long since, and she's off her work now, though she held hard at it till the poor fingers couldn't put in another stitch. Tommy's had to take back the last bundle and say she couldn't do no more—and now she's fairly down."

"Oh, why didn't you send me word before, Mrs. Tuckett? How long has she been ill?" said Margaret, with a conscience-stricken feeling, for she remembered that her friend's last letter of a month old was still unanswered.

"I wanted her to let you know weeks ago, I did, miss. Says I, 'Write and tell Miss Margaret; a sight o' her will cheer you up as it used to do.' But she only smiled sweetlike, and said, 'No, no, Mrs. Tuckett, we mustn't trouble her.' She don't know I'm here to-day, and you won't never let her know, will you, miss? For you see her speerit is as high as it ever was, though her poor body is so down, and them eyes o' hers sometimes flash like sparks o' fire when a thing crosses her."

"But has she had a doctor—that Dr. Barnes, the vicar's brother, who came in autumn, has he not seen her?" asked Margaret with a sorely troubled face.

"There's the difficulty," cried Mrs. Tuckett. "A doctor she won't have, nor drugs neither. Why, I'se some o' poor Tuckett's bottles scarce touched, and says I one day, 'You'll just take a little taste o' this mixter.' But would you believe it, miss? she wouldn't touch a drop. She only smiled, and shook her head, poor soul!"

Margaret could not help smiling also, even

in her trouble, as she thought of what must have been Mrs. Hilton's feeling of suppressed amusement when she was asked to imbibe promiscuously the medicine left unswallowed by the deceased Tuckett.

"And now, miss, what have I come here to-day for, think you? I was up by cock-crowin' to put things straight a bit. I leaves Tommy in charge, and gets to the Hartleigh Arms just as the coach is a starting. 'Tain't every day we've got Mrs. Tuckett; we must make room for her,' says the driver, and I gets the best seat in the coach. You see, miss, what it is to be got up respectable-like," she added, surveying her gay garments with an air of content.

Margaret tried to be patient, remembering, of old, Mrs. Tuckett's inevitable parentheses, and knowing that to hurry her narration did not bring the desired result.

"Now, as I says, miss," she continued, with an emphatic stamp of her big cotton umbrella on the carpet, "what am I here for? What for did I thorough clean the spare bedroom, and put out to air the finest pair of sheets wi' the sweetest scent of lavender? and says I, 'Tommy, don't you be a meddlin' wi' your dirty fingers on them beauties, they're out for a purpose.' And it's that I'm here for, miss, first to say that if you're the friend to Mrs. Hilton as I takes you for, you'll come right away to Chadsthorpe and see her. And I give my word you'll have the spare bedroom as free o' charge as you would a ditch on the road-side," wound up Mrs. Tuckett.

It did not require Widow Tuckett's persuasion to make Margaret Carew eager to follow her suggestion. Indeed, it was what she had been making up her mind to do since the moment she realized the landlady's news.

Mrs. Carew, meanwhile, having waited, on the alert, for some considerable time, expecting Margaret's return to her room with news of the young squire's visit, had at length fallen again into gentle slumbers. But the sense of injury at her daughter's delay, which had been only smouldering, was fanned into an active flame when she was wakened by Margaret hurriedly entering the room.

"You make as much noise as a cart-horse would, Margaret," she said crossly. "I verily believe that was the style in which you made your entrance into the drawing-room to receive Mr. Hartleigh."

"Oh, mamma—you won't say no—promise me you'll let me go. She is ill and sad and lonely, and Mrs. Tuckett has come all the way to fetch me," cried Margaret, as she threw herself on the bed with an entreating gesture.

"Good gracious, child, what do you mean? Who, in the name of wonder, is Mrs. Tuckett, and what have you done with Mr. Hartleigh? Insulted him in some way, I've no doubt," exclaimed Mrs. Carew wrathfully.

"Oh, never mind about Mr. Hartleigh, he has gone some time ago," replied Margaret with quite unconscious rudeness. "But, mamma, do say that I may go to Chadsthorpe. There's only half an hour now till the coach starts."

"Margaret, what do you mean? Are you mad? Go to Chadsthorpe! And who is the woman you refer to? Perhaps you'll tell me 'never to mind' as you did about Mr. Hartleigh," she added, drawing herself up with more offended dignity than one would have imagined possible among bedclothes.

It did not, however, seem to impress Margaret, who gave a slight nervous laugh as she said, "How stupid of me, to be sure! I forgot that Widow Tuckett wasn't an intimate friend of yours as she is of mine. No wonder you are angry, mamma dear," she added, in a soothing tone, taking her mother's hand. "She is Mrs. Hilton's landlady, you know. And oh, you will let me go with her, mamma? She's come to tell me that Mrs. Hilton is very ill. I must go just to help her a little. You won't say no, mamma?"

"Unnatural child! I see how it is. You would desert your own poor sick mother to go after a vagrant nobody of a seamstress! You had always a taste for low friendships, besides an entire want of natural affection. Oh! cruel, cruel! and I so ill—to burst into my room in this way with such a request," and Mrs. Carew again retreated among the shawls, her face wearing the most offended expression it could assume. Margaret began to feel that she was indeed as cruel and unnatural as her mother alleged, and went downstairs at length with a heavy heart, to tell Mrs. Tuckett that there was no hope of her being able to go to Chadsthorpe that afternoon.

The landlady seemed to feel keenly the failure of her expedition, but Margaret's crestfallen aspect made it apparent that it was not her fault.

"Well, miss, there's nobody knows better than me as it isn't easy to rise and run from a body's fireside when one has a mind to—one has dooties, my dear. Nobody knows that better than Deborah Tuckett," she added, with another stamp of her umbrella as she rose to go, after Margaret had administered a restoring cup of tea. "But, miss,

leastways you'll write a scrap of a letter to the poor soul, and you won't let out that I came a tellin' of you she was ill? 'Mrs. Hilton,' says I, 'I'm a goin' to-morrow to Mudge the draper's, in the town, to get a set o' new flannels for Tommy,' and sure enough I've got them, and wonderful good ones too," said Mrs. Tuckett, revealing the parcel, which lurked under the folds of her shawl. Margaret, impatient as she was to take her seat at the old writing table, might have had to endure many parenthetical clauses on the texture of the flannel, but at that moment the old town clock came to her rescue and warned Widow Tuckett that the coach must be about to start. So with many sighs and curtsies the worthy landlady turned away.

Margaret was still busy over her letter to Mrs. Hilton when Frank returned from business. She had not ventured to lacerate her mother's feelings by any further pleadings for permission to go to Chadsthorpe; but she could not resist sharing with Frank Mrs. Tuckett's bad news, and telling him how anxious she was to hurry off to see for herself how matters stood with her solitary friend, and to give her what help she could. Frank happened to be in a state of restless haste, having promised to accompany the Mulberry Park ladies to a concert which was to take place that evening. He seemed, however, genuinely sorry to hear of Mrs. Hilton's illness, for he had a really warm heart, open to a ready, if not always an enduring sympathy with the sickness and sorrows of others. And, though at this time he paid little heed to its influence, there came to him, at not infrequent intervals, a feeling of regret, almost of shame, when he thought how lightly he had thrown off even any thought about the burden which his father had borne with such long and earnest purpose. He could not help sometimes thinking that if his father were able, from the place of his rest, to regard the affairs of the world, his face would be turned, not to the thriving business prospects of the son whom he loved, but rather to the once familiar haunts of toil and sin where many souls that might have been rescued were now left without a hand to help and to save. But Chadsthorpe and its neglected miners were now far from Frank's daily thoughts and ambitions, though his pricked conscience in this respect made him quick to sympathize when he heard that the miners' seamstress, of whom he had heard so much, was ill, and he was strongly of the opinion that Margaret should lose no time in going to see her.

Frank's influence with his mother was considerably stronger than Margaret's, and when he reappeared presently, on his way to Mulberry Park, he looked into the drawing-room to say he perceived that, if properly managed, she would consent to her going to see Mrs. Hilton. So Margaret, during the evening, renewed her suit in a manner less perturbing to the nerves of her lady mother, the result being, that it was arranged she might leave by the coach on the following afternoon.

Next morning was full of small preparations for the unexpected absence from home.

At last the hour arrived when the old horn of the Chadsthorpe coach began to give forth its discordant warnings that it was about to start from the court-yard of the Blue Dragon.

Margaret had taken her seat as an inside passenger several minutes before the old coach started. She did not recognise in the two peasant women, who were her fellow-travellers, old acquaintances. But presently Mrs. Jephson, a Chadsthorpe matron, came panting into the court-yard bristling with parcels, the results of her day of energetic bargaining among the shops of St. Oswald's. She glanced round in evidently rather a bellicose frame of mind as she entered the coach. The seat which she meant to have secured, being the most comfortable, was occupied by a meek-looking ditcher's wife with a teething baby, who had just been explaining to her neighbour that she was a stranger in these parts, and was going to join her husband who had found work at Chadsthorpe, and was now engaged in trying to soothe her infant, who began to intimate by some feeble wailings its disapproval of coach travelling.

"Them as keeps sich squallin' brats would need to content 'emselves wi' the lowest place," burst forth the resentful matron, with whom parcels seemed fully to supply the place of other incumbrances, so far as space and discomfort to her fellow-passengers were concerned. The ditcher's wife redoubled her efforts to soothe her baby, while she cast inquiring glances in every direction to discover a place where she and her offspring might become less disagreeable.

"Do change places with me, Mrs. Jephson. I don't in the least mind sitting with my back to the horses," said Margaret, springing up from her corner as she noticed the bewildered look of distress in the meek-faced mother.

"Oh my! Miss Carew, is that really you? Who would have dreamt on seeing you here this afternoon!" exclaimed Mrs. Jephson,

dropping some of her parcels in her astonishment as she recognised the doctor's daughter. "Dear, dear! you've set my heart a palpitatin' wi' this shock of seeing you promiskus like, my dear young lady," she added in a slightly reproachful tone. The baby was now bursting forth into fresh wailings, and the poor mother looked more abjectly anxious than ever to follow Mrs. Jephson's suggestion and take the lowest place, when it began to dawn on her that she had been presumptuous enough to take a desirable and coveted seat.

Mrs. Jephson, meanwhile, warmly declined Margaret's offer, assuring her that "she knowed her place better than that, though there be some folks as don't seem to know theirs." The old driver, who was just emerging from the Blue Dragon, happened to cast an inspecting glance into the interior of the coach as he passed, and caught Mrs. Jephson's last remark. "Quarrellin' again, ladies! Upon my word, I never did see the likes of you women folks!" he said in the usual sauntering familiar tone in which he addressed his passengers, who, it must be confessed, were frequently of the grumbling Jephson type.

"You mustn't be too hard on us," said Margaret, as she bent laughingly forward.

Mr. Rydal's broad face relaxed into a grin of delight when he recognised Margaret. "You're a-comin' back to your own country, miss, and the right thing too. I knowed you'd soon tire o' that darksome street. Why, miss, the very horses will be glad to take you back again. We've all been a missin' of you and yours from the valley, that's sure enough. Why the very sun's broke out a smilin' at the thought of it," said the driver, waxing poetic in his unconcealed delight.

The horses were in readiness now, and the unmusical horn trumpeted forth its loud signal for starting, as the old driver gathered up his reins, and the coach tumbled over the rough stones of the court-yard.

Mrs. Jephson continued garrulous in her expressions of delight at seeing Margaret; in fact, they waxed louder and warmer after hearing the welcome given by Mr. Rydal, of whom she stood somewhat in awe, for she was an old offender in the matter of parcels. Presently, however, Margaret happened to commit what seemed to Mrs. Jephson an unpardonable slight on her. She exchanged smiles with the ditcher's baby, who had now recovered its good humour and was laughing and crowing to attract her attention, in spite of the young mother's efforts to repress it, who feared that its smiles might possibly prove as objectionable as its tears. But the blue-eyed baby understood none of these things, and continued to look smilingly up in Margaret's face, and to stretch out its tiny fingers longingly towards her muff, in which it discovered a delightful similarity to a favourite victim—the cat.

"Sich for'ardness!" sniffed Mrs. Jephson with a toss of her head. But when Margaret proceeded to encourage the alleged "for'ardness" by some friendly advances to both baby and mother, Mrs. Jephson, with an ominous sigh, closed her eyes and lay back as far as her surrounding of parcels would permit.

It cannot be said that Margaret perceived with regret Mrs. Jephson's deepening slumbers. Now that she had really left Greenwood Gate behind, she felt as if she had a good deal to think about. Events seemed to have crowded with quite dreamlike rapidity into the hours since last afternoon, when she sat by her mother's bedroom fire, "weary in spirit and listless in will." Chadsthorpe, though only twelve miles away, seemed then as surely closed against her as if to go there were a sin and a flaming angel guarded the way, Margaret felt in her despondency. Mrs. Hilton, too, had in her last letter talked of leaving it in spring, so that Margaret had not dreamt of her seamstress friend proving the medium of her visiting again the familiar scenes in which she had now no roof-tree. The old life seemed indeed as if it were already taking its place in a far-away past; its active, loving service and happy memories somewhat roughly pushed out of her days.

But these associations, which appeared to her in her sad meditations of the previous evening, so severed from her daily life, had been made near and real again by the unexpected visit of the owner of Chadsthorpe. The counter excitement of Mrs. Tuckett's news had, it is true, somewhat overlaid the intense feeling of interest which filled her heart as she listened to the delicate words of appreciation of her father's work spoken by the returned squire. But it was reawakened when she recorded to her mother the grateful, admiring tribute which had been paid to the village doctor. Mrs. Carew, too, had seemed on this occasion really to share in her proud gladness; for she belonged to that type of person who can never make up his or her mind that anything is true, or lovely, or of good report, unless somebody of more real or fancied social superiority originate or corroborate the opinion.

The old coach had now reached the open country, leaving far behind the narrow streets

of the old borough. Here the thaw was not so prevalent as in town. The air was clear and crisp, and the Chadsthorpe hills stretched away to the horizon in white undulations. Through the brown tracery of the leafless boughs, Margaret caught glimpses of many a cosy homestead with its clustering haystacks, which the summer foliage had concealed; for, during the old days, Margaret's journeys between St. Oswald's and her village home had been of rare occurrence, and she was not familiar with the intervening country in its wintry dress. They were now within sight of the cluster of brown rookery trees which stood round the old Alder Mill, and Margaret, catching a glimpse of the old mill-pond which the red sunset tints were flooding with a rosy cross current, remembered that this must be the skating-pond to which the Mulberry Park people used to go during the frost. It must have been from this point, too, that Muriel saw the Chadsthorpe hills. The mill-wheel was at work to-day, and she could hear the distant whirl and the sound of the rushing water. She was peering out to see whether the picturesque old miller whom Miss Martha Glen had sketched was visible anywhere, when a carriage bowled past. Margaret, recognising as its occupants Louisa Morgan and her cousin, made some sign of recognition, which, however, failed to attract their notice. They were being carried swiftly along on their homeward way, but nevertheless Margaret had time to notice that Muriel Morgan's sweet face wore an unusually grave and almost sad expression.

Mrs. Jephson was snoring now. The ditcher's baby had gone to sleep at last, and its mother was lying back in her comfortable seat, with a sense of luxury and leisure so rare to her that she afterwards described it to her husband "as good as bein' in a paid pew in church," the free cushionless benches being generally her portion.

Margaret had uninterrupted quiet and undisturbed possession of the window landscape in the miles that followed, but somehow the vision of Muriel's pale perplexed face, as she had just seen it, often came between her and the peaceful rural scenes. She felt vexed with herself that she had not found time that morning to go to Mulberry Park. Moreover she had written Muriel that she would not be absent longer than two days, which was the first stipulated arrangement; but just as she was bidding good-bye, her mother said that since she would persist in going, it really didn't seem worth while to make the journey in such cold weather for less than a week's visit. But after all she would see plenty of Muriel when she got back again, for she was coming to pay them a visit at Greenwood Gate before she returned to London; and that would be so nice, was Margaret's reassuring thought, because then she would see her alone without Miss Morgan, whom she felt she did not yet draw to. Still she could not quite banish from her mind the vision of Muriel's troubled face. Underlying her excitement in once again nearing Chadsthorpe, and her eagerness to see her sick friend, an undercurrent of reproachful questioning went on in her heart as to whether, after all, during these past weeks, she had not suffered her prejudice against Louisa Morgan to estrange her in a measure from Frank's sweet betrothed, who had met all her advances with such trustful affection.

CHAPTER XVI.—A FRIEND IN NEED.

"What looks to this dim eye a stain,
In God's pure light, may only be
A scar brought from some well-fought field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield."
ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

THE twilight was deepening, and the stars had begun to leap out here and there into the clear wintry sky, when Margaret Carew alighted from the coach and stood once again in the familiar village street. Mrs. Jephson's gig, driven by a rosy serving maiden, was waiting in front of the Hartleigh Arms to convey "the mistress," with the results of her day's shopping, to her own fireside. And there stood the lately-imported ditcher evidently, with clay-bespattered garments but with a face full of happiness, as he held out his broad palms to receive his baby. A load of care seemed lifted off his wife's face when she saw him. Margaret watched the pair as they crossed the road together, and went towards a little cottage which she remembered to have seen tenantless during the previous winter; but there was a cheerful light shining from one of its tiny windows now, and she saw that these two were going home. Everything seemed strangely to suggest the thought of home to-night, she thought with a sigh, as she glanced up and down the straggling street waiting for the boy from the inn, who had been sent for to carry her travelling-bag to Mrs. Tuckett's lodgings. Through some of the still half-open doors Margaret could catch glimpses of cheerful little home circles, and saw by the fire-light the busy hands and the clustering young heads, while flashes from the ruddy glow of

the beech-wood logs danced on the white crisp road from the blindless windows.

And was it to be wondered at if Margaret's eyes travelled wistfully forward in search of the glimpse of the forsaken home which could be got from the corner of the straggling street? In bygone days its windows, too, used to give out a rosy light from a fireside, but only the cold moonlight was shimmering on its lawn to-night, seeming to throw into darker relief the tenantless house. And yet it seemed to look as bright and cheerful as any of them at the twilight hour, thought Margaret with quivering lip, as she strained her eyes in search of the now lustreless window where her father's reading-lamp used to stand. Many a time she had stationed it in readiness for his coming, and then sauntered along the little lane leading to the village to meet him after his day's work. The path leading from the moor to the village struck off from a street just opposite to where she stood, and Margaret could not help gazing towards it now till she almost fancied she could see the familiar figure coming in the gathering darkness, as if in a few minutes she and her father might be going home along the little lane hand in hand.

"I'm Boots, mum, and my hands is clean," shouted the little boy from the Hartleigh Arms, after waiting for some seconds unperceived by her side.

Margaret, wakening from her reverie, committed her bag to his care, and walked away towards Mrs. Tuckett's lodgings. It was with a thrill of comfort in the midst of her forlornness that Margaret remembered there was still one loving heart to welcome her in the village street as she hurried along. But when she reached the little green-painted door she paused in doubt as to whether she should first encounter the worthy landlady's possibly noisy demonstrations at the sight of her, or walk straight into her friend's end of the cottage as she used to do of old. Then a trembling anxiety lest she should find Mrs. Hilton very ill, worse even than Mrs. Tuckett reported, took possession of her, and with a sudden impulse she lifted the latch and stepped in, on the spotless red brick floor. The kitchen door was ajar, and she could hear Tommy's nasal sing-song as he stumbled through a portion of primer literature, while his aunt sat by the fireside knitting energetically; but Margaret, without pausing, walked into the little parlour. It was with a great sense of relief that she saw her friend seated, just as she used to be of old, only the fingers were blue-stained no longer, and they were clasped on an old copy of "Paradise Lost" which lay on her knee as she sat gazing dreamily into the cheerful little fire. "Thank you, good Tuckett, but there's lots of firewood here yet," she said, without looking round as she heard the door open.

"Dear Mrs. Hilton, I'm only bringing myself, not firewood," said Margaret gaily, as she went forward with lightened heart.

"You—Margaret, child—what brings you here?" cried Mrs. Hilton with a slight start, but as she glanced at the glowing young face, which was now gazing questioningly into hers, a flush of gladness overspread her pale cheek. "What has brought you here to-night, child?" again she asked.

"Well, in the first place, I thought it better, instead of putting my thoughts into the post-bag, to put myself into the coach, especially since I had been so shamefully long of writing. Wasn't it much the best plan, now?" said Margaret, as she knelt down beside her friend, and took her warm hand in hers.

"So that was why my good, kind Tuckett went to town yesterday in such haste about Tommy's flannels," said Mrs. Hilton with a little laugh. "I knew there was some amiable machination on foot, and felt thankful that she didn't return with a medicine-chest full of bottles. But I think she has sent me the best medicine to-night, dear," said Mrs. Hilton, as she fondly stroked the girl's cheek, who still knelt with her head resting on her hand, gazing questioningly into her friend's face. It was certainly thinner and wearier-looking than it used to be.

"You think I am looking ill—changed, Margaret," she said, not interrogatively, but evidently reading her girl-friend's thoughts, as was her wont.

"You've been working too hard, and shutting yourself up too much all alone, without me to come and tease you," replied Margaret in an excusing tone. "I shan't let you have a bit of your own way for one whole week," she added, kissing the white hands lovingly as she rose from her knees, and began to divest herself of her travelling wraps.

Mrs. Hilton watched her movements with a glad light in her eyes.

"How very funny you should have guessed at once that Tuckett came to see me!" said Margaret laughingly, as she sat down to warm herself. "And she was so particularly anxious you shouldn't know."

"Yes, I fear she'll be rather disappointed if she finds that her deep-laid plot has been discovered. I guessed in a minute there was something under Tommy's suddenly discovered destitution in the matter of flannels. Kind old soul! You haven't seen her yet, you say. But, Margaret, what am I thinking about?" said Mrs. Hilton rising; "you must be hungry as well as cold, my dear. What an inhospitable hostess I am, to be sure! Let's call Tuckett to our aid;" and as Mrs. Hilton walked towards the door Margaret noticed with pain that her gait was feebler than it used to be.

The worthy landlady appeared presently with her spectacles still on her nose, carrying a splendid beech-wood log, which she had reserved for her lodger.

"Bless me! is that Miss Carew, or is't her ghost?" she ejaculated with an air of breathless astonishment, as she caught sight of the visitor. "Oh, my! is it really her, or is my old eyes a deceivin' of me?" she repeated, as Margaret began to laugh, and Mrs. Hilton sat surveying her with silent amusement. "Why, I almost was a droppin' of this bit o' firewood wi' clean hagitation. Then your ma did say 'yes,' in the end, after all, Miss Margaret?—and the right thing too! The sheets is still a hairing, just as I said, and——" but here Mrs. Tuckett stopped suddenly, and looked through her spectacles with a startled expression.

"I'm so glad you haven't kept our secret, Mrs. Tuckett," cried Margaret, laughing. "I should be sure to have told it somehow before the evening was past, even if Mrs. Hilton had not guessed it;" but the landlady evidently was much disconcerted, and stole another rather furtive glance at Mrs. Hilton.

"But what can Deborah Tuckett be a thinkin' of?" she cried, after indulging in a few heaving sobs, and depositing her log on the fire, bustled away intent on hospitable thoughts.

Presently Mrs. Tuckett swept into the parlour, bearing a steaming dish of stewed hare, which she had been reserving for a little entertainment of her own, but which was now generously offered, as her spare attic had been.

"There now—ain't that a beauty?" continued Mrs. Tuckett, glancing towards the visitor with what was meant to be a meaning smile. "I'll be bound the young man will send you a many sich animals—and 'deed there's enough and to spare in the broad Chadsthorpe woods. Oh, come now, miss, don't ye look astonished; you know who I sees a comin' out o' your house yesterday. No offence in mentionin' that, I hope; now I've let the cat out o' the bag about my goin' to tell she was ill," added Mrs. Tuckett.

Margaret, when accused of receiving "sich-like animals" as the one steaming on the table, felt momentarily puzzled, but the mention of the Chadsthorpe woods gave her a clue to the landlady's meaning.

"Oh, Mr. Hartleigh, you mean? Yes, to be sure, I forgot that you must have met him in the passage, yesterday. But indeed he hasn't made us presents of animals of any kind, I assure you, Mrs. Tuckett," she added laughingly. "He only called because of my father's connection with Chadsthorpe, and now he has gone to London to join some friends, I think he said. I have such delightful news to tell you about that," she added, turning to Mrs. Hilton. "Mr. Hartleigh seems really interested in the miners at last, and is going to build houses for them, and do ever so many things; so I heard from Mr. Belton, an architect. He said such nice things about papa, and spoke so pityingly of the miners too. Do you know, Mrs. Hilton, I really don't now think he can be bad and selfish, as people said he was."

"Who said he was selfish and bad, Margaret?" asked Mrs. Hilton, from her seat by the fire, in a tone which Margaret fancied held a reproof in it.

"That is one of my strong random expressions, you will say," she replied with a smile, remembering that she had been frequently reproved for such expressions in the old days, and kneeling beside her friend she took her hand caressingly, and said, "It is so nice to be your naughty child again."

But there was a pained look on Mrs. Hilton's face which made Margaret grave in a moment, and perplexed her too, for she felt that her rash summing up of popular opinion regarding the squire was hardly enough to have called it forth. Mrs. Tuckett, however, was not going to allow her supper to be spoilt by the discussion of any offence, imaginary or real, and urged that "the beautiful critter shouldn't be left to cool."

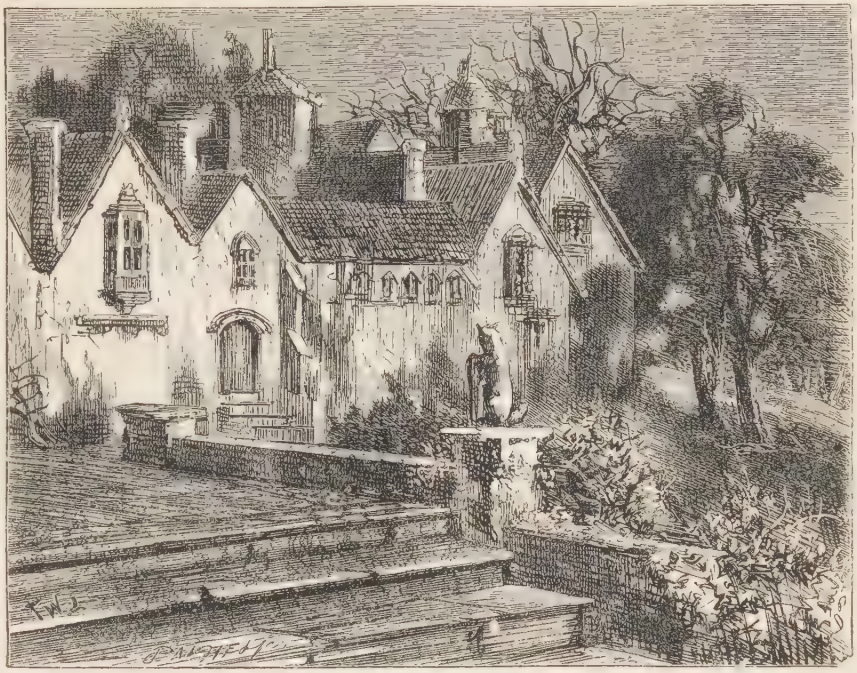
"Yes, indeed, you're right, Mrs. Tuckett. Come, Margaret, you must be hungry," said Mrs. Hilton, with a quicker gesture than had been usual to her during the past few weeks.

"Eh, Miss Margaret, but I believe you're a doin' of her good already! Why, she's got quite a bloom on her poor cheeks," cried the landlady with a gratified air, glancing at her lodger as she lingered in the vicinity of the

"The open country, leaving far behind the narrow streets."

supper-table, evidently desirous of seeing them actively enjoying her provided feast.

"Of course, my dear Tuckett. Didn't I tell you you have got me the best possible tonic from St. Oswald's?" said Mrs. Hilton gaily, and Margaret thought with relief that her rash labelling of her neighbours, to which she attributed her friend's vexation, had been forgiven. From the first day of their acquaintance Margaret's desire to win the approval of this "vagrant seamstress," as Mrs. Carew called her, had something of a romantic element in it. It was her mother's constant complaint that Margaret was not anxious enough to win the praise or admiration of others, and even her father had more than once cautioned her against a certain spirit of unconciliatoriness occasionally visible in these first days of womanhood. It was this shadowy armour which Louisa Morgan with her broader adaptability had been unable to pierce, and which had already, indeed, won for Margaret the reputation of being reserved and proud in St. Oswald's circles, where her brother Frank was fast becoming a prime favourite. But to Mrs. Hilton the windows of Margaret's heart had always been open, and there was in her manner towards her a humble and wishful eagerness to please, which her older friend was hardly aware was reserved for her alone. Like all deepest influences, Mrs. Hilton's had been of an unconscious, effortless kind. Margaret, indeed, did not realise how much help she had received, though during these past days, when she had been feeling as if her life were all wrong and out of tune, her thoughts turned with new longing towards her old friend. The beech log had burned itself to white ashes before she had poured forth her impetuous confessions. There was a half-reproachful echo in her voice as she told how all the sorrow and change seemed only to weaken and crush and em bitter and not, in any way, to help and brace, as Mrs. Hilton had in the first dark days suggested that it might somehow do. Margaret forgot her friend's worn face and wearied gestures as she knelt talking by her side, receiving from her tenderest sympathy and wisest counsels in all her doubts and difficulties. Mrs. Hilton again repeated to the young restless heart of her girl friend the old lessons of patience and faith. She reminded her that in the struggle against the evil and the misery of this world the assurance and the fruits of victory were not always given to the faithful soldier. Her father's labours were



"The afternoon sun was lighting up the westward wing of Hartleigh Towers."

not in vain because, for the moment, it seemed as if he had been called away from his post, leaving his work unfinished, with no one to continue it. The bread that he had cast upon the waters would no doubt return, though it might not return until after many days. Margaret's faith had not been strong enough to bear the rude shock of seeing the apparent failure of the great purpose of her father's life. The miners, for whose welfare he had given up his early ambitions and spent his whole strength, were now as destitute of a helper as they were before he came amongst them, and the good which he had done would soon pass away—the seed that he had planted would soon fade for the want of a hand to water it. Frank, who might have taken up the broken thread of his father's purpose, had been the first to disregard his wishes, his teaching, and his example. All things seemed to show that the life which she had always looked upon as having been, above all others that she had known, that of a faithful servant meriting reward, had even already receded into a forgotten past, barren of good results. But to-night, as she remembered Mr. Hartleigh's expressions of awakened interest in the miners, and how it had been excited at the side of her father's grave, and as she listened to the earnest words with which Mrs. Hilton sought to convey lessons of peace and trust to her mind, she found that in coming to give help she had come also to get it. Instead of the broken querulous invalid, to be patiently nursed, and whose every whim must be humoured for bygone friendship's sake, which was the relationship pictured to Margaret's imagination as she was driven towards the village, she found in the little parlour her old tower of strength. Mrs. Hilton was still to be the helper.

The next morning, Margaret opened her eyes with a feeling of light-heartedness she had not felt for many months. Drawing up the blind of Mrs. Tuckett's attic windows, she gazed on the familiar landscape as one does on the face of a returned friend. The newly-awakened village, with its bright fires reflected on the windows, and their cheerful smoke curling above the red-tiled houses, looked warm and rosy on this winter morning, though its encompassing meadows lay glittering with hoar frost. The dense woods of the manor, which formed the horizon line to one looking from Mrs. Tuckett's cottage window, were looking less gloomy than they had done in their summer rankness. Waves

of golden light were playing on their brown traceries, and the oval windows of the grey old tower were flashing back ruby rays to the morning sun.

"A sunshiny morning in Chadsthorpe, with the prospect of a whole long day's companionship with Mrs. Hilton!—surely there were some pleasant things in life, after all," Margaret said to herself, smiling joyously as she hurried down the little staircase. Mrs. Hilton was already in the parlour, bending busily over a letter. "Writing already! Why, Mrs. Hilton, you're as diligent as ever, even though you've no piles of blue flannel to mow down," said Margaret laughingly as she stooped down to kiss her friend.

"Oh, it's only a letter that I have put off writing for many days, but have resolved to send off to-day," replied Mrs. Hilton in a wearied tone.

"But I thought you told me you had no correspondents?" said Margaret lightly, as she stood straightening the stalks of Mrs. Tuckett's wire geranuim stems for want of anything better to do at the moment. No sooner had she made the last remark than she regretted it. She observed that Mrs. Hilton's eyes were fixed on her with an annoyed glance which she had never seen in them before. Her speech, which was absolutely meaningless, she felt, evidently seemed to her friend quite otherwise. Margaret bit her lips with vexation, while Mrs. Hilton sat with lowered eyelids, giving way to a troubled reverie. Was this girl, whom she had allowed her heart to go out to, after all, to prove one of those prying people from whom she had always shrank as she might from the plague? Had she not resolved, when she walked in solitude along the village street on the first evening of her arrival, that nothing must tempt her to make a friend? But, somehow, this girl had won her heart on that afternoon when she found her sketching in her favourite haunt in the beech-wood. "Surely I might allow myself to get a little interested in her, she reminds me of so many things," she had thought with a sigh as she listened to her girlish talk while they sat together in the shady nook. And so the fibres of friendship had grown and strengthened. With a perception already sharpened by past experience, she noticed that the doctor's daughter had no element of curiosity mixed up with her friendship, and, indeed, she guessed rightly. Widow Tuckett's lodger had slipped into a groove of comfortable neglect as far as her neighbours were concerned, some time before these two became friends, and Margaret had been fully content to find in the miners' seamstress all the highest qualities of friendship without seeking to discover of what chequered earthly experiences they were the fruit.

Margaret felt sure that she rightly guessed what was now passing in Mrs. Hilton's mind. It was hard to be misjudged by one who could generally read her thoughts so well, was Margaret's feeling as she turned away with quivering lip. For a moment she felt inclined to remonstrate at the injustice, but when she glanced at her friend again, she was writing busily, and her lips wore their compressed expression, which Mrs. Tuckett in her frequent analysis of her sensations, described as always "fetchin' her into a fright," so Margaret walked away to the rug and stood looking silently into the fire, feeling stung with vexation that she should so unwittingly have troubled the friend whom she was so anxious to serve.

When Mrs. Hilton rose from her writing and sat down to breakfast, Margaret noticed that she had a weary look as if she had been hard at work for hours. "What an ideal winter day this is, to be sure!" she said with a little sigh as she glanced towards the little diamond-paned window. "Do you know, Margaret, I actually feel tempted to do what I haven't done for many weeks—to take a walk with your strong young arm to lean on. I think I should get on beautifully. Where shall we go, Margaret? You must choose, in your own Chadsthorpe, you know," she said, looking with her wonted kindness at her girl-friend.

"Oh, I feel as if I wanted to go everywhere at once," replied Margaret, relieved to think that, after all, the perturbations of a few minutes ago had been causeless. "Not being ubiquitous, however, I suppose I must only choose old Caleb's; I really want to see him, besides." And Margaret went on to tell her friend the story of Dick Hayward's wrongs, and to describe the scene which took place under the windows at Greenwood Gate, telling how tenderly the reputed heartless owner of Chadsthorpe seemed to treat the passionate young miner.

Mrs. Hilton listened with warm interest, as she always did to any story which told of how the wronged found a helper, and Margaret noticed with relief that the recent irritation, imagined or real, caused by her purposeless remark, seemed quite chased away from her friend's mind as she went on gaily to discuss the walking plans.

"But won't the moor be too far for you, Mrs. Hilton? It would be a very cheerless

place for your first walk; besides, the sun doesn't travel round there till afternoon, you know," she said, looking doubtfully into Mrs. Hilton's tired face.

"Oh no; I think I can manage it. The fact is, I've had too little walking of late. That's the reason you think me looking so ill, Margaret; and on this lovely morning the sun must be shining everywhere—even on the moor. I feel as if it were shining into my poor heart as it hasn't done for some time. Come, child, let's start at once," she said, turning from the window with one of her old quick gestures. Her high spirits seemed to continue during their walk across the common. She persisted in taking the most cheerful view of everything, and would not even permit any regretful tender sentiment on Margaret's part as they walked along the familiar paths written over with so many memories to the doctor's daughter.

The rustic bench which made old Caleb's summer observatory was taken away from the cottage door, but there was smoke curling from the tiny chimney which betokened some winter sociability within.

"Dear old Caleb! how nice it will be to see him again, and how surprised he will be to see me!" said Margaret, with rising spirits as she opened the gate, and hurried along the little path. Mrs. Hilton meanwhile seemed wearied by her first walk, and paused for a moment, leaning on the little gate with her hands clasped, her long cloak thrown back, and her upturned face looking towards the white sun-lighted hills. The old librarian's response to Margaret's knock was rather slow, and she stood facing the common as she waited, when, to her surprise, she saw the tall figure of the young squire hurrying towards the cottage. She made a little exclamation, and was going to call Mrs. Hilton's attention to him, but her surprise deepened into mystification when she saw him hurry up to her friend, holding out his hand with an eager gesture, evidently not even having perceived her own presence at Caleb's door. It was not the first time Mrs. Hilton and he had met, evidently, and yet, though they had been talking about him that morning, she never even said that she knew him by sight. Margaret was still further mystified by Mrs. Hilton's visible agitation. She could not hear what Hugh Hartleigh was saying, but she noticed that Mrs. Hilton did not accept his proffered hand. Lifting her arms from the little gate on which she had been leaning, she folded them in her long cloak, and turning mutely away came feebly along the garden path towards Margaret, leaving the young squire with a puzzled expression on his face. Suddenly, however, she seemed to change her mind as to her course of action, and, turning with somewhat of her old quickness of movement, she went forward towards the gate, her clear tones reaching Margaret through the keen air as she said, "Sir, I thank you for what you have told me. It makes me glad to think any words of mine have helped you," and then she turned hastily away, her pale worn face evidently struggling to repress some overmastering emotion, as she came forward signing to Margaret to give her the support of her arm. Margaret sprang forward more bewildered than ever, but by this time Caleb stood at his cottage door waiting to admit his visitors, shading his old eyes with his hand, evidently at a loss to discover who they were. It was only when Margaret exclaimed, "Don't you know me, Caleb?" that Hugh from the gate perceived the companion of the increasingly mysterious native to be none other than the doctor's daughter. He came hurrying forward, but by this time the ladies were disappearing into the cottage amid the old librarian's expressions of delighted welcome, and Hugh Hartleigh turned away, feeling much puzzled.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE BEGINNING OF LIGHT.

> "To me my life seems as a haunted house,
> The ways and passages whereof are dumb,
> Up whose decaying stairs no footsteps come."
> F. B. Marston.

The afternoon sun was lighting up the westward wing of Hartleigh Towers, its rays gleaming cheerily on the great lichened gables and their many rows of darkened windows with the same impartiality as if it had been a cheerful home. To-day, however, the sunbeams were meeting with an unusual response from one of the long shuttered windows which had been opened up, and seemed to give back answering gleams to the sun rays, as if rejoicing in its sudden and unexpected release from imprisoning darkness. The present inmate of the room appeared also to approve of the winter sun's desire to penetrate, for Tom Belton loved sunshine and all pleasant things. He was seated at a long leather-covered table, strewn over with great rolls of dust-stained papers and parchments, over one of which he was leaning with his pocket-book in his hand. There was plenty of light to see by, for the table had been placed at an angle where the light fell directly on the rolls of parchment, and a golden shaft of sunlight

was now playing on the young architect's wavy brown hair as he bent over his work. Four of the windows were still closed, however, so that, with the exception of this one sun-lighted corner, the rest of the great room still lay in semi-darkness. "No wonder that poor fellow has the blues, if this is the kind of dungeon he inhabits," muttered Mr. Belton with an impatient gesture as he glanced round the room in one of the pauses of his work; and then, rising from his seat, he walked forward and energetically undid one after another of the ponderous fastenings of the windows, flinging them open till a great flood of sunshine streamed into the long-forsaken room. A fire, evidently just lately kindled, was striving to sustain a feeble life on the sepulchral cold of the old stone hearth, over which towered a huge antique chimney-piece of carved oak. The ceiling of the room was arched and lofty, making an upper darkness beyond the reach of further illumination than a stray sunbeam. Books everywhere lined the walls, except that at regular intervals dark oak-panelled recesses divided the book-cases, in which stood great marble busts of the Roman emperors on pedestals of light stone, their harshly chiselled faces gleaming from their dark niches in a ghostly way. The long rows of books rising shelf above shelf did not give the cheerful air to the room which well-filled book-cases generally do. Their leathern coats were dim and soiled, not with the thumbing of eager fingers, but from the neglect of many years. Mr. Belton was now making a little inspecting tour among them. They looked such a thorough company of fossils that he was not surprised to find that in one of the compartments the uniform volumes were only imitation, serving as a door which had evidently been long in disuse. Undoing the rusty bolt after some difficulty, he discovered that it led to a long gallery, the original design of which he had just been examining among the dusty plans. He wandered into it now with some curiosity.

On the previous evening the owner of Hartleigh Towers had called at Mr. Belton's office to discuss the plans for the miners' houses, and there had followed some talk about his own ancestral dwelling, and its possible capacities for being made a more cheerful residence, which had ended in Hugh Hartleigh's asking the young architect whether he could not arrange to meet him at the old house on the following day. So Mr. Belton had driven across from a neighbouring village, where he had happened to have some business, and was rather disappointed when he arrived to find that the young squire had come and gone from the Towers, and, according to the old steward, it seemed problematical if he was to return again that day. He had, however, left orders that an oaken chest, containing the architectural history of the old manor house, should be placed at the disposal of Mr. Belton on his arrival. This the steward, with much grumbling, and the assistance of two of the gardeners, had succeeded in excavating from the upper regions of dusty desolation, and had placed in the library.

The young squire had not taken up his abode at the Towers even for a single night since his return to the neighbourhood, and old Steward Foggins and his wife still reigned unmolested in the great dreary house as they had done since Dr. Rushworth's sway, whose principal direction regarding their duties was that they should turn keys against prying visitors. Foggins had so literally followed his commands that no one had entered many of the rooms for years. During the last few winters rheumatic twinges had begun to visit his lazy limbs, and he had begun to consider it quite a feat to mount the great staircase on any errand whatsoever, keeping solely to the few rooms on the ground-floor, in which he had lived surrounded by the vaulted echoing corridors. But now he began to fear lest his palmy days of easy service were coming to a close, and jealously watched each symptom of revolution. "I'll tell you what, Margery," said he to his wife as he seated himself in his arm-chair after having installed Mr. Belton in the library, "I don't like the look o' that stirrin' chap. He means business, and no mistake. I won't be uncivil to no gentleman as comes, but the master was bound to give me more notice that he was a goin' to keep visitors. My back is near broken a gittin' that great box into the library. He meant me to fetch it down to the business-room, where he allays sits when he comes; but not a step further shall it come, I'll be bound. He don't seem to think on my poor old limbs."

"Ay, young folks don't think on that," replied his wife musingly, as she stirred the contents of a pot. "But, James Foggins, you can't say as how the young master is a troublesome gentry. He don't want nothing of us but the unbarring o' the big bolts o' the great door, I'm sure."

"Don't crow till you're out of the wood, Mrs. Foggins. I tell you the takin' down o' that big boxful o' papers meant something; and

the comin' of that sprightly young chap looks bad too. He's none o' the sporting gents as comes to shoot pheasants. He looks as if he meant business all over."

"Be ashamed of yourself, Foggins. I'm glad I lighted up a spark o' fire for him; and there's one burning in the business-room too, if the squire comes to look at it. Poor young man! 'tis a hard case for him that his mind goes so against this place; though, sure enough, he would be a kind o' lost in them wilderness o' rooms."

"As well for us he don't incline to try them, Margery," mumbled the old steward. "'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good,' as they say. And there's the Hartleigh Arms folks will be makin' a fortin off him and his horses and man—a dinnerin' and a supperin' of them so often. Dear, dear! if that ain't him at the door now, just as I've set my pipe new alight," said he, stretching himself lazily at the sound of the great deep-toned bell, which echoed through the empty corridors.

"Mr. Belton has come, I suppose?" said the master of the house as he walked across the hall towards the business-room.

"Yes, sir, but he bean't there. Seein' as how it was a case o' papers, I thought the library the fittingest place, sir," replied Foggins blandly, glad to find such a ready reason to cover his laziness.

"The library!—how dare you show him there without my leave?" exclaimed the squire, turning quickly round with a flash in his eye which would have dissipated Mrs. Foggins's opinion concerning his mildness of temper, and which now caused the old steward to quail as he mumbled out, retreating a step or two,—

"No offence sir, I—I meant no offence. He's got a fire, and is as comfortable as though he was in his bed. I brought the chest down and all, sir."

The anger had, however, died out of his young master's face before Foggins had finished his sentence; it was succeeded by a look of pain as he replied in a quiet tone, "It's all right, Foggins. I dare say the library was the best room to show Mr. Belton to, after all. I shall join him there." And then he walked slowly away, his footsteps re-echoing as he went up the great stone staircase.

The steward stood watching him with a puzzled stare till he was out of sight, and then he shambled away with a chuckle towards his own cosy oasis in the surrounding wilderness to discuss with his wife this strange little episode.

Hugh Hartleigh, meanwhile, reached the library, and was now standing on the threshold pausing once more before he entered it. Round the library there centred every haunting recollection of dread and dislike which made the home of his ancestors such a hated spot to him. This room had been to him during his childhood a veritable chamber of horrors, and, as he opened the door and glanced quickly along the book-lined walls and shadowy recesses from which the gaunt white statues gleamed, he felt as if he were again the trembling little boy left by his rosy-faced nurse at this door in answer to a summons which, when it reached the nursery, he soon learnt to know and dread. Sometimes the tall weird inmate would have forgotten by the time he came that he had summoned the child, and would have gone wandering along the gallery. Hugh now remembered the intense feeling of shrinking and terror with which he had listened to his returning footsteps as he struggled all the while to be "a good boy and kind to poor papa," as his nurse had enjoined. The door leading to the gallery was open now just as it used to be, and footsteps were echoing along the tesselated pavement, for Mr. Belton was roaming about looking at the old portraits. And as Hugh listened to his coming footsteps it seemed to bring back to his memory, with a shuddering quiver of recollection, the terror with which he had listened to a similar sound long ago.

"Why, Mr. Hartleigh, I should be a perfect barbarian—an iconoclast—an—I don't know what, if I lent my aid to the removing of this splendid Tudor wing. It's the only good part of the house, in fact," was Tom Belton's greeting as he emerged from the gallery with his firm step and cheery air, evidently quite unstartled by Hugh's sudden appearance in the silent room, while the young squire, even though he was waiting for his coming, could not restrain a startled gesture.

"I understand; you admire the building as one might a handsome family vault, Mr. Belton. Such a place could hardly be a cheerful abode, though its arches and doorways were perfect," replied Hugh in a depressed tone as he walked towards the table and began unrolling one of the mildewed documents.

"For instance, the furnishings of this room are most unlively, Mr. Hartleigh," said Mr. Belton, shrugging his shoulders as he looked round. "Those uniform rows of books look like mummy wrappings in their decay, and

as for the old Romans, I shall be quite prepared to hurl them from their thrones on the shortest notice. They look quite ghostly in these recesses, somehow, though they are beautiful as bits of sculptures."

"And yet you urge me to live in this place, and tell me that it is the only course which will bring happiness," sighed the squire as he flung himself wearily on one of the old carved chairs, and shaded his face with his hand, evidently haunted by other memories than a fear of molestation from Nero's marble glances.

"I never ventured to say so, I'm sure, Mr. Hartleigh. I shouldn't have taken the liberty of formulating such a decision," replied Mr. Belton with a slight bow and a laugh. "But it may be the right one for all that," he added, perceiving that possibly "you" meant a generic term for recent influences which might have been pointing to an abode at the manor as the path to happiness.

"So you think this old pile mustn't be sacrificed to my foolish fancy, Mr. Belton," said Hugh, turning his head after a moment. "Then, I suppose, the best thing will be to build another house—or I might live in the other half altogether, and close up this Tudor wing which you admire so much. The fact is, it is only these rooms which I specially dislike."

"The very worst thing you could do, Mr. Hartleigh. Rather go to the antipodes than that!" exclaimed Belton in an energetic tone.

"But you have not seen the other parts of the house yet. Indeed, I have not been over it since I came; but I think I may venture to-day, in your cheerful company, Mr. Belton," said Hugh, with one of his rare smiles, as he looked at the young architect. "Suppose we call old Foggins to be our guide? perhaps it will be more comfortable, as I really don't know the topography of the place," he said, rising to ring the bell.

"Go over these rooms to-night, when it's fast beginning to get dark! No, Mr. Hartleigh, I really think it would be unadvisable. Why, we should imagine we saw ghosts and hobgoblins at every corner. I've no doubt there are Roman Emperors all over the house!"

"To-morrow, then, Mr. Belton, if you can. I should really like to decide something about it now I am here. We haven't managed a visit to the mines, after all. It was my fault in not keeping my appointment."

"Yes, but I did look down there on my way, and I confess that I cannot plead any scruple about rasing these dwellings to their foundations, Mr. Hartleigh. They are the most wretched human habitations I ever saw. I know you think so also."

"I do," replied Hugh emphatically. It is terrible to think of those poor fellows having been doomed to live in them so long, and their wives and children too. And yet those Rushworths, as I told you the other day, always assured me that the miners were quite well housed. But I need not blame others for my own neglect," said Hugh in a low sad tone, as he walked towards the window and looked out on the park, where the last streaks of the winter sunset were burning through the old trees.

"You know Dr. Carew's family, I think, Mr. Belton," asked Hugh, turning round presently to join the young architect, who stood warming himself at the now cheerful blaze which he had coaxed into life on the old hearth. "Yes, by the way it was you that introduced me to young Carew. Did you know that Miss Carew was in Chadsthorpe? I saw her here to-day."

"No, I did not know that she was here. She must surely have come for the day merely, with a party, perhaps," said Tom Belton, his thoughts travelling to the Mulberry Park household. "A nice-looking girl, isn't she? I've only met her once or twice," added he, absently; for to him there was but one woman in the world, and of her he was thinking now as he looked dreamily into the fire.

"Yes, very—beautiful, I thought," replied Hugh Hartleigh, evincing no traces of dreaminess on the topic in question. "I called on Mrs. Carew the other day, and saw Miss Carew then. I was so mystified by her companion's manner to-day, that I never even caught sight of Miss Carew till she was just disappearing into the old miner's cottage at the reading-room up on the moor, and I felt too shy to follow," added Hugh with a laugh.

"Whom was she with?" asked Tom Belton with fresh interest, wondering whether it could be possible that the Mulberry Park party had made an expedition to the neighbourhood as had once been talked of, and her companion should prove to be Louisa Morgan.

"Thereby hangs a tale, Mr. Belton, though a very brief one. Yet I fancy it has more to do with my being in Chadsthorpe to-night than anything else," said Hugh, glancing round the room, which was being fitfully lighted up by the crackling fire-wood. And then he narrated how the woman he had

met on the day of the village doctor's funeral had been the first to correct his false impressions concerning him, and how her words had stirred him. "And then she vanished—literally escaped from my sight among the trees as if she had been a wood-nymph; and, indeed, I had almost decided that she must have belonged to that species, though she looked no longer young, from what I could see of her face; and she carried a heavy bundle, of which she declined to let me rid her even for a minute. I've been looking for her ever since. The old librarian even told me that he knew nobody answering to the description, and yet there she was walking in at his cottage door to-day! I wanted to tell her how her words had helped me, but she evidently wouldn't have anything more to say to me, though she did relent a little. I fancy, perhaps, she may be filled with a strong indignation against me, owing to my neglect of the miners. I don't think she is a native, however; she had the most beautiful voice I ever heard."

"Why, it's quite a romantic story, Mr. Hartleigh," laughed Tom Belton when he had finished. "But you say she was neither young nor pretty, and was dressed like a sister of mercy. Possibly she was one. If she had a sweet voice, I don't think she could be a villager, for I notice they have a very harsh accent. She is probably a visitor at the rectory, or something of that kind. But if Miss Carew was with her, she will be able to clear up the mystery, I dare say. I shall ask her the next time we meet," added the young man, imagining another meeting in the Mulberry Park drawing-room.

"Well, at all events, I shall not easily forget the words she spoke to me, down yonder on that summer evening," said Hugh, with an air of stately simplicity which sometimes came into his manner, and which to men of his own age who had not emerged from the omniscient period, seemed always a curious phenomenon. Tom Belton, however, liked the young squire all the better for his simple acknowledgment of the service done him by the words of a poor woman carrying a heavy bundle, whom he had chanced to meet.

"Come now, Mr. Hartleigh, unless we are going to have candles, curtains, cigars, and all creature comforts that this period of the day suggests, I think we ought to adjourn.

"But you will come back again with me here, to-morrow perhaps, and we shall see what can be done?" asked Hugh, looking anxiously at him.

"To-morrow I can't, but perhaps the day after, Mr. Hartleigh, if convenient to you. I can meet you here. And I think that factotum, Mr. Foggins, should be duly warned to invite light and air to precede us; you see he keeps the whole place hermetically sealed."

"That he does, and I confess I have felt grateful to him for it," said Hugh laughing, as they went down the great staircase together. And as they walked along the darkening avenue towards Chadsthorpe, Hugh Hartleigh felt that there was a bracing element about this new acquaintance. He already felt more imperatively called to perform the duties which he had so long neglected, as well as more anxious and more able to commence their performance; and under this new stimulus he became more lighthearted than he had ever before been under the gloomy shadow of his ancestral home.

WHEN ISRAEL WAS A CHILD.

By ALEXANDER RALEIGH, D.D.

"When Israel was a child, then I loved him, and called my son out of Egypt."—Hosea xi. 1.

THIS reference is to the national childhood of Israel during the time of the bondage in Egypt. When one thinks of that time, and of the condition of the people then, one sees another exemplification of the truth of that scripture, "The Lord seeth not as man seeth, for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." There they were, in abject bondage, sweltering at the brick-making, driven by taskmasters, sitting by the flesh-pots, greedily devouring the onions and the garlic—nothing conquering or kingly about them, the last people in the world that any one, not in the secret, or not peculiarly observant, would have taken to be the intended "royal nation" and "peculiar people," by whom, in a while, God would work His highest will in the world, and show forth some of His brightest glory. But God saw in that people the material out of which He would make marching armies commanded by fearless leaders, and luminous prophets, and sweet singers, and holy priests! "When Israel was a child, then I loved him, and called my son out of Egypt." He loved Him? There must.

therefore, have been something to love even then, something actual and existent, since the divine affection cannot be set capriciously upon anything or nothing; or upon good or evil indifferently. But there must have been much more which, as yet, was only germinal and potential, by the development of which He would advance His world-plan and reveal His gracious thought to all nations.

Nor can it be reasonably doubted that this principle has been applicable to other nations as well as to Israel. What should hinder us believing that God loves every nation in its childhood? Does not all history show that as soon as a community begins to have coherence of a public kind, and to evince the instincts and attachments of a people, in however feeble a degree—as soon as they begin to try to be a people even—God loves them, favours them in His providence, gives them opportunity, calls them, as it were, out of Egypt, sets before them some promised land? Some answer quickly to the call, and spring into freedom at once. Or they nourish their courage and their young patriotism for a while in the wilderness, and then secure a place among the nations, and act a part in the world's great drama. Others scarcely hear the call, and give but little heed to it. The opportunity passes by, and that which might have been never is.

But I wish especially at present to show how this divine affection rests on the *individual* child—how it is true of the personal childhood, even as it is of the national, and in some ways more intensely and tenderly true, that God loves it. There are, indeed, endless diversities, and distinctions, and degrees among children. God knows, only God knows, the difference between one child and another. He knows where sleeps the little Samson; where lives the young Elijah; where the king wears disguise as yet in the ruddy face of some shepherd boy. He knows where there is power, passion, possibility of goodness—and, of course, His love, being as rational as it is instinctive, and as wise as it is fervent, will have endless adaptations, and modifications, and degrees, according to the nature and characteristics of the individual on whom it is set. Nothing is more certain than that Jesus Christ had a strong and true personal attachment to all His immediate followers. Yet it is equally certain that in His feeling He discriminated between one and another. "Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus." God's love is as the love of Jesus Christ. The general affection does not exclude what we may call the particular preference, or at any rate peculiar regard. Nor, on the other hand, does this personal love abate the strength, or limit the scope, or lessen the priceless value of that great benevolence of God which folds the childhood of all the world within the arms of its fatherhood. What is there then in childhood, or to put it in the concrete, what is there in a child—in any child, in every child—that attracts and secures this very tender divine regard, touching and drawing forth God's love and pity? Let it be understood that, in the answer to this question, we take it for granted that there is a real analogy between human parental feeling and the divine. We reason upwards from the one to the other. We are taught by God Himself to do so. "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." We must, indeed, always remember that the divine affections are in some things different from the human, and that they are in all respects unspeakably better. Still the point for us is, that we have in the instinctive and uncorrupted emotions of the parental breast a true index to, and a continuous assurance of, the much higher things of the like kind in the bosom of God.

I.

Helplessness makes a mute but eloquent appeal to Him. Helplessness in a child appeals to all who are concerned in it—to the mother for her love, to the father for his strength, to the nurse for her care. It is one of the continual wonders of the world that such an amount of human thought, and skill, and labour, should be expended about children. Humanity brings forth from its inmost and best stores of wealth, and, with ungrudging hand, lavishes that wealth upon little creatures who can hardly, as yet, say "Thank you;" who scarce know, as yet, how much they are cared for. Nor can it be justly alleged by any ingenious pessimist, that all this is only a prudent investment of selfishness made in the hope of a good return when the children shall have grown to maturity. For see, it is precisely the most helpless, and among them those who will probably continue comparatively helpless through life, who stir most deeply the fountains of strength and pity in the human breast. The little blind boy has many an hour on the father's knee, which the father would not think of giving him if his little fellow could stir about and feed his hungry eyes upon this great world like the rest. The sickly child

has many a lullaby in mother's and sister's breast, and many a soft touch about its trembling life which would not be given if they were not needed. Let serious illness set in, let the flame of life begin to flicker in the little lamp, and a physician of the ripest knowledge and the largest experience will come, from a distance it may be, and will come again, and again, to be, if he can, the help of the helpless. Now I ask whether we do not feel it natural, and indeed necessary, to believe that such things are not only good in themselves, but that they shadow forth to us, most truly, on the human plane of things, what is transpiring in the divine breast, and finding constant and beneficent expression in the divine activities? God, the Father, types His own love to us in that way. He makes it blossom out in our sight. He helps us to believe in His affections by these awakenings of our own. Beautiful, almost solemn, is the sight of strength concerning itself heartily about weakness, among human creatures. The strong man softens his step, and lowers his voice, and teaches himself the ways of gentleness about a sick child's bed. But there is a sight far more wonderful than this which we may see at any time we will, although it is seen only by the eye of faith—the sight of the Almighty One, who rolls the stars, who directs all the forces of the universe, and vitalises all the life that lives, who "fainteth not, and is never weary," bending down to the lowliest and the youngest part of his earthly family—to the children who are, in myriads, year by year, cast upon his fatherhood, and by all the gentle ministrations of His love providing for them nourishment and care. You with the sick child in the house—to-night you will have a visitor, whom all the angels could not worthily receive, whom all the heavens "cannot contain," whose coming might be announced in the great words, "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty." Yet He will come so gently that you will not hear a foot-fall: He will speak so softly that the little sleeper will not awake: He will put His hand on throbbing brow or aching chest, but there will be no pain in the touch. The strongest in the universe is the gentlest. The holiest is the most merciful. And where helplessness is most complete, there we most surely find "the Eternal God a refuge," and the enfoldings of "the everlasting arms."

We must not fail to carry this truth and this teaching into the moral region, where we find the helplessness so complete and so affecting. And we must not fail or fear to believe that the pity and strength of "the Almighty" are more stirred by the contemplation of the moral powerlessness of the little ones than by any of their physical needs or ailments. Children are morally very helpless in the first years of their life, and many of them would have a dark outlook, if we could not believe that they are verily loved of God, and that beyond the dark immediate environment of their life lie God's fair fields of infinite love and light. They must grow where they are planted. They must breathe the moral air of the place where they are born and bred. They may seem to be doomed. Practically, too many of them are so, as far as this world is concerned. This is a great and depressing mystery. It forms part of the *only* insoluble mystery of this human life. But a mystery is something which may by-and-by be explained. This particular mystery all but certainly will. Here, indeed, already is the key—*God loves every child!* born no matter where, amid the toils of slavery in the heat and dust of Egypt, or in the tents of freedom on the hillsides of Palestine, near an old parish church in England or near a pagoda in India, having Christian or savage blood in its veins. No matter, each has share in the great inheritance. God has time enough, God has means enough, to show that this is true; and, meantime, taken for true, it is so far a solution of the mystery. It is a key that will fit every lock. God is love. God loves all. God loves each. I cannot explain the mystery of evil in human life any farther. But I feel that all explanation, all compensation, may lie in this, that "God is love."

II.

But we have not come yet to the heart of the matter. Helplessness, in itself, is not the proper and worthy object of divine love. It is not the helplessness that God loves, but the thing, the quality, the being, which may be helped. The love of God is not detained amid any of the accidents or conditions of the human creature, but fixes upon the essential being of that creature as its ultimate object. The love of God is not a capricious instinct apt to be touched and swayed by outward appearances. It is a deep, calm, rational emotion. It has this invariable characteristic—it is never placed on an unworthy object. Unworthiness may surround the object as a very atmosphere, in particular instances deepening into the blackness of guilt. Yes; but it is never the

unworthiness, either existing, as in the case of the responsible person, or latent, as in the case of the infant, that God loves. He loves the inner thing, which is an emanation from Himself, the imbreathed soul, the immortal essence. He loves the human being, but not the depravity of that human being, either actual or potential. He loves this wonderful essence we call "child," lying there helpless in its cradle, shedding its pitiful tears, or smiling its angel smile, because He knows that while clouds and storms may gather over its morning of life here, there will at the same time be power, innate or grace-given, to surmount them and reach the path of "the just that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." Of God, also, it may be said that He "endures" and loves, as "seeing that which is invisible." He "accounts that which is not as though it were." It *is* to Him who foreknows. To us, also, the reality of a child's life might be more real, would be, if we had more faith and imagination, more outlook and onlook for others and for ourselves.

Come, stand a moment beside this wonderful fountain of undeveloped force in the child-spirit. There is none like it in the world. Vesuvius is the king of the fire-fountains. Niagara sounds his royal trumpet over all waters. When Vesuvius is speaking, who dare come within reach of the breath of his lips? When Niagara is thundering over his awful steeps, who dare ferry his boat across the rapids? Yet here, in a little child—child of a prince or child of a cottager does not matter—we have a force, sleeping, which, soon or late, will show itself superior to all material energies. All the natural types and images of its development which we use are poor and inefficient for their object. We speak of the difference between acorn and oak, between seed-corn held in the hand and waving harvest-field. But how limited is the range of difference in such things compared with that between the little infant, who, sleeping or waking, knows nothing, fears nothing, wishes nothing, can do nothing, and that same creature when he has become a man, of full accomplishment, looking now through a vast universe, calculating motions of heavenly bodies, lifting reverent thought to the great Maker, bending his conscience to eternal laws, yoking his will to the tasks of duty, giving his whole life to others, while yet seeking to find eternal home in the "city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God!" What a fountain of force a great and good man or woman in this world may be! But the marvel still heightens, for the human development here altogether is but in its infancy. No man on earth has yet "put away childish things." We think as children; we speak as children; we do little more than babble to each other. Some speak a little better than the rest; some are obliged, or choose, to speak a little more and a little oftener. But there is nothing much beyond child's talk in this world. There is not a man upon the earth whose manhood is complete; there is not one specimen of humanity in full flower. The touch of death opens the bud, and the flowering is in the other world. Death dismisses the "tutors and governors," and brings the child fully into the Father's house.

Nor are we even yet at the end of the wonder. We are, indeed, but at the beginning of it. Heaven itself cannot be a state of complete and eternal efflorescence. We form a worthier conception of it when we think of it as a place to grow in perfectly, to think in truly, to act in nobly, to set the aim at a yet higher mark than we had known on earth, and press towards a grander goal. It must be so. Try to *fix* any form of happiness, it is gone. True happiness can only grow out of a continually expanding nature. When you stop the expansion, you destroy the interest. God and His ways are infinite, and there cannot be a limit to our knowledge of these ways and to our conformity to His will and character. Glorious hope, the hope of eternal growing! Noblest of all ambitions, the ambition to know God better and better yet, and to love Him more and yet more fervently, and to serve Him more perfectly, as long as eternity endures! Well, God, the all-knowing, sees all this, in germ, in a little child. Is it, then, wonderful we should be told He "loves him"? What does He love but the human image of Himself? From the fountain of creative energy in Himself He is calling forth all these new-born souls which fill human homes, and make children plentiful everywhere, each having wrapt up in its substance this eternal force of development, this power of expansion in knowledge and goodness for evermore.

III.

But what if the development should be of a completely opposite kind, as, alas! in too many instances it is? You may imagine in that child-form, sleeping as yet, but to awake all too soon, the terrific force of the passions. You may see already, in your fancy,

the "vessel of wrath," self-"fitted" in the end "for destruction." Who knows so well as the all-knowing that there may be this wreck and ruin of the precious things laid up in germ in the individual spirit? But it is this very knowledge on God's part that fills His love with terrors and tendernesses, and leads Him to be the more concerned and the more importunate to have the eternal development rightly begun. The well-known ductility of childhood attracts towards it a more profound divine interest—gives occasion for the manifestation of a more pitiful and watchful love. The material is, so to say, soft and impressionable. It may be moulded this way or that, within limits, for no doubt there is a central something in every human creature which never moves and cannot be changed. There is some individual essence on which personality and identity are built; but everything that grows, that becomes character, that is moral, may be changed, directed, moulded, worked up into forms of beauty, or withered and darkened into failure and spiritual death. Now God, knowing all this, is anxious, if we may so speak, to begin at once; to touch and mould the material while yet it is ductile; to bend the branch when it is beginning to grow, while the green sap is in it. No use working upon an old, gnarled, knotted, withering tree. Its day is gone. The gentlest spring winds that blow, the brightest summer suns that ever shine, cannot wile that old tree back to youth, or soften its stony fibre. It may be broken, or it may be burnt, but it never now can be bent. I have said that God is anxious to begin, which means, in part, that He is anxious that we should begin. He would put His own divine instancy into our temper, and fill our hearts with His own great affection for little children, and solicitude about them while they are yet young. There is a very great difference between one "childhood" and another in regard to ductility and impressionableness as in regard to other things. Some are hard by nature; some get an hereditary taint and twist, in mind as well as in body. They sin and suffer under that awful and outreaching law which links children with parents to the third and fourth generation. They have bone, and muscle, and brain, and blood—in a sense, too, they have thought, and conscience, and will, and habit—from their ancestry. Some of them, morally, seem to be born bent; they come into life leaning heavily the wrong way. It is already too late, although it is only the morning hour. "What can we do about such—the children of dissolute, drunken parents, for instance, whose home, if we may call it so, is itself wretched, and stands perhaps in the heart of a degraded neighbourhood?" For one thing, we are not to despair of any of them. After all, there is probably not a single human being in the world for whom something cannot be done. Still less may we suppose any childhood hopeless. Youth is still youth, although sometimes, to our discouragement, it springs up in our sight seeming to be already hard and old. For another thing, we are to remember that God is "very pitiful, and of tender mercy," and that we may be sure of His best regards and most powerful aids in every endeavour we make to work against the hardenings of evil, and in favour of the softenings, and greenings, and growings of grace in youthful lives and in children's hearts.

I have often observed, in a wood, the outermost row of trees bent and hindered in symmetry and completeness of growth by their necessarily peculiar exposure to the prevailing winds. The trees in the general forest and those on the other sides of it are all, more or less, sheltered by their fellows. The trees in that outermost row, and some of those just within also, seem to my fancy to have been planted and set out there as soldier and sentinel trees, to keep ward and watch over the whole enclosure. They are there to wrestle with the strong west winds, to stop the driving snows, to hold up the shield of branches against the sharp arrows of hail and sleet. Those trees suffer that the others may live. So in the great forest of human life, not by any necessity, but as a matter of fact, there are soldier and sentinel souls standing out in the most exposed positions—nearest to the blasts of hell. Up against them come the darkening tempests of passion and the chilling, withering winds of evil. Is it wonderful if we see the twisted branch, the poor leafage, the sickly growing? But now take those trees, those human trees, while young and tender, out of the position of disadvantage (and this, remember, we may do without leaving others exposed in their stead), and plant them in a sheltered place, they will grow, year by year, better and better, retaining but few marks of the hardships and storms amid which they began to grow. Myriads of children are born continually, not only in poverty and hardship, but amid dreadful moral disadvantage and evil of every kind—near to the hell-ground whence the devil blows continual tempest

upon them. Well, that is "Egypt," morally. And God loves His child, not the less, in some ways all the more, because he is in Egypt. And He "calls" him thence by all the urgencies of His Fatherhood, by the opportunities and occasions of His providence, and by the affections and services of His people. God's love always expresses itself by a "call." It is not a silent, profound, remote emotion in the Infinite Mind. It is near, active, practical. Be it ours to express it tenderly, and carry it home to many a youthful heart.

May I ask my reader to think for a moment of his own childhood? That, indeed, is a tale of other days. It lies far back in dim distance. It is difficult to realize it as a thing that once was. No large events stand out. No profound sense of it has lingered in the heart. But it is perfectly certain that we were children once. One day, long ago, it was news that you were born. It was joy to the living mother that you were there to be nursed and tended. It was stimulus to your father to watch your growing, and some comfort amid his hardest toil to hope that you would honour his name and do a man's, a woman's, work in the world—and you are doing it. But think how little might have turned you the other way; how often you did swerve, and slip, and hesitate, and linger; and how the unseen hand, and the perfect wisdom, and the unwearying love were about you from first to last, that you might not go the way to ruin and death. When you think of all this, surely you are ready to think on and say, "It is not payment enough for all I have received to look simply even to my own children. I must look to God's children everywhere. I must help Him in His nurture. I must pity where He pities; love all whom He loves, and go as His willing messenger to call His sons out of Egypt."

ON MARRIED LIFE.

By the Rev. CANON THOROLD, M.A.

PART III.

IN touching on a wife's love to her husband, I shall take leave to hint, not so much on the duty of it, which would be insulting, nor the amount of it, which would be unnecessary, as on the ways of showing it, so as to put it out to the best usury; may it be added, also on ways of not showing it, if she would not make her husband a laughing-stock, and convict herself of an uxorious egotism?

Wives should never be squaws. For, with all their kindly meaning and absorbed devotion, they only earn the wretched success of gradually turning the husbands they wait on, at one moment into fretful babies, at another into savage bears. A big strong man, petted and humoured about trifling bodily ailments as if they were malignant diseases, or praised to his face before a circle of amused relations for having borne a trifling fatigue with a patient endurance that would not have been out place in a ride across the Pampas, or made prominent and intrusive in the matter of his least personal wishes to the exclusion of every one else in the house—the hosts included—in the end becomes apt to bite hard at the hand that has lost its early whiteness in fastening his boots and packing his luggage; when he does not bite, growls. But a Nemesis awaits him, and he earns his base reward. The wages that he has to pay for all that menial service is, that he becomes a slave, and a very abject one too. Other people find it out, if he does not, and in the end he discovers it himself. She, too, suffers, in feeling secretly unrequited for the unwise lavishness of her affection, and in the irresistible conviction that she is softening instead of bracing him, and even helping him to be prematurely old.

A woman may do a great deal to keep her husband's love, if not to deepen it, by tact, and justice, and kindness to his relations. Nor need there be the slightest fear that in so doing she is running any risk either of forgetting her own, or of tempting him to forget them. Two points here are beyond dispute. One of them is, that a woman invariably cleaves to her own relations—nay, if possible, feels them more necessary to her after marriage than they were before. The other is, that the husband very often goes with his wife in this matter, and takes up her people as if they were his own, partly because, from reasons which it would be tedious, and perhaps unnecessary, to enumerate, he is more at ease with them,

and freer from old complications and differences; partly because, his own relations doing exactly the same, if he did not go with his wife he would be nowhere. The more, however, that the wife's heart is touched and gratified by her husband's so thoroughly identifying himself with her home and her people, the more careful should she be not in any way to alienate him from his own belongings, or to discourage his seeing them whenever he likes. If her relations have now become his, his own have not ceased to be his. He has two sets instead of one, and the new ties cannot dissolve the old ones. Whatever may be his secret preferences—and it is by no means every man who says, "The new is better"—the old relationships remain, which claim to be remembered, the old duties abide, and they are in force still. Some people will tell you that almost all the quarrels that happen between brothers in mature life are started, if not fomented, by the wives. It is certain that the constant opportunity of influence which a woman has over her husband just by living with him, knowing him, nursing him, and loving him, gives her an insight into his character, and a grip on his will, which an unscrupulous person will unhesitatingly turn to her own advantage, but which a woman of high character and real dignity would scorn to use.

The final counsel is for both, because the best, therefore left to the last; because the hardest and needfullest, not too rigidly to be ossified into universal rules, but in the shape of first principles to be left to work its way as it best can. I mean that delicate, mutual, continuous, almost undefinable help, which a Christian man and woman give to each other; and by holy supplication in the presence of God Most High may strengthen each other's hands and feet in the battle for which none are too strong, and in the race wherein all are sometimes weary. "Heirs together of the grace of life, that your prayers be not hindered." What a noble hope, what a divine union, what a reasonable caution! Yet some will appreciate the hint that this is best done (as a permanent and continuous service) not so much by direct exhortation, or strong admonition, or keen reproof, as by quiet influence, consistent example, and secret prayer. When a man asks the woman he loves to become his wife, if he be a Christian and conscious of his own infirmity, he does sincerely wish for a helpmeet in the conflicts of his own spirit, and a softening influence on his nature, often cold and hard. He would think it a disloyalty to Christ, a wrong to his own soul, a blot on his own profession, if he did not honestly believe that she who is about to belong to him first belonged to her Lord. Still, if put into a witness-box, he could not honestly say that he married her for spiritual discipline. He married her because he loved her; he wanted, not a governess, but a wife. So a good woman, if perfectly honest with herself, will frankly confess that though she would not have married her husband if she could not have looked up to him as an example and listened to him as a counsellor, her great reason for marrying him was that she liked him. Even if he is a clergyman, the man comes first, the spiritual director second.

Yet the help given need not be the less helpful for being somewhat beneath the surface. It is a healthy atmosphere that chiefly promotes vigour, rather than the constantly doing small things supposed to be healthful; so a gentle, self-controlled life, full of the simple dignity of unconscious goodness, not too much up in the clouds to be ignorant of its own shortcomings, nor too proud frankly to acknowledge them when there is reason for it, brings the force of Christian character to bear with a continuous and irresistible influence on the two wedded souls. In nothing so much as in his wife's faults (and probably she has some) does a generous-hearted man feel that she is part of him, and that, in a certain sense, her faults are his, and in a way attributable to him, though she has more to answer for them than he. If he speaks to her about them, and sometimes he must speak, he will do it tenderly, humbly, unwillingly, sorrowfully, yet with sufficient plainness not to have to do it twice over. In paining her he will feel to be paining his own flesh; the pain may be necessary, but let the hand of love inflict it—so inflict it that it may quickly heal. Some married people read the Bible together every day. This must be a matter of leisure and opportunity and individual discretion. Only, if the habit is continually intermitted, it would be almost wiser not to attempt it at all. Few married persons, however, who believe in God and a future life, and understand ever so little of what they are and ought to be to each other, will omit at least once a day kneeling side by side before God. How can they who never pray alone together feel in any real sense of the words that Christ is the true link between them? or cherish with ever so small, ever so dull, a hope, the expectation of meeting again in the joy of God?

There is yet one other kind of help which

the wife can give her husband, as well as the husband the wife, in earnest, regular, definite intercession. To notice what may seem but trifles—how often married people must see in each other, not without anxiety, and a personal responsibility about it, some fault hardening, some good habit growing weaker, haste to be rich gradually deteriorating the moral sense, tendencies to error, or inconsistency stealing over the spirit, like a malarious dew; quick words apt to be said that had much better not be said; small acts of injustice or unkindness to children, to servants, to friends, which to have noticed at the moment would have been a supreme indiscretion, which ought to be noticed, that they may not occur again! What better way than to take them and pour them out before God, Who knows and loves better than we know and love, Who hates the sin far more than we can do, and Who is not only on our side about it, but has Himself put into our heart to be on His side? We take it and leave it; our hearts are at rest through having done it; we know He will make us an opportunity and find us the word to say in good season, and with fitting discretion, if He so desires it. It is not every one's duty to rebuke every one else; but it is every one's duty to do all he can to prevent sin in his neighbour, and to diminish it. If a good man studies to answer even a stranger, surely a good husband and wife may be at some pains to build each other up into the faith of God, and into the image of the Lord Jesus Christ.

> "And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
> Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all their powers,
> Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
> Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
> Distinct in individualities,
> But like each other ev'n as those who love."

As years multiply, changes come with the years, some for good, some for evil. If there are children, there will be some trial, but probably more blessing. For was not the Psalmist right when he said, "Blessed is the man that hath his quiver full of them"? Is not God's righteousness pledged to fill the mouths that He sends? Are not the fullest homes usually the happiest, just because a perpetual war is waged there against isolation and selfishness? A childless home misses its discipline and loses its music, yet it is often a rich treasury of wide and human sympathies; and there are few things more touching or more beautiful than husband and wife slowly travelling down the hill of life together, everything to each other that loving hearts can be. Also there are few things sadder than where husband and wife, indifferent to the claims of society, and heedless of the calls of the Church, live simply and solely for each other's gratification, with no much higher object than what they shall eat or what they shall drink, "having no hope, and without God in the world."

To make our subject complete, as well as to meet the case of those to whom "holy matrimony," in their personal experience of it, has been but a cloudy and dark day, let me here interpose a few careful words on an aspect of the subject which to no inconsiderable number of persons is painfully familiar—an aspect, however, which, forbidding and hopeless as it may appear when looked at only from its human side, is not without the promise of brightness on the side of God.

Marriage in some cases, let us frankly confess it, proves a cruel mistake. The wrong persons are matched; the flaw is a flaw that runs through the entire nature; no amount of outside courtesy, or conventional homage, or forced endurance, or stubborn hopefulness, can make the needle point anywhere than to the north, or can thaw the ice in the chilly Arctic Sea. It may be physical repugnance or absolute incongruity of temper, or one of the two hearts secretly given to another; but there is no bridging over the wide gulf between them, and the crevasse widens with time. How bad for the children, how sad for the relatives, how unutterably wretched for them, no words can say! What is to be done? It is to be bravely, patiently, and meekly endured as the mysterious will of God. It is a strong thing to say that their marrying was His will, to begin with. We have not the facts before us to justify that assertion. But now that by matrimony they are one, it must be His will that they should abide in it "until death us do part." These are the solemn words of both of them, and they are written on high and for ever. If there is love on one side, who shall say that in the course of years it shall not win the other—that patience shall never have its sweet reward, and a generous manfulness not see itself crowned with the broken confession of a long alienated but now surrendered affection? At any rate, if marriage, instead of being a joy, is but a life-long affliction—instead of being the knitting and solacing of two human hearts, is but a discipline for one and a sort of maddening misery for the other—this, too, has its place in the dispensation of a Divine

Providence—this, too, is among the "all things" which "work together for good to them that love God."

There is indeed one exception, to be hinted at rather than dwelt upon, so increasingly common in the experience of our modern society, so absolutely fatal to the possibility of matrimonial fellowship, that in a paper that attempts to touch on the moral aspects of marriage all omission of it would be unpardonable.

Where the vow of faithfulness has been forgotten, and in an overpowering moment of intolerable temptation, home, husband, children, have all been abandoned, and God as well, it is hard indeed to see how the clouds on that sky can ever quite clear again, profound as may be the soul's penitence for its great transgression—difficult to understand how the honour of the most tender husband can ever quite condone so deep a fall. But if there may be only partial forgiveness now, there will be full forgiveness presently. If in the blessed hereafter of the new heaven and the new earth, God casts our sins behind His back, we, to whom so much is forgiven, shall not do less by each other than He by us. What Arthur said to Guinevere, other Arthurs can say to other Guineveres, and it shall be found all true :—

> "Let no man dream but that I love thee still,
> And so thou lean on our fair father Christ,
> We two may meet before high God, and thou
> Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and know
> I am thine husband."

Human lives vary; and with some of us there are long periods of unbroken happiness; then suddenly the summer has passed, and the winter storms begin.

> "What could they be but happy? balanced so,
> Nor low i' the social scale, nor yet too high,
> Nor poor, nor richer than comports with ease,
> Nor bright and envied, nor obscure and scorned,
> Nor so young that their pleasures fell too thick,
> Nor old, past catching pleasure when it fell,
> Nothing above, below the just degree,
> All at the mean, where joy's components mix."

> "Out of the very ripeness of life's core,
> A worm was bred."

Pietro and Violante often turn up in daily life, and the only specific for the worm bred for them is a simple cheerful trust in the Fatherliness of God; for when will we consent to learn that it is not in circumstances to hurt us, if only, in whatsoever state we are, we try to be content? nay, that troubles coming from without, when meekly and brightly borne, will only throw husband and wife more upon each other than ever, and try the quality of the love that, after so many years' experience, has not worn out yet? Sickness may come, but to be nursed by one's wife, how it helps one to love her! The wife on her side feels it helps her to love too. Poverty may come when there seemed no more chance of it; but if they did not marry for money, then, though there is less money, there is more love. Partings and farewells must come as the years grow. Children are sent out into the world, parents go the way of all the earth, now and then a little white coffin is gently let down into the quiet churchyard, sometimes a bigger one with a boy in it. The one thing to dread is the weakening of mutual love, the lowering of mutual respect, the gradual paralysis of all the finer feelings of the nature, which even after many years of wedded happiness may steal like a poisonous blight over the two souls, if the forgiveness of sins is not the conscious foundation of their common religion, if the resurrection of the body is not the goal in front. The one thing to desire is, that as life goes on man and wife may be ever more to each other, and for each other, in all that makes life noble, and thought elevated, and aim lofty, and conscience pure. The one joy to expect is, that in the world to come what God hath joined together here He will not sever there; that though we shall be like the angels, where the Lamb will be the Spouse and the Church the Bride, parent will not be suffered to forget child, nor wife husband; that all this present life with its manifold discipline, but true blessedness, will not be blotted out of our memory as an idle story or a sinful dream. Surely we have not so learned Christ. Surely He may be safely trusted to make heaven heavenly for all who have tried to earn its blessedness here. Surely He who knows what is in man, and what is needful for him, will solve our secret riddles, and ensure our truest bliss—keep us our love, and give us our welcome. Even the tenderest heart that looks timidly forward to the meeting-place beyond the river, and sometimes wonders if there will be room for her by him who, though he gave her the love of his manhood, and nourished her as the wife of his age, may also be claimed by parents and kinsfolk—gone long before—may safely say to itself, "If God is love, and heaven is love, let me only get there, there will be love enough for me."

> "O happy home! O happy children here!
> O blissful mansions of our Father's house!
> O walks surpassing Eden for delight!
> Here are the harvests reaped, once sown in tears;
> Here is the rest by ministry enhanced.
> The voice of harpers harping on their harps,
> The anthems of the Holy Cherubim,
> The Bridal Palace of the Prince of Peace,
> The Holiest of Holies—God is here."

HIS LITTLE CHILD.

I AM a little child,
And Jesus cares for me,
For even me He wants,
His little child to be.

Jesus would take me up,
And keep me on His knee,
And fold me in His arms,
His little child to be.

Then I will go to Him,
And I will let Him see
How glad I am to come,
His little child to be.

And I will stay with Him,
For Jesus wishes me,
Though I grow big and old,
His little child to be.

R. H. SMITH.

"MY SONG SHALL BE ALWAY OF THE LOVING-KINDNESS OF THE LORD."

(PSALM lxxxix. 1.)

IN the sweet days of sun-bright spring
I strolled the leafing woods among,
I heard the thrush and blackbird sing,
And caught the skylark's upward song.

It was a time of pure delight,
And so my fill of joy I took;
No jarring sound, no chilling sight,
From blooming wreath and rippling brook.

My heart was like an opening flower
Rejoicing in the morning rays,
And in that calm and blessed hour
My soul was stirred to prayer and praise.

But life is not a vernal day
All filled with joy from morn to eve,
No foe to lure our steps astray
And none to harass and deceive.

We turn us from the forest glade
Our life's more rugged paths to trace,
Yet find in every storm a shade,
For every cross, the needful grace.

Peace-breathing hours of holy rest,
And toilsome work for weary hands,
Alike obey His high behest
Who all in heaven and earth commands.

"The leafing woods among."

The ceaseless song of praise ascends
For all the present and the past,
To Him whose priceless love extends
From life's first moment to its last.

S. W.

A WALK TO CHURCH IN ROME.

By the Rev. HUGH MACMILLAN, LL.D.

FIRST PAPER.

I KNOW nothing more delightful than a walk to a country church on a fine day at the end of summer. All the lovely suggestions of spring have been fulfilled; the woods are clothed with their darkest foliage, and not another leaflet is to come anywhere. The lingering plumes of the meadow-sweet in the fields, and the golden trumpets of the wild honeysuckle in the hedges make the warm air a luxury to breathe; and the presence of a few tufts of bluebells by the wayside gives the landscape the last finishing touch of perfection which is suggestive of decay, and has such an indescribable pathos about it. Nature pauses to admire her own handiwork; she ceases from her labours, and enjoys an interval of rest. It is the sabbath of the year. At such a time every object is associated with its spiritual idea as it is with its natural shadow. The beauty of nature suggests thoughts of the beauty of holiness, and the calm rest of creation speaks to us of the deeper rest of the soul in God. On the shadowed path that leads up to the house of prayer, with mind and senses quickened to perceive the loveliness and significance of the smallest and commonest object, the fern on the bank and the lichen on the wall, we feel indeed that heaven is not so much a *yonder* towards which we are to move as a *here* and a *now* which we are to realise.

A walk to church in town is a different thing. Man's works are all around us, and God's excluded; all but the strip of blue sky that looks down between the tall houses, and suggests thoughts of heaven to those who work and weep; all but the stunted trees and the green grass that struggle to grow in the hard streets and squares, and whisper of the far-off scenes of the country where life is natural and simple. The Lord no longer walks and speaks to us among the trees of the garden as He does in the country, but behind the seven golden candlesticks, artificial symbols of a revelation of toil, suffering, and sacrifice. But even in the town a walk to church is pleasant, especially when the streets are quiet, before the crowd of worshippers have begun to assemble, and there is nothing to distract the thoughts. If we can say of the country walk, "This is holy ground," seeing that every bush and tree are aflame with God, we can say of the walk through the city, "Surely the Lord hath been here, this is a dreadful place;" and as the rude rough stones lying on the mountain top shaped themselves in the patriarch's dream into a staircase leading up to God, so the streets and houses around become to the musing spirit suggestive of the Father's many mansions, and the glories of the City whose streets are of pure gold, in which man's hopes and aspirations after a city of rest, which are baffled here, will be realised. I have many pleasing associations connected with walks to church in town. Many precious thoughts have come to me then, which would not have occurred at other times; glimpses of the wonder of life, and revelations of infinite and inscrutable mysteries covered by the dream-woven tissue of this visible and tangible world. The subjects with which my mind was filled found new illustrations in the most unexpected quarters; and every familiar sight and sound furnished the most appropriate instances. During that half-hour of meditation, with my blood quickened by the exercise, and my mind inspired by the thoughts of the service in which I was about to engage, I have lived an intenser life and enjoyed a keener happiness, than during all the rest of the week. It was the hour of insight that struck the key-note of all the others.

But far above even these precious memories, I must rank my walks to church in Rome. What one feels elsewhere is deepened there; and the wonderful associations of the place give a more vivid interest to all one's experiences. I lived in the Capo le Case, a steep street on the slope of the Viminal hill, situated about three-quarters of a mile from the church outside the Porta del Popolo. This distance I had to traverse every sabbath morning; and I love frequently to shut my eyes and picture the streets through which I passed, and the old well-known look of the houses and monuments. There is not a more delightful walk in the world than that; and I know not where within such a narrow compass could be found so many objects of the most thrilling interest. For three months, from the beginning of February to the end of April, twice, and sometimes four times, every Sunday, I passed that way, going to or returning from church, until I became perfectly

familiar with every object; and associations of my own moods of mind and heart mingled with the grander associations which every stone recalled, and are now inextricably bound up with them. With one solitary exception, when the weather in its chill winds and gloomy clouds reminded me of my native climate, all the Sundays were beautiful, the sun shining down with genial warmth, and the sky overhead exhibiting the deep violet hue which is seen nowhere else but in Italy. The house in which I lived had on either side of the entrance a picture-shop; and this was always closed, as well as most of the other places of business along the route. The streets were remarkably quiet, and all the circumstances were most favourable for a meditative walk amid such magnificent memories. The inhabitants of Rome pay respect to the Sunday so far as abstaining from labour is concerned; but they make up for this by throwing open their museums and places of interest on that day, which indeed is the only day in which they are free to the public; and they take a large amount of recreation for doing a small amount of penance in the interests of religion. Still there is very little bustle or traffic in the streets, especially in the morning; and one meets with no more disagreeable and incongruous interruptions on the way to church in the Eternal City than he does at home.

From the windows of my rooms, I could see at the foot of the street the strange fantastic cupola and bell-turret of the church of St. Andrea delle Fratte, which belonged to the Scottish Catholics before the Reformation, and is now frequented by our Catholic countrymen during Lent, when sermons are preached to them in English. It is the parish church of the Piazza di Spagna, and the so-called English quarter. Two remarkable ceremonials are performed in this church every Good Friday, the *Tre Ore*, or three hours' agony of the Saviour, and the *Sette Dolori* of the Virgin Mary. A miracle is said to have happened in one of the side chapels in 1842, which received the sanction of the Pope, and was published by the Jesuits in a pamphlet of ninety-two pages. A young French Jew of the name of Alfonse Ratisbonne was discovered in an ecstasy before the altar; which he accounted for by saying, when he revived, that the Virgin Mary had actually appeared to him, and saluted him in this place, while he was wandering aimlessly, and with a smile of incredulity, through the church. This supernatural vision led to his conversion, and he was publicly baptized and presented to the pope by his godfather, the general of the Jesuits; receiving on the occasion a crucifix, to which special indulgences were attached, in commemoration of the miracle.

At the foot of the Capo le Case is the College of the Propaganda, whose vast size and plain massive architecture, as well as its historical associations, powerfully impress the imagination. It was begun by Gregory XV., in 1622, and completed by his successor, Urban VIII., and his brother, Cardinal Antonio Barberini, from the plans partly of Bernini and Borromini. On the most prominent parts of the edifice are sculptured bees, which are the well-known armorial bearings of the Barberini family. The Propaganda used to divide with the Vatican the conduct of the whole Roman Catholic world. It was compared by the Abbé Raynal to a sword, of which the handle remains in Rome, and the point reaches everywhere. The Vatican takes cognisance of what may be called the domestic affairs of the Church throughout Europe; the College of the Propaganda superintends the foreign policy of the Church, and causes its influence to be felt in the remotest regions of the earth. It is essentially, as its name implies, a missionary institution, founded for the promotion and guidance of missions throughout the world. Nearly two hundred youths from various countries are constantly educated here, in order that they may go back as ordained priests to their native land, and diffuse the Roman Catholic faith among their countrymen. The average number ordained every year is about fifty. No one is admitted who is over twenty years of age; and they all wear a uniform dress, consisting of a long black cassock, edged with red, and bound with a red girdle, with two bands, representing leading-strings, hanging from the shoulders behind. The cost of their education and support while in Rome, and the expenses of their journey from their native land and back again, are defrayed by the institution. Every visitor to Rome must be familiar with the appearance of the students, as they walk through the streets in groups of three or four, eagerly conversing with each other, with many expressive gesticulations. For the most part they are a fine set of young men, of whom any Church might well be proud, full of zeal and energy, and well fitted to encounter, by their physical as

well as their mental training, the hardships of an isolated life, frequently among savage races. An annual exhibition is held in a large hall attached to the college in honour of the holy Magi, about the beginning of January, when students deliver speeches in different languages, and take part in musical performances, the score of which is usually composed by the professor of music in the college. The places of honour nearest the stage are occupied by several cardinals, whose scarlet dresses and silver locks contrast strikingly with the black garments of the majority of the assemblage. The strange costumes and countenances of the speakers, coloured with every shade of hue known to the human family, the novel sounds of the different languages, and the characteristic differences of each speaker in manner and intonation, make the exhibition in the highest degree singular and interesting. Its great popularity is evinced by the crowds that usually attend, filling the hall to overflowing; and though a religious affair, it is pervaded by a lively spirit of fun, in which even the great dignitaries of the Church join heartily.

The jurisdiction of the Propaganda is independent. The "congregation" of the college is composed of twenty-five cardinals, sixteen of whom are resident in Rome. One of their number is appointed prefect, and has a prelate for his secretary. They meet statedly, once a month, for the transaction of business, in a magnificent hall in the college. Previous to 1851, the affairs of the Roman Catholic Church in England were administered by the Propaganda; our country being included among heretical or heathen lands to which missionaries were sent; but after that memorable year they were transferred to the ordinary jurisdiction of the See of Rome. It was this movement that became celebrated as the first distinct act of papal aggression, and provoked such fierce hostility among all classes of the Protestant community. However deeply we may regret that such powerful and well-organized machinery is employed to propagate to the ends of the earth a faith to which we cannot subscribe, yet no one can read the proud inscription upon the front of the edifice, "Collegio di Propagandâ Fide," and reflect upon the grand way in which the purpose therein defined has been carried out, without a sentiment of admiration. At a time when Protestant Churches were selfishly devoted to their own narrow interests, and utterly unmindful of the Saviour's commission to preach the gospel to every creature, this college was sending forth to different countries, only partially explored, bands of young priests who carried their lives in their hands, and endured untold sufferings so that they might teach the heathen the truths of eternal life, and impart to them the blessings of Christian civilisation. There is not a region from China and Japan to Mexico and the South Sea Islands, and from Africa to Siberia, which has not been taken possession of by members of this college and cultivated for the Church. Names that are as worthy of being canonised as those of any saints in the Roman calendar, on account of their heroic achievements, their holy lives, or their martyr deaths, belong to the rôle of the Propaganda.

I had the pleasure of going through the various rooms of this famous institution in the appropriate company of one of the most distinguished Free Church missionaries to India; and was shown by the rector of the college, with the utmost courtesy and kindness, all that was most remarkable about the place. The library is extensive, and contains some rare works on theology and canon law; and in the Borgian Museum annexed to it there is a rich collection of Oriental MSS., heathen idols, and natural curiosities sent by the missionaries from various parts of the world. We were especially struck with the magnificent "Codex Mexicanus," a loosely-bound, bulky MS. on white leather, found among the treasures of the royal palace at the conquest of Mexico by Cortes. It is full of coloured hieroglyphics and pictures, but the subject is mysterious. It is known in this country through the splendid reproduction of it by Lord Kingsborough. But the most interesting of all the sights to the visitor is the printing establishment, which at one time was the first in the world, and had the means of publishing books in upwards of thirty different languages. At the present day it is furnished with all the recent appliances; and from this press has issued works distinguished as much for their great typographical beauty as for the area they cover in the mission field. Its font of Oriental types is specially rich. We were shown specimens of the Paternoster in all the known languages; and my friend had an opportunity of inspecting some theological works in the obscure dialects of India. The productions of the Propaganda press are very widely diffused. There is a bookseller's shop connected with the establishment, where all the publications of the institution, including the papal bulls, and the principal documents

of the state, may be procured. Altogether the college has taken a prominent part in the education of the world, and wielded a powerful influence in moulding its destiny. Its influence is specially felt in America, from which a large number of its students come; the young priest who conducted us through the library and the Borgian Museum being an American, very intelligent and affable. The Roman Catholic religion flourishes in that country because it keeps clear of all political questions, and manifests itself, not as a government, in which character it is peculiarly uncompromising and despotic, but as a religion, in which aspect it has a wonderful power of adaptation to the habits and tastes of the people. The Propaganda rules Roman Catholic America very much in the spirit of its own institutions; and one of the most remarkable social phenomena of that country is the absolute subserviency which the political spirit of unbridled democracy yields to its decrees. The bees of the Barberini carved upon its architectural ornaments are no inapt symbol of the spirit and method of working of this busy theological hive, which sends its annual swarms all over the world to gather ecclesiastical honey from every flower of opportunity.

Passing beyond the Propaganda, we come to a lofty pillar of the Corinthian order, situated at the commencement of the Piazza di Spagna. It is composed of a kind of grey Carystian marble called *cipollino*, distinguished by veins of pale green rippling through it, like the layers of a vegetable bulb, on account of which it is popularly known as the onion stone. It is one of the largest known monoliths, being forty-two feet in height and nearly five feet in diameter. It looks as fresh as though it were only yesterday carved out of the quarry; but it must be nearly two thousand years old, having been found about a hundred years ago when digging among the ruins of the ampitheatre of Statilius Taurus, constructed in the reign of Cæsar Augustus on the site now called, from a corruption of the old name, Monte Citorio, and occupied by the Italian House of Parliament. When discovered the pillar was unfinished, a circumstance which would indicate that it had never been erected. It was left to the present Pope, after all these centuries of neglect and obscurity, to find a use for it. Crowning its capital by a bronze statue of the Virgin Mary, and disfiguring its shaft by a fantastic bronze network extending up two-fifths of its height, he erected it where it now stands in 1854, to commemorate the establishment by papal bull of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary; placing at the same time a conspicuous inscription on the north side of the great altar of St. Peter's, recording how he there proclaimed the dogma, and so satisfied, as he said, the longings of the whole Catholic world. It was during his exile at Gaeta, at a time when Italy was torn with civil dissensions, and his own dominions were afflicted with the most grievous calamities, which he could have easily averted or remedied if he wished, that this puerile dogma engrossed the mind of the holy father and his ecclesiastical court. The constitutionalists at Rome were anxiously expecting some conciliatory manifesto which should precede the Pope's return and restore peace and prosperity; and they were mortified beyond measure by receiving only the letter in which this theological fiction was announced by his Holiness. A more striking example of ecclesiastical bathos could not be imagined. The people cried for the bread of constitutional liberty, and the holy father gave them the stone of a religious dogma to which they were wholly indifferent, thus demonstrating the utter incompatibility of the functions of a temporal and spiritual sovereign. A curious thing happened in connection with the erection of the commemorative pillar, which shows the abject superstition of the inhabitants of Rome. They universally believe in the influence of the evil eye, and that this influence is oftener possessed by monks than by any other class of people. Meeting a monk or priest the first thing in going out for the day is considered an evil omen; and to counteract this baneful influence the Italian puts both his hands behind him with their forefingers and little fingers extended. Pio Nono, as the head of the Roman Catholic Church, is supposed to possess an evil eye of far greater malignancy than all other priests and monks; and numberless instances are quoted in which it has proved injurious, the misfortunes of his own life and the failure of all his social and political schemes giving some countenance to the notion. Under this impression the people of Rome refused to be present on the occasion referred to, or to have anything to do with the erection of the pillar, unless the Pope promised to absent himself. He readily agreed to this; but, with the elasticity of conscience peculiar to his Church, he came one day to see the operations, and by a singular coincidence, which the people interpreted according to their own ideas, a man was killed on that occasion. Thus amid the grossest superstition the pillar was erected in com-

memoration of a dogma as superstitious as any absurdity of African fetish worship.

The pillar of the Immaculate Conception is embellished by statues of Moses, David, Isaiah, and Ezekiel, with texts from Scripture, and indifferent bronze bas-reliefs of the incidents connected with the publication of the dogma. As a work of art, it is heavy and graceless, with hard mechanical lines; and the figure of the Virgin at the top is like a pillow tied about the middle. The whole monument is unworthy of the modern Roman school of sculpture. As the symbol of a new doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church, it deserves worse reprobation. It is a curious and suggestive coincidence that the Pope should have selected a pillar that formed part of a heathen circus to commemorate a doctrine which he did not originate, but received, so far as is known, from Mahometanism, and which is first noticed in the third chapter of the Koran. The doctrine of the Virgin Mary's exemption from all stain of sin first appeared among the legends which Mahomet derived from Christian sources, and which he introduced, with additions of his own, into Christendom. Thus the history of the pillar and the purpose of its erection were worthy of each other. This is only one among innumerable instances of the extraordinary facility with which the Roman Catholic Church adopts what it finds in other religions and in the ways of the world to its own purposes—the very statue of St. Peter himself, whose toe every pious Roman Catholic, from the Pope downwards, kisses when he enters the great Vatican Basilica, being merely a transformed statue of Jupiter executed in the worst days of paganism; and the chair of St. Peter, in the same magnificent edifice, having on its back carvings representing the labours of Hercules and an Arabic inscription, proclaiming that "there is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet." Like its own principal art-manufacture, the religion of Rome is a mosaic of all other religions, pagan and Christian; and, as Dean Swift wittily remarked, the only difference between the worship of the ancient and the modern city was that the one was the worship of Jupiter, and the other the worship of Jew Peter. The Papacy is but "the ghost of the deceased Roman Empire, sitting crowned upon the grave thereof."

The proclamation of the immaculate conception of the Virgin by supernatural revelation, and with no assistance from a council, paved the way for the now declared dogma of the personal infallibility of the Pope. It is also paving the way for a further development of the doctrine in the assertion of the divinity of the Virgin. This is not yet stated explicitly, but we hear of "Redemptress" monasteries and such institutions; and Roman Catholic writers are continually associating the Virgin with Christ in the work of salvation, and styling her "Co-redemptress." There can be no disguise of the plain fact that she is more than worshipped at Rome—that she has superseded her Divine Son. Her image, not Christ's, meets you at the corner of every street. The churches that bear her name far outnumber all others. In the month of May, the same honours are paid in church to her which at other times are paid to our Lord, and with far more enthusiasm; and while there are only twenty-two festivals throughout the Roman Catholic Church in honour of Christ, there are no less than forty-two in honour of her. In short, Mariolatry, throughout all Roman Catholic countries, has grown into a perfect passion; so that we may anticipate that ere long the divinity of the Virgin Mary will be universally recognised as a doctrine of the infallible Church, obliging every soul to believe it as a condition of eternal life. We do not hear any objections made to the dogma of the Immaculate Conception now, although—like the festival of the Conception, in which it originated, suggested by a worthy canon of Lyons in 1139, as a new mode of doing honour to the Virgin—it had many opponents at the time. The Jesuits supported it strenuously, seeing in it a new source of popular influence; while the Dominicans as stoutly resisted it, on the ground that it found no support in the traditions of the Church. But now that it has been pronounced by the Pope in solemn conclave to be true and inspired, all sections of the Roman Catholic Church have accepted it as a vital article of faith, utterly unconscious of the logical difficulty which it involves; for the same necessity of the immaculate conception of the Virgin applies to the Virgin's mother and grandmother, and so back through all the generations to Eve, in which case the doctrine of original sin is done away with, and the whole superstructure of the Roman Catholic Church has no basis of support.

I have remarked that the style of the pillar is unworthy of Roman art. I should have said, on the contrary, that it is thoroughly worthy of it. Rome never had any art of its own; its people never had any true genius for

art. It had simply the art of gathering into its own focus the artistic genius of other countries. The ancient Romans filled their temples and forums with the spoils of Grecian sculpture and architecture; what art it had of its own being of the rudest and clumsiest description. And the modern Romans have borrowed all that adds splendour and renown to their city from other places, and notoriously from Florence, and those parts of Northern Italy, where the wonderful instinct for form and colour has been hereditary since the days of the Etruscans. No sculptor, painter, or architect of the first rank was ever born in Rome; and it admits of doubt whether men of genius from other countries who lived and worked in it, and whose marvellous creations have enriched the world, would not have been greater than they were had they lived elsewhere. For ages Rome has been considered the foster mother of art, and residence in it essential to the education of the art-faculty. But this is a delusion. Its atmosphere has never been really favourable to the versatile life of the imagination. There is a moral malaria of the place as fatal to genius as the physical miasma is to health. Roman Catholicism has petrified the heart and the fancy, and a petty round of ceremonies, feasts, and social parties dissipates energy and distracts the powers of those who are not under the influence of the Church. The decadence of art has kept pace with the growing corruption of the Roman Catholic religion. Descending from the purer spiritual conceptions of former times to grosser and more superstitious ideas, it has given outward expression to these in baser forms. Even St. Peter's itself—though extravagantly praised by so many visitors—is but the visible embodiment of the vulgar splendour of later Catholicism, and lacks vital relationship to anything high and pure in art. The pillar of the Immaculate Conception is not only a monument of religious superstition, but also of what must strike every thoughtful observer in Rome—the decadence of art in modern times as compared with the glorious earlier days of a purer Church when men thought in stone and felt in colour. And the art of the sculptor is only in keeping with that of the painter in connection with this outrageous dogma; for the large frescoes of Podesti, which occupy a conspicuous place in the great hall of the Vatican, preceding the stanze of Raphael, and represent the persons and incidents connected with the proclamation of the Immaculate Conception, are worthless as works of art, and present a melancholy contrast with the works of the immortal genius in the adjoining halls, who wrought under the inspiration of a nobler faith. No Titian or Raphael, no Michael Angelo or Bramante, was found in the degenerate days of Pio Nono to immortalise what he called the greatest event of his reign.

The Piazza di Spagna, so called from the palace of the Spanish ambassador situated in a corner of it, is one of the finest squares of Rome, being paved throughout, and surrounded on every side by lofty and picturesque buildings. In the centre is a quaint old boat-shaped fountain, called Fontana della Barcaccia, sadly in need of repair, its brown slippery sides being tinted with mosses, confervæ, and other growths of wet surfaces.

On the site of the Piazza di Spagna there was, in the days of Domitian, an artificial lake, on which *naumachia*, or naval battles, took place, witnessed by immense audiences seated in akind of amphitheatre on the borders of thelake. The water which fed the ancient lake, and contributed to the cruel sports of a barbarous period, now flows peacefully into this singular receptacle. In the stillness of the hot forenoon its bright sparkle and dreamy murmur were delightfully refreshing. It spoke so impressively of that memorable incident beside the well of Sychar, and of that fountain of living water which all to whom Christ gives to drink possess for ever in their hearts. Such a suggestion is never long out of one's mind in Rome, for no city in the world is so abundantly supplied with water. You hear the lulling sound and see the bright gleam of falling water in almost every square. A river falls in a series of sparkling cascades from the Fountain of Trevi and the Fontana Paolina into deep, immense basins; and even into the marble sarcophagi of ancient kings, with their gracefully sculptured sides, telling some story of Arcadian times, whose nymphs and naiads are in beautiful harmony with the rustic murmur of the stream, is falling a gush of living water in many a palace courtyard. This sound of many waters is, indeed, a luxury in such a climate; and some of the pleasantest moments are those in which the visitor lingers beside one of the fountains, when the blaze and bustle of the day are over, and the balmy softness of the evening produces a dreamy mood, to which the music of the falling water is irresistibly fascinating.

FORTITUDE.

By an OFFICER on the Field of Morals.

THE mere mention of the word "fortitude" suggests a Roman soldier. Disciplined strength and firm endurance, power for action and resignation to obedience, seem to have attained perfection in the owners of those grim skeletons found on sentry at the gates of Pompeii in the course of excavation. When they went on guard that frightful morning in August, A.D. 79, the town was in a universal flutter of alarm at the hideous noises and the deadly pall of smoke, which told that the silent and lovely Vesuvius was tortured with internal fires. What would they have given to remain at home and look after their own families? But no, it was their turn to go on duty, and on duty they went as a matter of course. It may be that as yet there was no general sense of the urgency of the danger. Perhaps the ashes had not begun to fall in a fiery snow upon the streets. But however that may have been, sure I am it would never occur to them that there were two courses of action open. Tradition, patriotic ballads, drill, the omnipresent spirit of the service, all combined to make their steady tramp to that fatal gate a thing as inevitable in their view as breathing, and much more so than eating. Doubtless they spoke one to another of the portentous gloom gathering over the sky; and such ill-timed jokes as foolish mortals use to disguise half-conscious fears might pass between them, on the agitation of shopkeepers and their families. But for themselves they probably thought mainly of their losses at last night's play, or the monotonous length of the coming duty. At either side of the main gate there was a niche for the shelter of the guards. The morning watch was relieved. The doomed men took their places, and wished unknowingly for the end.

Before them lay the straight perspective of the road, adorned on either hand by sepulchral monuments, and overlooked by suburban villas. Stationed where they were, they could not see the fatal mountain. But they knew that the extraordinary appearances at its summit had excited wonder, and indeed horror, on the night before, and they could see reflected in the agitated faces of eager questioners, who increasingly thronged the road, the momentary appearance of new and unprecedented terrors. Meanwhile the air was filled with acrid dust, that made the effort of breathing a misery. The chariots and the waggons of the richer people, who began to carry away their families and valuables, rolled with a muffled sound over the deep layer of soft ashes that now covered the streets. It was too obvious that a frightful calamity was impending. But the two sentries stood unmoved, as though fettered to their place, to leave which without orders would, according to the Roman discipline, be death. Of course it may be said that under such circumstances there was little fortitude in sticking to the post. It was only a choice between death with honour and death with dishonour. But experience shows that under such circumstances a coward will almost always choose the latter alternative. What the feelings of these men were as the darkness deepened and the universal terror grew to an agony, we have no means of knowing, except by asking how we should have felt ourselves. But we can conjecture that the wild endeavours of their fellow-townsmen each to save himself, made self-preservation to the men on duty impossible. For probably they had to act the part of modern policemen, and, so far as they could, to keep the road open for others. Whether it was instinct or principle that chained them to their duty we cannot tell; but the whole traditions of the Roman army, which had not then passed its best period, would suggest that there was something at least of a noble obstinacy in the determination which kept them at their post until they could no longer fly. The street was waist deep in fine impalpable ashes; pumice stones fell like huge shot on the heads of those who exposed themselves; and there was nothing for it in the case of the sentries but to take refuge each in his arched recess, and to stand there until they were suffocated or buried alive.

This kind of grim unconquerable fortitude is supposed by some to constitute a characteristic difference between the higher Paganism and Christianity; and it is worth while inquiring to what this impression is owing. Certainly Christianity does not encourage any unreasoning stolidity of endurance. The service it requires, whether pleasant or unpleasant, is always to be intelligent. The principle that we are to be able to give a reason for the hope that is in

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us is equally applicable to the self-suppression before the majesty of the divine will always taught by the word of Christ. Mere stoicism, then, is not at all a Christian temper. For stoicism represents a frame of mind that bows down before a blind destiny superior to man only in the possession of infinite physical force. In such a temper there can be no loving acquiescence, which is of the very essence of Christian feeling. For the attainment of this there must be an intelligent, though humble, apprehension of an eternal power and an eternal work, far transcending, though not contradicting, our human wisdom and love. But though the Christian temper is alien from that of stoicism, the history of martyrs and missionaries abundantly proves that the spirit of Christ is capable of inspiring the hearts of men with a sublime fortitude. And there is this to be remarked concerning the influence of Christianity, that its inspiring power, unlike that of pagan traditions, far from confining itself to martial ranks or conventional dignities, has found its heroes amongst many of the weakest and most despised forms of humanity. Paganism glorified chiefs, kings, and soldiers. The divine life proclaimed by Christianity finds equal kinship in the lowliest as in the conventionally noblest forms of humanity.

But although this is true, still it cannot be denied that the forms of civilisation which have grown up under the influence of Christianity have recently tended to the disproportionate development of the softer virtues rather than of the sterner. We can hardly wonder that it should be so. Few organisms grow equally in all directions at the same time, and certainly this is not the case with human society. The creative and regenerative power of Christianity is love. Now there is no doubt that love may be in some circumstances "a consuming fire." But its most obvious influence on a race depraved by selfish passions is a softening and a soothing one. It teaches that instead of "biting and devouring one another" like brute creatures conscious only of appetite, we should "bear one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." It also teaches, and with equal clearness, that "every man shall bear his own burden." But in the effusive sentiments of mere human charity this latter truth is too often overlooked. I have just spoken of "mere human charity;" and some may ask what other kind of charity there can be. I answer that there is a divine charity. An adequate description of the difference would require a paper to itself. Here I will only say that human charity is often chargeable with a kind of transferred selfishness, which makes the mere comfort of the object of pity superior to every other consideration. Because a drunkard or a thief is suffering through his sin, this kind of mere human charity would break every law of social economy to relieve him. It would fall on his neck and cry over him; it would coddle and pet him with indulgences to which honest industry is a stranger. It would even, if it could, break the eternal law of moral causation; for it thinks to achieve the strong spiritual health of happiness and content by means of maudlin weakness and painless tears. Now divine charity is very different indeed from this. It is the "bond of perfectness" which makes all things one. It will not isolate the sinner from God's universal order, against which he has rebelled. It flatly refuses to think of the poor wretch's comfort as the supreme end in view. It will, by all means, at any cost either to itself or him, bring him in again to the divine order that he has forsaken. But that is the first condition of any happiness for him. And the methods which divine charity takes to secure this often require of the sinner as the first proof of faith, not sentimental tears, but courageous endurance. "His name shall be called Jesus," said the angel to Mary, "for He shall save His people from their sins;" observe, not from their sufferings, though that is an ultimate consequence, but "from their sins." And it is in entire harmony with this that the Spirit of Jesus says, in the book of Revelation, "As many as I love I rebuke and chasten; be zealous therefore, and repent." Now zeal mingled with repentance is wrought by suffering; not always perhaps, but generally. It comes of some unanswerable divine rebuke that crushes pride, and paralyzes self-will, and extorts the bitter cry, "I have played the fool, and erred exceedingly." Then, flashing through relentings of heart and reviving sympathies with good, a fiery resolve brightens all the soul, a resolve that, come what may, reward or no reward, though the heavens should fall, anything and everything shall be borne rather than sin. Here are the beginnings of Christian fortitude, the first spiritual drill, so to speak, of the Christian soldier, who will hereafter stand on sentry at some lone post of duty, and see, if need be, all things tumbling around him in ruin, while he can do nothing but just stand where God put him. And perhaps if such sterner aspects of the gospel were more preached it would be

better for the manliness of modern generations. At any rate, let us beware of regarding grace as a sort of namby-pamby nurse of spiritual milksops. "Watch ye; stand fast in the faith; quit you like men; be strong! Let all your things be done with charity." When St. Paul put those exhortations together he was surely thinking of a very different style of charity from that which bedews the sentimentalism too often called by that name.

I am the more anxious to bear some poor witness to such aspects of truth, because I think I have observed that the fundamental principles of religion are sometimes obscured by doubt, through neglect of such observations. An amiable young man who gets it into his head that the one aim of the gospel is to relieve pain and make people comfortable, is sadly staggered when a friend of negative tendencies points out that such at any rate is not the main aim of nature. Mount Vesuvius was apparently indifferent whether it was a faithful sentry, or a shrinking girl, or a covetous miser, or a stone statue, that was overwhelmed by the eruption. And if fruitful rain falls alike on the evil and the good, so does a destructive deluge. No repentance of a drunkard will make the horrors of delirium tremens less frightful; neither will it give him back the health he has shattered nor the honour he has tarnished. If recovered at all, these prizes are only to be won by tenfold or twentyfold the endurance it would have cost to keep them. Thus the laws of nature pay very little heed to alternatives of individual pain or comfort. And our thoughtless young friend, to whom this has never occurred till it was suggested to him by his companion, begins to ask himself whether there is then one God in nature and another in the gospel? Surely not. The ages have long gone by when the notion of two Gods could be tolerated by sane men. Is there then no God in nature at all? And has He only to do with the gospel? But that is an alternative which has only to be stated to refute itself. To a weak mind in such bewilderment the suggestion that there is probably no God either in the one or the other, comes like the cold, clammy arm of Victor Hugo's *pieuvre* shot out of unsuspected depths of darkness, with a touch that at once horrifies and paralyzes. Now it seems to me that the root of the mischief is our young friend's misinterpretation of the God of the gospel. Every blessing promised there blooms only from the cross of Christ, and can only flourish elsewhere on the crosses of His people. "He saves His people from their sins." And even so, let us remember, only "he that endureth to the end shall be saved." The God of the gospel is not a bit more regardful of pain or comfort than the God of nature. The real difference is, that the end of endurance comes out more clearly in the gospel than in nature—at least according to the limited meaning generally given to this word. But that end is not like the end of our endurance at a dentist's, mere ease and comfort. It is moral victory, or character; the high life of communion with God. "Fight the good fight of faith; lay hold on eternal life." "And this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." I think if our young friend had kept this in view, he would have seen in the divine charity of the Gospels the ultimate outcome of the works of nature, not any contradiction to them: as Jesus said, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work."

But does not religion promise happiness? Yes, it does, in the highest sense of that word; the blessedness of the "peace that passeth all understanding." But in no lower sense, such as painless ease, or comfort, or prosperity, is happiness a necessary fruit of religion. Reliefs we do get; "for He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are dust." But as to being treated like spoiled children, we need not look for it. No; we must just rough it, like self-expatriated boys, who have to find out their true place in the world, and who, if they dig up this knowledge amongst the privations of gold fields, win a greater prize than the biggest nugget ever wasted in riotous pleasure. It is only the sluggard or the epicure, or their spiritual kindred, who identify blessedness with pleasure. I have great sympathy with those daring souls who say that the Eternal labours under the sorrows and sins of the world. And yet there is not a shadow in that supreme bliss. At any rate St. Paul tells us that "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth until now," and that "the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered." And yet above all the conflict a serene peace enwraps the heavens; and the universe is a glorious temple; and the service of Him who dwells therein is blessed. If we are put as watchers at some lowly gate of that temple, in darkness, with strange thunders overhead, and shakings that seem to threaten ruin, let us at any cost "stand fast" till the word of release is given.

PLEASANT MEMORIES OF UNPLEASANT PLACES.

By the RIVERSIDE VISITOR.

III.—THE CASUAL LABOURER.

WHEN you once get fairly below the artizan class, you find few who have not at some time or other been hard beset to make ends meet, or in their own language, "to make a do of it;" but one class there is with whom this difficulty is the rule of life, not the exception—the class, namely, of casual labourers, or, as they call themselves, "cas'alty" men. However his existence may be accounted for, the "cas'alty" man is a great fact, and as no Christian can think or act aright towards this large class of working men without possessing correct knowledge of them, let us follow their ordinary but curious course up from life's start into its mature manhood—especially with the view of illustrating the art and mystery of "making a do of it."

To the initiated this phrase broadly distinguishes two great classes of the poor; namely, those who are conquered by poverty, in whom it has broken the spirit or cowed the better part of man, and those who, if they do not conquer it, at least hold their own against it—or, as they would put it themselves, those who knuckle under to poverty, and those who won't knuckle under to it. The one type, if asked how they manage, will resent and accuse their fate, ask what they have done to deserve this; rail at the times as out of joint, and exclaim, in a tone that is intended to be darkly, if vaguely, significant, that they don't know how it will all end. What ample excuse, nay, what ample justification, for such a tone there lies in the grinding poverty that gives rise to it, none can know better than we, and it is in no contemptuous or unsympathetic spirit that we speak of it. We only mention it at all with a view to conveying an idea, by the method of contradistinction, of how much there lies in the answer that the other type of poor will give to this same question of how they manage when hard times are upon them. "Blest if we know," they will say, smiling at the discovery of their own inability to recall in detail all the shifts and chances they have gone through in their daily battle for daily bread—"blest if we know hardly, but anyway, we make a do of it."

The "cas'alty" man, as a rule, is native and to the manner born. His father has been a "cas'alty" man before him. As an infant the care bestowed upon him has been of a decidedly casual kind, and while still little more than an infant, he has generally had to begin to do something in the way of "scratching" for himself. Through a "cas'alty" boyhood, he graduates to a "cas'alty" manhood. He engages in the "carry-yer-parcel," the cigar-lights, the "rusting" businesses—the last-named business consisting in raking about dust-heaps or other likely places for rusty iron, or anything else saleable at the marine stores. If he can raise the necessary broom or brushes, he may try his fortune as a free-lance crossing-sweeper or shoeblack, or he may obtain casual employment as juvenile bawler to an enterprising costermonger, or barrow-wheeler to some other itinerant tradesman. So, picking up a little money in one way, a little food or odds or ends of clothing in another, he goes on till he is old enough and strong enough for ordinary labouring, at which he begins to get casual jobs. At these jobs he makes acquaintance with other labourers, and after a time becomes affiliated to some particular "gang," and so takes rank, and ranks himself as a "cas'alty" man.

Perhaps because it is the only thing in which he *can* be improvident, the "cas'alty" man generally *is* improvident in the matter of marriage. As a rule, he marries young and has a numerous family. His wife is, of course, of his own class. The daughter of a "cas'alty" labourer, she has probably in her earlier years done a little in the way of street-hawking, either on her own account or as an assistant to some adult hawker, or she may have worked as a "piler" in a fire-wood yard, and from either of these positions have promoted herself to the position of a private in that ragged and roving army of step-cleaners which each week-day morning (with Saturday as their grand field-day) invades those neighbourhoods that form the debatable land between rich and poor districts—neighbourhoods the lady inhabitants whereof, though not in a position to keep a regular servant, have still refinement of manner and regard for cleanliness just as real as their more fortunate and better housed acquaintances. To these the services of such girls are exceedingly acceptable. Sometimes a "stepper" will take regular part-day service in a genteel

family of this stamp; but such cases are exceptional. The inducements held out by a situation of this kind are very few, and the nomad-like habits of the stepper generally give rise to a rooted aversion to the confinement incidental to any form of regular domestic service. The more usual thing is for the stepper, as she gets to womanhood, to form an occasional, a "cas'alty" connection, as a char or washer woman; and with such a connection on hand she is held to be sufficiently dowered to become the wife of a "cas'alty" man, it being quite understood on all sides that in these marriages the wife, as well as the husband, is to work to help to "make a do of it." Indeed, as time goes on, it but too often happens that the chief burden of making the do falls upon the wife, on whom the advent of children has generally a more stirring effect than upon the husband. Nay, speaking on this head, it must be added, that cases are most undesirably frequent in which the whole task of making the do, for the husband as well as the children and herself, is thrown upon the wife, through the man taking to drink, giving himself up to evil courses, or being specially "misfort'nate" as regards health or the matter of obtaining employment.

On marrying, the "cas'alty" man sets up his domestic tabernacle in a single room of a tenement-house in some shady quarter. Sometimes he takes such a room ready furnished; but the rule is to put in "a few sticks" of his own. At the commencement of their married life, when husband and wife are both doing well in their "cas'alty" way, making a do of it in the matter of a few sticks of furniture is comparatively easy. An expenditure of a pound or thirty shillings, spread over a few weeks, will set them up. In the shady quarters wherein they live are second-hand furniture establishments especially adapted to the wants and incomes of their class. They are dull, dirty-looking establishments, with dull, dirty-looking proprietors, and are, for choice, kept under railway arches. They have much more the appearance of accident-wards than repositories for furniture. The goods in them have a generally broken and rickety look, and are in many instances palpably shorn of their fair proportions of backs, arms, legs, spars, stuffing, and the like. The proprietors of these establishments are the gentry who "clear out" sales of household effects—that is, buy as rubbish or lumber old, odd, or damaged furniture and sundries, which, singly, would not pay the expenses of auctioning, and, in lots, are only valuable to the class of dealers of whom we are speaking. In these shops, wooden bedsteads can be bought at from three or four shillings upwards, chairs from sixpence, and tables from a shilling each, and minor articles of household use in proportion. As might be expected from such prices, the furniture is in a more or less dilapidated condition; but your "cas'alty" labourer is generally a bit of a "handy man," and with the aid of a hammer and a few nails can put his "sticks" in fairly usable condition, which is, after all, the great consideration. In a one-roomed home thus furnished the "cas'alty" man and his wife begin their married life, and for the most part so continue and end it, for with the increase of family that in the interests of decency calls for an extension of house-room, comes an increase of expenditure that is held to put additional rental out of the question. In making a do of it, rent is one of the most important points to be considered. The law of *must* applies more strongly to it than to the providing even of food or clothing. The rule of the tenement landlord is "No credit;" his war-cry is, "Out you go!" and his practice a short shrift and a sharp seizure. Whether or not the landlord of this type always acts within his legal rights we cannot quite say, though we have a shrewd idea that he does not. We suspect that he acts upon what he would himself call "the bounce," for he well knows that he need have little fear of legal reprisals upon the part of his poverty-stricken tenantry. But be that as it may, with the aid of assistants, whom he calls bailiffs, and others style his "big dogs," he summarily bundles out defaulting tenants and seizes their "sticks." The tenantry know this, and so, if they would hold a roof over their heads, they must keep up the payment of their rent at all hazards; and many a hard struggle they have to make a do of it on this point.

If the "cas'alty" labourer is of industrious inclination and a good family man, his hardest work will often be the looking for work. Many a time and oft—

> "From early morn till dewy eve
> He tramps in search of work,"

and tramps in vain, returning home at night leg-weary and heart-sore, but still—if he is of the right sort—not utterly cast down, or disposed to unnecessary grumbling. "It is all in a life time," he says. Crying out or knuckling down won't mend matters; they—himself and family, that is—will make a do of it somehow

for the day, and the luck may turn to-morrow, at least, he will hope so. He has great reliance in "something turning up." The eggs, so to speak, are not all in one basket. The wife may have been more fortunate than he, and if she has had a day's work he is safe for the meal of which, after his tramp, he stands in need; while if the wife has *not* been out, perhaps some of the youngsters will have picked up sufficient coppers to provide a loaf and a cup of tea round. But even if, in their own phrase, the luck for the day has been dead against them, and all hands return home moneyless, the family will not lose heart, will not lie down under, or make a song over, their troubles. They are by no means at the end of their resources. On the contrary, indeed, they have just reached the position which calls their power of resource into play. It is under these circumstances that the wife, to whom falls the *rôle* of forager-in-chief, comes out strong in the art of making a do of it. She puts her shoulders to the wheel in right womanly, right wifely, right motherly fashion. She assumes a cheerful look, and a cheerful tone, and the others cannot do less, the more especially as from past experience they can rely upon her ability to make a do of it, the heavy odds against her notwithstanding. A limited credit with the small shopkeepers of the "huckster" or "chandler" type is a recognised institution among the "cas'alty" class. Such a credit is a prime necessity of the situation; if not quite the chief, it is one of the chief wheels of the machinery by which the class are kept going in the work of making a do of it; and, though the poor have to "pay through the nose" for the accommodation it affords, the withdrawal of that accommodation would be the greatest calamity that could befall them. It would produce a deadlock, and bring the dreaded workhouse walls ominously, overshadowingly near to the humble homes, which, be they ever so humble, are still by their individual inmates regarded as an earthly paradise as compared with the grim, family-dividing workhouse. If the wife, in the case we were just supposing, has not for the time being exhausted her credit with her particular shopkeeper, the task of providing a meal for her hungry family is a full easy one, being merely a matter of adding another loaf and a little butter, tea, and sugar to her "score." If, however, the family have experienced such a run of ill-luck that she has already "touched" her shopkeeper to the full amount for which her credit is good, the problem of providing provender becomes harder of solution. The first and most obvious resource in this case is to make up a little lot for the pawnbroker, in which lot be sure her own garments will make a prominent figure; for your good dame of this class is nothing if not self-sacrificing when engaged in the work of making a do of it for her husband and children. If the means of pawning have also previously been exhausted, she is driven farther afield, and must try her fortune in borrowing. Some neighbour, whose husband has been more successful than her own in obtaining employment, may lend her a trifle of money, or, failing that, may be in a position to pledge her credit for her, or lend her something to pawn, such accommodation being a common thing among friends and neighbours. If, however, those of her own set are more or less in the same position as herself, and therefore unable to assist her, she generally knows some lady for whom she works who will allow her to draw on account of her next day's work, or some stevedore, or other employer of "cas'alty" men, to whom her husband is known, who will in the same manner permit her to, in part, anticipate the next earnings he may be able to put in the way of the husband. By some one or other of these means she will, as a rule, accomplish her object, it being rarely indeed that she returns from a foraging expedition without bringing provisions with her; and, the food being forthcoming, the family fall to upon it with a will, and eat, drink, and are merry, not saying, however, "for to-morrow we die," but hopefully opining that the morrow will bring forth a better state of things.

Scarcely less disheartening, or less tiring than tramping in search of work without finding it, is the hanging about all day around a dock or workshop gate, or other spot to which some rumour may have drawn men in expectation of work, which in the event does not turn up. In waiting about "on spec" in a more general way, the "cas'alty" man spends a good deal of his time. The dockyard gate crowd is principally a crowd of ordinary "cas'alty" men, and any who desire to see what manner of men they be can select no better post of observation. The docks are their favourite hunting-grounds. They know other labourers whose good fortune it is to be regularly employed in them, and there is a kindly freemasonry among themselves, so that they are in a favourable position for getting early information, or, as they would put it, getting "the straight tip," as to when and where such rushes of work as bring the "cas'alty" man into demand may be expected. Through some workman in the shipyard, say, or one in the employ of the coal-

contractor, he gets timely word that the big Russian steamer, got off the repairing slip to-day, will begin coaling in a hurry to-morrow, and he is early in the way of the man in charge of the job. Through some other friend he hears that the cargo for which that Dutch vessel has been waiting is at length come alongside, and will now be shipped in double-quick time; or he knows that the *Speedy*, which is on a regular run and advertised to sail on regular days, is already two tides behind, and that therefore, when she does get up, she will have to be discharged and recargoed in hot haste, and for the arrival of this good ship he keeps a sharp look out; or perhaps it is of a chance of "cas'alty" hands being wanted at a coal or timber wharf, a grain wharehouse, or the like, that he hears; or, failing any of these, he may be "put on" to a chance in the odd jobbing line, such, for instance, as removing families from house to house.

When not engaged in looking after some definite chance of this kind, or actually working upon one that has "turned up trumps," the "cas'alty" man is usually to be found hanging about some street corner —a public-house corner for choice—where numbers of his class daily congregate, and where it is known among stevedores and others who may have occasion to engage day labourers in a hurry, that such men are to be found or heard of. This circumstance, and another we are about to advert to, often leads to grave injustice being done to the character of the "cas'alty" man, by people who jump to conclusions on a very partial knowledge of the facts of the case. In an ordinary way the dock labourer gets about four shillings and six pence per day, but if put to work on the "jumping" system, that is to say, the system of dividing among the hands engaged the *lump* sum paid for a particular job taken by contract, he may make his six, eight, or even ten shillings per day. Some who happen to be acquainted with this bare fact, who have heard in a general way that dock labourers *can* and *do* earn such wages, are prone to wax virtuously indignant against the "cas'alty" man if they chance to see him stuck at a street corner with his hands in his pocket, or hear of the state in which he and his family live, and the shifts to which they are put. They take the look-upon-this-picture-and-then-on-that tone. "Here," they say, "is a fellow who can, or ought, or could if he liked, earn his six or eight shillings per day, and yet look at his home!" And their deduction from the comparison is, that he must be an idler, or drunkard, or both. Now this is about as reasonable as it would be to say of a tradesman who chanced to clear a sovereign on some single sale that only takes a couple of minutes to transact, "Here is a fellow who can earn his ten shillings a minute, and yet is heard to prate of hard times and the difficulties of bringing up a family; and returns his income at three hundred a-year."

The "cas'alty" man has his chance days, and even chance weeks, of lumping employment and lumping pay, but they are woefully few in comparison with the out-of-luck days and weeks. It is only by the lifts his good days give him that he is able to make a do of it at all. It is when he has had a few days' lumping that he effects his periodical "clearings up" in things financial. It is then that the wife wipes off her score with her credit-giving tradesmen, and redeems the family clothing from the limbo of the pawnshop, or gets those boots and shoes of which husband and children have been standing so greatly in need. Boots, by the way, are perhaps, after bread, the things which the wife of the "cas'alty" man feels most called upon to provide, more especially of late years, and the providing them is a much more difficult task than that of providing a loaf, by reason of their running into more money, and being an article for which no credit is given, save, indeed, in the matter of repairs, if they chance to be done by a neighbour. Being constantly on his feet, the husband necessarily knocks through a good deal of shoe-leather, and, come what will, he must have boots. Time was when boots for the children were of comparatively secondary importance; when, if it was not convenient to get them a pair, they could for a time stay in the house or run about their own doors barefooted. But the Education Act has altered all this. The children now must attend school, and to do that they must—in the state of opinion on the point prevailing among the English poor—have boots, be they ever such flimsy ones. And flimsy indeed for the most part are they! For the parents cannot afford to buy them new, and second-hand shoes, or, as they are technically called, "translated" shoes, from the fact of their having been translated from the condition of old to that of second-hand new—these shoes, which are the only wear of thousands of the poor, are wretched affairs. Though low priced, they are, in relation to the wear to be got out of them, very dear. They are the whited sepulchres of their species. Their soles are

of the brown-papery character, and when a wet day has found out the weaknesses incidental to the scamped workmanship, glossed over by the liberal use of wax and heel-ball, the beginning of the end has come, and a dissolution of partnership between uppers and soles speedily ensues. This bad workmanship is a necessity of the case as it stands, for the unfortunate or inferior "snobs" who have fallen to the pass of working for the second-hand shops, are paid at such starvation rates that even with scamping their work they can scarcely eke out a bare existence. Some of the "cas'alty" men have risen to the situation created by the present day requirements in the matter of elementary education, by taking to doing a bit of "snobbing" themselves, and fortunate is the child whose father is in a position to undertake the family snobbing; his workmanship may be rough, but it will be strong and honest, and keep the child dry-shod, when otherwise the boots would be "letting in," and laying the foundation for chest diseases in years to come. On the whole, however, the pressure, upon the parents, of the Education Act has been beneficial to the children in this respect. The effort to clothe them better than formerly is a heavy strain upon the parents, but, somehow or other, they manage to "make a do of it," and so far the children benefit. The garments of the children are generally casts-off, and as the mothers are not, as a rule, handy with their needles, some strange spectacles are to be witnessed in the way of fits of frocks, jackets, and so forth. Here is to be seen a growing boy, cribbed, cabin'd, and confined in a suit through which his arms come too far, and which otherwise he fills to bursting point; and there a girl in clothes a world too wide—which in slang phrase "fit her too much." There is also, as might be expected, a good deal of loop'd and window'd raggedness; but the children are used to all this, reck little of it, and on the whole are tolerably happy.

To see the cheeriness and hopefulness of the "cas'alty" class underneath all the hard and disheartening surroundings of their life seems to us a pleasant thing, and to any who have such opportunities of knowing their ways of life as falls to our own lot—few, however, are brought into such close, daily, practical relations to them—it is a painful thing to hear them harshly spoken of, as they sometimes are, even though the hard word be uttered in ignorance, not malice. That there are individuals among them who are not all that they might be, who, on the contrary, are drunken or idle, or vicious, and in some greater or lesser degree help to make or aggravate their own misery, is doubtless true. But of what class of society could not the same thing be said with equal truth? When the great—the sorrowfully great—numerical strength of the "cas'alty" class is considered, it will be found that the really bad men among them are relatively few, not a larger proportion probably than the "wastral" members of other classes, who have far less excuse to plead for going wrong. Sometimes, when "cas'alty" men are in luck in the way of work, they and their families "go in" for a little feasting, and we have frequently heard this circumstance commented upon in an adverse spirit; but it strikes us that if those who so comment had as much of fasting, and as little of feasting, as even the best off of the "cas'alty" class, they would be very much inclined to feast a bit themselves when times were well with them, and to consider that injustice was being done them if they heard that a charge of improvidence or riotous living was being founded upon their so doing.

Those of the poor who, sweeping aside the grim details of their up-hill struggle to live, speak simply and cheerfully of making a do of it, are a class to be admired, not condemned; a class whose patience and endurance under adversity might well be held up as an example to others; a class, finally, whose lives, to those who know them, afford some of the pleasantest recollections associated with the unpleasant places in which they live out their hard but seldom long life, and somehow "make a do of it."

THE MINISTRY OF BIRDS.

"Blessings brighten as they take their flight."—Proverb.

NOT very many years ago, a farmer of the neighbouring land across the Channel—France—looking on a nest which a pair of small birds had built in the loose hay that lay in one of his carts, seriously revolved in his mind—a sane mind too—the question, "Is it worth a cart?" and, what is more curious still—until the whole circumstances of the question are known—he deliberately settled that it was.

The question has a strange history, and the history has a wide lesson; for just before this time the people of the farmer's immediate locality, and of leagues around it, had tried a new experiment. Let us see what the history and the lesson are.

The experiment they had tried was of a world without small birds. Ignorant of what the small birds were doing, the crop-grower conceived a desire to be rid of them; for their Maker had fixed that part of the pay of their unknown work should be made in tithes of summer fruit. The birds were His little Levites, serving in the great Nature-temple, and He could not forget their claims; they lived for the fruits, and He decreed them to live by the fruits: buntings and finches, the farmer should pay; blackbird and thrush, the gardener. Wisdom and kindness filled the whole plan—a wisdom and kindness which, whilst it gave first place to the creature man, did not, could not, exclude the creature bird. But farmers and gardeners were not yet aware how much these feathered servants befriended them. On the contrary, they were held to be pests—perhaps beautiful and charming, but certainly costly pests. Some might permit them to collect their fruit and corn dues, but not as a justice, only as a benevolence. Others shot them down; there was no benevolence, said they, in permitting waste of human food; these were useless creatures. Men would have more to eat, more to give the poor man for his penny, if their cool, philosophical judgment could but have its way. Let that be men's guide, instead of Christian feeling and humanitarianism, and such-like short-sighted sentimentalism. And it was so; the advice prevailed.

This superfine school of thought found champions in multitudes of farmers who, in the interests of their incomes, set to work in good earnest to reduce its creed to practice. Against this course it was of no use to urge upon them the revelation that in all creation there is purpose; for purpose in creation they set aside; they claimed the right to kill birds as they killed slugs and caterpillars. It was of no use to reply that what corresponds to our nature, what we have been made to admire and to love, it must, in the wide and only true sense, be our advantage to preserve; that God cannot have made our best sentiments and our best interests contrary the one to the other. The idea that God had made anything at all, and especially that He had bestowed thought on small birds' labour and small birds' wages, they, with energy and contempt, denounced. It was of a little more use to urge that the stomachs of these busy creatures were

found to be filled with insects and grubs, and that, whilst bound to live on such things and on their larvæ all the year round, they were absolutely unable to eat fruit, except in the brief fruit season, and that then the little they ate was but a low price to pay for the remainder, which they preserved; but even this did not suffice to stay the destroyer's hand. Strangely enough, it was replied to such pro-bird pleas that, with all that the bird was alleged to do, there were insects and grubs undestroyed,—a fact which, to men of another mood, would have suggested the desirability of increasing bird-labour rather than of destroying birds altogether. Having no facts of experience as to what their fields and gardens would have been if there had been no birds to work in them, the attempt at their conversion to the birds' side of the case was hopeless. Even the very farmer above-named, at this time, would have thought that a man who seriously questioned with himself—"Is the nest worth a cart?" had escaped from some place of confinement for lunatics; he was then utterly out of sympathy with the truth of the case. In brief, his thoughts on it were not as God's thoughts, and nothing could make them more like God's, save the bitter experience into which he and his neighbours had unconsciously but really resolved to plunge.

In the interests of economy, they snared, trapped, shot, poisoned. So complete was the massacre that for miles the summer saw not the flutter of a wing, heard not a chirp. Cold, calculating theorists had their way. But hope had scarcely kindled before it began to fail. What simple sentimentalists and short-sighted humanitarians had felt, what believers in the divinity of the scheme of nature had known, hard-headed utilitarians now began in fear to learn. The crop-growers' enemies—their service and their song—were indeed no more, but what those enemies would have eaten was by no means saved; for fruits and corn, nay, even roots, were now exposed to new attacks—attacks more hideous and more costly than any from which they had suffered before. To their surprise they found that they had exchanged winged birds for grubs, a few songsters for hosts of caterpillars. But, of course, clever man would soon remedy all this. Expedients were invented and applied, but these were not so successful as the inventions and applications of the Creator, and soon it was found that they were far more costly to boot. Men had altered their world, and made it a world more after their own theory, and it turned out to be a world of plague. Cold-blooded utilitarianism had soon had enough of itself.

In the national interest, a commission stepped in, examined the evidence, took up the cause of the birds, and affirmed that, until they were restored to their original place on the land, doing their free will again, nature could not yield her full supply of food. Their eminent historian, Michelet, declared it to be his conviction that "the bird can live without man, but man cannot live without the bird," and seeing that the old Book tells us that birds were made before man, but that man was not made till after birds, the strength of the saying may not go too far. One thing was clear, that neither soil, nor air, nor rain, nor sun could work as well without these little feathered helpers. Their destruction was, at the least, a crime and a blunder.

Birds were now welcome guests. They were looked for, longed for; indeed, they were bought in other lands, imported, and tended with care. Let who would undervalue small birds, men who had seen summers without them could not. It was at this time, when birds were being reintroduced, whilst the memory of famine-threatened summers was still fresh in the people's mind, that a pair of birds on a grub-stricken farm chanced to build their nest on a heap of hay which lay in a temporarily disused cart. The nest was finished when the farmer's boy, who had been sent to prepare the cart for use, discovered it. Most farmer's boys (who had not passed through the experiences of this boy) would, it is to be feared, have made short work of a bird's nest in such a place. Farmers' boys go to church and to school, but they don't seem to learn, whatever they may be taught, respect for the feelings of God's creatures; but the boy had been to the school which is said to make fools wise—the school of experience—he had seen and felt, too, what it was to have summers without birds. So he left the little house undisturbed, and fetched his master, and the master did not sneer at the lad's dilemma; he felt it himself. To move the hay—that, however carefully it was done, would ensure the bird's "forsaking." The only alternative was to destroy the nest, or to leave the birds in undisturbed possession of the cart until the eggs were hatched and the young birds flown, and, meanwhile, buy another. He must give up the nest or the cart; and he settled to give up the cart, for he said within himself, "The nest was worth it."

Yes, it is true, once in the world's history

it has been proved, by the lack of these small co-workers, human labour becomes less valuable, land is less productive, sunbeams bring less to maturity, food rises in price, commerce does not pay so well, taxes are a greater burden to bear, labourers have shortened hours and less wage, farmers look bankruptcy in the face, and the country has a glimpse of ruin. These economical farmers at length got hold of this one clear bit of practical knowledge.

How much the bird befriended them they learnt, but only by its shameful destruction. Now surely there is some more excellent way to knowledge than this. Surely the utility of birds, as a proposition of a faith in the goodness and wisdom of the Creator, is as absolutely true as that same proposition when the proposition of bitter experience. Even the stoutest unbeliever in the existence of a wise and good purpose in creation will admit that truth is truth, however come by. The most ardent believer in the doctrine of a wise and good purpose in creation comes at his truth on the matter of small birds by his faith, and the unbeliever comes at his by experiment. Whenever unbelievers choose to put the believer's convictions to the test of experiment, as above, experiment only confirms them. In the long-run, the philosopher and the Christian hold the selfsame thing. And it cannot be too much forced upon public attention that the knowledge, however attained, has the same expression in practical life.

And so it seems that what religion did for the religious, a miserable plague did for the non-religious. The wisdom of preserving small birds is at length the creed of both. It is made evident, on the one hand, to the "philosopher" by the processes of experience, and, on the other hand, to the Christian by the processes of belief. To one, it is justified by test, to the other, it is justified by faith.

It is right, then, to say that if the results of all cruel and wanton experiments had never been attained, the foundation of the one rational relation between the human creation and all other living things would still remain, viz. an intelligent and thoughtful faith in the goodness and wisdom of the God who made all things for man's enjoyment and support.

MARY HARRISON.

TWO LITTLE TINKERS.

A Bit of Christian Work.

By the AUTHOR of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

II.

THE week passed by. Nobody had taken much notice of Jean, nevertheless she had gone on with her work most conscientiously, not having missed a single day. Miss Kirk's little garden looked the pattern of neatness. Also the last half day, when there was nothing really left to do, Jean had asked permission to clean out the fowl-house. "Thae puir hennies wad be mair comfortable." And though cook hesitated much, thinking that tinkers could not be kept too far apart from hen-roosts under all circumstances, still Miss Kirk suggested that as the lassie had been scrupulously honest all the week, though she had had the free run of the place, she was not likely to turn thief on Saturday. So cook gave in, though she secretly sent Jessie, the young housemaid, to keep a careful eye on Jean's proceedings.

Now Jessie, herself little older than Jean, though already a capital little servant, had watched the tinker lassie all week, with a mixture of distrust and pity. Finally the latter triumphed.

During tea, Miss Kirk, her aunt, and Miss Macrae, holding their weekly gossip over their neighbours' affairs—would that all gossip were as innocent and benevolent!—discussed the possibility of sending Jean to church next day.

"You can't," said Miss Kirk the elder; "she would disturb the minds of half the congregation, just as if she were a Red Indian or a Hottentot. In my time, nobody ever thought of going to church, except in Sunday clothes."

"Couldn't we find her some? Couldn't we dress her? It would be at least as amusing as dressing a doll or a baby."

Miss Macrae's brilliant idea was caught at, and, late as it was, the ladies' ingenuity contrived, by begging and borrowing, to carry it out. Jean's toilette was all arranged, except as to her feet.

"If it is for the first time in her life, she must put on shoes and stockings," said old Miss Kirk decisively, delighted to have a finger in the pie, for age had never frozen

her warm kindly heart. "I'll give her a pair of mine—nice grey wool. But as to shoes!"

"If you please, ma'am," said Jessie, in her slow Highland English, pausing at the door, kettle in hand,—"If you please, there's an old pair of boots of mine. I have just bought new ones, and I do not require two pairs."

"Thank you, Jessie," said her mistress warmly. "One pair out of two, that's a gift worth having. I wish we all gave as much to those who need it."

"Bravo, Jessie," added Miss Macrae. "May you never want at least two pairs of shoes!"

So a message was sent to Mrs. MacPhie's, desiring the tinker lassie to come up as clean and decent as she could make herself, the first thing on Sunday morning, to get some new clothes, and go to church like other folk.

"Perhaps she'll not come," said Miss Kirk.

"I think she will, the new clothes will be irresistible," said Miss Macrae, as she started off under the stars for her fearless walk homeward.

What a sight it was—that toilette! at which Jessie assisted, and cook too, so infectious is example, in front of the kitchen fire after breakfast. An old grey linsey frock, a still older polka jacket of some bright blue material, a black straw hat, trimmed with red ribbon, dear old auntie's stockings, much too large, and Jessie's boots, polished till they shone like a mirror. As she stood in the middle of the kitchen floor, the centre of an admiring circle, Jean could not restrain her wonder and delight at her own appearance. She kept turning round and round like a cat after its tail, vainly trying to catch a glimpse of her own back, but failing, gave her whole attention to her feet. Very uncomfortable they must have felt, cramped up for the first time in shoes and stockings; but what will one not endure for the sake of dignity and elegance? Jean contemplated her toes with the supremest satisfaction, every now and then saying, in a meditative tone, "Aweel, Aweel!" the only word she could find. But no South Sea Islander, clad for the first time in European dress, or any dress at all, ever regarded himself with more sincere admiration.

She went to church, of course! She sat beside the good-natured pew-opener, as grave as a judge, standing or kneeling as she saw others do. Whether she had ever been inside a church before, she did not say, and nobody inquired. But she behaved perfectly well, and listened to the sermon as if she understood it all.

Still she was a very odd-looking, unchurch-like figure, and more than one person, out of the little congregation, turned and stared at her in going out.

"It will never do to have her in our Bible class," said Miss Macrae, when, church being over, the two friends were arranging their "between sermons" occupation. "All the girls would begin to laugh. Suppose we send her home to get some dinner, with orders to come back here by-and-by, in an hour say, when the class will be over, and we can give her a little teaching all by herself."

But long before the hour was ended a shaggy black head appeared at the school-room door, munching a lump of bread. She had snatched up the portion given her, and run back to church again as fast as she could. Her look was so eager, and at the same time so droll, that it was impossible to scold.

"We must abolish her, if that be possible, for half an hour, or we shall have our girls paying no attention to anything," said the perplexed Miss Kirk, and hurriedly established the tinker lassie at the further end of the room, behind a safe barricade of forms, and in front of one of the pictures that hung on the wall; rough coloured prints, but still with meaning in them. The custom, too common in Sunday-schools, of sticking up isolated doctrinal texts, which no little child understands, the ladies wisely avoided, and adorned their room chiefly with pretty pictures, comprehensible to the meanest capacity. This one, of the Good Shepherd, carrying a little wounded lamb in His arms, seemed to attract even the poor ignorant tinker lassie. When the Bible class was dismissed, Miss Kirk found Jean standing gazing at it with the nearest approach to reverence, nay, awe, that she had yet seen on that wild little face.

"Who is that?" asked she.

"I know. It's the Saviour—my Saviour."

Very much surprised, Miss Kirk asked her how she came to know, and found that a year or two ago some lady had told her about Christ—how He was a "Good Shepherd" seeking and saving "that which was lost." She took in the story but very vaguely; still it had touched her and fixed itself in her mind, for she could understand about sheep being lost on the Highland mountains; and, alas! she was only too like a little lost sheep herself. Somehow it seemed to dawn upon her, almost without explanation, that the Good Shepherd now and then sent people like Miss Kirk and Miss Macrae after poor

girls like her and Mary, to find them and bring them home. And though in the brief lesson that followed Miss Kirk did not preach at all, only told her a few Bible stories and explained them afterwards, where she saw they were not understood, still Jean's attention was caught, and this—probably the first Sunday in all her life that had been spent in the least like Sunday—a rest day, a cheerful day—was not likely to be soon forgotten by her.

She went to church twice, behaving to the last with the utmost decorum. Afterwards, not knowing what to do with her, and dreading her "hanging about" idle to show her Sunday clothes, the ladies took her with them to the poorhouse, where they were in the habit of going every Sunday to read the Bible in Gaelic to the old and the sick.

"Eh! yon's a fine place," commented Jean, evidently struck by the terrible neatness of the wards, and the awful orderliness of everything. "But I wadna like to be there."

"I hope you will never go there, Jean. It's only for the old, and sick, and helpless, and you are young and strong. You must work. We mean to get you some work—farm work—the first thing on Monday morning."

But this was easier said than done. Though Jean was willing, pathetically willing, no one would employ her. It happened to be a slack season, and the ordinary farm-labourers, women and men, could scarcely find work; how, then, a poor little lassie, against whom there was the strong prejudice that exists throughout the Highlands against tinkers?

The ladies were sorely puzzled what to do. Work was not to be found, and to keep the girl idle, subsisting upon charity, was impossible, or if not impossible, most harmful. It was their standing rule never to help any except the absolutely helpless; and this girl was young, strong, and able to work; able, too, to take care of herself in her own rough way. And every new thing they found out in her made them like her better, and see what elements of good were in her, wild and untaught as she was.

To add to their perplexities, up came Mrs. MacPhie to say she could not keep the tinker lassie any longer. Not that she had anything to say against poor Jean, but her neighbours wondered at her for taking in "the likes o' them;" and Mrs. MacPhie, dirty and untidy as she might be, was sensitive as cook to public opinion. Moreover, when Miss Kirk went in the afternoon to her Training Home, the matron told her that a rumour having reached it of two little tinkers being about to be admitted there, the girls had all risen up in remonstrance—almost rebellion.

"And what did you say to them?" inquired Miss Kirk, her heart failing at the hardness of all other hearts to her poor waifs and strays.

"I asked if, supposing they were not good enough for us to have to do with when alive, when they were dead, was God expected to find some special place for poor tinkers to go to?"

The lady smiled; but evidently, even had she intended it, the Home was not likely to suit Jean, or she it, just yet. There was too much of the wild creature in her to be happy in its restraint, even had the other girls not been bent on making her miserable. The sense of caste, even among outcasts, is curiously strong.

"I wonder," said Miss Macrae, as the two friends discussed the knotty point, "if the angels see as much difference between you and me and much better folk (who shall we say? Mrs. Fry and Miss Nightingale?) as our Home girls do between themselves and the tinkers."

Still, it was a difficult case, until Jean herself solved it, in her brief and determined way.

"I'll just gang to my mither at Lochgilphead."

She had never spoken before of this mother, except that she was "daft" and in the asylum there; but now her heart seemed touched.

"I'd like to see my auld mither, and there's folk there that kenned her; and maybe they'd gie me wark."

For the ladies had impressed upon her that she must work, that she must never beg any more, but try her best to be an honest girl, wear her decent clothes, and go to church in them every Sunday.

"I put great faith in her clothes," said Miss Macrae aside. "I believe even a thief is less likely to steal if he has a clean shirt on."

So they gave their consent, some good advice, and a trifle of money, just to save her from hunger on the way, and started her on the expedition, to which in her precociously practical way the girl seemed to have made up her mind. But her heart, and she evidently had one, was sore to go. They could hardly believe the sad-eyed creature to whom they bade good-bye was the brazen-faced little tinker who had accosted them by the old castle, scarcely more than a week ago.

"Now, mind you are a good girl, Jean.

and let us know how you are getting on from time to time," said Miss Kirk, slipping into her hand half-a-dozen directed and stamped envelopes, rather shyly, lest Miss Macrae might laugh at her and her persistent faith in tinkers.

"Ou ay!" answered Jean, with her accustomed brevity, and sat down on her door-step, while the ladies passed out. But after they were gone, she suddenly started up, ran to the gate, and stood watching them down the road, as far as ever she could see them. Then she came back, took up her small bundle, in which her kind protectresses had tied up for her a few odds and ends of clothing, that her sole worldly goods should not consist, as heretofore, of the few rags she stood in, and went solitarily and silently away.

"I fear, nevertheless," said the good aunt, telling how she had observed this—"I fear, my dear, you will hear no more of your two little tinkers."

"We shall see, auntie dear," with that peculiar smile—I wish I could paint it!—half pathetic, half comical, which Miss Kirk's friends knew so well, and which went to the heart of her various "waifs and strays," as she called them, more than any preaching. She had faith in them, and they felt it, and it roused them to try and deserve it.

Two weeks, three weeks went by, and still no word of Jean. But one Monday morning a letter came. After that, several Monday mornings did Miss Kirk find lying on her breakfast table a letter to herself in her own handwriting, which must have puzzled Jessie, the little housemaid, exceedingly.

They were the very oddest letters inside, always written by a different scribe, but dictated evidently by Jean herself, sometimes in the first person, sometimes the third, or else a combination of both, with additions and improvements by the amanuensis. Often it was with the greatest difficulty that Miss Kirk could make out the facts: still they were always satisfactory facts. The girl was in regular work, sometimes on one farm, sometimes another, she got enough to eat, and her clothes were still decent: she went to church in them every Sunday.

"I told you so," remarked Miss Macrae, smiling, "beauty is at the core of all our hearts—us women! Depend upon it the great moral engine for poor Jean's reformation has been my old blue polka jacket."

Miss Kirk laughed, but there was a tear in her eye, as there often was when deciphering these eccentric compositions, which it was impossible to answer, on account of the vague address given, "Back of the Post-Office," "Next door to MacGalloway the baker," and so on. The only one which bore an intelligible date was evidently the work of a much shrewder and cleverer person than poor Jean. It was well written, its sentences were carefully, even neatly turned, and—it ended in asking for money.

"That's not Jean," said Miss Kirk at once, "or if it is, it is Jean fallen under bad influence. I must write."

And she did write, without a day's delay, in printed letters, so that Jean might be able to read it herself; she could read a very little. Money the lady altogether declined to send; she was saving up a small sum to put Jean to school during winter, but until then the girl must go on working. She enclosed more stamped envelopes, that Jean might have no excuse for drifting away from her friends, and assured her that her friends would not let go of her.

Then she waited; Miss Kirk was accustomed to wait. She never did with her benevolences as some children do with the roots they plant—dig them up to find out if they are growing.

A pause ensued, of weeks, nay, months. Miss Kirk had a great deal on hand—wide interests and work continually increasing; but still whenever people asked after her two little tinkers, and smiled the disbelieving smile—the silent "I told you so"—her kind face would sadden and her heart grow heavy. The Good Shepherd, who left His ninety-and-nine sheep to go after the one that was lost, often crossed her mind; and she wondered whether she had done her best, her very best, for poor Jean. Among all her heaps of letters, morning after morning, she somehow looked for the one in her own writing, and grieved when it never came.

At last one did come. It contained a formal business letter from the matron of a well-known industrial school, one of those excellent institutions in which our magistrates have the right of detaining children not actually criminal, but in danger of becoming so. Miss Kirk and Miss Macrae, familiar with all benevolent schemes, knew something of both the matron and the school.

"MADAM,—I write at the request of a girl here, Jean Anderson, or Sanderson—she seems in doubt of her own surname, so we have set her down as Anderson—who says you know her. She wishes you to be informed that she has come in here, and that

she has been an honest girl, as you told her to be. Finding she could get no farm-work, as it was winter time, she went to a magistrate, told him she had no home to go to, and was afraid of her father getting at her. He is a bad character, well known to the police. She begged to be sent here for three years, which was done. Jean Anderson seems a decent girl, and I have no reason to doubt her story; indeed, this envelope, directed in a lady's writing, seems to confirm it, but I should like to have it further confirmed by you. I have the honour to remain," &c.

"What's that letter about, my dear?" said the elder Miss Kirk, noticing that her niece laid it down with a great sigh.

"My sheep that was lost, auntie. I'll go after her at once."

It was half a day's journey, but she did not grudge it. When she returned home she said she should never forget the loud "Oh!" almost a sob, which she heard, on entering, from the far end of the schoolroom, where, amidst a crowd of other girls, mostly bigger than herself, sat poor Jean, trying hard to add to her little store of learning the art of writing.

She was a good deal altered—taller and older-looking; very thin, too, as if she had known actual hunger; but there was less of the wild animal about her, and more of the woman—the possible civilised woman. Her frock, the regulation industrial school dress, was tidily put on; and round her neck, fashioned in the tiniest and most unnoticeable bow, was a bit of red—the identical red ribbon which had trimmed her hat on that wonderful Sunday when she first went to church like a respectable person.

She did not say much, nor Miss Kirk neither, for the girls all round were staring and listening with all their might and main; but the look in her face as her friend laid a kind hand on the girl's shoulder, and said how very glad she was to find her here, was worth coming a long way to see.

"There's twa of us here the noo," said Jean. "Hoot, lassie, dinna hide yersel'; the leddy's seen you before, ye ken."

And Miss Kirk recognised, though with difficulty, among the school girls, Mary, her second "little tinker," the one who had danced the jig at her garden gate, and been carried away twice by the bad mother, not to good; for, as the matron afterwards informed Miss Kirk, Mary had not asked to be sent, but had been sent after, for one of those small offences which our English law considers justly is more the fault of the parent than the child, and punishes by sending, not to a prison, but, without even any formal conviction on the charge, to an industrial school.

So both the wild creatures were caught, safe out of harm's way, and in mutual companionship, of which they seemed heartily glad. The matron said they were on the whole very good girls, though sometimes they got restless, especially in fine weather, and seemed to long to be out in the open country, free as the beasts or the birds. And Miss Kirk, as she looked on the white-washed rooms, spotless tables and benches, and narrow windows, looking upon nothing but high blank walls, and thought of the breezy hillside, the heathery moor, and the shining lochs, scarcely wondered at it.

But this must be. Here was a place of safety, a place to learn in, where the two little tinkers might grow up to be decent and useful members of society after all.

They are growing up still. Miss Kirk has received Jean's first letter, in answer to a good many of her own, which the matron begged her to write, saying how much Jean was the better for receiving them. Her own production—evidently her own—is well spelt, neatly written, and though of course very formal, contained an outburst or two, which showed that the "bread on the waters" had not been entirely thrown away.

"And what do you mean to do with your two little tinkers?" Miss Kirk's friends sometimes inquire of her in a somewhat doubtful tone.

She does not quite know, since of material so rough it is difficult to make good domestic servants, but perhaps she will try. In her own Training Home, the inmates of which once so indignantly rebelled at the poor little tinkers, she takes half-a-dozen—only half-a-dozen—girls, almost as uncivilised, and for twelve pounds a year and an outfit of respectable clothes, makes them very soon into good housemaids, cooks, nurses—afterwards into good wives and mothers. Possibly Jean and Mary will end in being received there. If any good Christian soul who reads this, which is, under certain disguises, an absolutely true story, would like to try the experiment, they have but to apply to the author, who will help them in helping the "Two Little Tinkers," and perhaps through them many more.

CHRIST'S PLACE IN THE SCRIPTURES.

By the Rev. ADOLPH SAPHIR, B.A.

THE whole Scripture saith that Christ is all. Moses, through whom the law was given, wrote of Christ, and testified that grace and truth would come by Him. In Genesis, we see the promised seed, the true Isaac, offered on Mount Moriah, and raised from the dead; the true Joseph, sold by his brethren into Egypt, and exalted by God to be a Prince and a Saviour. In Exodus, we behold Him as the Paschal Lamb; in Leviticus, as the High Priest and the Perfect Offering; in Numbers, as the Sin-bearer lifted up; in Deuteronomy, as the Prophet raised from the grave to be the all-sufficient guide of His people—Angel of the Covenant, Revelation of Jehovah, Source of Blessing to all nations, Prophet and King, Tabernacle, Priest and Sacrifice.

Christ is all. Thus say the prophets. Isaiah beheld His glory, and wrote of Immanuel, the Child born, the Son given, who is Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Prince of Peace, the Everlasting Father. He speaks of the Servant of the Lord, in whom God's name is revealed, who is rejected and bruised, bearing the iniquities of His people, and exalted to be the light of the Gentiles, and the glory of Israel. Christ is all, witness Jeremiah and Ezekiel, Daniel and all the prophets. He is the Lord our Righteousness, the Shepherd and David, who shall reign for ever, Messiah the Prince, the Man that is God's equal, who sends forth the Holy Ghost, and is King of all the earth.

Christ is all. Thus say the evangelists. Israel's Messiah, David's Son, fulfilling the promise given to the fathers; endowed with all power in heaven and earth, and sending forth His messengers to all nations; this is the testimony of Matthew. Strong Son of God, Power of the Most High, unwearied Servant of the Lord, who went about doing good, and was obedient unto death; so testifies Mark. Perfect Man, the Son of Man, Friend of Sinners, Saviour, Shepherd and Physician of the lost, full of grace and tenderness; thus witnesses Luke. Only-begotten of the Father, dwelling among us and revealing His glory, manifestation of life, and light, and love; thus saith the beloved disciple. Christ is all, is the fourfold harmonious chord of the Gospels.

Christ the Head in heaven of the Church on earth, the exalted High Priest on the Father's throne, gathering by the Holy Ghost the Church from among Jews and Gentiles; this is the record of the Acts of the Apostles. Christ is all, is Paul's teaching in all his Epistles; Christ our righteousness and our new life, in the Epistle to the Romans. Christ crucified, the wisdom and power of God; Christ, above apostles and above all gifts, he writes to the Corinthians. Christ is all, he declares with earnest and anxious zeal to the Galatians; in Him is adoption, from Him comes the Spirit, in Him is our sanctification. How triumphant is his "Christ is all" in the Epistle to the Ephesians! Chosen in Christ, redeemed in Him, accepted and adopted in Him, blessed in Him with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places, we shall be glorified in Him, who is the Head and the Bridegroom of the Church. High above angels, centre of all God's counsel, keystone of creation, he exalts Him to the Colossians, lifting them above the rudiments of the world and the elements of the law into the glorious liberty of their standing as risen with Christ, to seek the things which are above. What shall I say of his sweet Epistle to the Philippians, so exquisitely subjective, where he reveals his inmost heart? To know Christ, to glorify Christ, to be transfigured by Christ at His coming, is his only aim; even as Christ is to him—to live, to be able to do all things, to rejoice. Waiting for the Son of God from heaven, even Jesus, who delivered us from the wrath to come, is the ground-tone of his Epistles to the Thessalonians. And all the solemn commissions, and terse, minute practical directions of his pastoral Epistles to his beloved sons, Timothy and Titus, are based on the faithful saying worthy of all acceptation, on the grace of God which bringeth salvation and disciplines us.

Christ is all. This is the one, sole theme of the Epistle to the Hebrews. Higher than angels, greater than Moses, Joshua, and Aaron, Christ is the full, comprehensive, all-sufficient, ultimate Revelation of God; our Mediator and ever-blessed High Priest; Author and Finisher of faith; the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

And what need I say of the other inspired Epistles, showing forth the same truth?—of Christ, the living stone, chief corner-stone, elect and precious, testifies Peter; reminding us of Him, whom, having not seen, we love, and of the end of our faith, even salvation

at the appearing of Jesus Christ. James, continuing the Master's testimony against the Pharisees, exhorts us to have the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory, in singleness of heart, thought, speech, and action. Most prominent and most supplementary to Paul stands forth John. Paul ascends from earth heavenwards. Ruin by the fall, Redemption in Christ's blood, Regeneration by the Spirit sent from Christ —such is his teaching. John descended from heaven to earth. Not the three R's, but, if I may so say, the three L's—Life, Light, Love eternal, but manifested and given unto us in Christ.

Christ is all. This is the majestic conclusion of that grand Apocalypse, with which the sacred Scriptures close; the First and the Last, the Lamb that was slain, adored by angels and saints, to whom the Father hath given kingdom and glory.

Christ is all. Thus saith the Father. He has made Christ to be wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption. He draws us to the Son. It is His voice which saith, "This is my beloved Son, hear ye Him." Christ is all. Thus saith the Spirit. As He was sent after Jesus was glorified, so is it His now to reveal Christ unto us, and the things which are freely given unto us in Him.

Christ is all. Thus testifies all Christian experience. Hemmed in between the accusations of his past guilty life and the terrors of eternity, the penitent thief sees that Christ is all—pardon, renewal, the hope of glory, and Paradise itself. Left alone with Moses —the condemnation of the law—Saul of Tarsus sees that Christ is all—the salvation of God to all helpless sinners, who put their trust in Him. Christ is all, is his growing experience, which enables him to glory in infirmities, in weakness, in reproaches. With the thorn remaining in the flesh—nay, himself dying daily—Christ is all. "My grace is sufficient," is Christ's assurance. "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me," is his response. Christ is all—our life in life, our life in death and in eternity. He is the model, object, joy, and source of our life. In Him we see, and love, and have the Father; from Him we receive the Spirit. Our fruit is found of Him. In Him are all the promises Yea and Amen; in Him are all our good works, foreordained by the Father, that we should walk in them. Christ is all.

Christ is all; thus say the glorified saints. "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain," is their song. Christ is all; thus say the angels. In Him was revealed unto them the manifold wisdom and the exceeding great love of God; having made peace through the blood of His Cross, God has by Him reconciled all things in earth and in heaven. Christ is all, is the testimony of creation, made in and for Him, groaning now in bondage, but waiting to be transfigured at the revelation of the Son of God. Christ is all, to the glory of the Father —will be the burden of the song of eternity.

If Christ is all, then let us rejoice. Everything else is fragmentary. Here alone is perfection, unity, fulness.

> "Something every heart is loving;
> If not Jesus, none can rest."

Light for the mind, peace for the conscience, love for the heart, strength for the day's work, consolation for the night's sorrow, victory in death, glory in eternity—Christ is all. God has given us the greatest of all gifts, the highest of all blessings; the greatest and highest that He can give in time or eternity —His own Son. O give thanks unto the Lord, praise Him and rejoice in Him. If Christ is all, and Christ is yours, you can bear the loss of all things, and yet be rich; you can be nothing, and yet be complete in Him, in whom dwelleth the fulness of the Godhead bodily.

If Christ is all, what will it profit us to gain the whole world, if we do not possess Him, if He do not possess us? Christ is all in saving the chief of sinners. He it is who sends grace abounding to draw the chief of sinners unto Himself. If Christ is all, let Him be all in us. Let Him wash our feet, let us receive in humility from Him the remission of sins. Let Him direct our steps and control our actions; let His gentle and loving voice be heard in our words; let His meek and lowly character be reflected in our lives. Above all, let Him dwell in our hearts. Let Christ be all; as dear old Gossner said, "Pereat Adam, Vivat Christus"—Deny self, assert and confess Christ. Mortify the members which are on earth; give all powers to Christ, that the world may see our good works. Remember, Christ is all—the fountain of our righteousness in heaven, and of our good works on earth. Let those who have stood at His cross and have known the power of His resurrection, go back now to His life in Nazareth, in Jerusalem, in Galilee, in the wilderness, in the temple, and walk in His footsteps; for remember that Christ is all; He is the way, and the strength of the way; the example, and the life and power within you to follow His example.

ERRANDS OF MERCY.

IV.—MEDICAL MISSIONS IN LONDON.

IT is a common error to suppose that the misery of London is concentrated in the east. When we speak of the west, or the west-end, what visions of wealth and luxury and beauty are conjured up! We do not readily think of want and starvation in connection with it. Those who have not investigated matters for themselves a little would hardly believe that, within a stone's throw of some of our most fashionable squares there are whole districts of hovels and cellars where want and bad air combine to breed disease, and where the condition of the people is as miserable as in the worst districts of Ratcliffe or the Borough. Large sections of the poorer population in the west are as painfully affected by the fluctuations and caprice of fashion as are their brethren in the east by the inevitable fluctuations of trade. We mean in ordinary seasons and circumstances, of course; for when there comes such a crisis as that of the great distress in the east-end, the whole of London is very speedily affected. We have ere now had occasion to point out this fact in these pages, but never was it more impressively brought home to us than on a recent visit we paid to that portion of the Marylebone district lying to the east of the Edgware Road. Our companion, who had but recently settled as a medical missionary in that quarter, startled us by saying, as we went out to accompany him on his forenoon round, that he had found worse cases here than he had ever encountered in St. Giles's, where he had laboured for about a year and eight months. We fancied at first that he was innocently deceiving himself—as a man brought into daily contact with grim misery very readily may—being most deeply impressed by what he has most lately witnessed. But we soon found that there was no exaggeration in the matter. Houses, or rather rooms and cellars, were visited one after another, graduating downwards, as we may say, to such a climax of wretchedness as we cannot believe could be surpassed. Our readers perhaps will not object to accompany us into one or two of these abodes, since we cannot so well otherwise make them appreciate the absolute and exhaustive fitness of our leading title in this instance.

First of all we enter a little room where a woman has just so far recovered from rheumatic fever as to be able to sit up. The old battered bedstead occupies a large amount of the small space, and in it three children are lying, one of them a baby asleep, the second suffering from hydrocephalus, and the third, a pale feeble boy, who looks up with grave questioning eyes at the visitors. The father has been out of work for weeks,

and with great difficulty has the rent of the room been paid; but now the mother fancies they may pull through, were she but able to resume her ordinary employments. Had it not been for aid procured by the medical missionary, the room must have been in an awful state, for here no fewer than seven persons live and sleep.

In the next house we visit we find an elderly woman in the last stage of bronchitis, complicated with other ailments. She feebly welcomes the doctor, tells him in a whisper that she has suffered much the past night, and can hardly breathe. He applies the stethoscope, says that he will send something that will do her some good; asks if the lady "district visitor" has recently been there, but is told "not since last week." He then speaks gently of the great need for being prepared for death—it may come suddenly to any one—and points to the one hope—Jesus, our Saviour, who can be all-in-all for each of us, though even the best of us are but poor sinners, unable to do aught by ourselves. Gratefully the woman responds, and the smile which lightens up the wan face, as he promises to send a lady to read to her, is pleasant to see. The poor little room is almost bare of furniture —she is lying, one can see, on straw, with an old and tattered coverlet and blanket over her! She is alone; but while we are there her son comes in, and asks the doctor if he would be so good as to go along to his room, a few doors off, to see his boy, who has been worse during the night. There we find the son's wife seated, with the child on her knee, by a tiny fire. The child is dangerously ill, but the doctor says he might be able to swallow some milk or beef-tea. The mother looks up questioningly in the doctor's face, but says nothing. A woman, a neighbour, who has stepped in, ventures to tell him that they are in sore straits, and really cannot procure milk or beef-tea. It turns out that the husband, a house-painter, has been out of work for three months, and cannot find work, though he has willingly sought for it, and that want has been their portion. The doctor promises to give them the milk and beef-tea. As he informs us afterwards, some ladies have contributed a fund, which is in his hands, for such cases as this.

As we go along, he remarks that all those we have visited are, as far as he knows, respectable working-people, as indeed we might have guessed from the stray relics—old-fashioned prints and little cheap ornaments—here and there in the rooms. He adds that in numberless instances it is hopeless to deliver the message of grace with any good result till something has been done to relieve the utter starvation. But he adds, with a touch of satisfaction, "We medical missionaries have a great advantage over most others; for it is so plain that we only go for their good, and with the *will* to give. In this light I have always been received, and I may say, without boasting, that I have been listened to on behalf of Jesus when no others would have been. We can say the word at the right moment, when even the hardened are most susceptible."

We are now in one of those narrow streets, or rather alleys, where, to the observant eye, the outer doors tell all the tale of neglect, of over-population, and misery. They bear that unmistakable dirty shininess on either lintel that is seen nowhere save in such neighbourhoods. We turn in at one of the doors, proceed along a narrow passage, and descend a stair so narrow, dark, and rickety that two persons could by no possibility pass each other upon it. We enter one of the cellars, or kitchens, so small that it is like a box. A wooden bedstead nearly fills it, and the only window, in which half the glass is broken, looks out into a small area in which all kinds of refuse seems to be deposited. It is always half dark. Here lies a poor girl in consumption, slowly dying; and, beside her, at night, six persons find sleeping room. On expressing our surprise, the mother says, "We must make the best of it." When we have left, the doctor whispers in our ear, "Not much hope for a consumptive patient in that air!"

In Charles Street we groped our way down to another cellar, a degree worse still; in fact, the most miserable specimen of a *home* we have ever seen. The plaster had all tumbled off the ceiling, and the seams of the flooring had so given way that we could clearly see into the room above as its occupants moved about. The place was doorless, the hinges having come off, and the landlord having refused to repair anything because of some trifling arrears; the glass in the window looking into the front area—a space of a few feet —was broken in the lower portion, and a few rough boards supplied its place, through which the wind blew freely. The poor man, in the midst of his coughing, remarked that if they had anything to steal it wouldn't be hard for the thieves to get in. There was no bedstead in the place, two mattresses were propped up on baskets on the floor. Three young boys, barefooted and in rags, even these being scanty, fluttered about in their half-dark home,

in which eight persons have to sleep. The man is consumptive, and often out of work; the doctor's purpose was both to see him, and to leave a message for the wife, who was out charing, to call for some clothing which a lady had sent for this poor family.

Only another cellar-dwelling shall we describe now, for in this work, as in many others, any attempt at a full description would simply prove depressing and monotonous. In this case a large bedstead filled the "room." The other visible furniture consisted of one chair, the caning of it half gone, and some cups and saucers on a shelf. This was another case of rheumatic fever, from which the poor woman was just recovering. Here, too, the ceiling, which was quite black, had broken away in some parts; the window was patched; and all the prospect for the poor invalid was a high brick-wall. "How long have you lived here?" "Nineteen years." "What rent do you pay?" "Two shillings. It is very damp and draughty; but, you see, I could not better myself, and since my illness has come it is less likely than ever that we shall be able to. We oughter be free of rent, having bought the place over and over again, as you may say, in that time," with a faint smile; "but *he* comes for his rent regular. My two sons earn a trifle in the costermongering line, and we make shift just to live. My youngest is lame, as you see." In this cellar, too, five persons live and sleep.

After a long round, and over a dozen visits, of which these are typical specimens, we returned to the unpretentious Medical Mission Rooms at 21, Bell Street. Unpretentious indeed they are, the consulting-room and dispensary simply being a space boarded off from a working-men's reading-room, in connection with the mission there of the congregation ministered over by Dr. Donald Fraser, through whose kindness our medical missionary, Dr. Chambers, obtains house-room rent free. Here we found, in a neat hall at the back, a gathering of over seventy persons, who are waiting seated. These are Dr. Chambers's outdoor patients. First a prayer is offered up, and a short but earnest address follows, so plain, simple, and practical that the most ignorant could not fail to understand the truths earnestly set before them; then a hymn is sung; and after that Dr. Chambers proceeds to examine his patients, one by one, according to the number of their tickets, which have been given them in the order of their arrival. Then, as he has no help as yet, he makes up his own prescriptions, and we leave him, engaged in that somewhat tedious task, to reflect on the large amount of labour that one man can do when his heart is in it, as it is very clear that Dr. Chambers's is.

From his early student days the idea of being a medical missionary suggested itself to him. In order to prepare himself the more thoroughly for the work, he joined the mission of Dr. Saunders in Endell Street, St. Giles's, of which Mr. Malcolm Doherty gave a sketch a short time since in this magazine. He remained there, as we have said, for one year and eight months, gaining a large measure of experience in medical missionary work among the poorest classes. In June last year he opened his mission in Bell Street, Edgware Road, and in these few months the amount of work that he has done is truly astonishing. From personal observation we can say that he has already "found his footing" in the district; and were the means placed in his hands, could do much to relieve many cases of genuine distress which no other institution is likely to reach. Though he has not formed any committee, Mr. J. E. Mathieson, of 77, Lombard Street, is associated with him as treasurer; Dr. A. P. Stewart, consulting physician to the Middlesex Hospital, as consulting physician; and Dr. Archibald Hewan, of 9, Chester Square, as secretary. His opening was accomplished in the quietest way possible; but on the first day he had two patients, on the second day he had nine, and on the third thirteen. He has now about two hundred out-patients a week, and pays about seventy visits weekly; having in the six months treated four thousand five hundred out-patients, and paid upwards of thirteen hundred and fifty visits. The meetings for out-patients are on each Monday, Wednesday, and Friday; and in addition a religious service is conducted by Dr. Chambers for the patients on Thursday evenings, at which there is an average of over seventy, amongst them some Roman Catholics—one woman of that persuasion frankly confessing that she likes to "hear the Word of God" there, and comes regularly. Besides these services, two Bible classes for women are taken weekly by a lady whom Dr. Chambers has attracted to the work.

Dr. Chambers, should it ever be in his power to extend the mission, as it might well be extended in Marylebone, is quite alive to the vast benefit that might accrue at once to such a neighbourhood, and to the medical profession itself, by enlisting in his aid young men still engaged as students—a system that has been for many years carried out

with much success by Dr. Burns Thomson in Edinburgh. Many of the most useful and distinguished of the medical missionaries abroad look back to the experience gained by them on their beats in the Cowgate and Canongate as a most valuable, if not even the best, part of their education. What a field in this respect London would offer! There can be no doubt that were many medical missions started, and well supported, it would afford a valuable supplementary medical training school, by which the students would be brought acquainted with real conditions and circumstances of disease of which the hospitals present no specimen—invaluable as the "walking of the hospitals" may be. If so much more than hospital training is needed to make a good nurse for the poor, as the National Association has proved and proclaims, how needful is it for medical students to learn something of the position in which a medical man may at any moment be placed, by being called to the bedside of the utterly poor in their own squalid homes! The medical mission might thus be made largely available as a training school for really serious-minded medical students.

The Bell Street Medical Mission is not definitely connected with any church, though Dr. Chambers is a member of Dr. Fraser's congregation. Many of its best friends belong to the Church of England. There is nothing sectarian associated with it. The religious teaching is strictly evangelical, and is regarded as an inseparable and essential portion of the work. Nor is Dr. Chambers in connection with any other medical mission, though the friendliest feelings prevail between this one and that at St. Giles's, as the following extract from a letter of Dr. Saunders will show:—"I am very glad that a start has been made in this place in the direction of medical missions. My friend Dr. Chambers has been working with me a year and eight months, and ours has been a happy fellowship: so I am the loser, but the medical mission cause is the gainer, and so I wish him God speed."

"Hitherto," says the report, "Dr. Chambers has dispensed all the medicine himself, but the work is increasing so considerably, it will be impossible for him to continue to do this, and we trust that funds will soon be forthcoming to enable him to have a dispenser. A Bible woman nurse is also much needed." It is needless, we fancy, for us to say that all the advice and medicines and nourishments are furnished gratuitously, and the mission wholly depends on the contributions of Christian friends.

At present there are only three medical missions in London—this one in Bell Street, Edgware Road; that of Dr. Saunders's in Endell Street, of which we have spoken; and a third in Mile End, under the care of Dr. Bastian. From what we have seen of the work we can truly say that it has often seemed to us to revive in a more vivid manner than almost any other form of Christian effort the picture of Him who went about Galilee healing all manner of diseases, and ministering as He revealed the Father's will. The circumstances of London in the nineteenth century, and those of Judea in our Lord's time, do differ widely; but human poverty and human needs are still the same, and to be effectually met must be met in the same spirit and, so far, by the same methods. We sincerely wish that medical missions may soon be increased in the metropolis, but more especially that the one with which we have now more particularly dealt may soon receive such additional support as to enable Dr. Chambers to procure the aid he so much needs.

H. A. PAGE.

HONOURABLE WOMEN.

By Miss CHESSAR.

II.—RUTH.

THAT book of the Old Testament which records the history of Ruth the Moabitess is a favourite with students of all ages. Children read with avidity its continuous and complete narrative, full of glowing incident; men see in Ruth their ideal of gentle womanhood; women like to read about her who displayed so fully all the softest characteristics of their sex; and even older people are pleased to read of Ruth's devotion to Naomi, and to hope that, when their days of desolation come upon them, some kindly woman's hand will be as helpful, some sweet woman's soul as loving to them as Ruth was to her mother-in-law. Painters have depicted Ruth in the cornfield, and poets have loved to sing of her, the type of simple modesty, of womanly faithfulness, of most staunch friendship.

Ruth herself presents one of the most

touching and fascinating in the whole range of Scripture characters. From a heathen land, led by her love for Naomi, and prompted no doubt by the gracious teachings of that Spirit Who rules over the wise acts of all mankind, she came to the land of Israel. In the words of Boaz, she came to trust under the wings of the Lord God of Israel; and she was thus one of the earliest ingatherings of that wild olive Gentile tree, from which, when "graffed in" upon the stock of the olive of the Jews, such good and abundant fruit was to follow. Of her it may be truly said that, in the simplicity of her love and abundant trustfulness, she was led "by a way which she knew not" to an end of which, when she set out from her own mountains of Moab, she did not dream. Not of the children of Israel by birth, she yet, by her faith and by her relationships, became wholly incorporated with them. Her marriage made her an ancestress in the direct line of Him Who was to come after to be "the Hope and Glory of all lands," and Who was specially the Hope of the Jews. From the days when to Abraham was given, repeatedly, the assurance that "in his seed should all the nations of the earth be blessed," every Jewish woman hoped that she might be in the line of the Messiah's ancestry. To Ruth, foreigner though she was, came through her fidelity to Naomi and her trust in God, this reward, which, by all Jewish women, would have been counted the highest possible honour. "The Lord recompense thy work," said Boaz, "and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel;" and, could Ruth have foreseen the position that she was to take, no doubt she, who probably knew of the Jewish hope from Naomi's teaching, would have deemed that a recompense more than sufficient lay before her.

Some women mentioned in the Bible have but few incidents of their lives narrated. Raised up, as Deborah was, for some particular emergency, we know but little of them beyond the time when their help was specially needed, and the work which they did renders them separate from the lives and feelings of ordinary women. But gentle Ruth's is a life-story for all periods, and her tender, loving womanliness, her fidelity, her piety and trust, are full of examples for women of all time. Ruth, whose firm determination to follow Naomi and to help her was such that her neighbours declared that she was "better to her than seven sons," is a woman to be like whom would be a worthy object of effort for all others.

The whole story of Ruth is a perfect poem of old-world life. The introduction describes the circumstances under which Naomi with her family left the hill-slopes, on which the small town of Bethlehem-judah was built, and went to sojourn in the country of Moab. Seen from Bethlehem, "the immense wall of the mountains of Moab seems to overhang the lower hills of Judah, from which they are only separated by the mysterious gulf of the Dead Sea."* To that country, with its fertile valleys, Elimelech bent his steps at a time when there was famine in the land. Whether this famine took place in the days of Gideon, or whether, as some think, it was one which resulted from the fierce tyranny of Eglon, king of Moab, matters little; all that we need know is told us in the phrase that these things "came to pass in the days when the judges ruled." Ten years did the family live in Moab, during which time both joy and sorrow had reigned in the household. Mahlon and Chilion, the two sons, had married Moabitish women; and they and their father had all died. Left thus alone, and hearing that there was now no famine in Judah, Naomi determined to return to her country. Her daughters-in-law went with her, and they followed the high-road that led them back to Judah. How they traversed the distance we are not told. They had to journey from Moab down into the deep, hot, semi-tropical valley of the Jordan, and, after passing through the ford, to make their way up again into the hill-country, where Bethlehem lies, on its bleak ridge, surrounded by terraces for the cultivation of the vine, and overlooking the harvest-fields where Ruth in so short a time was to enact the most important scenes in the drama of her life. But, probably, as they were not well endowed with worldly goods, they may have gone part of the way on foot, or on the asses which now, as then, are the useful and much-enduring beasts of burden in Palestine for even the poorest. Their small procession was but a sorrowful one. An elderly woman, broken with grief, contrasting in her own mind the days when she went out full of love, and those in which she was coming home so empty, thinking that she was one for whom Mara (bitter) was a more fitting epithet than Naomi (pleasant); and two younger ones, for whom life, as it seemed, could hold but little further joy, wended their slow way to the westward.

At a certain point, possibly just before they began the steep descent to the Jordan

* Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine."

valley, and when they had not yet gone so far as to make return seem impossible, Naomi addressed her daughters-in-law and urged their return to their own homes—"each to her mother's house." At first both declared that they would go with her; but, after a time, Orpah "kissed her mother-in-law," and returned to Moab. For this Orpah has sometimes been blamed, perhaps a little unjustly. Naomi speaks to both her daughters-in-law with equal affection, and as if they had been equally kind to her. Orpah may have had more numerous relations than Ruth; she may even, perhaps, have seen a possibility of her re-marriage, for which Naomi was so anxious. Whatever was her influencing motive, its weight determined the wavering balance of her mind, and she left Naomi with Ruth. Again, Naomi begs Ruth to leave her and to return to her people and her gods, as Orpah had done; and to her Ruth replies in those ever-memorable and steadfast words, "Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me." Through all the long succession of the ages since this story was first put into written form, these words of Ruth have been chosen, nay, have come spontaneously to the lips of all who have desired to express unchanging attachment. Comment only spoils their exquisite force and simplicity; the words tell their own story of the complete devotion of which such love is capable. Convinced at last, if such further convincing were needed, of Ruth's sincerity and depth of affection, Naomi "left speaking unto her. So they two went till they came to Bethlehem."

It was the beginning of barley-harvest when Naomi returned to the place which she left ten years before, and her arrival with her beautiful companion was soon noised about. "All the city was moved about them, and they said, Is this Naomi?" The people came out and crowded round her—those who were her contemporaries and remembered her as the happy wife of Elimelech and the mother of two sons, and those of the younger generation who had heard of her, and who now gathered round her with doubts and questionings—"Is this Naomi?" In answer to their questions, she expressed the grief of her soul, "Call me not Naomi, call me Mara: for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me. I went out full, and the Lord hath brought me home again empty: why then call ye me Naomi, seeing the Lord hath testified against me, and the Almighty hath afflicted me?" In all this, there is no word of Ruth, who stood by; but that she was not forgotten except in the first natural outburst of grief is evident from the fact that, when Boaz saw her in his field, though he did not know her by sight, he had yet heard of her faithfulness to Naomi.

Barley-harvest in Palestine takes place in April, and its beginning is the occasion of much rejoicing. It is the first-ripe grain, and its abundance is promise of what is to come after. Barley is enumerated (Deut. viii. 8) among the good things which the Israelites were to possess in the promised land, "a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig-trees, and pomegranates; a land of oil olive and honey; a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness." The time of barley-harvest is one in which the fresh greenness of the leaves on the trees has not yet succumbed to the fierceness of the summer heat; the genial warmth allows of work except for a short time in the middle of the day—that time when Ruth "tarried a little in the house"—and the excitement of the reaping of the first part of the harvest, combined with the hope of what is to come, rouses up the whole of the people. Barley-harvest, among the people of Israel, brought also a particular joy to the poor; for they had a special right to the "corners of the field," and to the gleanings of the harvest-field, the vineyard, and the olive-yard. Nay, if a whole sheaf had been forgotten, it was to be left for the stranger, the fatherless, and the widow. Nothing, therefore, could be more natural than that Ruth, desiring to help Naomi, should propose that she should take her place among the gleaners. It would seem, from the fact that Boaz speaks of the gleaners in his field as "his maidens," that by preference, the poor relations and dependants of each wealthy family gleaned in the fields of those to whom they were akin; and that, had not Ruth been known as the relation of Naomi, and so of the same family as Boaz, she might have been driven away from the field in which it was her hap to light. But Boaz, acknowledging the relationship, charged the young men that they should not touch her.

Rising early in the lovely clear mornings which prevail at the time of barley-harvest, Ruth, with Naomi's sanction, goes down from the town to the barley-fields, where already all is activity and happiness. She

does not take her place as of right, for she still feels that she is a stranger, but she goes to the servant that was set over the reapers and asks permission. "I pray you let me glean and gather after the reapers among the sheaves." Her industry impressed him, for he specially speaks of it. Now Boaz appears. He was a kinsman of Elimelech's, a mighty man of wealth, and it was the "hap" of Ruth to light on that part of the field which belonged to him. No real chance was there, however, in this matter. The Lord God of Israel, who had put into Ruth's heart her love for Naomi, and her trust in Himself, had led her to the field; His eyes "that are over the righteous" were upon her to guide her in her way. A stately, grave, and somewhat elderly man was Boaz, knowing well all those who were in his field, and discerning at once that Ruth was a stranger. Something in her manner may have attracted him, and when he heard from his servant that this was Ruth the Moabitess, he recalled all that she had done, and then spoke to her. He first desires her to keep fast by his maidens, to eat and drink of what was provided for the reapers; and when she, astonished at such marks of favour to a stranger, prostrates herself as before one much her superior, he tells her he has heard of her good deeds, and of her trust in God. Grateful Ruth, tender-hearted, and probably rather timid in this new work, is comforted by his friendly words, though she is conscious of being unlike the other handmaidens of Boaz—unlike them, possibly, in appearance, fair though she was, and also unlike in not being a blood-relation. Still more pleased with her sweet modesty, kindly Boaz renews his invitation to her to partake of the food provided, and himself reaches her so abundantly of the parched corn that she has not only enough for herself, but some to spare for Naomi, waiting for her in the small dim house in Bethlehem. She does not linger over her meal; she has no desire to attract particular attention, no wish to obtrude herself upon the notice of Boaz; but, as soon as she has finished, she rises and goes out to glean again, while Boaz tells his young men to let her glean even among the sheaves, and to "let fall some of the handfuls of purpose for her, and leave them." "So she gleaned in the field until even, and beat out that she had gleaned: and it was about an ephah of barley."

It is not difficult to imagine the haste with which she mounted the steep hillside to return to the waiting Naomi, the joy with which she showed the result of her day's labour, the satisfaction which she experienced in giving to Naomi "that she had reserved after she was sufficed." Then came Naomi's questions. "Where hast thou gleaned to-day? and where wroughtest thou? blessed be he that did take knowledge of thee." The words give the idea that in the minds of the two lonely women there may have been some misgivings as to the manner in which the stranger would be treated; and so when Ruth gives the name of Boaz as that of the man in whose fields she had worked, Naomi is full of gratitude to God, and rejoices that so near a kinsman has shown kindness. Hearing from Ruth that Boaz had desired her to keep by his maidens, she encourages her in her determination to do so; and therefore all through the harvest Ruth "kept fast by the maidens of Boaz, and dwelt with her mother-in-law." After her long day's work, Ruth must have been weary and glad of the rest of home; while Naomi looked forward to the evening tide for the return of her industrious, faithful daughter-in-law.

All this time, however, Naomi had pondered the whole matter. She knew of the kinship of Boaz; and she knew, too, the Jewish law with regard to the nearest kinsman. The family name and the family existence were so precious, that when a man died without children his wife might claim to be married by his nearest kinsman—by his brother, if possible; and the eldest son of the second marriage would be considered as the heir and representative of the apparently extinct branch.

For Ruth there was no brother-in-law. Mahlon and Chilion were both dead in Moab. But Naomi remembered the kinship of Boaz; she noticed his kindness towards Ruth. No doubt she had hoped that the recollection of the kinship would have moved Boaz to remember the duties of a kinsman. But harvest came to an end; the barley was to be winnowed in the threshing-floor; opportunities for Boaz to meet Ruth and be reminded of her claim were coming to an end; and Naomi, seeking rest for her beloved daughter-in-law, that it might be well with her, invented a plan by which Boaz could not fail to take special notice of Ruth, and by which she desired to remind him of their just claims on him. Gentle and obedient Ruth, exactly following the instruction of her mother-in-law, recalled to the mind of Boaz the kinsman's duty which lay before him. She heard, however, that there was yet another kinsman, nearer than Boaz, upon whom the duty of "performing the kinsman's part" would first

devolve. But she learnt that, should this kinsman refuse to do so, Boaz himself would perform the part of kinsman. Assured of this, and with the gift of six measures of barley which Boaz gave to her, Ruth, in the early morning, "before one could know another," returned to her mother-in-law. Wise Naomi, learning the solicitude of Boaz, seeing his gift, hearing of his parting words to Ruth—"Go not empty unto thy mother-in-law," and, probably, thinking it above all in significance, that he had sent sweet Ruth to be out of sight, whilst he himself was to see the nearer kinsman, knew that the matter was in good hands. Is it too much to imagine that Ruth may have hoped that the unknown kinsman would not perform his part? As regards Boaz himself, it cannot be far wrong to suppose that, had the other kinsman offered to marry Ruth—gentle, modest, and loving as she had shown herself—he would have felt a pang whose keenness would have been derived from personal disappointment. However that may have been, in Naomi's mind there was evidently an idea that Boaz, for his own sake, as well as that of Ruth, would bestir himself in the matter. "Sit still, my daughter," she said, "until thou know how the matter will fall: for the man will not be in rest, until he have finished the thing this day." That sitting still, to see how the matter would fall, how difficult a thing it must have been!

Who was to know what action the unknown kinsman might take, or what kind of future would lie before Ruth if she had to become his wife? But Ruth, all love and gentleness as we have seen her to be, was now to show that she was one of those who know how to "possess their souls in patience."

Meantime, as Naomi had well foreseen, Boaz was not idle. He betook himself to the city gate—the place of conference when business was to be done, the most public place in the city, the way by which all the people passed in and out of the town—and there he sat down to wait. Well known and honoured was Boaz, and his presence and the business upon which he came soon gathered round him an interested audience. When the kinsman passing by was called to sit down, when the ten men of the elders of the city were also called to sit down, they formed the central knot of an attentive crowd. Briefly and clearly Boaz states the case:—Naomi, returned from Moab, sells the ground which belonged to Elimelech. If the kinsman will redeem it, he has the first right to do so; if not, Boaz will do so himself, for he, after the person to whom he speaks, is the next of kin. The kinsman, thinking only of the land, probably knowing nothing of Ruth, or not remembering her, says he will redeem it. "Then said Boaz, What day thou buyest the field of the hand of Naomi, thou must buy it also of Ruth the Moabitess, the wife of the dead, to raise up the name of the dead upon his inheritance." But this the kinsman, already married, will not do, so that to Boaz remains the right of redemption. This he proceeds to declare his intention of doing before all the people. The custom was known to them all; and, in their primitive manners, the sign that the redemption right was made over to another was all that was needed by way of form. The shoe, a simple sole held on the foot by loops, was taken off by him who gave up his right, and given to him who took it up. "This was a testimony in Israel." The elders and the surrounding people were witnesses; and in view of the approaching marriage, they wished for Boaz and for the wife that had come into his house, all those blessings of household and family life which seemed chief in the eyes of the children of Israel.

So at last, amid rejoicings of neighbours and good wishes, did gentle Ruth find rest in the house of her husband; and when Obed was born, and laid in Naomi's bosom, then was the joy of the two women complete. This God-given child was to be one who should be "famous in Israel"—famous through his kingly descendants, more famous still as ancestor of David's greatest Son.

So, happy as woman can be, Ruth's history for the outer world closes. One of the "sweetest women who e'er drew breath" was this Ruth—tender, loving, patient, industrious, full of care for others; not clever, as ordinary cleverness is apt to be reckoned; no schemer for place or power; capable of self-control, and with the faculty of waiting and the self-possession which that implies. Her aim in life was not herself, save as she found her joy by others' joy. She was simply devoted to poor desolate Naomi, and she followed that good impulse whithersoever it led her. She let her life be the outcome of that feeling in her which led her to put full trust in God, to follow God, and to take what God had for her. And that spirit, man's only true guide then, as always, led her, gave her such experience as developed her character, and rewarded her with that happiness which even on earth He has prepared for them that love Him.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS ON THE HILLS OF GALILEE.

By W. C. PROCTER.

III.—A SACRED SOLITUDE.

THERE is something not only striking, but significant, and perhaps pathetic, if we consider it aright, in the contrast drawn so pointedly by St. Mark between the evening and the morning that followed the first synagogue service at Capernaum. At night all was excitement, exultation, a tumult of gladness. "All the city was gathered together at the door." "In the morning, rising up a great while before day, He went out and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed."

Now, if we sometimes in fancy half envy the sea-bird, which is equally at home amongst the restless noisy waves, and in the serene solitudes of heaven, well may we look up, not with envy, but with aspiration, to a life to which the bustle of human society and the solemnity of loneliness are equally welcome. Some people seem to be naturally born hermits. They love the fixed attitude of soul which is wholly receptive, letting the day rise and fall, and the sights and sounds of the world go by, after the fashion of a solitary, watching from his cave's mouth. The encroaching needs of other men, the perplexing currents of conversation, and the obstrusiveness of discordant opinion, are a trouble to their nerves, and a burden to their spirits. There are other men to whom solitude means always and everywhere dulness. They can form no idea of life apart from the bubbling of gossip, and interchange of re-

partee, and strife of competitive interests. But to say nothing of perfection, neither of these one-sided classes can produce a whole, and sound, and enduring character. And though this is not the highest aspect of the sacred solitude that Jesus often sought, yet we may well learn from it that no one can know fulness of life who is not sometimes willingly alone. Willingly we say, not sulkily, nor despairingly, nor misanthropically; but with the solemn gladness of the feeling that when the gossip, and bustle, and noise of humanity are withdrawn, we get at that which is behind humanity, the eternal. And we may learn from it also that solitude is a barren desert indeed, unless it fosters the resolve, and the humility, and the tenderness that fit us for daily duty and social intercourse.

There must have been a pre-eminent grace in the converse of Jesus with mankind. The attraction that He had for children and for child-like natures is a sufficient assurance of this. And He could not have had this attraction unless He had loved social life for its own sake. In Him were fulfilled the words of the Spirit of Wisdom, "My delights were with the sons of men." Such social grace is often inseparable from a dependence on human sympathy, which may be an element of weakness. And in a certain sense there was in Jesus this dependence on human sympathy; but it was no element of weakness in Him. He craved the presence of His most intimate disciples in the hour of His utmost trial, yet He was the stronger, not the weaker, for its loss. That loss drove Him upon the hidden spiritual resources of a divinely enshrouded loneliness, instinct with the life of God; and "there appeared unto Him an angel from heaven strengthening Him." This equal appreciation of the stillness of eternity, and of the busy interests that throng the short lives of men was apparent through all His earthly course. His reception of the baptism of John was no mere form. It was a sign of His glad and loving communion in the revival of religion that stirred a degenerate people with new faith and aspiration. It would be a revelation for us, if we could feel how Jesus rejoiced in spirit at the proofs of an awakening manifest in the eager faces of those who pressed to hear the prophet. And surely an open testimony to His oneness with the people in their desires for a better life was part at least of what was in His mind when He said, in answer to the objection of John, "Suffer it to be so now, for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness." But no sooner did a sudden light from heaven in His soul reveal to Him that the hour had come to set about His own greater work, than He felt Himself driven into loneliness. For forty days His spirit was solitary as the morning star between a storm-cloud and the approaching day. The temptations that threatened Him were not the momentary capricious suggestions of sin that flit like unclean insects about our daily path; but vast, vague, universal forms of wrong that darkened destiny. And the sweet light that fostered purity and strength was not the memory of a mother's smile, nor the pictured face of a friend, nor the interest of a social circle, but that of which a poet speaks when he says,—

"God made Himself an awful rose of dawn."

Other instances of this double life of Jesus, the eternal and the mortal, may come before us in the course of these papers. His solitude immediately before the Sermon on the Mount;* His retirement before the selection of the twelve apostles;† His retreat when the people wished to establish His kingdom by force;‡ perhaps also His brief seclusion in the neighbourhood of Cæsarea Philippi before His solemn progress to the cross;§ and certainly the awful loneliness of Gethsemane—all are illustrations of what we mean. But now we are concerned only with that early morning hour, "a great while before the day," when He paced alone through the silent street of Capernaum, and mounted the steep path that led to the higher land. The little town had known no such sleep before. No cries of pain, no fevered restlessness, no haunted madness, no gnawings of remorse, would disturb such a night as is pictured to us by the Gospel story. As a brawling stream is sometimes quietened when it is full, so the bickering, gossiping life of Capernaum had been stilled by very gladness; and the Saviour might feel in the hush of the morning streets the speechless content of hearts that were at peace. But soon the dawn would break; and fishermen's wives would bustle about the morning meal for their returning husbands; and children would call to their fellows in the market-place; and buyers would wrangle, "It is nought, it is nought;" and hammers and saws would shake the air with discord. It was not because such sounds were hateful to Him whose "delights were with the sons of men," but because the eternal life within Him was hungering for silence, that Jesus "went out and departed into a solitary place."

* Matt. v. 1. † Mark iii. 13.
‡ John vi. 15. § Mark viii. 27.

The singular position of the Galilean lake, more than six hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean, makes the change from its brink to the heights surrounding it much more striking to every sense than is usually the case. The traveller seems to have passed not only into a wider air, but into a different climate. Even in spring the hot-house atmosphere of so depressed a valley, while it quickens thousands of flowers into early bloom, is felt sultry and oppressive by those who come from higher lands. Now the home of Jesus at Nazareth had been comparatively high up among the hills. And the fondness which dwells upon the most human traits of the Lord's nature may perhaps please itself with thinking that, in His love for mountain solitudes, the memories and the habits of childhood had their place. From the bare summits of the heights which He gained now He could look toward the wide sweeping plain that had lain like a map below the village of Joseph and Mary. And, with the wider prospect, perhaps there came again the vision of a world-wide work, dimly seen in childish dreams, but now unrolling itself before Him with the imperious majesty of a call, indifferent alike to bliss and agony, commanding down all ambition and all love, all desire and all fear, save only such as were lost in the will of God and the salvation of a world. The people of Capernaum, cramped in their narrow valley, knew little of the measureless world above and beyond them. They would have willingly kept the Healer and Comforter all to themselves, that He might bear their sickness and carry their sorrows, and lull them every night to such glad sleep as that from which they were awaking. To some objects of popular idolatry such an intensity of local affection is not without its dangers, for it infects them with its own selfishness; it indisposes them to face the wider enterprises to which their mission calls them, and tempts them to confine to a sect or a congregation or a congenial circle gifts that were meant for mankind. We may even fear that the alienation of so large a portion of the working classes, growing every day in power and importance, from the sacred commonwealth of the Church, is in part owing to this effect of congregational idolatry upon successful preachers. There are noble exceptions; but the striking character of the results produced in such cases are only sufficient to cast a melancholy light on the contrast that forms the rule. It is always hard for us to turn from the familiar sympathizers who need us less, to the unfamiliar questioners, probably callous and indifferent, who need us more. But there is always something feverish and unhealthy in affections contracted to a circle smaller than their divinely appointed scope. And the servant of God, who bravely breaks through such limits, is rewarded for many sacrifices of private feeling by a sense of enlargement and freedom in his soul, by wider hopes for humanity, and a consciousness of fuller communion with Him who is working out the salvation of man. Such was the experience of St. Paul when he tore himself away from the weeping Ephesians to face the unbelieving Jews at Jerusalem. Their love was dear, but there was something more binding upon him—the universal "ministry which he had received of the Lord Jesus." Such, also, we may well believe, was the experience of David Livingstone when he left station after station, where he had attracted the devotion of faithful followers, to expire at last alone with God, a sacrifice for the emancipation of the African race.

The brief conversation recorded by St. Mark * is enough to suggest to us that the Master of these men had, like them, the sense of a universal ministry, which local bonds were not to limit. We cannot doubt that to the Saviour of men it had been an unspeakable bliss to radiate so much happiness around Him in the little town. But the passion and effusiveness of popular gratitude may well have been oppressive, because it dwelt so much on the physical blessings for which Jesus cared least, and because, on that very account, it was probably tinged with selfishness. And surely it is permitted us to conjecture that as He left the sleeping town and went up the mountain side, the dawning light and free air, and wider prospect, all harmonized with the longing that He felt for manifestation to the whole world. The bare summits of those hills afforded many a point of contemplation, where a meditative soul might feel itself at once alone with God, and in sight of the whole field of God's works. Such, we may believe, was "the solitary place" sought by Jesus in that morning walk. He needed the exaltation of some special divine communion to relieve the pressure of imperfect human sympathies. And of the real nature of the work He had come to do, He could as yet speak freely with none but the Father. How could suffering men and women who, up to that time, had no higher idea than relief from pain, understand salvation by suffering?

* Mark i. 37, 38.

How could ignorant victims of poverty and squalor understand a kingdom without wealth and a supreme rule without pomp? The germs of an understanding were there, no doubt, and the vitalising influence of a divine word would draw them out; but the time for fruit was not yet. And therefore in some things, and those nearest to his heart, Jesus was altogether without human sympathy. Now any one who has great and pure thoughts, which he cannot speak to men, is almost sure to speak them to God. And hence the best men have found their moments of fullest life in prayer. In the close and narrow haunts of earthly society, they were cramped and stifled by the impossibility of expression. But in the heights of divine contemplation, they have all the expanse of heaven about them, and that expanse is filled with a sympathetic life. It needs not, in such prayer, that there should be any imperious particular need, for the fulfilment of which an urgent request is made. It is enough that the heart is full of what men cannot understand, and that there is God to speak to. Of such a nature, we may reverently believe, was the prayer of Christ on many an occasion of solitary communion with the Father. And at every such time, disciples who had possessed eyes to see would have beheld a transfiguration, the eternal revealing itself through the temporal, the divine shining through the human. Well would it be for us, under many an unjust judgment, and under many a shock to our finer feelings through unsympathetic repulsion, if we could imitate the Master. The ideal which had been so bemocked and bespattered by misunderstanding that we almost scorned it ourselves, would shine out again as a divine inspiration in communion with God. The ill-expressed feelings that had been wounded with contempt would expand again into dignity there. And what is perhaps best of all, the evil tempers engendered in us would be both rebuked and soothed.

How artless and suggestive are the verses that immediately succeed St. Mark's reference to the retirement of Jesus! "And Simon, and they that were with him, followed after Him. And when they had found Him, they said unto Him, All men seek for thee. And He said unto them, Let us go into the next towns, that I may preach there also: for therefore came I forth." Here is a picture which a child may interpret; yes, better a child perhaps, than a learned critic. Here is the little town wakening up, and inquiring after the marvellous preacher at yesterday's synagogue service, the wonderful healer whom so many were blessing. There are children, as they pass the house on their way to school, lingering about, and peeping into the dark shadowy gate. There are boatmen carrying creels of fish, and stopping to inquire about the strange rabbi from the maid-servant, who comes forth with her pitcher for the morning's supply of water. And each one that stops gathers others about him. Meantime some of the disciples arrive, one by one, from other houses where they had lodged; and they are watched with interest as they make straight for the presence of the Master. But His chamber is empty. None in the house has seen Him. He is gone, no one knows whither. Then there is a stir and a sensation amongst the crowd. "The Rabbi has forsaken us; we shall never see Him again." And then, perhaps, they remember that the ancient prophets often came and went mysteriously; and this new experience adds to their awe. But how blank are the faces of those who come from outlying farms and hamlets, bearing with them their sick and wounded! Rising up early, they set out before it was yet light, to be sure that they should find Him; and, behold, it is in vain. But whither is He gone? Surely He cannot have been caught up by the Spirit of the Lord like Elijah of old, and hidden from the sight of men. The disciples are questioned. The people throng them in their eagerness. Their knowledge of the Master leads them to suppose that He is gone to meditate and pray. And driven by the craving of the people, they set out to find Him.

"All men seek for thee," they said. The words are, perhaps, indicative of exultation, touched, it may be, with amazement and embarrassment. Simon and his friends were in all probability rather proud that their Master was so much sought after. But there is an air of astonishment in the words, as though they themselves had hardly been prepared for the strong and universal feeling displayed. And if they had known the wide bearing of their words, they would have been more astonished still. As Caiaphas spoke with unconscious prophecy, when he urged the expediency of one man dying for the whole people, so did the disciples now. It is not to be supposed that they had in their minds the words in which the prophet Haggai described the Messiah, as the "desire of all nations." But their exclamation, "All men seek for thee," naturally leads back our minds to the passage; for there is a very

true sense in which the whole world was waiting for the Anointed One of God. Not that the world knew this. It is very seldom that the world is conscious of its moral needs, until the object answering to them is presented. But certainly the effete religions of the time, whether Jewish or Pagan, were just at that stage of decay, in which the spiritual ideas they had approximately or rudely symbolized urgently required new embodiment, if they were to be preserved at all. If the "Jews required a sign, and the Greeks sought after wisdom," it was through a restlessness and insatiety of the spiritual nature in both. The types of the former and the philosophy of the latter had generally failed to enable men to realise the divine foundations of life. Both Jew and Gentile lacked directness and simplicity of conscience. There was no want of sentimental enthusiasm for ritualism amongst the Pagans, or of anxiety for precision of traditional belief amongst the Jews; but the divine presence in the actual world was hidden from both alike. There was a great deal of vapouring about the dignity of man on the one hand, and about the privileges of a chosen people on the other. But the open secret, that self-consciousness is given only for the joy of recognising that God is all in all, was unperceived. In spite of the fashionable stoicism professed in high places, the supremacy of the moral life over the destinies of man was not felt. It cannot be, so long as the moral life is identified with independence and self-assertion. It is only the idea of salvation by faith, properly understood—not, be it observed, salvation by opinion—which enables men to appreciate this; because that dissolves all self-assertion in a reliance on the grace, and the guidance, and the inspiration of a redeeming God. It is only the doctrine of sacrifice embodied in the cross of Christ that reconciles the heart of man to the actual government of the world.

But if this be so, if directness and simplicity of conscience, if a consciousness of God with us, if a loss of self-will in God's will, if the divine life of repentance, lowliness, and love, were the wants of the world then, how truly might St. Paul cry to all mankind, "My God shall supply all your need out of His riches in glory by Christ Jesus!" What a deep perception of the cause of universal spiritual discord was shown by Jesus when He said, "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly of heart!" What a comprehensive truth was declared in the words, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven!" Thus all men were hungering after God's revelation in Christ, though they knew not what ailed them. And the disciples spoke a far more general fact than they were aware, when they said, "All men seek for Thee." But are not these words true now? We refer not to the numerous churches, of many earthly names, rising on every hand; nor yet to overflowing congregations, nor to the tribute of the world's treasures laid on the altar of divine service. There are deeper symptoms of religious hunger than these. The intellectual unrest, the doting ritualism on the one hand, and the anxious precision of creed on the other, show that somehow the open secret of life in Christ is veiled again; and that in feeling after it thousands know not what they want. It is really a new inspiration of the spirit of Christ that we need, that spirit which cannot be chained to antiquity; which is adaptable to, or much rather the inspiration of the highest forms of life in every age, whether scholastic, political, or scientific, because it is the innermost attainable secret of the true relation between self, God, and mankind. Whatever may be our interest in studying the material events of the Gospel, no one, who rightly understands the modern world, would desire to reproduce them, even if it were possible. It is not of the sacred flesh and blood, but of the eternal Spirit apprehended through them, that we say now, as two thousand years ago, "All men seek for thee."

"And He said unto them, Let us go into the next towns, that I may preach there also; for therefore came I forth." Do these last words mean, "therefore came I into the world," or "therefore came I forth from Capernaum?" It matters little. In either case the urgent desire of the people whom He had blessed stirred in Him afresh a love of all mankind. Not to please Himself, even with the dear tokens of deserved gratitude and affection, had He appeared amongst men.

Even in the past night, when thronged by crowds who blessed Him in their joy, he was thinking of the loveless, squalid lives of thousands in the scattered villages around. Who can doubt that it would have been a pleasure, hard to deny Himself, to descend the hills again, and pass many happy days amidst the gladness He had conferred? But such a feeling as He had awakened was like the prophetic spirit, "not of any private interpretation." It did not suggest social joys, but a world-wide mission. "For

the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many." Therefore He set His face toward the steep and stony paths that led across a heartless world, and promised no rest but death. Who can conceive the grandeur of this love, which was at once intense as a mother's, and wide as mankind; mighty in passion, but unshadowed even by the ethereal cloudlets of refined selfishness, that haunt the highest heights of human devotion?

"O man, with eyes majestic after death,
Whose feet have toiled along our pathways rough,
Whose lips drawn human breath!

"By that one likeness which is ours and thine,
By that one nature which doth hold us kin,
By that high heaven where, sinless, thou dost shine
To draw us sinners in,

"Come, lest this heart should, cold and cast away,
Die ere the guest adored she entertain;
Lest eyes, which never saw thine earthly day,
Should miss thy heavenly reign."

GREGORY OF NAZIANZUS.

III.—GREGORY IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

"Peace-loving man of humble heart and true,
What dost thou here?
Fierce is the city crowd; the lordly few
Are dull of ear;
Sore pain it was to thee,—till thou didst quit
Thy patriarch-throne at length, as though for power unfit."

ALTHOUGH Gregory did not formally accept the bishopric of Constantinople until almost the close of his residence there, yet from the day that Theodosius delivered the churches into the hands of the orthodox he was virtually the ecclesiastical prince of this new Rome; and for a considerable time before the arrival of the emperor he was a personage of great importance. The contrast was great between the position of Gregory when he left the imperial city, and that which he had occupied when he first arrived. On his arrival he had been unable to obtain a single church in which he and his persecuted flock could worship; at his departure he was listened to by the emperor and his court, and by all the grandeur of Constantinople. He evidently valued the opportunity thus afforded to him of addressing counsels and warnings to those in whose hands much power rested. Although he sometimes, after the fashion of his age, indulged in a somewhat flattering strain of discourse, there were occasions on which he spoke to those half-barbaric princes and nobles with a boldness which reminds one of John the Baptist. He exhorted his emperor to do honour, by his life, to the purple which he wore, and to see that his confidence was placed, not upon his riches, nor upon his armies, but upon Almighty God. The nobles who surrounded the prince were reminded that there can be no true nobility without moral worth. "Then, and only then," he exclaimed on one occasion, "will a true order of nobility be formed, when patents of nobility are granted to good men, and to good men only." To the rich he said in one of his sermons, "Ye who desire riches, listen to the prophet saying, 'If riches increase, set not your heart upon them.' Know that ye are trusting to what is uncertain. Lighten thy ship somewhat that thou mayest sail the lighter. And you lovers of pleasure, withdraw something from the body and bestow it upon the spirit. The poor man is near you; relieve the sick, and spend on him some portion of your abundance. Why should both suffer—you from dropsical repletion, he from sickness; you heavy with surfeit, he tottering with wasted frame? Do not in this life disregard the poor, lest in the future life you find yourself like the rich man of the parable."

These were bold words, but it was not by the boldness of his words that Gregory gave offence in Constantinople. There is a charm in earnest oratory, and whatever may be the explanation of it, men are often willing to listen even to the denunciation of their own sins, so long as it is allowed to remain a matter of words. A certain satisfaction is felt in joining with the preacher in the praise of virtue, and in the condemnation of vice; and those who feel this satisfaction probably often fail to realise that they are the guilty parties. At all events, a commination service may be tolerated, and even approved of, by those who will resist to the utmost of their power any practical endeavours to introduce what he holds to be a consistent church discipline. It is when a pastor passes from words to actions that he finds how strong is the opposition of mankind to his doctrine. This was the experience of Gregory, although his efforts appear to have been chiefly confined to the ordering of his own life in accordance with what he deemed the simplicity and self-denial becoming in a bishop of Christ's church. Amid the splendour and luxury of Constantinople he lived a rigidly plain life, and his neighbours became angry with him on this account; perhaps because they felt his mode of life to be a silent rebuke to their

own. It was said that he dressed badly, that he gave no parties, at least, on an episcopal scale; and there were not wanting those who ventured to insinuate that the accent and manners of the new bishop were decidedly provincial. He was frequently invited to the imperial table as the chief representative of the Church, but instead of endeavouring to make himself agreeable to his imperial host, he sat silent and constrained, and looked unhappy. However sincerely he desired to live after Christ, one can scarcely admit that in this respect his effort was very successful. It is not possible to imagine such a deportment in Christ at the table of a host. He was scarcely more at ease amid the birthday and wedding feasts at which he was expected to be present. Such a bishop was, at least, not the sort of man to satisfy the social life of Constantinople. "Gregory," to quote the words of Dr. Newman, "had far too little pomp and pretension to satisfy a luxurious and pretentious city. They wanted 'a king like the nation;' a man who had a presence, who would figure and parade, and rustle in silk; some Lord Mayor's preacher or West-end divine, who could hold forth and lay down the law, and be what is thought dignified and grand; whereas they had no one but poor, dear, good Gregory, a monk of Nazianzus, a personage who, in spite of his acknowledged learning and eloquence, was but a child, had no knowledge of the world, no manners, no conversation, and no address; who was flurried and put out in high society, and who would have been a bad hand at a platform speech, and helpless in the attempt to keep a modern vestry in order."*

But if Gregory was not very well fitted to perform episcopal duties, there were many among the clergy of the time who were willing to relieve him of them. Soon endeavours were made to supplant him; and as Gregory had not yet been formally elected to the bishopric, the intrigues appeared to have a plausible justification. One of the chief intriguers was a certain scholar of Gregory named Maximus. As there were at this time no colleges for theological instruction, it was customary for those who desired such instruction to repair to some famous preacher or monk to sit at his feet. Gregory's fame brought many such scholars; among others Jerome, who was afterwards so famous as the recluse of Bethlehem, and the translator of the Scriptures. Maximus came from Alexandria, and so completely won the confidence of Gregory, that he received him into his house, and took counsel with him on all occasions. He appears to have played the part of a hypocrite with much address, and to have gained his influence over Gregory by the use of flattery, to the charms of which the good man was not insensible. "A zealous praiser he was of my sermons," said Gregory bitterly in after days. But the harmony was soon destroyed; and Gregory discovered to his amazement and anger that his trusted friend was plotting to supplant him in the bishopric. The conspiracy failed in its object, although Maximus had as a confederate the Bishop of Alexandria, and he had to leave Constantinople in disgrace; but Gregory was deeply wounded to find that such a plot could have been hatched in his own episcopate, and carried out by some of his familiar friends. He left Constantinople for a season to soothe his wounded feelings amid country scenes, for which he had a real love. Seldom in the works of fathers of the Church do we find much appreciation of nature. Their austere and one-sided piety could scarcely see any beauty in a world under the judgment of God; and if they did speak of nature, it was but to note its order and to deduce arguments for the being of God. That joyous love of nature, which is to be found in Hebrew psalmists as well as in modern poets, is wanting in the writings of the fathers. Gregory, however, had a poet's nature, which neither the monk's frock nor the bishop's mitre could altogether repress. It filled him with delight, he said, to wander in the open air in the spring days, and to gaze on the meadows, and watch the young lambs frisking on the fresh green plains. After a short stay in the country, he returned again to the city; but his trials were not at an end. In the year 381 the orthodox Emperor Theodosius summoned a synod of certain of the bishops to assemble in Constantinople. By this synod, which is known in ecclesiastical history as the synod of the hundred and fifty bishops, Gregory was formally elected to the bishopric of Constantinople. The synod was at first presided over by Meletius, Bishop of Antioch, but on his death Gregory was called to act as president. The question then arose regarding the bishopric of Antioch, which had become vacant by the death of Meletius. Gregory advised the council not to fill up the vacancy, but to acknowledge Paulinus, the rival bishop of Antioch, and thus heal a schism. This pacific piece of

* "The Church of the Fathers." By John Henry Newman, D.D. London: 1868.

advice raised a storm in the council. The younger bishops, Gregory says, screamed like jackdaws, and like a swarm of wasps assailed the president. Gregory was greatly disgusted by their violence, and appears to have ceased to attend the meetings of the council on the plea of ill-health. In his absence a number of new members made their appearance. The emperor, in his arbitrary fashion, had invited to the council only such bishops as he considered desirable, and had omitted from his invitations the Bishops of Egypt and Macedonia. They came notwithstanding, and now took their places in the council, not in the best possible humour, as may be imagined. From a disposition to find fault with what had been done before their arrival, rather than, as it would appear, from any hostility to Gregory, they took exception to his election to the bishopric of Constantinople. They alleged that he was still Bishop of Sasima, and that his going to Constantinople was an infraction of the Canon of the Council of Nicæa, which forbad "any bishop, presbyter, or deacon to pass from one city to another." There arose a great debate on the question; but Gregory stilled the tumult by appearing in the midst of the council, and assuring the assembled bishops that he was willing to be another Jonah, and to sacrifice himself for the safety of the ship. He ascended, he added, the episcopal throne with reluctance, but it was with no reluctance that he quitted it After bidding the bishops farewell, he sought an audience of the emperor, and obtained from him a reluctant consent to withdraw beyond the reach of envy. Before leaving Constantinople, however, he delivered a valedictory oration, in which he dwelt with pardonable pride on the work which had been done during his short episcopate. He had borne no small part, he truly said, in establishing and fortifying sound doctrine in "the city, which is the eye of the world, the mistress of sea and land, the connecting link between east and west." His last words to his people were characteristic of the times as well as of the man. "Farewell, O Trinity, my care and my ornament! Mayest thou be preserved to these my people, and mayest thou preserve them! For they are still my people, though another may serve them. And oh that I may hear that ye are exalted and advancing, both in sound doctrine and in holy living! My little children, *keep that which is committed unto you.* Be mindful of the persecutions I endured for its sake. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen."

JOHN GIBB.

KNOW YE THE LAND.

KNOW ye the land without a tomb
To mark the cold corrupting clay,
Where life is all perennial bloom,
And time is unbeclouded day?
'Tis heaven, 'tis heaven. On earthly ground
May no such wondrous land be found.

Know ye the land whose river rolls
In lucent waves of living joy,
And seraph lips teach newborn souls
The secrets of their loved employ?
'Tis heaven, 'tis heaven. Far off, yet near,
The viewless land supremely dear.

Know ye the land where sabbaths keep
One tranquil, bright, unvarying calm,
And holy anthems, vast and deep,
Rise like old Ocean's thunder-psalm?
'Tis heaven, 'tis heaven. O Jesus, spare
And guide thine erring children there!

Know ye the land where gifted eyes
Behold unharmed the blinding sight,
And chosen hearts to rapture rise,
In beams of uncreated light?
'Tis heaven, 'tis heaven. O bliss, to soar
With Christ to dwell for evermore!

W. KENNEDY MOORE.

OUR MONTHLY SURVEY.

I.—HOME NOTES.

ENGLAND AND EASTERN EUROPE.

THE opening of Parliament, which took place on the 8th of February, when her Majesty the Queen was happily able once more to preside in person at the inaugural ceremonies, has been anxiously looked forward to, by all classes of persons throughout the country, because of the critical state of our relations with Turkey, and because of the dark and ominous clouds which still overhang Eastern Europe. Whatever view might be taken of the political bearings of the question of our obligations towards the Christian provinces of the Ottoman empire, it was felt to be exceedingly desirable that our Legislature should review in the fullest manner the recent course of events, and that it should be made clear to the nation what is England's duty in the present critical condition of affairs. This result will, we trust, be attained; for although party strife may sometimes kindle hot passions and provoke hot words, the English people, on the whole, have faith in the honour of their statesmen. Deeper than external differences, there is in the hearts of many who hold high places amongst us, a common jealousy for the national name, and a passion for truth, justice, and righteousness. The question at issue seems now to be narrowed down to a very distinct point: Must England take her stand with Russia, and, laying her hand upon the sword, insist that Turkey shall satisfy Europe that henceforth the Christian populations under her rule shall be secured against the outrage, the tyranny, the awful wrong, from which they have so long suffered? Or, must England stand aside and say, "I am not called upon to take part in this strife, if strife there is to be, and I will leave Turkey to fight her own foes and settle matters with her own subjects?" This is the momentous issue which our legislators have now before them. We have no wish to forecast the decision of the country. We note, however, that the Duke of Argyll does not hesitate to press upon the Government the adoption of a policy of coercion. He says to the present ministers of the crown, "Do not be so weak and so foolish as to say, 'We shall never fight; we shall never force our will on the Turks.' This course is one of utter fatuity; and my sincere belief is, that, sooner or later, such a policy must end in a disastrous war."

Such words as these, from one of no mean authority, may well deepen our sense of the responsibilities and solemn possibilities of the hour. There is not a statesman in England who would venture to say, in a well-remembered phrase used by a minister of France just before the great struggle between that country and Germany, that he could go into war "with a light heart." Not from the loss of courage, not from the decay of old traditions of honour, not from the growth of an absorbing selfishness; but, as we believe, from the deepening sense of Christian obligations, from the spread of religious thoughtfulness, and, we would hope, from the strengthening of a divine charity, England is learning more and more to hate war. The immediate misery, the prolonged and extended woe, which follow this great scourge of our race are repugnant to every noble and generous sentiment and every sacred principle. But the fear of war may actually give occasion to greater bloodshed. The shrinking from present peril may invite or provoke a greater ultimate disaster; and for a great State to withstand the call of duty is a more terrible misfortune than war itself. Certainly England will not forget the generous emotion which thrilled her population in the autumn of last year when the cry of suffering Bulgaria pierced the nation's heart. The generous sympathy which was then expressed from one end of these islands to the other will be stultified indeed if the "Eastern question" is calmly allowed to settle down into its old position. This can scarcely be, and at present it looks as if Turkey must either yield, or be compelled to yield, some guarantee for the better government of her Christian subjects. Surely, this is a time when prayer should be made without ceasing for the merciful and mighty aid of Him who is King of kings and Lord of lords. The Christian may see light even amidst the darkness, and find strength in the satisfaction that the ages that are hastening on shall bring, although bloodshed and anguish, and wrong and woe intervene, His reign of everlasting peace.

DR. SANDWITH, C.B., AND HIS WORK.

Most readers of these pages have heard of the important and benevolent labours of Dr. Sandwith during the past few months, amongst the refugees and sufferers from war in Servia. Twenty years ago Dr. Sandwith won honourable distinction as a medical officer for his services on behalf of the wounded at the siege of Kars. For the last month or so he has been in England, having come from Belgrade, the capital of Servia, for the purpose of replenishing the supplies of money and material required in his good work. He has on several occasions addressed audiences on the subject, and has also made statements and appeals to the public through the press. His account of the condition of the people for whom he is labouring is distressing in the extreme. Multitudes of poor women and children in Servia are at the point of starvation, and some thousands have managed to support life on scanty rations of bread, onions, and salt, supplied by Dr. Sandwith and his friends from the funds placed at their disposal. Dr. Sandwith bears high testimony to the qualities of the Servians, generally speaking, and he cautions us against giving credence to a great deal of false witness which has been borne against them by certain unprincipled newspaper correspondents. Dr. Sandwith himself is altogether above suspicion. His experience, judgment, intelligence, and rectitude may be absolutely relied upon. And certainly the

tale which he has to tell is enough to move even a cold and selfish heart to compassion.

On one point, Dr. Sandwith's words will be read with special interest, viz., with reference to the treatment of the Jews by the Servian authorities. We have all been sorry to hear lately that the Christian nationalities on whose behalf, as sufferers from Mohammedan cruelty, we were asked for our sympathy, were themselves guilty of gross intolerance and maltreatment in the case of the Jews residing amongst them. When the information was first given to the English public we felt that it was not in itself improbable. The Jews have had to suffer much even in our own country, and we were not much surprised to learn that the Servian and other Christians, who have had comparatively few advantages and great disadvantages, were still ignorant of the slowly-acquired lessons of charity and toleration. To a large extent, however, Dr. Sandwith frees the Servians from the charges made against them. He affirms that the sufferings which the Jews have had to endure there have not arisen from causes of a religious nature. There is absolute religious toleration in Servia. The Jews, however, are forbidden to settle in the country districts, not because they are Jews, but because they systematically engage in usury and in dram-selling, the effect of which is, that they enrich themselves by the ruin of the country folk. The Servian authorities, therefore, will only allow the Jews to settle in the towns, where they are more directly under surveillance but where they have perfect religious equality. Dr. Sandwith admits that in the country districts, where Jews have settled and carried on their trade until disaster was brought upon their victims, riots have occurred, and outrages have been committed. But, again he says, this was not in any sense religious persecution. It may be that Dr. Sandwith's information is imperfect, and at any rate, honour is due to Mr. Serjeant Simon, and other eminent Jewish gentlemen in this country, who have called attention to the case of their suffering brethren in the Christian provinces of Turkey. We trust that relief will be granted to them so far as they have just ground for complaint. But Dr. Sandwith has shown that the case is by no means altogether clear.

BRIGHT WALLS FOR DARK DAYS.

It is a kindly and beautiful thoughtfulness which has led a London physician (Dr. Lawrence Hamilton, of Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park,) to invite co-operation in the attempt to provide some bright and pleasant decoration for the walls of the hospitals of the metropolis. Dr. Hamilton thinks, as we have often thought, that clean and wholesome-looking as the wards of all our hospitals are, the eyes of patients must often rest wearily upon the vast area of whitewashed wall by which their range of vision is generally limited. Light, cleanliness, and fresh air are, no doubt, primary conditions of recovery from sickness; but every watcher by the bedside knows how much a thousand trifles may each contribute to this end. The sound of a gentle voice, the touch of a tender hand, the fragrance of a newly-gathered flower, and the sight of objects of interest and beauty —all have a helpful if not a directly healing influence. So through each avenue of sense the ministry of mercy may come, and the languor of disease be often chased away. Dr. Hamilton wishes to ornament the bare walls of the hospital with such objects as are usually found in the homes of people of refinement and taste. He wishes to introduce pictures, statues, drapery, *bric-a-brac*, china, old armour, antique furniture, &c., into the hospital ward, to gladden the patients who spend so many weary days and nights there. Dr. Hamilton has offered a hundred guineas towards the realisation of his proposal, and he intends to fit up two rooms, —one decorated, the other undecorated—in some public building in London, so that the public may have an illustration of the nature and value of his scheme. Perhaps the scheme goes rather too far; we are disposed to think it does. Old armour certainly does not seem to us a very cheering object for contemplation, from a sick bed, of all places. The rude outline of the human form which armour presents might be very likely to affect unfavourably the sick man's wandering fancy. In the dim twilight, or when the faint lamp-light struggled with the midnight darkness, what ghastly forms might startle the half-slumbering patient, or intrude upon the sufferer's dreams, if "old armour" were there to fling its shadow and to arrest the perplexed gaze? And a good deal of *bric-a-brac* too might be very much in the way, and would, moreover, look to the untrained eye like so much heterogeneous rubbish. But details might easily be corrected in the proposal to which we refer, and a good working committee, such as Dr. Hamilton asks for, would be likely very soon to hit upon right methods, and might thus carry out a very useful work.

Our hospital walls are not all absolutely bare, however. Sometimes we have seen them hung with Scripture passages, hymns, and well executed-prints, and again and again have patients spoken to us thankfully of the pleasure and consolation which some apposite verse of Scripture on the wall before them has afforded in hours of weakness and of pain. It is in this direction especially that we should like to know that Dr. Hamilton's scheme was developed. The incomparable language of the Bible has often a very special influence over the mind, imagination, and heart of the sick one. It is like a whispering voice of love and tenderness to the weak man, or woman, or little child, the exquisite tones of which are appreciated when, as in illness, the soul is for a little while shut up in silence and in loneliness. Illuminated texts may be made very pleasant to look upon; and, let it be noted, for sickrooms they should always be very legible. Hymns, too, that have soul and music in them, when hung before the sufferer's bed, are like notes from the harps of God's angels. And pictures —a beautiful face or form, a glimpse of quiet landscape, a scene from the inexhaustible abundance of natural beauty such as the true artist seeks and finds

—these become to the sick like companions and friends. Art has its ministry of consolation, it may be made a channel of direct instruction and an immediate instrument of blessing; therefore its help may well be sought for the comfort and elevation of the poor, both in their own homes and in the refuges provided by public charity for them when they are ill.

LEGISLATION AND INTOXICATING DRINK.

The subject of intemperance, which has of late engaged so remarkable a share of public attention, has been one of the first to call forth legislative action during the present parliamentary session. In accordance with a proposal of the Archbishop of Canterbury a Select Committee has been appointed by the House of Lords "for the purpose of inquiring into the prevalence of habits of intemperance, and into the manner in which those habits have been affected by recent legislation and other causes." An inquiry with the same object was commenced by a committee last session, but it does not seem to have led to any satisfactory result. A Parliamentary Committee, however, has opportunities for obtaining information upon such a matter as this, affecting the welfare of the entire community, and having reference to the habits of a large portion of the people throughout the country, such as perhaps no other public body can command. There is no doubt that the information which will be accumulated by this committee on intemperance will form a very valuable basis of future legislation and of enlightened philanthropic effort.

Friends of the cause of sobriety and of the true interests of the classes most exposed to the temptations of the public-house, will rejoice to observe that the bill for closing public-houses on Sunday in Ireland has passed its second reading in the House of Commons by an overwhelming majority. The measure was brought forward last session by Mr. R. Smyth, the member for Derry, and was supported by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright. At first it was opposed by the Government, but now that opposition has been withdrawn, in deference to the conviction that the proposed measure really represents the wish of the Irish people. It is true that a committee is appointed to determine whether the measure ought to be applied to Dublin, Belfast, Cork, Limerick, and Waterford. It seemed to be thought possible that cases for exception might be found in these important centres of population. Whether this shall eventually prove to be so or not, it is clear that the general public feeling of Ireland upon the desirability of the measure is remarkably clear and unanimous. Such a measure, in fact, could only be carried into effect with the general consent of those for whose benefit it is intended. The people of Ireland appear to be convinced that public-houses may be entirely closed on Sundays without occasioning serious inconvenience to anybody, and with the effect of greatly diminishing the crying evil of Sunday tippling. The experiment will be watched with much interest.

Mr. Chamberlain's proposal for sanctioning the application of "the Gothenburg system" to the town of Birmingham is down in the list of notices of motion given by private members of the House of Commons. There is no doubt a strong feeling against the main principle of the Gothenburg system, viz., the acquirement and management by the municipal authorities of the trade in alcoholic drink; but Mr. Chamberlain's scheme has secured an emphatic expression of approval from many of the leading inhabitants of Birmingham, including the clergy and ministers, and will at any rate secure a hearing in the House of Commons.

Outside Parliament, too, scarcely a week passes without some important public utterance upon the question of the promotion of temperate habits among the people of this country. All this arises, indeed, from a sad condition of things, over which we all have to mourn,—the prevalence in a large section of the community of habits of drunkenness and wasteful excess, and of all the vice and misery associated with such habits. But it shows, too, the increasing sensitiveness of the national conscience, and this will gradually make itself felt, even among those who violate it. At best, actual legislation cannot really lift people out of a low and feeble moral condition, but it may provide some public safeguards, protect the weak from some unnecessary perils, and help to quicken the public consciousness of the degrading character of a particular vice. And those who have this confidence are not generally the kind of people who will slacken individual effort, and the use of the persuasion to which the gospel gives a matchless force; nor will they forget the need of personal reformation and change of heart, in order that the darkened life of the drunkard may be illumined by the coming of the kingdom of God.

THE CASE OF THE REV. A TOOTH.

The imprisonment of Mr. Tooth, Vicar of St. James's church, Hatcham, London, is an event the necessity for which all right-minded persons must deeply regret. But the case is one which it might be supposed a very little candid consideration would enable any one to distinguish from those instances of imprisonment "for conscience' sake," once so common in England, but which we now feel form a blot on our history, and of which we can only think with shame, and with thankfulness that our lot has fallen in happier and more enlightened times. We do honour to the men, Roman Catholic as well as Protestant, who under the Tudors and the Stuarts endured persecution rather than do violence to their convictions of truth and right. It has proved in many ways a worse than vain attempt to coerce the consciences of honest men, and to compel uniformity of opinion by violence. But when all this is fully remembered, it is most difficult even to understand how Mr. Tooth and his ritualistic friends can justify to themselves the position which he has taken with respect to the law. To us, and we think to the majority of the people of England, that position appears not only hopelessly illogical, but practically

mischievous to the last degree. Mr. Tooth was ordered by the Court having the jurisdiction in such ecclesiastical cases, to abstain from certain ceremonies and practices which had been pronounced to be contrary to the law. He paid no attention to the order, and conducted his services as before. Then on account of his disobedience he was inhibited from performing any service in the diocese of Rochester, in which his parish is situated, for three months. He persisted, however, in proceeding with his services as usual, and did so on the 24th and 31st of December; and, as every one has heard, these occasions led to disgraceful rioting and uproar in the immediate neighbourhood of the church. At length the law, which had been defied, was put in force; Mr. Tooth was taken into custody and lodged in Horsemonger Lane Gaol. It is clear, even from this brief summary of the facts, that Mr. Tooth is imprisoned, not because he is not to be allowed to hold and to preach whatever views he thinks proper, but because he persists in intruding into a position to which he has no longer either moral or legal right. He clings to the position of a clergyman of the Established Church, and yet defies the law and insults the authority by which the position of a clergyman is secured. If he wishes to have perfect freedom, he must seek it outside the Established Church, which is necessarily controlled by definite regulations. He and his congregation may, if they please, build a church side by side with that from which they have been excluded, and there "worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience, none daring to make them afraid." Instead of this, Mr. Tooth continues his persistency. He has obstinately refused to give up the keys of the church; and in order that service might be held on February 11th, the building having been closed on the two previous Sundays, the doors had to be broken open. This is altogether a very melancholy outcome of ritualistic zeal, and it certainly points to grave issues in the not far distant future. The ritualistic party in the Church of England seem to be conforming the doctrine and ceremonies of the Church more and more to those of the Church of Rome. They are, as a party, undoubtedly earnest, indefatigable, and conscientious, and the more resolutely they press their principles the more imminent appears to be the prospect of some great rent in the chief ecclesiastical organization of the country. On some grounds such an event would be a cause of regret. Ecclesiastical strife is unprofitable to the interests of true religion. But we need not "tremble for the ark of God." Even earnest contention is better than the silence and repose of apathy and death; and it is from the chaos of conflicting thought that God at length brings the order and the beauty of more perfectly apprehended truth.

MRS. MEREDITH'S "PRISON MISSION."

The excellent work on behalf of women who have been in prison, which Mrs. Meredith has for many years been carrying on at Nine Elms, near Wandsworth Road, London, and elsewhere, deserves a word of notice here. A branch of that work has lately been specially devoted to WASHING FOR THE SICK. The labour is all supplied by liberated prisoners, and the institution has so prospered during the past year that it has proved self-supporting. The following figures, given by Mrs. Meredith in her "Summary of Work for 1876," report the Attendance of Women at Washing and Sewing Classes under her care, and will convey some hint of the extent of these important labours. "Prison gate, 2,873; Nine Elms, 3,328; Whitecross Street, 1,203; Westminster, 1,930; Breakfasts given, 2,873; Teas given, 3,490; Day Work, 3,950; Washing done for Poor and Sick, &c., 18,562 dozen clothes." Mrs. Meredith is still seeking to increase the work of her mission, and to include in the objects of its wise and benevolent care many women who have drifted into criminal ways or acts, and who but for some such helping Christian hand might be altogether lost to society and to everything that is good. It is proposed to erect a Mission Hall on a site at Nine Elms, as soon as the necessary funds (£5,000) can be secured. Mrs. Meredith has begun the issue of a small monthly publication, giving some particulars of her "Christian Labour among Women and Children." The number before us contains many painful and also many cheering facts. In a paper on "The Family (or Group) System for the Training of Destitute Children," it gives some interesting observations on the way in which this system has been carried out at the institution known as the Princess Mary Village Homes, at Addlestone, in Surrey. Some touching glimpses, too, are given of "Wastrel-life." For this loving labour for the help and rescue of a class, which only a few Christian workers have the tact and sympathy to reach, we are sure God will continue to send helpers and friends.

II.—GLANCES ABROAD.

THE FAMINE IN INDIA.

This terrible visitation from which the Presidencies of Bombay and Madras are now suffering is one of those sad phases of Eastern life which we can with difficulty realise. Months pass without rain, the crops of rice perish, and millions of people are face to face with death, until, after long waiting, the seasons again complete their course, and a new harvest is at length gathered in. Under native government, and in former times under our own, when such a calamity as the failure of crops occurred, the poor people of India used to perish by hundreds of thousands. They simply laid themselves down in utter hopelessness and apathy to be destroyed by one of the most dreadful of all deaths, that from starvation. It was indeed, we believe, so lately as in 1873, when famine prevailed in Bengal, that our Government first made a really adequate effort to cope with this gaunt and terrible destroyer. In the present case the calamity was foreseen, and the utmost efforts have been and are being made to meet it. As the area affected by the drought is estimated at fifty-four

thousand square miles in Bombay, and at eighty thousand square miles in Madras, with a total population of about twenty-seven millions, and as it is believed that some five or six millions of Hindoos will be cast upon the care of the British authorities for the bare necessaries of life, we can well understand what an immense amount of labour and anxiety is involved. One great means of assistance is the employment of the imperilled multitudes on public works, and considerably upwards of a million persons are so employed at the present moment. Another proposed method of relief is the transfer of a portion of the labouring population of the famine-stricken districts to Ceylon, where it appears there is a considerable demand for labour. It is thus hoped that the main stress of this terrible calamity will be alleviated, and the poor people helped over the time between now and the middle of April. It is by efforts of this beneficent kind that England may win the gratitude and affection of the mighty Indian Empire over which she has, by a strange succession of events, been called to rule. The relations between a conquered country and its rulers must necessarily be delicate and difficult. We often hear the mutterings of discontent in India; but we may be satisfied that a wise and earnest devotion on the part of the British Government to the interests of the people will be the best means of securing their loyal regard, and also of preparing the native mind for the reception of that divine message which we are certainly called upon to deliver.

THE DIFFICULTIES AND DIFFERENCES OF FRENCH PROTESTANTISM.

Dr. Pressensé is contributing a very interesting series of letters to the *Christian World* newspaper on ecclesiastical and religious affairs in France. Three of the letters have dealt with the present condition of the French Reformed Church. That body is unhappily rent by an apparently irreconcilable difference between the Rationalistic and Evangelical parties, each of which is struggling for the supremacy, and is claiming the right to exclude the opposite party from the pulpits and other positions of vantage now held by them. Several attempts at compromise have been made, but they have not found acceptance with the more earnest of the disputants. Dr. Pressensé says of such well-meant efforts, that they are "an attempt to cover real differences with a veil of apparent unity." He remarks: "There was [at a conference recently held on the subject] the same idea of maintaining the one general faith of the Church; but of what use is a general faith that is not sustained by the faith of each individual? It was pleaded that respect, at least, would be assured for this general faith, and that it would be guarded from attack; but is it doing honour to a doctrine which is not believed to abstain from discussing it? What is gained by putting negations of Christian doctrine in a prudent and moderate form? Boldly spoken out, they would startle and stir the Christian conscience, and be recognised for what they really are. If, instead of this, Rationalism is presented in a mitigated and modified form, it obtains the more ready currency, its true face being scarcely discerned in the sheltering twilight. Let such a system be established and endure a few years, and there would be inaugurated in the very domain of truth the reign of fiction and equivocation." Further on, Dr. Pressensé says of the same scheme for patching up a reconciliation between these two parties, "To pretend in this way to restore the ancient Church of France is like pretending to repair a cracked and crumbling building by giving it a coat of whitewash." The fact seems to be that the difference between the Rationalists and the Evangelicals of French Protestantism is a vital difference; and the controversies of the past few years have brought this out so clearly that it can no longer be denied or ignored. It is altogether an anomaly that those thus radically opposed in theological convictions should form part of the same organization based on a common creed. The only question which appears to deserve consideration in the case is, How can a separation be satisfactorily and speedily effected? With respect to certain property and privileges, both parties should be prepared to make reasonable concessions. Dr. Pressensé says, "It is probable that, pending the heroic solution of the separation of Church and State, which is still remote, the two parties may organize themselves into two great associations, each bearing its own banner, retaining its own convictions and its official status." We trust it may be so; for the French Protestant Church has a great and touching history, and it would be a thousand pities if its present representatives should waste their strength in wrangling with each other, or should submit themselves to the paralyzing effect of a hollow and insincere compromise on the vital doctrines of Christianity.

THE LEGACY OF SLAVERY IN AMERICA.

The United States of America are still deeply agitated by the questions which have arisen in their election of President. From the old slave States of the South especially, we hear of troubles and scandals which strikingly show what a legacy of evil and difficulty the accursed system of "traffic in flesh and blood" has left behind. The ill-feeling between the two races—the oppressor and the oppressed—still continues; and where, as in South Carolina, the negro gains the ascendancy in the State legislature, the party spirit runs high. The negro legislature of South Carolina appears to have been largely made the tool of unscrupulous political adventurers from the North, while the Southern white population have stood apart in contempt and hatred. Corruption and crime have been rampant, and at times it has seemed as if the social fabric must be altogether rent in pieces and give place to utter anarchy. Suffering and difficulty, one form of retribution or another, follow wrong-doing inexorably; and America has yet to reap the end of the harvest which was pre-

pared for by keeping a nation in bitter bondage so many years. It will take long to fit the negro race as a whole for a due discharge of the duties of free citizenship; perhaps longer still to undo the manifold mischief which the slave system has wrought in the mind and heart of those who were accustomed to look upon the negroes as "property." However, the American republic has a marvellously vigorous vitality, and there is a leaven of wholesome goodness which makes itself felt all over the land, and which we cannot doubt will ultimately prevail against even the political evils that abound.

GYPSIES IN EASTERN EUROPE.

Mr. Millard, the well-known agent of the Bible Society at Vienna, sends home a note on the condition of the gypsy population of his district, which will be read with interest by many who have been touched (who has not?) by the singular destiny of that mysterious, nomadic race. Writing to the Committee of the Bible Society, Mr. Millard says :—

"Some considerable time ago you sent me an interesting communication from Professor Podhradsky of Zombor, enclosing a specimen of a translation of the Scriptures into the gypsy language. I have a large gypsy population in my district, and anybody that has seen these individuals, the outcasts of the nations, cannot but ask whether there is no means of rescuing them from their miserable, abject state. But Mr. Podhradsky's plan of supplying them with the Scriptures seems to promise as little success as earlier attempts of a similar nature."

After explaining the difficulty of communicating with the gypsy population in their own language on account of its variety of dialect and the want of a written form, Mr. Millard proceeds :—

"Meanwhile this has led to further steps. Our zealous Christian friends in Bucharest took up the idea of sending a missionary to the hundreds of gypsies roaming about that capital, and with the slender means at their command actually made a small beginning. The Christian labourer went to some of the places where gypsies are located, and took down the Lord's Prayer from their lips. With this he repaired to other gypsies, and found to his great joy that all understood it. The introductory verses (Matt. vi. 7—9) and the Prayer itself (v. 9—14) were at once printed and distributed. I enclose a specimen.

"The ignorance prevailing among these gypsies, who nominally belong to the Christian Church of the country where they happen to live, is described as something fearful. The missionary tells a story of an old man whose child was sick of the fever, but although he made the cross he knew nothing about the Lord's Prayer and nothing about the New Testament. He was, however, quite willing to listen, and other gypsies along with him. At a place where a building was being erected the missionary spoke of sin and of grace, of the living God and of Jesus Christ. All his hearers, men and women, cried out, 'Those are good words. God bless you for them. We want you to help us to get into the right way.' There being one among them able to read the Rouman, some tracts in that language were left with them, and when the missionary passed by a few days later he had the satisfaction of seeing a group collected, and the learned man in the midst reading out to them. They listened with both their ears.

"If means were forthcoming, it would be most desirable that this work should be continued. Such visitation might take place regularly every noon and every evening, whilst in the intervening hours the numerous children might be gathered into schools and taught.

"It is but fair to state that priests of the Greek Church have been at some considerable trouble to do good to the poor gypsies. They have caught a smattering of their language, they have translated the 'Creed' and read it to them, but nothing of a permanent or systematic character has been undertaken.

"In Transylvania, too, there are a few individuals that see the state of their people, and mourn over it. There is one in particular at Klausenberg, who seems to be filled with a truly noble desire to benefit his nation. He is himself one of those wandering musicians that encompass land and sea, and, without knowing a note or bar of music, astound even *connoisseurs* by the beauty and accuracy of their musical performances, whether they play solo or as a band. He writes a very good hand, and knows Hungarian besides his own language. Our late correspondence has rekindled in him a vehement desire that something may be done for his people. He is truly eloquent in his appeals.

"But he admits that the mere printing of the Scriptures would not now be of any very great practical value.

"What he pleads for is the opening of a school, expressly and exclusively for gypsy children—a school conducted by some Christian man or woman who, in self-denying Samaritan compassion, shall condescend to the lowest menial services, and at the same time rise to the loftiest Christian task of rescuing these children, body and soul, for time and for eternity.

"Of course I have had to tell him that this is a work beyond the objects and limits of the Bible Society's operations; but his logic is sound and irresistible when he says, 'In a land which has produced so large and wonderful an institution as the Bible Society, there must certainly be Bible Christians willing practically to carry out the Bible precept to go out into the highways and hedges, compelling whomsoever they find to come in.'

"Professor Podhradsky's attempts to benefit the gypsies may have a sequel yet, whether in the way he contemplated or in some other way. If God's time be come, who shall hinder Him?

"The cost of such a gypsy mission would be but small, but it would have to include the cost of combs and soap and clothes!

"Would it not be good to give publicity to these facts? Maybe some Christian society or some Christian friend might be induced for the love of Jesus to take up what, at a comparatively small cost, would be a missionary work in the truest and fullest sense of the word, and withal most promising of rich success. One gypsy truly and fully gained for Christ might become the apostle of all the gypsy tribe so numerous in these parts. If any further information be wanted, I shall be most happy to give it."

III.—JOTTINGS FROM THE MISSION FIELD.

THE LIVINGSTONIA MISSION.

From Livingstonia, the Free Church of Scotland Mission Settlement recently established, near Lake Nyassa, in Eastern Central Africa, interesting and

upon the whole satisfactory tidings have been lately received. Mr. Young, R.N., who, by permission of the Admiralty, headed the first pioneer mission party, which left England on the 1st of May, 1875, arrived at Plymouth a few weeks ago, his two years' leave of absence being nearly expired. He brought home several despatches and letters from members of the Livingstonia settlement. Amongst them was a letter to the Rev. Dr. Duff, from Dr. Stewart. The letter refers to intercourse between members of the mission and neighbouring natives. One object of the mission, of course, is to put an end, as far as possible, to the slave-trade which is carried on so largely in the interior of Africa. Their influence and persuasions seem to have borne good fruit already. Referring to one chief who has entered into a "sort of half treaty or understanding" with the mission that he will not sell slaves nor allow them to pass the ferry close below his village, Dr. Stewart quotes Mr. Young's testimony, that only thirty-two slaves have passed there, instead of many hundreds as formerly, within the last few months. The following interesting particulars are then given with respect to the general condition and prospects of this mission :—

"At Livingstonia during the past year each and all have had some attacks of fever, but it is likely that in the future, with less exposure and a more settled life, they will suffer less. I believe that boarded floors, if they were possible here just now, and plenty of good wheaten bread and milk, and some other things, common articles of daily use at home, but great luxuries here, would reduce the fever rate and improve the health and strength of all on the station. These good things will come in time. We have as yet no domestic animals but goats, fowls, and dogs. We shall have a few sheep this week, and we hope by-and-by to get some cows. Had we a team of oxen, we should make rapid progress in the whole settlement. The nearest point we can buy them at easily is at the mouth of the Shiré, and the difficulties of the journey and risks of losing them by death are so many that we have not attempted to bring them. But, on the whole, keeping in mind that we are in Central Africa, there is every reason to be thankful that we have got so good a position. Of this I am certain, that Englishmen are living within the tropics in large numbers in a hundred worse places. So far as my limited experience goes, I have great hope that time will fully confirm our favourable impression of the climate of the lake—for this, after all, is the main question, and great issues are dependent on our being able to keep our position, and keep our bodily health and mental vigour at the same time. The people are beginning to gather about us, and I have no doubt they will soon be here in sufficient numbers. A few families are already settled, and there are always a good many men from the villages a few miles off, who are here for a few days or a month at a time assisting at the different works. Their rate of pay is half a yard of calico a day. The place also is becoming a centre for the sale of such goods as they have to offer in the shape of food. We require to be sparing of our European stores. When Mr. Cotterill and Mr. Thelwall arrive there will be seventeen white men on the station, and though the supply for these could be no cause of anxiety or difficulty at home, here in the wilderness it is. Every day now there are canoes coming and going with *malonda*, or things for sale—fowls, fish, sweet potatoes, maize, millet, &c. It may be necessary to form a second station shortly. Dr. Laws has no wish to come home, and I sincerely hope he will not be recalled, but that the two Churches—the Free and the United Presbyterian—will continue as they have begun, and work together at this enterprise. Christian people at home have long wished, I believe, to get a hold of Central Africa, to find a basis from which extensive Christianizing operations might be carried on. So far as I can see, the thing is now done. We can extend northwards on a great inland sea for three hundred and fifty miles of latitude, with a coast-line of nine hundred miles to work on. Still farther north, with only two hundred miles of land, lies Tanganyika, and westwards, at about the same distance, lies Bangwen. Southwards, when we choose to venture into the valley of the Shiré or get native agents (and there are half-a-dozen boys here already from the Shiré valley), we have three hundred miles of water-line to work upon. I don't want to be sanguine or to hold out delusive hopes; but no man with his eyes and with any experience of Central Africa can look at this position and not feel its extreme importance. And if I may, without presumption, I would say, let the two Churches carry out the work so auspiciously begun. It will require the strength of both to take advantage of the opening now made."

Dr. Stewart closes his letter by again strongly urging that Dr. Laws should not be recalled, and that the two Churches should labour together. We doubt not that his recommendations will have great weight.

ZENANA MISSIONS IN BENGAL.

The importance of Christian effort on behalf of the women of India can scarcely be exaggerated. It is a labour, too, which taxes heavily the faith, hope, and patience, as well as the tact and skill, of those who are engaged in it. Mr. R. Scott Moncrieff, writing lately to the *Indian Female Evangelist*, observes with reference to the Zenana Missions in Bengal :—

"The number of English and American ladies now engaged in the work amounts, we believe, to about sixty, energetically conducting missions in Calcutta and its suburbs, in Dacca, Patna, Benares, Allahabad, Lucknow, Futtehgur, Bareilly, Shatjehanpore, Agri, Delhi, Umritsur, Lahore, and other cities. In Calcutta and its suburbs the number of females under tuition is little short of two thousand, of all ages, who are instructed in their own houses, whilst fully as many more of the poorest classes are taught in missionary orphanages and day schools.

"And now, nearly twenty years having passed since the successful establishment of zenana missions in Bengal, it will very naturally be asked by those interested in their success, 'What fruit have they brought forth? What can you show in souls converted, or in other good results obtained at the cost, not of so much money only, but of so much energy—mental, spiritual, physical—and even of lives, in carrying on these missions?'

"In the year 1872 a young Hindu widow left her home in Calcutta, in which she had been instructed in the truth of Christianity, and sought refuge with the lady who had been her teacher (although not one word had been uttered by the latter to induce her to take this step), desiring to be baptized. After a delay

of some weeks (in order that her sincerity might be tested), her wish was complied with, and she was baptized, in spite of the most violent opposition on the part of her relatives.

"As had been expected, this proved the signal for the closing of nearly every zenana into which Christian teachers had been admitted, not only in Calcutta, but in Benares, Lucknow, and elsewhere. The desire for instruction, however, created in the minds of the occupants of these zenanas was too strong to be quenched at the bidding of their male relations, and within six months nearly every one of them was opened again to the ladies who had been teaching in them previous to the event which has been referred to.

"Is this widow, then, the only convert to whom we can point as the fruit of the zenana missions? We rejoice to inform our readers that she is one of several who have been baptized; and those who have been labouring as teachers in the zenanas can tell of not a few females amongst their pupils evidently brought very near to the kingdom of God, besides others who have given satisfactory evidences of conversion, though they have not had the courage to come forward as candidates for baptism.

"Nor can we wonder to find them shrinking from such an ordeal, and from the sacrifices to which it would expose them in loss of caste, when we consider how very few men have shown courage equal to such a test, and remember that loss of caste implies, for a woman, not merely banishment from home, husband, and children, but loss of reputation, the being branded, publicly as well as privately, as a fallen one!

"It may well be asked, then, 'If you do not expect many conversions, what other fruits do you look for from zenana missions?'

"We reply that, next in importance to the conversion of the women brought under Christian instruction, we look for a very marked change—first, in the manner in which they train their children from infancy; second, in their attitude towards their husbands, brothers, or sons, in showing them support instead of hostility on discovering in them leanings towards Christianity, or hearing them boldly expressing their faith in it, and desire to be baptized.

"We understand that cases have occurred of boys sent to mission schools, showing a friendly attitude towards the gospel, and a knowledge of the truth, which has led to inquiry as to where they had been instructed therein, and it has proved that their mothers had taught them, having been instructed themselves by Christian ladies, though still nominally Hindus!

"We anticipate, further, as the fruit of zenana missions, a very great change in the treatment to which widows are subjected, throughout their lives, amongst the Hindus."

IV.—OBITUARY NOTICES.

SIR WILLIAM FERGUSSON.

Among the most notable of those who have been called away during the past month has been this eminent surgeon. Sir William Fergusson was born at Prestonpans, East Lothian, in March, 1808. He was educated at the High School, Edinburgh, and afterwards in the University of that city. As a young man he gave evidence of the remarkable skill which, when more fully developed, won him a world-wide fame as a surgical operator. Since 1840 he had been Professor of Surgery at King's College, London. His professional success was not attained without some struggles, and the manifestation of an earnest and unflagging devotion to his work. He received his baronetcy in 1865—a special mark of royal favour which it was universally admitted was well bestowed. Sir William Fergusson is especially entitled to public gratitude on account of the great improvements which he introduced in surgical treatment, and by which thousands have been spared agonizing pain, and great benefits have been secured. "His greatest surgical work," remarks one of his biographers in the daily press, "was in the treatment of diseased joints, and generally in the treatment which he called by the apt name of 'Conservative surgery.' To him is almost entirely due the modern practice of removing the actually diseased joint only, in cases which, before his time, would have been treated by amputation of the whole of the affected limb." Thus, in the ardent and enthusiastic pursuit of his noble profession, Sir William Fergusson did the work of a true philanthropist. He served his generation, as we may all serve it, by doing the work which he had to do in the best way possible.

THE REV. G. WADE ROBINSON.

It is with much regret that we record the death of this gifted minister, who had but just reached the prime of life. Mr. Robinson was a Congregational minister, and for some years was pastor of Union Street Church, Brighton, where he was greatly esteemed and beloved. He was known to a wider circle, however, as a poet of no inconsiderable gifts. His verses had a sweet, lyrical flow, and were bright with imaginative power. A volume of his sermons was published some months ago; their tone and spirit are tender and beautiful, and their intellectual force such as to command respect. He entered very warmly into the meetings held at Brighton for the promotion of Christian holiness. He sympathized deeply with that movement, and became one of its leading exponents and advocates in his own denomination. Many theologians who are rightly regarded with confidence and respect have pointed out "weak places" in the theory of holiness thus laid down, and many persons of sound judgment have questioned the practical value of the special aspects of truth and duty chiefly insisted upon by the earnest promoters of this new or revived doctrine. These are not by any means points of small importance, but it is certain that Mr. Robinson's life and character very powerfully recommended his views. At any rate, according to the testimony of those who knew him most intimately, he had learned the art of following Christ. He had long been in feeble health, and for some months before his death had been laid aside from active ministerial work. He was buried at Southampton, and has left a widow and three children.

"SAUNTERING ABOUT UNDER THE HUGE ANCIENT TREES OF THE PARK."

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HARTLEIGH TOWERS.

The Story of a Noble Purpose.

By the AUTHOR of "Andrew Gray's Story," &c.

CHAPTER XVIII.—A DISCOVERY.

"Half it angers me
To think a sweetness on the years should rise
That is not mixed with thee."

Dora Greenwell.

"GALS is wilful, Miss Margaret, and my Emma's extry wilful," said old Caleb Bartlett, shaking his head slowly as he sat on one of the benches of the reading-room with his hands resting on his knees while Margaret Carew stood listening. "There's no use o' talkin' more about it, miss," continued Caleb ruefully, "she's bent on seekin' her fortin in one o' them big factory places in the town. I said 'No' for a while, but the gal gets thin, and is clean off her eatin', and she says she can't abear the sight o' them country lanes now they're gettin' green again, so I've gave in at last, and there's an end of it," said the old man with a heavy sigh as he looked up in Margaret's face. "You're a lookin' like your good father to-day, miss. 'Tis the first time I sees it—it does me good," he added, with a faint smile coming into his wrinkled face as he glanced trustfully at the doctor's daughter.

Perhaps Margaret's likeness to her father was at this moment more discernible than it had ever been as she stood absorbed in pity and anxiety, sharing with ready and true feeling the sorrows of others as it was his wont to do. Her beautiful young face continued marked by an expression of tender sympathy as she stood silently looking at the feeble old miner as he crept about arranging the room for the evening visitors. When Mrs. Hilton and she had visited Caleb's cottage three days previously they found that Emma had gone off to St. Oswald's to look for work. Mrs. Hilton seemed increasingly to disapprove of Emma's project of leaving her grandfather, and Margaret had felt urged by her friend's disapproval, as well as her own feeling, to make an attempt to dissuade Emma from the step. Her disappointment was therefore great when she found that the girl had gone to St. Oswald's, and did not intend to return. Her visit seemed to be a failure, so far as helping Caleb was concerned. She was still standing, looking with pity at the old man as he went about his familiar duties, when she heard a voice behind her say, "Miss Carew! then it was really you I saw the other day at Bartlett's door!" and, looking round, she saw the young squire, standing beside her. Margaret's recollection of the mysterious scene at Caleb Bartlett's gate made her feel rather embarrassed. Mrs. Hilton had, on their return walk from the moor, explained in a few brief words that Mr. Hartleigh had been thanking her more than she deserved for some information that she had given him one evening when they chanced to meet. But she had seemed eager to change the subject, and Margaret, in her loyalty to her friend, felt that she would rather forget it now; but this Hugh Hartleigh did not seem inclined to permit her to do.

"Pardon me, Miss Carew, if I seem inquisitive," he said, "but I should greatly like to know something about the person who was with you the other day. She and I met once before in Chadsthorpe."

"Yes; she told me so," replied Margaret flushing, and then in a moment she added with a smile, "Mrs. Hilton is my dearest friend, but when you ask me to tell you 'something about her' I really don't know where to begin, or what there is to tell. If you were to ask mamma or Mrs. Barnes they would tell you she was a vagrant seamstress, and all kinds of things. All I can really tell you is that she is Mrs. Tuckett's lodger, and seemed to drop into her little parlour to be all the world to me."

"Then there is a mystery about her just as I thought," said Hugh with a smile.

"No, she is not mysterious," replied Margaret rather sophistically. "She is very clear and straightforward and open."

"Well, we are all mysteries to each other, in one way or another, and it is well when there are any kind eyes that take the trouble to look in at the windows of our souls to unravel the mystery a little," said Hugh in a dreamy tone.

"That is what she does more than anybody else I ever knew. She often seems to read one's thoughts exactly, and she always sympathizes as well as reads. Her words sometimes come just like a sunbeam into a dark room," replied Margaret with fervour, describing, with unconscious accuracy, the effect upon Hugh's troubled, self-accusing

thoughts, of Mrs. Hilton's stirring words to him on their first meeting.

Caleb, meanwhile, was rambling about the reading-room setting things straight and pondering over what the doctor's daughter had been saying about Emma. And now there was the young squire, and he would more than likely have some news about Dick Hayward, thought Caleb, anxious to have a chance of conversation with Hugh Hartleigh, who had lately taken an active and kindly interest in all his troubles. He was not a little disappointed, therefore, when Hugh said presently, "I'll look in again another day, Bartlett," and, with a parting nod, walked off with Margaret, whom he had volunteered to accompany across the common.

Perhaps, however, the old librarian would not have been so disappointed had he known that out of this walk there grew a possible post for Emma nearer than St. Oswald's. Margaret happened to mention that her mission to the reading-room that day had been to try to dissuade Emma from going to St. Oswald's.

"Why, if she wants work, there will be plenty to do at the Towers," suggested Hugh. "The old steward seems quite disgusted with the accession of light and air and general breeziness Mr. Belton has brought. Scores of housemaids will be wanted. I must ask Bartlett to allow his granddaughter to go under Mrs. Foggins's care at once."

"And are the rooms at the Towers really all opened up then, Mr. Hartleigh? People used to say they hadn't seen daylight for twenty years, and that frogs were hopping about and weeds growing on the floors, and——"

Margaret hesitated suddenly, remembering that this modern-looking youth, with his gloves and his umbrella, who was walking by her side was the Giant Despair, with claws and cudgel, of her childhood, whose dreary domain was a veritable Doubting Castle.

"'And ghosts and hobgoblins,' you were going to say, Miss Carew," replied Hugh with an uneasy laugh; and then he added after a pause, "No, it isn't quite so bad as that—dust and sad memories seem the prevailing evils. That good fellow Belton seems bent on sweeping away both from the old house, only he would like to persuade me that it is as easy to sweep away the one as the other," added Hugh with a sigh.

"Perhaps he is more right than you think, Mr. Hartleigh," said Margaret gently, remembering that her father always said the heir of the Hartleighs was more to be pitied than blamed for his desertion of his patrimony. "But what is Mr. Belton going to do with the Towers? Not to pull down those fine old walls, I hope, as you once said you thought of doing?"

"That is what I should still like to do, but Mr. Belton seems to look on me as an utter barbarian for thinking of such a thing," replied Hugh. "He has great plans for changing the interior, however, and is there at present organizing a regular campaign of workmen. He really gets me to enter into the spirit of the thing almost against my will. We went over the house yesterday, and he saw capabilities of comfort and cheerfulness in every corner where I only saw unlimited possibilities of gloom. But, Miss Carew," added Hugh, "I think you said you used to wish to see the inside of the old walls. Will you not, when you are here, come and see the rooms as they are? It would at all events dissipate the myth of the frogs and weeds; but perhaps you would rather be left to belief in the traditions of your youth on that point?"

"Indeed I should like immensely to see the inside of the Towers. Frank and I used to look with longing through the bars of that high iron gate in front of the courtyard, though our fear of Mr. Foggins never allowed us to penetrate further. Frank had traditions of his being very cross indeed," said Margaret, smiling at the many childish reminiscences which surrounded the grey old house.

"Then, may I call to-morrow and arrange about it?" asked Hugh with some eagerness. "And, by the way, perhaps your mysterious friend would come also?" he added smiling.

Margaret hesitated. She thought Mrs. Hilton might not like a visit from the person whom she seemed to treat with such studied abruptness.

"Ah, you are not sure how your friend would receive a fellow like me, who has so failed in his duty to his fellow-humans? I could see she very much disapproved of me," said Hugh, divining Margaret's thoughts, for such was the interpretation he put on Mrs. Hilton's manner at Caleb's gate. "Perhaps she may soften a little towards me, Miss Carew, when she hears that I am going to make some small amends to the miners at last, so far as building houses goes, at all events. However, I can send my servant to-morrow morning to see whether you and she will do the old house

the honour of a visit," said Hugh as he lifted his hat and moved away.

Margaret went slowly along to Mrs. Tuckett's cottage, pondering as she went how she should reopen a subject which had threatened to bring a cloud into the hitherto serene sky of her friendship, and finally decided that it would be quite time enough to explain when Mr. Hartleigh sent the invitation, which he might possibly forget to do.

Next morning, however, Mr. Belton was ushered into the little parlour where Margaret sat reading aloud, while Mrs. Hilton rested on the sofa.

"I have come with a message from Mr. Hartleigh," said Mr. Belton, as soon as he had been introduced by Margaret, his honest brown eyes resting on Mrs. Tuckett's mysterious lodger with some curiosity. "I was on my way to St. Oswald's, and undertook to be the bearer of an invitation from him to you and Miss Carew. He is going to invite the miners to a feast in the great dining-hall before the workmen take possession of the house. The thing must be done in picnic fashion, you see. I have undertaken to go to St. Oswald's to arrange about the commissariat, but I confess I feel rather nervous about the affair. The farmers are to be asked too, and I fear there is still no love lost between them and the miners. I want Mr. Hartleigh to get down some of his own acquaintances for the event. I don't mind inundating him with architectural advice, but really to act as master of the ceremonies in this proposed feast is rather alarming; so I hope you ladies will come and help us," he wound up, again looking at Mrs. Hilton.

"There is nothing I should like better, Mr. Belton," replied Mrs. Hilton, a bright smile lighting up her worn face. "And I know you will enjoy seeing the miners as guests at Hartleigh Towers, Margaret," she added with a quick glance towards her girl friend, whose astonishment at her ready acceptance of the invitation was scarcely concealed.

Mr. Belton presently rose with the gratified air of having fulfilled his mission; but before he left the little parlour it was evident that he had won golden opinions from its inmate. "There seems so much unconscious goodness about him, Margaret," she said, returning to the subject after her companion thought it had been dismissed, "he appears to be the sort of man who acts kindly and bravely and faithfully by a kind of instinct, instead of its being the slow up-hill work it is for most people to do good. He seems to have entered into all those plans about the Towers in such a kind brotherly way."

"Yes," replied Margaret absently, for she could not help reflecting that surely Mrs. Hilton had carried her disapproval of Mr. Hartleigh's past neglect of his tenants rather far in almost rudely declining to speak to him, especially when she seemed willing to bestow such civility on him at Mr. Belton's request. During the remainder of the day she and her friend seemed to have changed places. It was Margaret who was dreamy and ill at ease, while Mrs. Hilton appeared to have got some infusion of pleasant thoughts that brightened her pale face and quickened her "wheels of being."

Late that afternoon another visitor knocked at the door, and Mrs. Tuckett was heard to say, in her most winning tones, "You will surely step in, sir?" And, flinging open the parlour door, she announced the squire. The visitor was certainly an unexpected one to both the inmates of the parlour, but only Margaret seemed taken by surprise. Hugh immediately explained that he had called in passing to leave a message about the day fixed for the miners' dinner. Mrs. Hilton's manner had no trace of the strange abruptness which had been so puzzling at Caleb Bartlett's gate; and Hugh, thinking that Miss Carew's amiable intercession must be the cause, glanced gratefully towards the doctor's daughter, who, had he known it, noticed the change with more astonishment than he did. She was not sorry that her share in the conversation was chiefly monosyllabic. It seemed to Margaret that she had never till this evening seen her friend at her best. A new grace seemed to have come into her manner, and an unwonted eager brightness overspread her worn face as she talked and listened to her visitor. The squire's appreciation of Mrs. Tuckett's lodger was very evident. She was, Margaret saw, exercising the same fascination over him which had formed the foundation of the friendship with herself. The deference of manner with which he listened to all she said showed that he was prepared to receive her slightest words as from one who had gained a right to counsel and cheer by virtue of an unforgotten past service.

But to Margaret, Hugh Hartleigh's words had been few, and, as she lay wakeful in her attic bed that night, the memory of the visit seemed very different from the pleasant hour

in the drawing-room in Greenwood Gate, when he had spoken such kind admiring words of her father. It was to Mrs. Hilton that he now seemed to have transferred all acknowledgment of help; and yet had not her father hoped and worked and prayed for him long before Mrs. Hilton had any connection with Chadsthorpe? It was, after all, he, now lying away from it all in the little graveyard on the hill, who had, with a love that hoped and endured all things, worked for those forsaken miners. And now his lowly work of years seemed ignored, and others had begun to reap with ease where he had sown, single-handed, through many a bleak day when the harvest looked far away. Were Frank and her mother right after all? Had their father foolishly and unnecessarily poured out his cup of life on such a soil? Might it not have been better and happier for all if he had put his laborious years to other uses? Where was his reward now, of which she used to hear some of those whom he had helped prophesy so plentifully during her childish years? Others were taking his place and reaping the fruits of his labour; the absent worker was forgotten. Thus Margaret's thoughts, during the long, slow, wakeful hours of the night, kept groping among darksome regions from whence no light could come, till the voice which spoke on the plain of Mamre long ago, in the cool dawn of the world, fell on her ear as it had come to the village doctor in the midst of his often thankless toil, reminding him of what "the exceeding great reward" of such work as his must ever be. But Margaret heard no "Fear not" spoken in her darkness, and so she fell asleep at last, still nursing her regretful thoughts.

Next morning only brought a resolution to go and pay a visit to the tenantless home. Mrs. Hilton had before discouraged her from going there, and extorted a half promise that she would not again visit it during her present stay; so Margaret merely intimated at breakfast that she was going out for a walk, but Mrs. Hilton quickly perceived that some little cloud was this morning darkening the girl's soul. "Margaret, child! you are sad to-day! Why, your heart ought to be rejoicing like that of a farmer at the approach of a fair harvest. Just think of the old useless haunted house being opened up as it is going to be to-morrow. I was thinking this morning that your father will surely rejoice with us to-morrow. This feast to the poor forsaken miners seems the first-fruit of his patient noble toil of years. There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over such beginnings, Margaret. Let us try to enter into that kind of joy, dear. After all, it is the best that we mortals can have. Perhaps we do not believe this though, till some other joys are gone. Yet it is the best wine of life, kept till the last," said Mrs. Hilton, a great calm overspreading her worn face as she spoke.

At another time Margaret would have laid bare her heart to her friend, but now it seemed as if some shadowy barrier had sprung up between them; so she hurried away along the village street, still bent on spending a sad hour at the forsaken home. But when she came to the road which branched off to the common, she was reminded of her promise to pay a visit to old Caleb Bartlett, so she decided to go there first. He at least would be able to sorrow with her. He was among the loyal hearts who still shone with light reflected from the sun that had set. The old man was seated at his kitchen fire quite solitary, and looking unusually feeble, but there was a gleeful smile on his face as he greeted Margaret. "Eh, miss, to think that I should live to see the day! My spirit is rejoicin', though my flesh is weak, and I can't be among the feasters at the big house to-morrow. But old rickety Caleb will sit giving praise his lone here, and he will be a rejoicin' at the feast above—your father will. Eh, missy! it will be a grand day for him to think that the squire is goin' to give a kind word and a helping hand to us poor minin' lads at last."

"Well, Caleb, perhaps I ought to feel very happy to-day, but instead of that I am feeling very miserable. It does seem so hard that it should have been planned by others, and should all have begun too late for him to see; and then just to think of everybody feeling more glad about this, and recognising its worth more than his finished labour for the miners all those long weary years," said Margaret, flushing up, for Caleb's grey eyes were fixed on her in an uncomfortable way.

"Ay, missy. I think I see what you are a drivin' at now," he replied, shaking his head in his slow fashion. "Forbid that your father's daughter should be a harbourin' of sich-like thoughts! Ye be just o' the speerit of the elder son i' the parable—surely you might give a bit o' a welcome to the poor prodigal lad," cried the old man with some indignation in his tone. "Mind you, I don't say the lad's come right back to the Father's house yet, as I was a tellin' of him when he

came to ask me to the dinner. 'It's a step out o' the far country, sir,' says I. But there's One as sees folks a comin' a great way off, Miss Margaret. Depend on it the Good Shepherd is a rejoicin' this day; so don't thee be a grudgin,' my dear."

"Well, perhaps, that was really my feeling, Caleb, though it's hardly pleasant to hear it called by that name," said Margaret in a brighter tone, feeling glad that she had gone first to the cottage instead of to the graveyard. Perhaps, after all, it might be better not to visit it to-day, but try to enter wholly into that joy which seemed to be filling some hearts round her, was the thought which made her hurry across the common straight to Mrs. Tuckett's cottage. The services of the worthy landlady had been enlisted by the Hartleigh Arms to help in the preparations for the morrow, and Tommy had also found some small mission there, so Margaret knew that Mrs. Hilton was the sole inmate of the cottage. But there surely must be somebody else in the little parlour, some very exceptional visitor, Margaret thought, as she laid her hand on the latch of the outer door. Rich-toned strains of music were pealing through the little cottage. Some one was singing a grand Italian air with thrilling pathos. On it swelled, clear and soft, full of tone, melodious as a song-bird. It was Mrs. Hilton's voice, of course; how could she have doubted it for a moment? was Margaret's thought as she stood with her hand still on the latch listening with delighted smile. But it was the recollection of her speaking tones which gave her the clue; never before had she heard her friend's voice rise even into a psalm: in fact, she did not know she could sing a note. It was evident that Mrs. Tuckett's lodger was in a very joyous mood to-day, but this outburst of song could hardly be the sudden spontaneous outcome of her happiness. Art as well as nature must have been at work here for many a year. "Oh, Mrs. Hilton, do go on. And why didn't you ever sing to me before?" cried Margaret in a tone of reproach as she hurried into the little passage and stood on the parlour threshold.

Mrs. Hilton paused suddenly with a disconcerted air. "Why, Margaret, I feel like a naughty child who has been caught in an act of disobedience," she said with a little laugh.

"It was beautiful—thrilling, I never heard anything so beautiful in my life before. But, Mrs. Hilton, why did you keep it a secret that you could sing like that? Why did you never sing to me before?" said Margaret, more mystified every minute.

"Well, dear, I can hardly tell you," said Mrs. Hilton, with her face still glowing with the excitement of her music. "I suppose it was because I was too heavy-hearted, too hopeless, Margaret; because there has been a long time of wintry weather in my life. I felt as if the little robin red-breasts were rebuking me this morning when they trilled away in the pale sunshine and hard times just as if it had been a cloudless summer day with worms waiting for the picking up. The fact is, Margaret, however, I wanted to try if my sole bread-winning art would still stand me in good stead after years of disuse. I've got a bit of news for you, Margaret. The day after to-morrow I leave Chadsthorpe for ever."

"Leave Chadsthorpe—for ever!" gasped Margaret in bewilderment.

"Yes, yes. I mean to creep away to some other corner, away, away," said Mrs. Hilton with almost a sob; and then steadying her voice she continued quietly, "and seeing I am going away from the neighbourhood of miners' shirt-work, I must try to earn enough for my livelihood in some other way. But, alas! my poor old voice grows thin and shaky, I fear I shall have some difficulty in persuading elegant mammas in London that I am an efficient teacher for their daughters," added Mrs. Hilton in her gentlest tone as she stroked Margaret's brown hair.

"But, Mrs. Hilton, if you really mean to leave Chadsthorpe, you will surely come to St. Oswald's. Oh, that would be delightful! then, I could see you often—every day, and then, if you really must do something to make money, you know you could get girls to teach singing there. But have you really to work for money—really?" asked Margaret with evidently a new realisation of the fact.

"Yes, 'really,' Margaret. My poverty at least is genuine. You have been thinking that I was a miser—or perhaps altogether a sham, have you?" said Mrs. Hilton with a bitter smile. "No, Margaret, because you have begun to doubt me a little during these past days, don't doubt me entirely. My life for many a long year has been a grim toil for daily bread, and must be so till the end of the journey. But don't let us dwell on the black side of things to-day, dear," she added as she noted Margaret's tearful face. "The east wind has gone. Let us be happy in the sunshine while it lasts."

CHAPTER XIX.—THE MINERS' FEAST.

"Arouse him then—this is thy part;
Show him the claim; point out the need,
And nerve his arm and cheer his heart,
Then stand aside and say, 'God speed.'"
ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

THE grass-grown quadrangle round which Hartleigh Towers was built presented a cheerful scene when Mrs. Hilton and Margaret were driven under its busy and arched entrance. Representatives from the St. Oswald's Crown had recently arrived. Carts were being unladen, hampers unpacked, while the hum of voices mingled with the clatter of dishes as messengers hurried to and fro up the broad timeworn steps leading to the great door, above which the armorial bearings of the Hartleighs were carved in stone, guarded by ferocious-looking griffins.

"It looks more like a market-place than anything else, doesn't it, Mrs. Hilton?" said Mr. Belton, laughingly, as he hurried forward through the jostling groups to help the ladies to alight.

"The squire will be here presently, I dare say. He has been closeted in the steward's room with one of his business people, who arrived unexpectedly this morning. Ah, here he comes, just in time," exclaimed Mr. Belton, as Hugh Hartleigh walked slowly down the broad steps. He was drawing his hand across his forehead, and his pale face had an anxious vexed expression on it; but it changed into a pleasant smile as he noticed the visitors, and he came hurrying forward to greet them. Behind him there walked a short dark man, with keen black eyes, who came forward with a gingerly tread along the courtyard, eyeing each fragment of the straw padding from the unpacked hampers which was littered about as if it had been an insurmountable impediment to his planting his small feet another step forward. "Traces of the coming feast, I presume," he said, turning to Mr. Belton with an unpleasant smile as he passed. "The whole place seems turned into a stable."

"It is better than the beginning of a fray, at all events, Mr. Rushworth. We have Solomon's authority for that, you know," replied Mr. Belton with his blunt laugh.

"True! My recollection of the proverb, however, is that the end of a feast is mentioned, and it is my humble opinion that before the end of this one you will have the beginning of a fray with a vengeance. Mr. Hartleigh has no idea what savages these miners are. However, I have warned him, and now I wash my hands of the whole affair," wound up the lawyer, suiting his action to his words. "If you have any influence with the squire, however," he continued, in a lower tone, fixing his small glittering eyes on Mr. Belton, "you should really try to put a stop to it. There is no saying what may happen if the unfortunate young man begins to trifle with such a serpent brood, a set of low seditious chartist fellows who hate him and his class like poison. Besides, it is a public scandal—and to think of feasting these ruffians in his own mansion! I've been suggesting that he should send the provisions to the mines, and let them gorge themselves on their own premises. He seems to have got some absurd notions into his head that he has been neglecting them. Sentimental rubbish, worthy of that meddlesome enthusiast, Dr. Carew, who used to pester us with letters about——"

"Pardon me, Mr. Rushworth, but let me remind you of two things. Dr. Carew is dead, and his daughter stands within hearing," interrupted Mr. Belton in a quiet, firm tone, as he removed his shoulder from one of the balustrades of the old stone staircase on which he had been leaning with folded arms listening silently and contemptuously to the lawyer.

"Ah, that's how it is. I am sure I should not like to hurt the feelings of such an interesting young lady. I don't wonder that you find pleasure in being her champion," replied Rushworth with a provoking smile, as the blood mounted into Tom Belton's honest face. "I wish you good morning, sir, and heartily hope you may enjoy Squire Hartleigh's first effort at hospitality, also that the Riot Act may not have to be read before the last course," he added, with a shrug of his shoulders, as he moved away across the courtyard. When he reached the archway he seemed to change his mind, and, turning round, he glanced about in search of the squire, who still stood talking to Margaret and her friend. Going forward, he lifted his hat, saying blandly as he glanced keenly at the ladies all the while, "I shall bid you good-bye for the present, Mr. Hartleigh; I am only sorry that another engagement prevents my staying for the entertainment. I'm sure I heartily wish it all success."

"Thank you, Mr. Rushworth," replied Hugh, with a stiffness in his manner which did not pass unobserved by the lawyer, over whose smiling face came an angry frown.

"And, by the way, Mr. Rushworth, you will be kind enough to send me at your earliest convenience those papers we were talking about. Please forward them to me here," said the young squire, who had gone a few steps forward as he spoke. Mr. Rushworth bowed assent, darting a keen inquiring glance on Mrs. Hilton as he walked away.

"How that man stared at you, Mrs. Hilton, and what an unpleasant face he has!" whispered Margaret, while Hugh turned to speak to the grumbling Foggins.

"Ah!—who? did he?" said Mrs. Hilton, starting from a reverie, and evidently quite uninterested in the stranger. "I didn't catch his name—who is he?"

"Mr. Rushworth, one of Mr. Hartleigh's lawyers. I believe they are related to Dr. Rushworth, you know."

"I don't think he can ever have seen me before, however," said Mrs. Hilton, meditatively, as she too glanced in the direction of the archway.

"We must really begin the exploring now, Mrs. Hilton, else we shall not be ready to see the guests arrive," said Mr. Belton, coming towards them. "Suppose we start now on the path of perils and adventures. Will you take my arm?" he added kindly, before they began to mount the steps.

"Thank you, Mr. Belton. You are kind to the feeble and frail," said Mrs. Hilton, with a grateful smile as she accepted his offer.

"I really don't think we should wait for these laggards any longer," said Mr. Belton, when he reached the farther end of the entrance hall. "Miss Carew has fallen in with some old Chadsthorpe acquaintance, and the squire is still button-holed by Foggins, I see. Suppose we go on to the Tudor wing, and let them follow us."

Mrs. Hilton seemed to find the many steps of the great staircase rather trying to her feebleness, and the silence was not broken till they reached a landing-place.

"I think we shall shorten the way to the picture gallery, to which I am taking you, by going up this staircase. I had the door to it opened up only yesterday. It was actually nailed up as well as bolted," said Mr. Belton, as he led the way up a narrow flight of steps leading to a broad corridor, out of which there opened several doors. "It is in this corridor the squire has chosen his bed-room. Do you know, Mrs. Hilton, we actually slept in the Towers last night, and spent quite a cheerful evening in the library after my return from town. Poor fellow, he is really making a manful effort to overcome his shrinking from the place; but I fear it will be a great struggle for him to live here for any length of time. I sometimes wonder whether I have not made a mistake in pleading for the old house as I have done. I fear my architectural likings have prevailed over my human sympathies. But we shall see presently. I have a firm belief that God orders even such things as these, Mrs. Hilton, and I think, so have you. He never allows life to be quite unbearable to any of us," added Tom Belton in a quiet tone.

Mrs. Hilton looked with a flush of surprise into his young face. When had that young life ever verged on the unbearable? was her thought as she replied slowly, "No, never, quite."

"That is Mr. Hartleigh's bed-room," said Mr. Belton, pointing to a half-open door. "Rather a comfortless place, isn't it?" he added, as he noticed Mrs. Hilton glancing round the severe antique furnishings. "Bartlett's granddaughter has come, you know, and she tried to make it as habitable as possible for the squire's reception; but I must say it still looks rather sepulchral."

"Now, Mrs. Hilton, you must come to the pictures. There are a few landscapes, but the most are portraits. This is the place Mr. Hartleigh specially wanted to sweep away. Do you wonder at my resisting such vandalism?" said Mr. Belton, as he flung open the heavy double doors of carved oak at the end of the corridor which opened out into the gallery.

Mrs. Hilton began silently to look at the portraits, while Mr. Belton went to examine something which caught his eye in one of the stained windows.

"I dare say the landscapes will interest you more, Mrs. Hilton," he said, joining her presently. "There are one or two good ones of the English school."

"That is a beautiful face. Who is she, I wonder?" asked Mrs. Hilton, pausing in her walk before the portrait of a young and beautiful woman clad in soft white draperies. A quaint little child was seated on her knee, whose tiny fingers seemed busily occupied in plucking to pieces a lovely blush rose, the leaves of which were being strewn on the mother's dress. The mother, though she held up a protesting finger, evidently regarded with maternal pride this early development of destructiveness. A necklace of pearls was clasped round her white neck, but some accident had happened to the canvas, for underneath the shining rows of pearls was

a great rent, like a stab on her beautiful neck.

"That is the only really good portrait of the collection," said Mr. Belton. 'Lady Helen Hartleigh at nineteen' is written on the back. But it is terribly destroyed."

"Yes, indeed," replied Mrs. Hilton. "How came it by such a sad fate, I wonder? Was it under Mr. Foggins's régime? I fancy he has been careless enough about the pictures, as well as about everything else."

"Foggins certainly has a long enough catalogue of wickednesses to answer for, but I fear we can't lay this one at his door," replied Mr. Belton. "It was actually the work of the last squire, I believe. He was very queer, you know—mad, in fact. The story is, that he took a special dislike to this picture, attacked it several times, and, seizing some opportunity when his attendant's back was turned, drove a big knife into the fair lady's swan-like neck. A horrible idea, was it not?"

"How very dreadful!" said Mrs. Hilton, shuddering as she lingered fascinated by the glowing girlish face.

"Yes, it was indeed an extraordinary craze," said Mr. Belton. "Such a pretty young mother too. If it had been a portrait of Jael

"It is better than the beginning of a fray, at all events, Mr. Rushworth."

or Jezebel one might have understood the feeling. I believe the picture was taken from its place immediately, and hidden away till after the poor madman's death. It is a gruesome story, though; and one can imagine that a series of such would make the place anything but lively to the present owner. He seems to have such a vivid recollection of his dreary childhood here, too. There he is, looking quite lively for the present, at all events. See, in the shrubbery with Miss Carew," said Mr. Belton, looking out at one of the windows which he had just opened. "That is really too bad now, for the compact was that Miss Carew was to see the inside of the old house. Shall I shout to them, Mrs. Hilton, and remind them that the time is passing? I verily believe, however, that the squire wants to shirk going over these rooms to-day; so we will be merciful and leave them in peace. What a nice-looking pair they make, to be sure, don't they?" he added, suddenly turning to Mrs. Hilton with a mirthful look in his eyes.

"They do," she replied after a moment's pause, and a bright smile came into her wearied face as she went forward into the deep embrasure of the window, and stood looking out from the heights on the green labyrinth where Hugh and Margaret were walking.

Thorns and thistles there were in abundance throughout the rank neglected domain, but only budding verdure, such as might have graced the most carefully-kept garden, was visible from the old window. A warm spring-like air seemed to be breathing fresh life everywhere, and Hugh and Margaret were evidently sharing in the spring gladness around. Presently Mr. Belton heard his name shouted through the empty, echoing corridor, and Mr. Foggins appeared.

"It is monstrous, sir! Those ruffians are coming in shoals, and it's a full half hour before the time!" cried the indignant steward, putting his head in at the door with an apologetic air. "The landlord of the 'Arms' says it would be best to turn them into the big empty kitchen, and lock the door on them till dinner is ready. I can't find the squire nowhere, to see what is to be done."

"Don't you think a still better place for the miners would be the kennel, for instance?" replied Mr. Belton, looking humorously at the perturbed Foggins. "They might be fastened to it, you know, and fed like beasts through the bars."

"The little company now halted with their burden in front of the gardener's cottage."

"I wish I could do so, sir; and I am sure the kennel is a deal better than the holes they live in," replied Foggins with unconscious irony, while Mr. Belton and Mrs. Hilton exchanged smiles.

"Well, let us go and see what the squire thinks ought to be done with them; I shall come back here presently, Mrs. Hilton; perhaps you will like to stay and rest?" said Mr. Belton, turning to his companion. "I must really go and help Foggins with these formidable guests. Poor old fellow! he is quite upset. They say every revolution has its martyrs, and I fancy he will be the one here. He feels as panic-stricken as an old spider might who finds his cobweb improved off the corner of a ceiling," he added, laughing, as he hurried away to the scene of action, his

cheerful whistle resounding through the empty rooms and corridors.

The first guests were evidently going to disappoint Foggins's fears by dispersing quietly, rather abashed by their premature arrival. They went sauntering about under the huge ancient trees of the park, enjoying, according to their several capacities, the happy chance which had brought into the dark routine of their lives a free sunshiny afternoon above ground without any deduction from their wages, which were the terms of their holiday as arranged between the manager of the mines and the owner. To most of them the great time-worn pile, which they never had seen so closely before, was the chief object of interest. "Oh my, what a size of a place! it's like an institootion!" cried one miner, glancing up at the massive grey towers, from the topmost of which a flag, that Mr. Belton with his own hands had placed there after excavating it from one of the lumber-rooms, was waving.

"No, it's as like jail as it can stare," said another, speaking from a knowledge of the county prison which three months' residence had naturally imparted.

The miners' dinner followed the general law of feasts—long tables groaning under steaming loads began, as the minutes flew by, to get lightened of their good things. The buzz of cheerful talk which intermingled with the jangle of forks and knives showed that the farmers and the miners were, at all events for the time, merging their animosities, and that the prophesied fray was not likely to take place. In special places of honour were seated old Farmer Warren and Caleb Bartlett, whom the squire had insisted on sending to fetch. The old farmer's garrulity and glee kept his corner lively, but Caleb's happiness seemed to have the effect of making him unusually still and silent. His eyes rested, with a look of unruffled content, on one after another of the familiar faces; so metamorphosed, however, by their thorough ablutions that some were well-nigh unrecognisable. Peals of hearty laughter and many a prolonged cheer echoed through the forsaken domain; the unwonted sounds, when they reached the park, making the old crows of the rookery set their wise heads to one side, to ponder what could be the meaning of these strange sounds which were invading their green haunts.

Mrs. Hilton, like old Caleb Bartlett, had been an almost silent spectator of the scene, though evidently an absorbed one, and when the return conveyance was announced she greeted the news as if the mirthful proceedings had been on the whole rather taxing to her feeble strength.

"You really must not go already, Mrs. Hilton. I assure you a large portion of Mr. Belton's programme is yet to come," urged the squire as she and Margaret rose. Mr. Belton would have joined in the appeal, but he noticed how painfully wearied Mrs. Hilton looked as she held out her hand to say goodbye to the squire, who at the moment happened to be looking at Margaret, asking her to persuade her friend to remain a little longer. He did not, therefore, see the expression of almost passionate sorrow which crossed Mrs. Hilton's face as she folded her arms in her long grey cloak and moved away; but Tom Belton, who stood waiting to give her his arm, noticed it.

"What a lucky fellow Hartleigh is to have the power of winning such devotion on all sides! That good woman seems almost moved to tears over him," was his thought as he threaded his way through the group with Mrs. Hilton on his arm. Another pair of eyes, however, had observed Mrs. Hilton's leave-taking of Hugh Hartleigh. Mr. Rushworth, who appeared somehow to have disposed of his prior engagement, for he presented himself in the middle of dinner, now rose from his seat, and quickly followed the retiring ladies into the hall. Then, slackening his pace, he muttered, "It's a trump card—am I a fool to risk it? No; it may tighten my hold, and that is what is wanted." And then, hurrying through jostling groups of waiters, he followed the departing guests down the broad flight of steps, and suddenly facing round on Mrs. Hilton said, with a bland smile, "It is possible you may not remember me, but we have met before, madam."

"You are mistaken, sir; I do not know you," replied Mrs. Hilton with a haughty gesture, which concealed her start of surprise from all save Mr. Belton.

"I think I can prove we have, madam, if you will give me the honour of a moment's conversation with you aside. Lawyers must be prudent, you see, Mr. Belton," he added, turning with a sneering smile to the young architect.

For a moment Mrs. Hilton seemed to hesitate, and then, disengaging her hand from Mr. Belton's arm, she wrapped herself more closely in her old cloak, and with a stately movement went a few paces forward along the courtyard, while the young architect fell back with Margaret, who wondered vaguely what

that unpleasant-looking Mr. Rushworth could have to say to her friend. The interview was, at all events, a short one. In a moment Mrs. Hilton was again crossing the old flagstones, leaving Mr. Rushworth standing in the shadow of the old wall.

Mrs. Hilton lay back almost motionless with closed eyes during the drive to the village. Margaret would fain have thrown her arms round her neck, and begged her to tell what this new trouble was. Had she not shared her own girlish sorrows with her ever since they met? But she felt she dared not make any sign of sympathy, remembering with a pang what pain her imagined attempt to pry into her secrets seemed to have given her friend only two days before. So she felt she must at present leave her to her lonely sorrow.

That night a fierce storm succeeded the sunshiny day. The north wind moaned and whistled round the gable of the little cottage, making all kinds of weird noises as it came with unpleasant gusts down the chimney. Mrs. Hilton had asked Margaret to leave her alone in the parlour shortly after they returned from Hartleigh Towers, and for many hours, as Margaret lay listening to the storm in feverish wakefulness, she could hear in the pauses of the wild gusts Mrs. Hilton's restless step pacing up and down the little parlour; and once Margaret fancied she heard a wailing sound of sobs and tears, but then the wind began to wail louder, and she was not sure whether the sound had not been caused by the wind, and, at last, the doctor's daughter fell asleep.

CHAPTER XX.—A FIERY DAWN.

"Ay, there are some good things in life that fall not away with the rest,
And of all best things upon earth I hold that a faithful friend is best."

OWEN MEREDITH.

THE grey morning light had begun to steal into the little parlour before Mrs. Tuckett's lodger followed Margaret up-stairs. And even then she did not seem inclined to hurry to bed. Throwing open the little attic windows, she leant out as if the chilly air was soothing to her. The storm had subsided in some degree, but the wind still moaned around the sleeping village. "What a strange lurid dawn, to be sure!" muttered Mrs. Hilton with a shiver as she closed the little window hastily; but before drawing down her blind she seemed moved to take another glance at the familiar landscape, remembering that it was the last time she would see the morning break over the Chadsthorpe woods. Many a time during the last four years she had watched the sun flooding the summer foliage with its morning gold, and gleaming on the grey towers; but surely it was gleaming very strangely there now, thought Mrs. Hilton, as she watched the reddening sky; and as she gazed in wonderment, a jet of flame suddenly rose from the spot where the old manor house stood. "It is fire; the place must be in flames, and they are sleeping there," cried Mrs. Hilton in trembling terror, as she hurried down-stairs, calling at the same time to Margaret, who, however, remained asleep, oblivious of what was passing. Mrs. Hilton went straight towards the Hartleigh Arms. Twice she rang before the sleepy and astonished Boots made his appearance. "Look, boy! do you see the sky? Hartleigh Towers must be on fire! tell everybody, send everybody," and then, with a strength that to herself seemed supernatural, she hurried in the direction of the manor house. Dawn had really come before she reached the shrubberies. She could see the basement of the great mass of building standing still unscathed. Could it be possible she had made a mistake? she thought. But in another moment a terrible cloud of fiery smoke darkened the brightening sky, and presently a wild tongue of flame leapt from one of the sides of the Tudor wing. On reaching the courtyard Mrs. Hilton heard voices. "Thank God, they have been aroused. Perhaps I need not go farther," she whispered, leaning tremblingly against the old archway, under which darkness still prevailed. "Holloa! who's there?" shouted Jackson, the gardener, as he almost knocked up against her. "It is I, Mrs. Hilton," she exclaimed. "I saw the fire and came. The squire—Mr. Belton—tell me, are they safe?"

"Safe! I guess not, and them in the third story of the house with a bonfire round about them! I've only woke up five minutes ago. I'm off to the village for hands. Will you just step in at the east door and see if the Fogginses be astir?" said the gardener hurriedly, as he ran off, not very quickly, towards the village.

Mrs. Hilton rushed across the courtyard, where more voices were audible, and presently she heard somebody say, "Oh, Mr. Foggins! won't you go? They're all there—grandfather, the squire, and all!"

"Go! it's easy to say Go, girl; but who's going to mount into the middle of a furnace like that? Why, it would be riskin' more lives than need be," replied Foggins, peering

up the outside steps with terror. "They wouldn't listen to me. I said some judgment would come to the place after the doin's o' yesterday. It's more than likely some o' these ruffians set a light to the place," he went on grumblingly.

"This is no time to talk of blame. Go instantly and rouse the squire and Mr. Belton," cried Mrs. Hilton, in a tone of command which made Foggins start.

"Bless me!—oh, you're the lady who was here yesterday," said Mr. Foggins, after a scared survey of the speaker. "Isn't this a pretty piece of mischief? But it ain't work for me to go up the great stairs. I've holloaed to the gentlemen as far up the stairs as I could go. They'll be down directly. They're young and strong, no fears of them; and Jackson's gone to fetch hands from the village," he added, in an excusing tone; and then he presently burst forth into a discordant howl of "Fire, fire!" which he seemed to consider his only duty in the present extremity.

Mrs. Hilton, without further words, moved forward and went up the steps into the hall. Her face looked rigid, and her gait was tottering. "Shall I ever reach the corridor?" she gasped, as she toiled up the many steps of the great staircase. Mr. Foggins's refrain still reached her, but no response of any kind seemed to come from the occupants of the third story. The densest smoke was beginning to gather in the corridor. Mrs. Hilton, however, succeeded in groping her way to the large oaken door opening on the library, through which she had made her exit on the previous day when Mr. Belton came to fetch her from the gallery. It was locked now, and crackling sounds betokened that the fire was doing deadly work not far off. "It is of no use, I cannot reach him, even if he is above, and go back I cannot," wailed Mrs. Hilton, as she stood helplessly before the locked door. Then a sudden thought seemed to fill her with new energy and hope. "The narrow staircase—how could I have forgotten it!" she cried, hurrying away from the corridor just as a piece of one of the partitions was giving way, disclosing terrible ravages in the long library. Groping her way, she hurried on in search of a landmark in the shape of a model in armour, which she remembered was placed at the landing when Mr. Belton had shown her the newly-opened-up door. Never was a warm human clasp more welcome than the unresponsive hand of the steel-clad warrior which Mrs. Hilton presently met, and then on she sped up the flight of steps till she reached the corridor through which she had passed yesterday. Feeling her way against the wall, she opened one door after another, crying, "Mr. Hartleigh! Mr. Belton! come, come!" But still there was no response.

Mrs. Hilton could not remember which of the many doors was the squire's bed-room, but after opening several she discovered the right door and rushed in.

On Hugh Hartleigh's placid sleeping face the fiery glow was reflected, but there he lay unconscious and unharmed in the heart of his blazing domain. The smoke was following close upon Mrs. Hilton as she staggered towards the curtainless bed, crying convulsively, "Wake! rise! come! there is fire everywhere!" and then stretching out her hands above the quiet sleeper with a glance of ineffable tenderness, she sank down on her knees and cried in a shrill tone of agony, "Oh, my son, my son!"

Hugh slowly opened his eyes, and started up with a bewildered stare, sleepily shouting, "What's the matter? who's there?"

"Well, I am here, for one," said a hearty voice from the door. "Make haste! don't you see the whole place is on fire! How we can have slept through it I don't know, and how she can have got here to save us, I know as little—it's a miracle!" muttered Mr. Belton, as he stooped down and gently lifted the unconscious Mrs. Hilton.

"Fire, I declare! Has it gone far? The smoke is frightful," said Hugh, now on his feet. "But who is that? Who wakened us, Belton?" he continued, catching sight for the first time, but still without recognition, of Mrs. Hilton, whom Mr. Belton had just seized in his arms to carry away.

"Come away; the gallery is blazing! You haven't a minute to lose!" shouted Mr. Belton, as he strode away, easily bearing his burden in his stalwart arms. "Quick, quick, Hartleigh, don't lose a moment—the flames are gaining!" he turned back to shout from the corridor, and then he hurried towards the staircase up which Mrs. Hilton had passed, and which was still free from symptoms of fire. Dreadful sounds, telling of the fire's rapid progress, were coming from within the gallery. "The place is doomed, sure enough. Well, let it go, perhaps it is best—and he has found a better roof-tree here," he muttered, glancing down at the unconscious face, which was for a moment lighted up by the burning light which streamed from a high narrow window. "His mother, sure enough. As

like as possible, only she is the stronger. Why didn't it occur to me yesterday, when I thought her so mysterious?"

At last Tom Belton stood with his precious burden safe on the hall steps; but the smoke was now so dense in the courtyard that he could distinguish no one, though there seemed a jangle of many voices. His shout of "Where are you, Foggins?" was immediately answered by a chorus, "Here's somebody!" "That was Mr. Belton's voice! Where's the squire, Mr. Belton? and where's the lady who went to warn you?—she's never come back?"

"Here—all safe, I trust," replied Mr. Belton, coming into the courtyard, where a group seemed idly and helplessly cowering as they watched the destruction of the ancient house.

"And grandfather—Oh, Mr. Belton! where is he?" wailed Emma Bartlett, accosting him as he hurried through the archway, having decided to see Mrs. Hilton safely housed in the gardener's cottage and restored before he left her.

"Old Bartlett!" he faltered, pausing with his burden as he listened to Emma. It was well the smoky haze veiled his face from the girl's beseeching gaze, or her fears would have been doubled by seeing the strong man blanch with sudden fear.

"Oh yes, the squire will see to your grandfather," he said, with a strong effort. "Come, I am going to lay Mrs. Hilton under this tree. You get water and everything and attend to her. Mind you don't leave her, whatever happens, till I come back. She has saved us all."

The morning air was chilly, and taking off his coat Tom Belton threw it gently over the still motionless figure, and then plunged into the smoke again, haunted by two fears. The first, that he might be too late to save Caleb Bartlett; the other, that the squire might have lost his way looking for the old miner, whom he had been so anxious should sleep in the ill-fated house that night. "Hasn't Mr. Hartleigh appeared yet?" he shouted, as he hurried across the courtyard.

"No, nobody else; and the roof will be down in the twinkling of an eye; 'tis all up with them now!" was the chorus on all hands. While all unheeding the useless words, Mr. Belton darted forward towards the great staircase, from which the flames, wrapping the higher parts of the wing, were visible now; pieces of burning wood fell at his feet, and ominous sounds proclaimed that the destruction was spreading fast. The thick stone walls which lined the narrow staircase still were untouched, but the smoke was suffocating, and Belton groped his way up, with outstretched hands, shouting the squire's name. At the entrance of the corridor he knocked up against him. "Safe, safe!" he cried in an overjoyed tone, holding him in his grasp. "What a time you have been! Down the narrow staircase as quick as you can. I'll follow in a minute."

"But Bartlett is here somewhere, you know. I can't find the old fellow. I've been opening doors and shouting till I'm nearly suffocated," cried Hugh, gasping.

At that instant a voice not far off called "Help!" in a feeble tone.

"There he is!" said Belton, springing forward and groping for the handle of the nearest door, behind which he found the old miner cowering. "Holloa, Bartlett, this is a plight! Come along," he said, taking him in his strong arms.

"My fire's been a-smokin' dreadful. I says to Mistress Foggins as how she was a makin' of too big a blaze yesternight—dear, dear, I'm reg'lar choked," groaned the old man.

"I fear the blaze is too big everywhere this morning," said Belton, with a laugh. "Now, Hartleigh, you can't help—the staircase is too narrow. One of us must carry him, and since I've got him I'd better keep him. Quick! go before me: run, run out of this place for your life!" he cried, pausing in his walk to take a firmer grasp of his burden.

Hugh, perceiving that he could give no further help, hurried on with Mr. Belton's words ringing strangely in his ears as he groped his way onward. For the last few months every event seemed to have a voice in it which said, "Stay in the old house for your life!"—that "life" of which the essence is resisting and conquering our weaker selves. That he had been striving to follow these urgent voices all might see; but he alone knew how intensely he still recoiled from a sojourn among the hated surroundings of his childhood. Were these wild tongues of flame, which he had seen leaping from the gallery, friendly messengers there who had come to free him from his heirloom of misery, was his almost exulting thought as he reached the hall. Terrible sounds of roaring flame and crashing timber were coming from above, and as he was crossing the marble pavement a blazing oaken beam fell at his feet, scattering sparks of flame. From the courtyard he heard shouts of "There's somebody!" and then "No, it ain't; no mortal will come out alive now."

Where was Belton, Hugh asked himself, panic-stricken; and not hearing his steps on the staircase, he darted back again and was going to retrace his steps, when somebody sprang forward. A strong hand was laid on his shoulder, and a voice, which he recognised as Dick Hayward's, said, "I've found ye, squire." In a moment he was being carried across the hall as if he had been a baby.

"Let me go, Dick! I must look for Mr. Belton—he's coming with Bartlett!" but the young miner only grasped him more tightly, and strode on with determined rapid strides, scathless through the blazing fragments which were falling on all sides, till he reached the courtyard.

The little company there had been reinforced by a group of miners, but all alike seemed to stand watching helplessly the blazing pile. A hearty cheer rose when they recognised the squire, who cried, "No cheers yet, friends; old Caleb Bartlett and Mr. Belton are still in danger." But just then there was a shout of "Here they are too!"

A sudden sheet of flame bursting through one of the doors at the top of the stairs made the young architect visible, standing, in a moment's hesitation, in the farther end of the hall with his burden. He was horror-struck at the devastation the flames had brought since he last crossed it, and glanced down at the old miner, whose thin grey locks fell about his deathly face, muttering, "I think he's dead already, so I'll take the risk." On he came, through a veritable valley of death, amid clouds of smoke laden with blazing fragments. Hardly had he reached the middle of the hall when a great charred beam, still ablaze, got detached and came falling down. A shout came from the two bystanders who were near enough to see that two human lives hung in the balance.

"Hurrah, he's cleared it!" cried the squire, as Belton lurched forward with his burden, while the blazing beam seemed to fall behind him.

But why did he stagger, and drop from his strong arms the helpless old man he had been carrying so tenderly?

With his cheer dying away on his lips Hugh Hartleigh sprang wildly forward, gasping, "It has struck him—he's hurt—he's killed, Hayward!" and, stooping down, with a desperate effort he lifted the strong man in his less muscular arms, and half carried, half dragged him down the blackened steps. Feeling his strength going, he pressed forward to a corner of the courtyard, where he laid him down, while Dick Hayward passed swiftly through the archway bearing the old miner, who was roused from his faint and had begun to stare about in bewilderment.

"Mr. Belton is badly hurt; fetch a mattress, Foggins, quick! and go for Dr. Barnes," cried Hugh to Foggins, and, seating himself beside the stricken man, he tenderly raised his head from the cold stone on to his arm.

Foggins was not long in fetching a litter, though, according to his own subsequent statement, he did so at the risk of his life. The fact was that he had taken it from some deposits of his own which he had rescued at an earlier stage. The motionless figure was laid gently on it by the squire, and the sad little procession moved away along the dew-clad grass. The morning sun had risen, and the ancient trees of the park were casting long shadows on the turf with a placidity which seemed strange in that last hour of agony and destruction through which the grey old house was passing. The stormy wind was quieted now, and all seemed to promise a serene sunshiny day. But the calm of nature only made more visible and audible the terrible destruction which during the hours of darkness had done its work. The little company on their way to the gardener's house were halfway across the park when the old house seemed to send up its last cry of expiring life. A loud, long-continued noise filled the air, flames streamed resistlessly into the blue sky, and horrible volumes of black smoke were thrown upward in successive clouds amid the crashing sounds of the falling roof, which told their tale. "There she goes! It's all up with the old house now!" cried one of the group surrounding the mattress on which Belton lay, and all paused on the safe green sward to glance back on the terrible scene—all except the owner, who uttered no word and made no signs, though some glances were turned upon him to see how he was bearing the loud death knell of his ancestral home. He was walking alongside of the mattress with his hand on Belton's motionless arm, and as the tremendous report of the falling-in roof filled the air he felt a sudden tremor pass through the hitherto seemingly lifeless frame. "Thank God, he is alive! He has moved," he cried, a glad light coming into his eyes.

"It's no wonder the poor fellow is dead beat—he had to go back a second time for Bartlett. I saw him lay the lady down on the grass there just as I was coming up, and then he was off again like a shot," said one of the group.

"What lady?" asked Hugh, having forgotten in the excitement to inquire further who had wakened him, thinking that it had probably been one of the servants.

"Why, her that was at the dinner—the old one with the long cloak."

"What! not Mrs. Hilton, surely!" said Hugh in great surprise, wondering how that mysterious helper of his could possibly have come to his succour on this morning.

The little company now halted with their burden in front of the gardener's cottage. A safe and happy little abode it seemed to eyes that had been gazing at the stately home in the grasp of the destroying enemy. The morning sun was glistening on its ivied walls, and some hand was now throwing open the diamond-paned little window of the front room.

Mrs. Hilton, with returned consciousness and calm expression, now came forward from the room, which she had been preparing for the reception of the sufferer.

Very tenderly did she bend over the unconscious man, raising the arm which hung down helplessly, with the torn blackened white sleeve reminding her of the coat of which he must have divested himself to cover her as he laid her on the grass. Was this faithful soul to be a victim to the doomed house? she asked herself with a thrill of pain, as she lifted the wavy brown hair from his forehead and bathed his temples. But his heart was beating yet, and, oh! surely it would beat for many a long day; for was there not need of such strong true hearts as his in God's world? pleaded Mrs. Hilton, lifting her prayer to Him who can stay life's parting wings.

Loud sounds of cheering and rumbling of wheels now began to be heard from the avenue which skirted the little cottage garden. "It's the engines—the fire-engines come at last! And here's Jackson!" cried Mrs. Jackson, with as much delight as if they had come in the nick of time. A new current of excitement seemed to fill the minds of all except Mrs. Hilton and Hugh, who still knelt bending over the sick man. But at the loud rumbling of wheels a tremor seemed to pass over the strong frame of Tom Belton, who slowly opened his eyes and glanced round in a bewildered way. His face in its unconsciousness had seemed placid and painless, but now a spasm of agony passed over it, and a groan escaped him. "What is it?" he moaned, trying to lift his arms. "Oh, yes! I remember, it was that dreadful timber struck my back. Where am I? That is you, Hartleigh; thank God you're safe too! But the old man, Bartlett—where is he? I was carrying him when I fell. What has become of him—where's Bartlett?" he asked with a startled glance, scanning Hugh's face.

"All right; thanks to you, Belton. It's only you who have suffered. What do you feel, Belton,—you are in pain?" asked Hugh gently.

"Yes, dreadful pain," groaned the young man, his brows knit with agony. "But what of the house, Hartleigh? Have the engines come? Is it still burning?" he said, turning to the squire when the paroxysm of pain had somewhat subsided.

"In ruins by this time, I fancy; and you know, Belton, I do not deplore its loss. But why should any hair of your head have been hurt in its fall?" cried Hugh, impetuously bending over him with a face of deep distress.

"It was ungrateful of the old beam to give me such a blow, seeing I had put in such a good word for it," replied Mr. Belton, smiling faintly; and then, turning his head round that he might see Hugh better, he said, "Ah well, Hartleigh, thoughts that are higher than ours, and kinder than mine, have arranged your difficulty. You aren't going to be asked to live in the old house, after all, you see, and——" Another terrible spasm of pain prevented him finishing his sentence, and presently he again relapsed into unconsciousness. Then they carried him gently into the little cottage, placing the mattress on which he still lay on the variegated counterpane of Mrs. Jackson's best bed. That worthy matron seemed quite to have risen to the occasion, and with Mrs. Hilton's help and suggestiveness the stale little apartment was converted into a habitable sick-room. Mrs. Hilton seemed as a matter of course to instal herself as nurse. Having done the little which it seemed possible to do for the still unconscious patient, she seated herself calmly by his side. Perhaps a close observer might have detected that, intensely anxious as she was about the patient, there was another absorbing anxiety betokened in the pitying glance with which she followed the young squire. The kindly heart who had so unexpectedly got the key to her mysteriousness, when her secret was wrung out of her in her maternal terror, might perhaps have fathomed something of the depth of her compassion. But Thomas Belton's strong frame lay wrapt in an apparently deepening stupor.

O THE wealth of pearly blossom! O the woodland's emerald gleam!
O the welcome, welcome sunshine on the diamond-sparkling stream!
O the carol from the hawthorn, and the trill from dazzling blue!
O the glory of the spring-time, making all things bright and new!
O the rosy eve's surrender
To the Easter moonlight tender!
O the early morning splendour,
Fresh and fragrant, cool and clear,
In the rising of the year!
O the gladness of the children, after all the dismal days,
In the freedom and the beauty, and the heart-rejoicing rays!
Do we chill the gleeful spirits, check the pulses bounding fast,
By the mournful doubt suggested, "Ah but, darling! will it last?"

Though we know there may be tempests, and we know there will be showers,
Yet we know they only hasten summer's richer crown of flowers.
Blossom leads to golden fruitage, bursting bud to foliage soon,
April's pleasant gleam shall strengthen to the glorious glow of June.
April leads to merry May-time,
With its ever-lengthening day-time;
This again to joyous hay-time,
When the harvest-home is near
In the zenith of the year.
So we only tell the children of the summer days in store,
Of the treasures and the beauties that shall open more and more.
So the silver carol rises, for the winter-tide is past!
When the summer days are coming, need we ask if spring shall last?

O the gladness of the spirit when the True and Only Light
Pours in radiant resplendence, making all things new and bright!
When the love of Jesus shineth in its overcoming power,
And the secret sweet communion hallows every passing hour.
O the calm and happy resting,
Free from every fear molesting!
O the Christ-victorious breasting
Of the tempter's varied art,
In the spring-time of the heart!
O the fervour and the freedom after all the faithless days!
O the ever-new thanksgiving, and the ever-flowing praise!
Shall we tempt the gaze from Jesus, and a doubting shadow cast,
Satan's own dark words suggesting by the whisper, "*If* it last?"

Though we know there must be trials and there will be tears below,
Yet we know His glorious purpose, and His promises we know.
Only ask, "What saith the Master?" and believe *His* word alone,
That "from glory unto glory" He will lead and change His own.
Ever more and more bestowing,
Love and joy in riper glowing,
Faith increasing, graces growing—
Such His promises to you.
He is faithful, He is true!
Each Amen becomes an anthem, for we know He shall fulfil
All the purpose of His goodness, all the splendour of His will.
Only trust the living Saviour, only trust Him all the way,
And your spring-tide path shall brighten to the perfect summer day.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

EASTER DAY.

By the Rev. SAMUEL COX.

St. Mark xvi. 7; St. Luke xxiv. 34; 1 Cor. xv. 5.

ONCE more Easter Day points our thoughts to an opened grave, to an opened heaven. Once more the whole world of Nature conspires with the day to fix our thoughts on Him who could not be "holden" in the bonds of death, and on that great uprising in which there lies a prophecy of the general resurrection unto life eternal. For *the world*, at this spring-tide, cannot be holden of death; it is rising from its wintry grave; the silence and cold rigours of death are giving place to the quickening warmth and merry choirs of life. The sweet voices of the birds are heard in the land; the cuckoo's mellow horn sounds through woods breaking into bud and leaf; the black hedges are robing themselves in tender delicate greys and greens; and the almond-tree, whose branches were adusk and bare a few days since, is now flushed with rosy blooms. All Nature is rising from death to life, and warmer tides begin to run through our veins, bringing us into accord and sympathy with the world in which we dwell.

The gracious hallowed time speaks to us, through all its changes, both of the past and of the future. It speaks of that joyful day when He arose who is "the Life indeed," and of that great day, more joyful still, when He will prove Himself "the Resurrection" also, the day on which old things shall pass away, and all things, even to the solid earth and spacious heavens, shall become new.

To the company of the apostles the first Easter Sunday was a day of wonders surpassing all the wonders they had known. For the three previous days they had sat in darkness and the shadow of death. They had long hoped that Jesus had been He who should have redeemed Israel. His crucifixion, while Israel was yet unredeemed, defeated their hopes. Their hearts were heavy with sorrow. Their sorrow was sharpened by disappointment. Their disappointment was embittered by shame and self-rebuke. But on the first day of the week, "very early in the morning," a new day dawned upon them, a new hope. The holy women, who had gone while it was yet dark to the sepulchre to embalm a dead Master, met a living

Friend, and returned with haste and joy to bring the disciples word of an empty grave and a risen Lord; to remind them that He had foretold His resurrection while He was yet with them; and to invite them to the mountain in Galilee "where He had appointed them."

Of all the apostles, St. Peter, hot and passionate in his repentance as he had been in his sin, had suffered most during those days of self-rebuke and sorrowful discomfiture of hope. He had thought himself so strong, yet proved so weak, boasting that if all others should forsake Christ, yet would not he, and after all denying Him with oaths and curses, that, when Christ was taken away and there seemed no chance of ever atoning for his sin, reproach well-nigh broke his heart. Weeping bitterly, he went out from the apostolic company, as deeming himself no longer worthy to be numbered with them. Except that John, when his new "mother" could spare him, came to relieve his solitude, Peter seems to have been left alone with his sin, all the man, we may well suppose, broken with remorse.

His last word of Christ was a vehement denial of Him; Christ's first word of him is a message of forgiving love and tenderness. The angels bear the message to the holy women, the women to Simon. Had the heavenly messengers said to the women, "Go tell his disciples *except* Peter," Peter, I suppose, would have been the last to complain. But they are commanded to say, "Go tell my disciples *and* Peter:" Peter, who thinks he has forfeited all claim to be numbered among the disciples, who will not believe that a message addressed to them includes him, tell Peter too; let him have a special message, a gracious message, that he may know himself forgiven, and that the broken heart may be healed.

But Christ is not content with mere words of forgiveness. Early in the morning Peter receives the message; but before night the Master Himself stands at his door. Before He appears to the apostolic company, He comes to the penitent apostle who thought himself not worthy to be with them. "He is seen of Cephas; then of the twelve."

This pathetic interview of the fallen servant with his risen Lord is shrouded in a sacred reserve. But for St. Paul's incidental reference to it when writing to the Corinthians, and the casual exclamation of the ten recorded by St. Luke, we should not so much as have known that it took place. We can easily imagine with what passionate self-abandonment and contrition the apostle cast himself at the feet of Christ, and with what gracious and tender kindness Christ reassured and comforted him; but the inspired record lends neither help nor encouragement to such conceptions: and even in imagination perhaps it is better that we should respect the reserve in which the Holy Ghost has left this sacred pathetic incident. Let it be enough for us that we may find in it the revelation of a Love so pure, so enduring, so divine, that our contemplation of it may well deepen the joy natural to this holy and joyful day. We may learn from it that—

1. *The love of Christ is a love over which death has no power.* Three days—or, as we should reckon, only two days—had passed between the hour in which Peter denied Christ and the hour in which, despite his denial, Christ confessed Peter to be His disciple and friend. During these days the Lord Jesus had passed through the agony of a violent death, and the deeper agony of being made sin for us and a curse. He had also passed through the perfecting ministries of the life which lies in death and beyond it.

If any ask—

> "Where wert thou, Master, those three days?"

most of us would probably answer,—

> "There lives no record of reply,
> Which, telling what it is to die,
> Had surely added praise to praise."

And yet there is some slight record of reply. St. Peter, in a passage which from the very first profoundly struck the imagination of the Church, tells us that, when Jesus was put to death in the flesh, He was quickened in the spirit; and that, "in the spirit," He went and preached to the spirits in prison who had sometime been unbelieving, as, for instance, in the days of Noah.* In the earliest creeds of the Christian Church—or in an early interpolation of them—we are taught that, between His death and resurrection Jesus "descended into Hades," to summon all who loved the light to arise and follow Him, to open the kingdom of heaven to all who in any nation had feared God and wrought righteousness, and even to win to penitence and faith those who were once impenitent and unbelieving. So that the true answer to the question, "Where was the Master those three days?" is: He was in Hades, despoiling the principalities and powers of evil, calling on Hebrew patriarchs and heathen sages to enter His kingdom,

* 1 Peter iii. 18—20.

giving an opportunity of repentance to all who "would long ago have repented" had they heard His voice and seen His works, and redeeming to Himself whole kindreds and generations of men. He was trampling Satan under His feet, and opening the prison-house for as many as would be free.

From this other-world ministry, from this doubtless fruitful ministry, He returned to the earth and re-assumed the body in which He had borne the sin of the world. He had passed through the agonies of dissolution and sacrifice. He had triumphed over him who had the power of death. He had invaded the populous world of the dead, and subdued its tribes into the happy captivity of faith. And yet, though death had wrought strange and perfecting changes in His manhood, He remains unchanged; though He had engaged in an enterprise so arduous and glorious, He has not forgotten the little company of those who trusted in Him, nor any one of them. He remembers and loves them all; He remembers and loves each of them. The angels bear the tidings of His undiminished love to faithful Mary and to faithless Peter, to the women who wept for Him and to the man who wept for himself. Death has not diverted, it has not abated His love. On the morning of His resurrection He thinks of them all, and adapts His words and manifestations to their several ability and need.

His death did not lessen his love; why should *our* death lessen it, or remove us beyond its reach? How can He love us less just when He is drawing us nearer to Himself? Yet how often those who trust Him for life fear Him in death, or, at the best, abate their confidence in Him! How often we dread to take that "step" which will bring us to His transforming presence! Let us not fear death any more. It is winter rising into spring. It is more and more perfect life, a life as much more happily composed as the splendid and far-seeing ministry of the Lord Jesus in the dim Hadean world compared with the sad and hindered ministry of His love on earth. To be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord; and is not "the Lord" more and better to us than "the body?"

His death did not change *Him*, nor the delicacy and individuality of His love for each of His friends. And if death did not change the Lord, why should it change *those who die in the Lord?* Why should it separate us from our friends who have gone from us, and of whom we too often think as if they had lost interest in us, and no longer cared for our welfare? The death of Christ is the pattern of the death of all who love Him. If the body decay the spirit is quickened, and all the warm gracious affections which have their home in the spirit. The dead have not ceased to love us; they cannot have lessened in their love for us by growing into the likeness of Him over whose love death had no power.

2. *The love of Christ is a love which does not change as, and because, we change.*—Since Peter last walked in friendly converse with his Master, the Lord Jesus had passed through "the great change," the change of death. But had not Peter also changed, and that greatly? He had sinned that sin against love which only the most perfect love can forgive; he had been unfaithful to his Friend. When that Friend stood at His utmost extremity and need, Peter had forsworn Him, denied all knowledge of Him. There are not many who could have forgiven such a sin as that.

And yet Shakspeare, who knew the human heart, in one of his finest sonnets, has taught us that

> "Love is not love
> Which alters when it alteration finds,
> Or bends with the remover to remove."

Even a true human love, he affirms, is like a rock which "looks on tempests, but is never shaken" by them; or like a steadfast star which shines upon "a wandering bark," and does not shift its place, however often the ship may change its course. And indeed, so long as love looks for return, so long as it is quick to resent changes and to change with them, it is little more than another name for self-love. The true love, the pure love, is that whose motive is in itself, which is constant in spite of changes and offences, which does not alter with every alteration of its objects, but loves on, forgetting and denying self, that it may still serve them. And this was the love of Christ. It did not resent the change in Peter, but corrected and repaired it. Peter had altered, but Christ did not therefore alter. Peter had removed himself far from Christ, but the love of Christ did not "bend with the remover to remove." It could look on the tempest—a tempest spitting out oaths and curses—in Peter's soul, yet meet it with no answering tempest of anger and disavowal. Like a star it shone on the wandering unsteadfast bark of Peter's faith, its rays as bright, its help as ready, as when the sea was calm and the ship at rest. "Go tell my

disciples *and Peter*. Don't forget *him*, though he forgot both himself and me. Bid *him* come and meet me with the rest." Nay, because, like the rest, Peter delayed to come, Jesus came to him. "He was seen of Cephas." "He appeared to Simon."

If love be not love "which alters when it alteration finds, or bends with the remover to remove," is not *this* love, which does not alter even when it finds a Peter so shamefully altered, which does not remove even though Peter has removed so far away? The love of Christ knows no change. Its motive is in itself, not in us. He loves love, and is love. He cannot deny Himself. And hence those whom He has once loved He loves even to the end.

But though the love of Christ be so tender and so enduring, we cannot sin against it with impunity. Because it is a perfect love, we must not presume upon it. Love can take many forms. It can break the heart as well as heal it. It can be a consuming fire as well as a life-giving sun, burning up the evil growths of the heart that its gracious growths may thrive. They who know the love of God

> "dread more
> To be forgiven than sinners do to die."

Nothing is so sad to a gracious heart as to have to come again and again into the presence of the Divine Forgiving Love with the confession of having sinned against it. Nothing is more terrible than to acknowledge to One who will be good and kind, whatever we do, that we are utterly unworthy of His grace. "There is forgiveness with God, *that He may be feared*." To have hurt a stranger or an enemy is bad enough, but not half so bad as to be continually hurting a constant friend. There is no shame like the shame of having betrayed one who loves us despite our very betrayal. And this was the shame that melted Peter's heart when the Lord Jesus "appeared" to him—the shame of having denied one whom even his denial could only move to a more gracious confession of him. We are not told what took place at that interview; but we may be very sure of this, that Christ found it much easier to forgive Peter than Peter found it to forgive himself.

3. *The love of Christ is a love which respects the sanctities of personal attachment.* — The risen Jesus saw Peter alone first, then with the other apostles. For Peter had to retrieve both a public fault and a private personal offence. He had boasted before his brethren, "Though all these should be offended at Thee, yet will not I be offended." Yet, when the other apostles simply fled from Christ, Peter thrice denied Him in open hall. When Jesus rose from the dead He had neither forgotten the presumptuous boast nor the denials which falsified it. That Peter might show that he was "converted," and publicly atone his public fault, he had to unsay his boast and revoke his denials. Before his brethren Jesus asked him, "Lovest thou me more than these? Do you still hold to your boast?" And the humbled apostle tacitly withdrew his boast, claiming to love Christ indeed, but no longer claiming to love Him more than others. As he had thrice repeated his denial of Christ, so he has thrice to witness this good confession. Thus the public offence was atoned and forgiven. But the private offence, the personal sin against the friendship of the man Christ Jesus, this, no doubt, was confessed and forgiven in the private interview, when Jesus appeared to Simon alone, and before His interview with the apostolic company. Even as it was, Peter was "grieved" that the question, "Lovest thou me?" should be three times repeated; but had there been no previous private interview he might have been grieved beyond all endurance and filled with despair.

Now this gracious adaptation to the individual needs and peculiarities of men does not stand by itself: it is characteristic of Christ. Though His work be very great, and though it be essentially one work, He adopts a different treatment with each of His disciples—a treatment exquisitely adapted to their special make and needs. It is nothing short of wonderful to mark how, with the whole world upon Him, He thinks specially for Peter and for Thomas, for Philip and for John, and adjusts the common truth to their respective exigencies and powers.

This was the method of Christ, but it is not the method of some who profess to follow Christ. There are many who would fain insist on cutting out all our varied and manifold spiritual experiences after one pattern, and that a somewhat coarse and base pattern—those to whom any symptom of character or originality is well-nigh an unpardonable sin. They see no sanctity in the spiritual experiences of the individual soul, but would roughly, or carelessly, or formally intermeddle with our most secret griefs, our most sacred joys. Let us remember, therefore, that even our human love has its reserves, its secrets, and mysteries; that the deeper it is the less voluble it is, and the

more carefully hidden from alien or indifferent eyes. And when we meet these unskilful husbandmen, who would fain expose to the glaring eye of day the germs of spiritual life which can only grow in silence and darkness, who would be for ever handling and examining them, and pruning them into correspondence with their poor and base ideal, let us refer them to Christ and the method of Christ. Let us point them to the Good Husbandman and to those open parables of Nature which teach the mystery and sanctity and individuality of life; that it springs up we know not how, in a secrecy which no eye can penetrate but the eye of Infinite Love, and after a law whose manifold operations only God can apprehend. If we are true men and women, we cannot but be conscious that the common human nature has taken special and individual forms in us; that if we are like, we are also unlike, each other, and require therefore diversities of spiritual treatment, and must grow up into Christ each after his own kind. If we are wise as well as true, we shall feel that every heart which is a temple of the Holy Ghost is a hallowed place, not to be profaned by every passing foot; and that in this holy temple there is a holiest of all, which only the great High Priest of our confession may enter.

Happily for us, He has respect to the sanctities of our personal make and of our personal attachments to Him, and varies and suits the communications of His truth and grace to our personal temperaments and moods and wants. Just as the genial warmth of spring makes the whole world green and fair and musical, but takes a special form and tint in every wayside flower and weed, and leaves to every bird its distinctive feather and note, so the love of Christ broods over the whole Church, and wakes it into new and vigorous activity, yet in an infinite variety of character and experience and service, each of which is beautiful in its place and season, and which all blend, not into a wearisome uniformity of outward appearance, but into the sacred and helpful unity of a complex and manifold spiritual life.

"DARK" DENNIS AND HIS GRANDSON.

By the AUTHOR of "Episodes in an Obscure Life."

BELOW the level of the road, which is bounded on one side by a line of comparatively modern, but already smoke-dried and seedy-looking, houses, and separated from it by an iron railing, which serves as a gymnasium for the ragged youngsters of the neighbourhood, there runs a narrow paved footway in front of a row of low, dark, old-fashioned cottages. They were rural cottages once, with front gardens, perchance, sloping up to the level of the then much narrower roadway, and the top of apple-trees in the bigger gardens behind showing over their low roofs or sweeping the tiles (it may have been thatch in those times) with branches of white and pink blossom, or ruddy fruit gleaming forth from still green leaves. Citizens setting forth for a country walk may have glanced gratefully at the honeysuckle on the porches or the hollyhocks standing sentry beside the garden gates, as a first taste of the treats in store for them. There is very little rural now about Fleming's Row. "London" has spread some four miles beyond it. The "respectable" quasi-private houses of the neighbourhood, as I have intimated, have put on shabbiness, and they have, too, the unhome-like look which springs from joint-occupancy and the turning of front parlours into workshops and offices, and first-floor bedrooms into warehouses. The front gardens are utterly gone. The back gardens have been amputated into built-in little back-yards. The cottages have acquired a very sluttish aspect, to match the appearance of their tenants, who may be described as people whom you never see with clean faces and in Sunday clothes. The first house of the row, however, and its inmates, were some short time ago an exception to this rule of dreary dowdyishness. A side view of the little back-yard, somewhat longer than the others, could be got by the passer-by, and it showed that the small enclosure tried—a hard struggle—still to be a garden. There was a disproportionately big summer-house at the bottom with some dull green trellis-work about it, up which the vividly green round leaves and blazing blossoms of the nasturtium managed to climb. The garden walls were green and red in the season with scarlet-runners, hung here and there, in autumn with flaccid, open, yellow pods, displaying very respectably mature seed-beans of amethyst and jet. In spring mustard-and-cress came up in strangely fresh-looking initial letters from the cindery

soil, and later there were flowers in the bed—chiefly wall-flowers, Tom Thumb nasturtiums, and London-pride. But the front of the house, as long as flowers could bear the open air, was bright with their blossoms. The two or three little front windows were fenced with miniature gates and palings, painted green and white, over which musk-plants billowed and creeping-jennys cascaded in downy light or glossy dark green and glowing gold. Within stood balsams, sweet-williams, fuchsias, and geraniums. In front of one window stretched a box of mignonette, which the weary London air sometimes roused itself to wander over, sending abroad the scent like the sweet, mysteriously uncertain sounds of an Æolian harp. I should have said before that one of the old apple-trees still lingered in the old garden, long past fruit-bearing, but able still to put forth blossom in May, each spring more scanty, and yet each bloom almost as beautiful as if it had opened in Herefordshire, and pathetic with a tender grace of a day that is dead, which no cider-county orchard could rival.

The house inside was a humble conservatory, here the alabaster spathe and golden spadix of an arum lighted up a dusky corner, and throughout the little home which otherwise in such a neighbourhood, in spite of the cleanliness of Dennis's daughter, might have been musty, floated in summer the sweet breath of stocks. The very kitchen window was shaded on the inside with broad leaves, between which little clusters of fruit were sometimes coaxed to peep, the stem of a vine, rooted in the garden, having been brought through the wall.

It was the stranger that the dingy cottage should have been draped so abundantly, both within and without, with brightly or softly beautiful colour, inasmuch as Dennis, as may have been inferred from his nickname, was blind. But he could drink in the fragrance of his flowers, and seemed to feel by a private sense their visual loveliness. The song of a thrush, in fine weather hung outside the house or on the apple-tree, gave another proof of the old man's gentle tastes.

Its cage was of Dennis's own construction, for basket-making was one of his trades; the white specimens of his wickerwork which dangled beside his doorway affording another pleasant contrast to the grimy gloom of Fleming's Row. The old man made nets, mats, mops, brooms, brushes, clothes'-pegs, and re-caned chairs, sometimes at his own house, and sometimes in the streets outside the houses of his customers. His daughter, Hannah Jones, who kept his house, was a widow who had had a large family and a hard life, made harder by a bad husband. Her troubles had crushed all cheerfulness out of her, but yet they had not made a grumbler of her. She seemed to have arrived at the conclusion that happiness in this life was not meant for folk like her—that her duty on earth was to keep on working, even at times when there was no need for her to labour. Besides keeping her father's house, she kept a little shop, in which she sold boot-laces, marbles, bulls'-eyes, gingerbread, and such-like, chiefly articles of juvenile demand; and sometimes she went out charing. Her nearest approach to happiness was on Sundays, when, without rebuke of conscience, she could sit still in the little meeting-house. She did not mind how long the services lasted; her idea of heaven, most probably, was her chapel magnified and glorified. There might easily be more agreeable members of a household than Hannah Jones, but in her undemonstrative way she was faithfully attached to her father and her little boy; although, if she ever did repine at the dealings of Providence it was because, out of her many children, little Abel was the one who had been spared to her.

Poor little Abel was weakly, lame, and slightly deformed; but he had a fine head, although out of proportion to the body that supported it—a brow that showed an intelligence which Hannah could not appreciate, and eyes in which yearned an affectionateness which found no adequate answer in his mother's. As I have said, she was faithfully attached to him. When, as was often the case, if he ventured outside the front door alone the children of the Row began to tease or downright maltreat him, Hannah, heedless of the fact that she was driving away her customers, would rush to the rescue with an energy which contrasted strangely with her usual sluggish calm of manner; but still she could not help feeling half ashamed that a son of hers should be so little able to take his own part. Taunts, experienced from the first opening of consciousness, so sharpen the tempers of some deformed children that they soon become, though still butts for scorn, too formidable to be approached by their persecutors, except at unawares; but Abel had been made timid by his physical misfortunes.

It was to his grandfather the little fellow clung, and the old man fully paid back his affection. He had inherited not only a good

deal of Dennis's mental and moral make, but also that slight deformity to which I have referred; and the tender-hearted old man felt somehow as if he had wronged the child in handing it down to him. No one, I should say, who transmits defects of his or her own, whether physical or moral, to another generation, can help having somewhat of this feeling. The compunction must be especially painful when the defect is moral. When a father in his son, or a mother in her daughter, sees weaknesses and perversities outcropping which they clearly recognise as old personal property, they must doubt whether *they* are the persons who should punish the young offenders; and I fancy that children, by some dim kind of instinct, partially discover the injustice of being scolded for "teeth set on edge" by the very people who have "eaten the sour grapes."

But to return to Dennis and Abel. They were almost inseparable. Their needles clicked against their meshes in concert, and whilst a big basket grew between the old man's legs, Abel, also sitting on the floor, twined his osiers into its baby brother. Abel worked at the bench, twisting the vice-handle, driving his little plane, helping his grandfather to saw, and bore, and bristle. He split and rough-hewed wood for the pegs, &c., leaving the finishing off to the old man's defter fingers. He kept the old man supplied with mat and mop material, but had no need to tell him whether or not he had made his mop-heads lop-sided. Dennis could find this out for himself by poising them on his cord. The little fellow, fumbling over his own chair, half-enviously watched his grandfather's slip of cane twine in and out and round about his chair-seat like a lithe tame snake, and wondered whether he would ever attain such unfaltering precision.

When the old man went out on his caning rounds, the lad limped by his side and picked out the driest, sunniest, snuggest corners for him to sit in while he did his work.

Sometimes they went without Dennis's dog, the lame leading the blind, and then the timid little boy was not afraid, for he had full confidence in his grandfather's power, blind though he was, to protect him against ill-usage from the world at large, and had found, moreover, that the old man's blindness restrained the young imps who mocked at his own infirmities. Popular kindness is very partial in its manifestations, but a blind person at any rate is almost always safe in the roughest crowd, and Abel's tormentors merely followed the fashion of the neighbourhood in respecting Dennis's defect.

But still better did Abel like to have the dog with them when he went out with his grandfather, since Cincinnatus freed each entirely from the responsibility of looking after the other. Cincinnatus was a shaggy mongrel that had been given to Dennis by a wag, who told him that Cincinnatus meant "curly-haired," and that he would find him a "Dictator." Cincinnatus certainly was a dog of great determination of character, but he almost always used it to good purpose. Having learnt from his master the general route that he was to take, he insisted on taking it in his own fashion, and thus saved Dennis more than once from being run over. Woe betide any one also—however big, however small—who attempted to insult or in any way ill-treat the blind man or his grandson when they had Cincinnatus for their protector. A graceless fellow having splashed the old man one day with mud intentionally, the dog wrenched his tether from his master's hand, flew at the coward, and, fastening his long teeth in his leg, made him howl for mercy. When Cincinnatus thought that he had inflicted sufficient punishment, he gravely trotted back to Dennis.

So far as the garden bore mustard-and-cress for relishes, nasturtium-seeds for pickling, and beans for boiling, Hannah could discover sense in her father's horticultural pursuits; but his flower-fancying, especially since he could not see his flowers, she considered one of his many "follies." Abel, under his grandfather's direction, was chief gardener; and it was he, too, who looked after the bird. The dog was fed by all three, not least by Hannah.

He took her food, but made no response to her frigid fondling: he was not going to be seduced by bribes of broken victuals to abjure his allegiance to his old and young master, who needed his protection far more than his nominal mistress did.

He liked to get them into the summer-house on a fine still afternoon or evening, and there watch over them, whilst they went on with their work or took their little recreation. Sometimes they played at draughts there, the old man running his hand over the board every now and then to remind himself of the position of the pieces, and recognising his own men by the notch in their sides. On Sunday afternoons the constant companions read their Bibles there together, verse

after verse in turns, as if they were both children—Abel from his tiny Testament, Dennis moving his hand from left to right and right to left over the embossed characters of his oblong Gospel, as if he were playing on some musical instrument. In the evening, when it was too dark for Abel to distinguish the letters, Dennis sometimes read aloud there by himself, in a monotonous tone which had a rather eerie sound as it boomed through the twilight. It was pleasanter to hear his mellow bass joined to Abel's silvery though not very sonorous treble in the Evening Hymn—occasionally the noisy neighbours hushed their brawls and boisterous talk to listen. Now and then Dennis and Abel went with Hannah to her chapel, but not often, since Cincinnatus (I did not say he was quite perfect) grew impatient at the length of the sermon, and had caused scandal.

In the arbour in fine weather, and over the kitchen fire in cold, Dennis and his grandson had many a confidential talk, either netting, or when their work was done. The old man more than half, and the little boy fully, believed that Cincinnatus understood every word they said, but his presence was no check upon the freedom of their intercourse. Still, if poor harmless, hard-working, but unsympathetic Hannah made her appearance, their speech froze, or, instead of flowing continuously, dribbled and dried up, and again dribbled, to again dry up very speedily. The old man and the little boy seemed to be two half-souls that exactly complemented one another, with Cincinnatus for harmonious canine supplement. Dennis passed the time of day in a friendly manner with his neighbours; but the only acquaintances at all intimate he had outside his own home were a blind man and his blind wife, Jacob and Patty Mullins. Mullins was no favourite of Dennis's, but he forced his company on No. 1, Fleming's Row, at times when he wanted a meal, or the loan of a shilling, or any other favour. Pecuniary benefits he very seldom repaid, and other friendly offices never. He was a sneaking, dissatisfied fellow, always scheming and complaining. Sometimes he adopted a pharisaical tone, maintaining that his lot in life fell shamefully below his merits—at other times a cynical, shamelessly avowing his meanness, and trying to make out that nobody else was any better; and, again, at other times he twisted the two strains of talk together. It all depended on the amount of alcohol he had recently imbibed. Dennis's contentedness of spirit angered him, and whenever the two men met, Mullins was sure to bring the repining phase of his character into prominence. When very much "excited," he would openly boast of the nefariousness of the "games," to which at other times he more cautiously alluded, and if Dennis spoke or even looked disapproval, would call him a canting old humbug. "Some parson's sleeve you're wantin' to creep up—eh, Denny?" he would ask. "You're every bit as bad as me, you old reprobate, only you're not so clever—can't do the trick so well—that's what your honesty comes to, old boy; and much good you get out of it."

If Hannah happened to be near when he looked in at Fleming's Row in one of these states, he was cunning enough to hold his tongue. He went upon another tack with her.

"Ah, Mrs. Jones," he would say, giving a gasp of satisfaction, "it's a privilege I vally highly to talk with a consistent Christian woman like yourself. Your father, poor man!—I won't deny he's shown me kindness, but I'm afraid—I'm grieved to say it—but I greatly fear he hain't got the root o' the matter in him. He's too much taken up with the things o' this world—his flowers and his fiddle, an' sich-like wanities."

But Hannah, though she had no love for the fiddle and the flowers, was a genuine woman, and could not be taken in by the counterfeit thing.

She was not very shrewd, and he might easily have talked her over, had it not been for his cant. Her religion was not large, but what she had of it was genuine, and therefore it enabled her to detect the hollowness of his would-be pious phrases.

Hannah, however, unfairly included in her dislike Mullins's wife, who sometimes came with or for her husband to the Row.

The reason of Hannah's antipathy to Patty Mullins was—though she would not have owned to the fact, of which she was only vaguely conscious—because the blind woman almost idolised little Abel whom his mother could only love half grudgingly.

Patty had had but one child, a boy that had died when little more than a baby. To have such a son as Abel seemed to her a bliss which she marvelled Hannah could possess and yet be even for a moment downcast. Patty could not see the little boy's deformity, but ran her hand over his features, and her fingers through his silky hair, with unwearying delight. She almost hushed her breath when he began to speak, and hugged him, after the most trivial speeches, with a

"Dennis's contentedness of spirit angered him."

fond admiration which made the little fellow wonder and yet was very pleasant to him. The embraces Patty gave him when she greeted him and bade him good-bye were very different from the regulation morning and evening kisses he got from his mother.

Patty was a good, quiet little woman, whom Mullins had married because he thought he could make a more serviceable, faithful drudge of her than he could of a "seeing woman." He had imposed upon her by professions of superlative goodness appertaining to himself; but she had long before found him out. Indeed, when he had once secured his slave, he had been brutally honest enough to save her very soon much trouble in guessing at his real character. When her little boy was born, she had thought that she might still find some happiness in her married life; but the baby died, and she had to make up her mind to a lonely life of misery. She did her duty in it without flinching, although her owner, thinking in his besotted self-conceit that nothing he might do could alienate from him her supposed idolizing affection (of which he made great fun), tried her fidelity very hard. Her fondness for the gentle, affectionate, mother-slighted little lame boy may now easily be understood.

Cincinnatus as well as Abel liked the lonely little woman; but they both loathed her husband, in their different ways. Abel shrunk from him; Cincinnatus openly snarled at him.

Mullins's dog was not nearly so good a guide as Cincinnatus. Fear of his master made him attend, though in a perfunctory fashion, to his duties when he was out with *him;* but when he professed to pilot Patty, whom he did not fear, the selfishness he had caught from Mullins rampantly asserted itself, and he did not scruple to risk her neck to gratify any passing inclination of his own. One day, when he was out with her, he snatched a piece of liver from a butcher's block, and, in his eagerness to make off with his ill-gotten spoil, dragged Patty into the middle of the road, where she was run over.

Mullins, deprived of his drudge, talked as if

she had done him a great injury in meeting with an accident, for which, after all, he was primarily responsible, and made a great merit of visiting her once or twice in hospital, where she lay for many weeks. Dennis and Abel, on the other hand, visited her very often, and Hannah sometimes. Abel scarcely missed a visiting day, going alone, when neither his grandfather nor his mother could go with him. When I say alone, I do not mean without the dog. Even if the timid little fellow could have plucked up courage to slip through the crowded streets without a companion of any kind, Cincinnatus would have considered himself guilty of a grave dereliction of duty in suffering him to do so. Accordingly the faithful dog escorted his young master to and from the hospital. If Abel protracted his stay with his invalid friend, however slightly, beyond what Cincinnatus considered the proper time, he manifested his displeasure when the boy came out by trotting off homewards at a rate which made it difficult for the little lame lad to keep up with him; but he would be sure to relent as soon as he deigned to look back at panting, painfully limping Abel. Then he stood stock still until his little master came up and patted him, when he would give a leap and a bark, circle round Abel, dart off as if he meant to run away for good, but soon return as swiftly, and trot beside his master as though glad to be reconciled.

Patty did all she could to protract Abel's visits. He told her all his little news, he read to her, he brought her flowers; it was a satisfaction to her simply to hold his hand. Looking back on his last visit and forward to his next wiled away her weary hours.

The glory of Dennis's flowers had become dim before Patty again made her appearance in Fleming's Row, and when she did come, she had still to use a crutch and stick. Mullins, as well as Snap, came with her, and her gracious husband grumbled at having had to take the trouble.

"The dog would ha' brought her safe enough," he muttered. "'Twasn't his fault, I'll be bound, she'd to go to the hospital. Might as well be there now, for any good she is to me yet. But she's got nervous, and so I came. Something or other for the boy she's got, and so I brought her that he might have it. I'll come back for you some time between this and bed-time, old woman."

So having spoken, the churl who, even when growling at his wife, had tried to wheedle the old man by his reference to Abel, took his departure with his dog.

"I wish you many happy returns of the day, my dear," said the blind woman as she stooped to kiss her little favourite. "I've got something in my pocket as I worked for you in the hospital. I'll give 'em to you as soon as I've sat down."

It was a pair of muffetees that Patty had knitted as a birth-day gift for Abel.

"The nurse," she explained, "got me the pins and the worsted, when she knew what I wanted, and who they was for. She's a kind body. She's most as fond o' your little Abel as I am, Mr. Dennis, and I don't wonder. I should say it would be strange if anybody could keep off likin' of him."

It was well that Hannah was out, or otherwise she might have resented this remark as a reflection on herself. Still, Abel could not help thinking it rather unkind that his mother should have gone out charing on his birth-day, while blind Patty had come on crutches to bring a present of her own work made specially for him.

Hannah's birth-gift had been a couple of bull's-eyes and a cake of parliament—handed over to him very much as if he had been one of her small customers trying to obtain goods on very uncertain credit—when she happened to remember what day it was.

Dennis never forgot his grandson's birth-day. If his mother half-unconsciously almost wished that he had never been born, the old man felt vividly how much brighter his life had been since he had had the little fellow with him, and always had a birth-day present ready for him—chuckled over for some days before as a great secret, and brought forth as if it must necessarily prove a great surprise. In honour of the occasion, also, he always provided some little "relish" for tea, and the muffin-man chancing to be tinkling his bell hard-by when Mrs. Mullins arrived, Abel was sent to stop him and purchase what Mrs. Jones would have thought a very absurd amount of muffins. Patty, Dennis, Abel, and Cincinnatus had a very cosy tea (the Dictator had previously tasted the muffins whilst Abel was toasting them), and afterwards they had a very pleasant evening. Music and singing, friendly chat, the heart-warming consciousness of being in kindly company, and, I am afraid I must add, the absence of poor Hannah, made Patty forget how the time went.

When Hannah came home tired out by a long day's work, and venially rather cross, Patty remembered that her husband had promised to call for her, and that he had not come. At such an hour, she knew well

enough he was not likely to come; most probably he had forgotten all about her. Dennis, Abel, and Cincinnatus escorted her home. A comet hung over the black city, and the little boy, as he looked up at its angry red, squeezed Patty's hand hard, and pressed close to her side. She asked him what frightened him, and he told her. She had never seen the sky, but she had heard, of course, that it was a comet year, and had inherited the popular superstitions in reference to those mysterious wanderers in our system, whose fiery presence, followed by their dim departures into the lonely wastes of space, may well impress forcibly other than vulgar imaginations. "Ah, yes," she said, "that means war, plague, or famine, or something awful. I wonder what it's to be—there's a deal of sickness about. How close it is for this time of year! quite as hot as summer, it is. There's fever in your Row. Pray God you mayn't catch it, dear."

"I hope the comet will be gone if I'm to die," answered Abel. "I should be half afraid to go past that to heaven. It don't look good, like the stars."

Abel was very quiet while he walked home with his grandfather.

"What's become of your tongue, my boy?" asked Dennis.

"The air seems as if it couldn't breathe," said the little fellow. "Does the fever go about in the air, grandfather? I wonder what it's like. How many people was it you said died in an hour? What a many must have died since we had tea! Why, perhaps some one is dying now—this very minute. I wish some one could die with me when I die. It must be so lonely to die all by yourself. I should like you, grandfather, if you wouldn't mind."

Next morning Abel was shivering and flushing in turns, his pulse beat fast, he was burnt up with thirst. Cincinnatus eyed him with wonder when he languidly pushed away his faithful friend, instead of feeding him, at breakfast-time. The next day the symptoms left it beyond doubt that poor Abel was down with the fever. His was a case of the virulent type. He became delirious—did not know the old man, who scarcely ever left his bedside. Cincinnatus sat by it too, eyeing now the old man and now the little boy with a sad, grave look of personal grief and sympathy.

On the evening of the fourth day the doctor shook his head.

A little after midnight the little fellow partially recovered consciousness.

"Grandfather," he gasped in a hoarse, feeble voice, "pull up the blind. I want to see if the comet's there."

He shuddered when he saw it, but soon recovered himself, and said, "I sha'n't be afraid to go by it now. There's ever so many more of the good stars. And you're coming, ain't you? Call mother, to say good-bye."

The old man went to call his daughter. When he came back with her the little boy was dead, and the dog was mournfully baying the comet, as if he held its baleful light responsible for the heavy loss he had sustained.

Next morning Patty, who had only just heard of Abel's illness, came to inquire after him. When she heard that he was dead she wept more bitterly than his mother, although poor Hannah, now that she had lost the last child, whom she had sometimes called her "cross," mourned him sincerely; and if she did not wish him back, wished, perhaps, that she had shown him more marked affection while she had him.

A single one-horse vehicle, half hearse, half mourning coach, bore the little corpse and its followers from dingy Fleming's Row to the green cemetery outside the smoke of London, in which it was laid to rest, with yellow leaves dropping slowly through the warm still air upon the little coffin.

Dennis, Hannah, Patty, and Cincinnatus were the mourners. The dog lingered by the grave, as if he could not understand how it was that Dennis and the others should be leaving the little fellow there alone. The old man had to carry the faithful guardian back into the coach, instead of being led by him.

When the comet was shining over the new-made grave, the old man sat upon the bed in which the boy had died, still holding the dog in his arms. Each seemed to know how sad the other was, and to derive some solace from that sympathetic consciousness as they sat there silent in the dark.

When they afterwards took their walks abroad without the little companion who had so often limped beside them, it seemed to an imaginative mind as if they were seeking him; there was such a look of something lost about them both. His little chief gardener gone, Dennis lost much of his interest in his flowers. His garden and his front windows, from their lack of colour, seemed to have put on mourning some months before the old man, his daughter, and his dog left Fleming's Row, and moved—I know not whither. The thrush, too, died in the spring after Abel's

death; and so the basket-maker's, in more ways than one, had ceased to be the enlivener of the Row. The tenant who succeeded Dennis cut down the vine, and now the house, in gloom and grime, is actually altogether such a one as its fellows; but as I go by it, it does not seem so when I call to mind the pure, graceful tastes—simple, devoted affection and patient industries, of which it was once the scene.

WILLIAM CAXTON, PRINTER.

"OF your charitee pray for the soul of Mayster Wyllyam Caxton, that in hys tyme was a man of moche ornate and moche renommed wysdome and connyng and decessed ful crystenly the year of our Lord MCCCCXXXXI.

"Moder of Merci shvld hym from thorrbul fynd,
And bryng hym to lyff eternall that neuyr hath synd."

These words were copied by a famous antiquary in the last century from a manuscript which was then nearly three hundred years old. They indicate a very unscriptural ground of hope, but they tell also the general esteem in which William Caxton was held in his lifetime, and which is sustained by all the records of him that are extant. The details of his life that have been preserved are very few, but they show a man of singular energy and enterprise, with noble purposes, and guided in all his actions by a sincere and simple piety.

William Caxton was born in Kent; but we know nothing more definite about his birthplace, except that it was in what is called "the weald," or woody part. This is mentioned incidentally by himself, and given as an apology for his indifferent English, the speech of the people in that part of the country "being broad and rude."

Caxton had no classical learning, nor indeed does he seem to have had any learning in his youth, beyond what he was taught by his mother. At the age of fifteen or sixteen he was apprenticed to a mercer in London, whose name was Robert Large. His business was in the parish of St. Olave's, Old Jewry, and he was doubtless a man of integrity as well as eminence, for in 1439 he was chosen Lord Mayor of London. When he died two years later, Caxton was in his service and had a legacy of thirty-four marks left to him as a testimony of his master's esteem for his capacity and fidelity. On his master's decease Caxton went abroad, deputed, it is believed, by the Mercers' Company to act as their agent in Holland, Zealand, Flanders, and some other countries.

Twenty-three years later we read of him again in company with Richard Whetewell, Esquire, as having a royal commission to confirm a treaty of trade and commerce between Edward IV. and Philip, Duke of Burgundy. Other treaties followed, and finally an alliance was formed through the marriage of the king's sister to the son of Philip. When the Lady Margaret came to reside at Bruges, Caxton seems to have been of her household, for he speaks of receiving from her a yearly fee; but all that is certain beyond this is, that she encouraged him in translating French books, and was his first patron in the art of printing, which he tells us he learned at great expense.

The divine art of printing, as it has been called, was invented about the year 1457. Fourteen years later Caxton introduced it into England. It is significant that the art which was to contribute so largely to the Reformation, to the advancement of knowledge, and to the progress of civilisation, should have found its first English home in Westminster Abbey. Caxton's printing-office was in what was called the Ambry, which is a corruption of Almonry or Eleemosynary, the house in which the alms of the abbey were distributed. A meeting of the workmen in a printing office is still called a "chapel."

Caxton's first printed book was the "Recuyel of the Historye of Troy," which he had translated out of the French. The translation was begun at Bruges, continued at Ghent, and finished in the "Holy City" of Cologne. It was undertaken because "every man is bounden by the commandment and counsel of the wise man to eschew sloth and idleness, which is moder and nourisher of vyces, and ought to put himself into virtuous occupacion and besyness." With Caxton all true wisdom was divine, and all work that tended to human progress was work done for God. Even the history of the wars of Troy he classed among the Scriptures which St. Paul says are profitable for doctrine, reproof, correction, and instruction in righteousness, taking the apostle to refer to every kind of writing. The lesson to be drawn from the "ruyne irreparable of that cytye, that neuer syn was reedefyed," is that it may be an "en-

sample to al men duryng the world, how dreadfull and jeopardous it is to begin a warre, and what harmes, losses, and death followeth."

The broad principle that all writings are profitable for edification led Caxton to print many purely secular books in the truly Christian spirit that what was done for the good of man was divine work. The "Chronicles of England" are printed "by the sufferaunce of God." In the "Life of Charles the Great" the printer intends not only to publish nothing which may be blamed, but only what is for "the helth and saluacion of every person." In the prologue to the book on the "Order of Knighthood," Caxton has these words: "O ye knyghts of Englond, where is the custome and usuage of noble chyualry that was used in the dayes? What do ye now but go to the baynes and play at dyse? And some, not well advysed, use not honest and good rule ageyn all ordre of knyghthode, leue this, leue it, and rede the noble volumes of St. Graal of Lancelot, of Galaad, of Trystram, of Perse Forest, of Percyval, of Gawayn, and many mo, ther shall ye see manhode, curtosye and gentylness." The life of Godfrey of Boulogne is printed because "The hye couragyous faytes and ualyaunt acts of noble illustrious and vertuous personnes ben digne to be recounted, put in memorye and wreton to th ende that they may be gyuen to them name immortal, souerayn laude and preysyng. And also for to moeue and t enflawme the hertes of the redars and hierers for t eschew and flee werkes vycious, dishonest, and vytuperable, and for tempryse and accomplysshe enterpryses honnestes and werkes of gloryous meryte to lyue in remembraunce perpetuel." Even Chaucer's Canterbury Tales are taken for "good and vertuous," and such as may "prouffyte unto the helth of our sowles," and for this reason, among other deeds of mercy, we are to "remember the sowle of the sayd Gefferey Chaucer."

A remarkable thing in Caxton's character was his humility, which is brought out in greater relief by his profound reverence for great men. He continually laments his want of "connyng," which is the word he uses for skill or ability. He calls himself a "simple person," says that in English he was "not wel perfyght and yet lasse in Frensshe." He asks pardon for his "rude and simple translacions," and confesses his ignorance of classic authors except as he knew them through French. But though thus lowly in his own eyes, he is not sparing of commendation for other men. He sees always in their actions the highest motives, and interprets them as conducive to the noblest ends. The Earl of Worcester, who translated Cicero on friendship and old age, Caxton describes as "the right vertuous and noble erle which late piteously lost his lif." After recommending his soul to the prayers of the readers, he adds, "O good, blessyd Lord God, what great losse was it of that noble, vertuous, and wel disposed lord? When I remember and advertyze his lif, his science, and his vertue, me thynketh God not displesyd over grete losse of such a man considering his estate, and connyng, and also thexercise of the same with the grete labours in gooing on pylgremage to Jherusalem, visiting there the holy places that our blessyd Lord Jhesu Criste hallowed with His blesyd presence, and shedding there His precious blood for our redemcion, and from thens ascended unto his Fader in heuen." In similar terms Caxton extols Earl Rivers, who translated several books that were much esteemed. In the prologue to one called the "Cordyale," after recording the many pilgrimages made by Earl Rivers to atone for his sins, and how from "our holy fader the pope" he had gotten "a greet and large indulgence, and grace unto the chapel of our Lady of the Piewe, by Seint Stephen's, at Westmenstre, for the relief and helpe of christen sowles passed of this transitorie world," Caxton speaks of the translation of the "Cordyale" as undertaken by one that desired "our goostly help and perpetual saluacion, and that we shall abhorre and vtterly forsake that bomunable and dampnable synnes, which comunely be vsed now a days, as pride, periurye, terrible swering, thefte, murdre and many other."

Though Caxton contributed to this country one great force of the Reformation, he was himself in no sense a Reformer. In all that he wrote there is a spirit of deep piety, but the forms of its expression are borrowed from those common in his times. He accepts, too, the established order of things in the church. In short, his Christianity has its theological and ecclesiastical character from the age in which he lived. He is an eager advocate of the Crusades, and is devoted to the "holy fader" at Rome. He retained many superstitions, but his religion was not a superstition. It breathed an atmosphere purer than that by which it was apparently surrounded. There is always about it a tone of manliness and vigour, even though it uses the phraseology of the time, and seems

accommodated to the received religious ideas. One book in particular was an especial favourite with Caxton, and it is one that reflects the true spirit of his religious feelings. Boethius lived in pagan days, but in exile and suffering he wrote on the consolation of philosophy. His book was translated into English by Chaucer, who wrote a preface to it, in which he prayed that Christ would have mercy on him, and forgive his "gyltes" in having written and translated so many "worldly vanytees," "many a songe, and many a lecherous laye;" but of the translation of Boethius he had hopes that it would please God, and that he might have the grace of forgiveness. Caxton added, concerning what Chaucer had done, "In myne oppynyon, he hath deserved a perpetual lawde and thanke of all this noble royame of Englond, and in especal of them that shall rede and vnderstande it; for in the sayd boke they may see what this transitorie and mutable world is, and whereto every man liuing in hit ought to entende."

In some places there are indications that Caxton had a vein of dry humour. He does not often display it, but it comes out more than once. In "The Dictes and Sayinges of the Philosophers" the translator omitted all that Socrates had said against women; but Caxton added it as an appendix, and assigned his reasons in these words: "He (that is, Lord Rivers) thought that Socrates spared the sothe, and wrote of women more than trouthe, which I cannot think that so trewe a man, and so noble a philosopher as Socrates was, shold wryte otherwise than trouthe; for if he had made faute in wryting of women, he ought not, ne sholde not be beleuyd in his other dyctes and sayinges. But I apperceuye that my sayde lord knoweth verily that such defaultes ben not had ne founden in the women born and dwelling in these partyes ne regyons of the world. Socrates was a Greek, boren in ferre contre from hens, whiche contre is alle of othere condycions than this is; for I wote wel, of whatsomeuer condycions woman ben in Grece, the women of this contre ben right good, wyse, playsant, humble, discrete, sober, chaste, obedient to their husbandis, trewe, secret, stedfast, euer besy, and neuer ydle, attemperat in speking, and vertuous in alle their werkis, or *atte leste shold be.*" Another place which I have marked is in the prologue to a translation of Virgil's Æneid. Caxton, after bewailing his imperfect work, says, "I praye Mayster John Skelton, late created poete laureate in the unyversite of Oxenforde, to oversee and correcte thys sayd booke, and taddresse and expowne, whereas shall be founde faulte, to theym that shall requyre it; for hym I knowe for suffycyent to expowne and Engliysshe every dyfficulte that is therein, for he hath late translated the epystles of Tulle and the book of Dyodorus Syculus, and dyverse other werkes, out of Latyn into Englissh, not in rude and olde langage, but in polyshed and ornate termes, craftily, as he that hath redde Vyrgyle, Ouyde, Tullye, and all the other noble poets and oratours, to me unknowen; and also he hath redde the IX muses, and understands their musicalle scyences, and to whom of them each scyence is appropred. *I suppose he hath dronken of Elycon's well.*"

Many of the books which Caxton printed were altogether of a religious character. One of them was the "Golden Legend," "wherein ben conteyned all the highe and grete festys of our Lord, the festys of our blessed Lady, the lyues, passyons and miracles of many other Sayntes, and other historyes and acts, translated out of Frenche." Others were the lives of various saints, as Edward the Confessor, St. Catherine of Siena, St. Wenefred, the life of our Lady, by John Lydgate, and the "Mirrour of the Blessed Life of Jhesu Christe," by St. Bonaventura. From the prologues and appendices to all these books, Caxton shows a spirit of ardent, simple, but genuine religion.

His last days were spent in translating the lives of the hermits of the desert. The translation was finished on the day on which he died. Though an eager, energetic man of business, he had a great admiration for the solitary and contemplative life. He lamented that there was so little goodness in the world, that so many lived voluptuously and passed their time in idleness and pleasure. To lead men to more righteous and profitable lives, he translated, with a view to printing, the "right, devoute, moche loueable, and recommendable lyff of the old auncient holy faders hermytes."

Caxton generally had a patron who took a large number of copies of any book he printed. In the prologue to the "Golden Legend," there is a curious passage which explains how he was remunerated for his work. In this passage we see the character of the man, and learn something of his mode of life. He had translated the work, and found it so arduous that he was about to give it up, when he received encouragement from "that vertuous erle, my Lord William, erle of Arondell," who desired Caxton to

continue the work. Caxton adds, "He promised to take a reasonable quantity of them, when they were achieved and accomplished; and sent to me a worshipfull gentleman, named John Stanney, which solesed me in my lord's name, that I should in nowyse leve it, but accomplish it, promising that my said lord should, during my life, geue and grant to me a yerely fee, that is to wete, a buck in sumer, and a doo in winter, with which fee I hold me wel content. Thenne atte contemplacion and reuerence of my sayd lord, I have endevered me to make an end and fynish the sayd translacion, and also have imprinted it in the most best wise that I have, coude, or might, and presente this said booke to his good and noble lordship, as chief cause of the achevng of hit, praying him to takit in gree, Will. Caxton, his pour servant, and that it licke him to remember my fee; and I shall pray unto Almighty God for his long life and welfayr, and after this short and transitory life to come unto everlasting joy in heuen, the which he send to him and me, and unto all them that shall read and have this said booke."

Such was the man who was the unconscious yet real pioneer of all that light which the press has carried into the lives of the English-speaking race.

It is believed that Caxton lived till he was about eighty years of age, and that he was never married. He was buried in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster.

J. J. HORSEFALL.

TEARS.

BOTH tears and laughter are terms in a language of emotion that is wider than any speech; but the former are more universal than the latter. Many of the higher animals are known to shed tears in the extremity of their fate; while of true laughter all alike are incapable. Nay, authentic accounts of a degraded tribe of aborigines in Ceylon assure us that they cannot laugh; but we have never heard that they could not weep.

The highest grandeur of contemplation does not raise human life above tears; for it is written, "Jesus wept." On the other hand, whether laughter is foreign to the profound sympathies of universal love is a question on which different views are possible. At all events, an extremely old tradition, suggestive of the primitive impression of Christians, will have it that Jesus was never known to laugh. But let not any cynical philosopher think to find in the fact that tears are more widely characteristic of life than laughter, a justification for his bitterness. For tears are not hopeless—at least where they are the expression of human feeling. Despair is almost always dry-eyed, and either fierce or outwardly apathetic, though inwardly consumed with fire. Let only a ray of hope arise, and the floodgates of the heart are opened and the fire is drowned in tears. Besides, tears are endlessly varied in their meaning. There are tears of joy, as well as of sorrow, tears of indignation, and tears of adoration. Perhaps the fundamental significance, however, is the same in all cases. It is a sense of mortal impotence which has ceased to be defiant, and may be either regretful or hopeful. It may be an impotence to master overwhelming power, or to contain measureless joy, or to neutralise intolerable wrong, or to reach unattainable perfection.

For the most part sufferers do not weep while they remain defiant. Hence strong men—at least in modern times—are ashamed to weep, because they think a defiant hardihood, or at least self-constraint, more suitable to their manhood. And in the same spirit we warn growing children that they are too big to cry. The propriety of this on all trivial occasions of sorrow is not to be disputed. But it may be salutary to remember that the different manners of antiquity were not always indicative of weakness, but sometimes, at least, of a noble simplicity and frankness.

Homeric heroes wept abundantly when parting with their friends or bewailing common misfortunes. But they would have been ashamed to weep for fear in battle. In the fight they must maintain their own hardihood, and defiance suited them best. But meetings and partings, thunderbolts, shipwrecks, and sudden death were in the hands of higher powers, before whom no mortal should be ashamed to confess his impotence; and therefore they freely wept.

So when David and Jonathan, the foremost champions of Israel's host, were forced asunder by the gloomy madness that possessed King Saul, they "wept one with another until David exceeded." They did not know when, or if ever, they should meet

again. Their prospects were overshadowed by a dark destiny. And though they had the hope that springs from faith, they felt their powerlessness to avert the evil they feared, or to advance the hope to which they clung. It was the child nature in them that wept; but when they met human forces with which they could cope, such tears did not weaken their manhood.

That was a sound of far bitterer woe which was heard years afterwards from the gate where David sat waiting for news of his handsome but wicked son. He was more than a valiant warrior now. He was a mighty king, who for the most part prospered whithersoever he turned. But there was one thing proved too strong for him, both in himself and in others, and that was sin. He could make his children rich, but he could not make them good. What the fault was in their education, we do not know; but if it lay in him, terribly did he suffer for it. The rebellious Absalom unmanned the courage which Goliath could not shake. And David listened to the curses of Shimei with meekness, because the fate that had overtaken him seemed supernatural in its dread. Neither the victory nor the defeat of the rebel could bring him deliverance; for the heart of the father would be transfixed, if the sceptre of the king was restored. Therefore he sat waiting at the gate with a suspense that vacillated only between two fears, and hardly heard the news of victory in the anguish of the hopeless question, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" The restored king was helpless as a babe in face of the dark fate that ruthlessly followed sin; and owning his impotence, he lost all thought of dignity in the agony of his wounded love. "And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept; and as he went thus he said, 'O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!'"

It may be thought that his strange conduct when he lost the child of Bathsheba is at variance with what we have said as to the significance of tears. "While the child was yet alive, I fasted and wept: for I said, Who can tell whether God will be gracious to me that the child may live? But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." Did not David weep while he hoped to prevail? And when convinced of his hopeless impotence, did he not refrain? True; but the impotency that finds relief in weeping is not wholly hopeless. David knew that of his own strength he could do nothing to save the child, and, therefore, he wept to God. But when his grief became hopeless, he refrained himself; and his words have a touch of bitterness in them that sounds like despair rather than resignation. They who "sorrow not as those that are without hope" will weep because the weight of woe upon them is beyond their power to bear, or to overrule for good. But the very softness of heart from which tears spring is already germinant with hope of happier days. Most of all is this true of tears of penitence. Remorse is dry and fierce. "I have sinned in that I have betrayed innocent blood," said Judas Iscariot, "and he departed and went and hanged himself." But when "the Lord turned and looked" on the cowardly Peter, the latter "went out and wept bitterly." But he was saved from despair.

So there are always elements of joy in regretful or penitential tears. And all human experience bears witness to the truth, that "he who goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." But it seems a strange thing at first sight that when the harvest is overwhelmingly plenteous, this again should fill the eyes with tears. Yet so it is, because tears are the language of impotence; and sometimes there are joys too great to bear. When Joseph in the height of his prosperity saw his brethren come to him for help, the hope of family reunion and of a generous revenge so overwhelmed him that "he turned himself about from them and wept." And when the happy moment for revelation came he "wept aloud," so that "the Egyptians and the house of Pharaoh heard." As we have said, men are not so demonstrative in our country and age; but mothers who have received a child snatched from sudden death know by experience that a blessing may be so great as almost to crush the heart with a sense of impotence to grasp it, that can find no relief but in tears.

And there are tears of indignation when honest anger against treachery or cruelty is baffled of all other expression. We do not wonder that Esau, for instance, should have "lifted up his voice and wept" when he found how his smooth brother had deceived a blind old father, and robbed the natural heir of his birthright. The weeping of Elisha when he gazed on Hazael and foresaw the cruelties he would perpetrate on Israel had perhaps partly a similar source. And in the meetings of last year, where the tale of Bul-

"TEARS."

garian wrongs was told, even self-contained Englishmen broke down in tears, not merely of pity, but of powerless indignation against the wrong-doers.

But perhaps the most prophetic light that falls on human sorrow is that which brightens tears of adoration; for there is a mysterious power in anything transcendently beautiful to bring tears into the eyes. It is not only pathetic pictures, not only moving melodies, that do this. The majesty of the Apollo Belvedere, and the incarnation of bright feminine simplicity hallowed by purity which we have in the Madonna di San Sisto, though utterly divergent in their ideal and their associations, have both this melting charm. A single star on a pearly sky, a snowdrop, a gorgeous sunset, or a grand cathedral, have the like effect upon susceptible hearts. So when some ten or twenty thousand voices join heartily and solemnly in such a hymn as the hundredth psalm, we find that a pause of a minute to listen will disable us from taking part again, because the voice is drowned in tears. Every one will confess, who knows what the experience is, that there is an inarticulate feeling of impotence, of a nature too insignificant and shallow to hold the divine revelation of glory and joy that is trying to get itself made. Even so, ideal human beauty, the sweet harmony of colour and form in flowers, lustre and simplicity as in the stars, the lordliness of a unity that masters and absorbs multiplicity as in a cathedral, all are but glimpses of that perfect law, and spotless life, and shadowless good which we call heaven. And, alas, how far is it away! "It is high; we cannot attain unto it." Therefore our eyes fill with tears as our hearts are kindled with desire. O. MOUNTFIELD.

LAST STEPS, LAST WORDS, LAST TOUCHES.

By the AUTHOR of "Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family."

O TORN and nailèd Hands!
Yet by no nails held fast,
Only by force of dear, Divine commands,
And love, on to the last!

O healing Hands and strong,
By love and pain held fast!
Ere to this torture yielded up so long,
What was it they did last?

They took the festal cup,
Gave it to drink to all,
And with the Wine of God they filled it up,
Drops from Thy heart that fall!

They took the Paschal bread,
But common bread before,
And one High Feast for all the ages spread
That faileth nevermore.

They washed the way-worn feet
(Master in ministry!),
Washed off the common dust of path and street
From feet that followed Thee.

They healed the wounded foe
(One touch, as in the past!):
Healing the foe, though friends had struck the blow,—
'Twas this those Hands did last.

O Blessed Feet, to tread
No more for us earth's round!
What were the latest willing steps they sped
Ere piercèd thus and bound?

Three times they went one way
In dread Gethsemane:
(Thou badest Thy belovèd watch and pray,
Watch but one hour with Thee!)

Three journeys, all in vain,
To see what watch they keep;
Craving one touch of sympathetic pain,
And finding all asleep!

O lips now parched and white
In death, *what said they last,*
Ere on them, through the tumult of that night,
Majestic silence passed?

For the disciples' sake
What was the last they said?
"Let not your heart be troubled" (Thine must break!),
"Nor let it be afraid."

Shepherd, in mortal pain,
Still caring for the sheep
We know no step nor word of Thine were vain,—
All in our depths sink deep.

E'er since that dread night's strain
Some fail not watch to keep;
O come and see, and try us once again,
And find us *not* asleep!

Advent Sunday, 1876.

A WAIFS' PLACE OF WORSHIP.

THOSE who were interested in school-board work at its first commencement, when the Arabs in large droves were "run in," will remember the difficulty experienced by many of the masters in the preliminary process of teaching the bulk of that class to "sit still." The undisciplined will of the children rose in rebellion against this demand upon them. There were a few, indeed, whom patience could not subdue in this particular; and who were, for a time at least, transferred to other and more efficient influences. Nor was this very much to be wondered at. When even in Sunday-schools the children of respectable families often need to be submitted to ceaseless espionage, what wonder that the Arabs are restless in a day-school? In a recent biography of exceptional interest, we find a thoughtful preacher, with a touch of serious humour, declaring against one form of juvenile association which not seldom has its own drawbacks:—"I preached yesterday at Walker, in the forenoon and in the evening," he wrote. "They have a bad habit of keeping the Sabbath-school bairns altogether in a body in the middle of the chapel in the forenoon—a habit which, I think, is not to edification by any means. A good deal of fun goes on among the little people, and, as a check upon their procedure, a grave and reverend senior, grey-haired, but sharp as a needle, sits as sentinel over them, and with one eye and ear directed to myself and the other to the youngsters, had altogether a busy time of it."

Knowing a good deal of the difficulties thus experienced, it may be conceived with what interest and surprise we heard one evening of a very praiseworthy and successful work carried on in East Greenwich. The children of the poorest and the lowest, we were told, had not only been proved capable of "sitting still" under religious instruction for an hour or even more, but came gladly of their own accord, and, instead of escaping, were inclined "to ask for more." And not only this: we learned that from small beginnings the school had increased, and out of it had grown various small agencies which could not but have a very appreciable and beneficial effect upon the character and the future of the little people. We thought this was a sight worth seeing; and, therefore, on a Monday evening not long after we set forth to seek out the place. It is a comfortable school-room that had been in use as a board school, but is now abandoned for one of the new buildings which have sprung up throughout London and other towns. It is long in form, and has a door at either end. At one enter the girls, and at the other the boys. There is a raised desk near the wall about the centre of the building, and a harmonium at the side of it. Having made our way inside, amid the bustle of taking seats, we are conducted to a chair near that desk, from which we can completely survey the assemblage. There cannot be fewer than three hundred children present — the boys ranged to the left, the girls, who preponderate in numbers, to the right. A strangely mixed community it is! Some are very ragged, with jacket-sleeves running out into streamers in many cases; some are shoeless; others are altogether without underclothing, as we can see by the way in which the poor jacket is hitched up and pinned at the throat. Among the girls many are the little managing mother-sisters, who have brought the babies with them, and coax and manage and move them about here in quite a surprising manner. There is, of course, a proportion of children of the decent and struggling poor, recognisable by the cleanness and tidiness of their mended clothes,—for the clothes are an easy index to the parentless state of the child; or to his having bad parents, which is not seldom worse; or to his being blessed with good ones. As in all such gatherings, we see evidence, in many instances, of rickety constitutions, of inherited disease—blear eyes and after-tokens of ophthalmia too; but it is surprising how many faces that are healthy, bright, and intelligent are here. Yonder is a black-eyed boy we could easily assign for Irish, and there is a little girl of that clear-skinned, healthy, flaxen-haired type, which is the delight of upper-class nurseries. All just now look expectant, eager, and well-pleased.

After all are settled, and quiet has been obtained, the service is begun by the giving out of a simple hymn, which is accompanied with remarks of a clear and illustrative kind. Then the hymn is sung to a lively tune, led by the harmonium, which is played by a lady—the children almost universally joining in with such marked effect as, we cannot but think, would astonish strangers. Then a chapter is read—in this case that from St. John, telling of Christ's conversation with

the woman of Samaria at the well—with a running commentary in which little bits of information about the condition of the Jews at the time of our Lord are happily interjected, and very effective points made in speaking of the natural surprise of the woman that one who was a Jew should be so friendly with her, and of her natural mistake in fancying that Christ promised to give real water which should prevent the recurrence of thirst. Prayer couched in the simplest language is then offered; and after that a story of mission life is strikingly told,—how a poor oriental had been awakened to a deep sense of guilt, and under the advice of his priests, had spent all his wealth in building temples, in performing painful pilgrimages, ending even with the sacrifice of his dearly-loved child. All availed not, and as he was returning from a journey in spiked sandals, that had been prescribed to him—bleeding, torn, and weary—he came limping along to where a pale-faced man surrounded by a little crowd was heard to say, "The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin." The man was fixed to the spot, and he listened. Then he advanced to the missionary and put eager questions. Ere long his mind was set at rest by the missionary's teaching. The story has been often told; but in this case, accompanied as it was with a good deal of dramatic expression, movement, and gesture, it certainly fixed the attention of the young people. Some more hymns were sung and little addresses made; for the rule of shortness and variety is strictly and wisely attended to; and then came a part of the proceedings which astonished us more than all the rest. Many of the children now left their places, and went out; but a large number remained. Then a gentleman took his place at the desk, and began to call out name after name. His calls were soon responded to by one after another—both boys and girls—advancing to the desk, when we saw that a little pass-book was handed to each. On inquiry we were told that before the service a penny savings bank is opened, when money is taken in, and that the books are made up and given out at the close. Though the savings bank was only begun some three months ago, upwards of £10 is already lodged in it, in pennies and halfpennies from these poor children. The deposit in the savings bank is taken as an index of good character so far; and not seldom little articles of attire, given by friends of the school, are distributed at the discretion of the teachers to the most needy and deserving.

We should not omit to add, that the congregation of Maze Hill Chapel, to whom the room belongs, give to Mr. Vasey, and his friends who are connected with that congregation, the use of it on the Monday evenings rent-free. The work is thus carried on without expense.

It is not pretended, of course, that Mr. Vasey and his half-dozen friends and helpers do not occasionally have to deal with a refractory boy, or one who has simply come for the purpose of giving annoyance. This happens in meetings of higher character than that which we have been describing. But the "public feeling" of the scholars is so strong, that such attempts are very summarily disposed of by the ejection of such offenders. Mr. Vasey began the experiment some three years ago. He went about the streets of the district asking the children to come; by-and-by those who came brought others, and so the school has grown to its present proportions. An attempt was at one time made to keep up a system of visitation among the children and their parents; but, owing to the speedy increase of the numbers and the lack of sufficient assistance, this good feature, unfortunately, had to be dropped. From what we saw at Park Street School, Greenwich, we are inclined to think that much might be successfully done in the same direction, if only those who enter upon it would, like Mr. Vasey, be careful to associate with them fit speakers, resolutely keep to short, lively anecdotic or story addresses, and to a great variety of topics and speakers. Mr. Vasey, it is clear, has found his reward for deep personal interest in these children by a warm attachment on their part. His heart is in his work, his motto being, "This one thing I do;" and he can infect others with his own feeling. Such efforts not only deserve recognition, but practical encouragement; for if the Church could only in an extended way conciliate the young of the lowest classes, some of the difficulties we have now to face with the adults would be reduced to a minimum in years not very far distant, and the work of the school board find such moral and religious direction and colour as in too many instances, alas! cannot be hoped for from such homes or parents as the children must day by day return to and be influenced by.

H. A. PAGE.

PLEASANT MEMORIES OF UNPLEASANT PLACES.

By the RIVERSIDE VISITOR.

IV.—A LARGE HEART IN A SMALL HOUSE.

FEW lines perhaps are more frequently quoted than those of Hood's,—

"Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!"

That they were written rather in sorrow than anger may we think be fairly taken for granted, since he who wrote them was of those who love and pity the poor, and no pen has ever pleaded the cause of poverty more pathetically or tellingly than his. But whatever spirit they may have been written in, they are often cited sneeringly. That among the poor at any rate Christian charity is no rarity we can ourselves avouch, and perhaps there is nothing that puts it in a more striking light than those cases—by no means very rare among them—in which friendless and orphan children are adopted as their own by poor people who have been friends or neighbours of the dead parents.

Such cases have from time to time fallen under our own observation, and they go to make up some of the most pleasant of all our pleasant recollections of unpleasant places. The scene, so to speak, of the one among such cases that first rises to our mind, was, indeed, an unpleasant place. The dwellings in M——'s Buildings have no doubt undergone a good deal of rough usage at the hands of the more reckless portion of the very much "mixed" class of tenantry by whom they are inhabited, but still their specially dilapidated and wobegone appearance is chiefly due to old age. The memory of even the oldest inhabitant runneth not to a time when the Buildings were not, though there are a few who profess to have a dim recollection of them as they appeared in those better days. Legends are current concerning old M——, the original proprietor of the Buildings, who, according to the stories in question, was a retired smuggler of a rather melodramatic type; a gentleman who could and would strange tales unfold, when, in the euphemistic language of drinking circles, he "had his load on," which it would appear must have been very often, seeing that he drank himself out of his possessions in a few years, disposing of them house by house till the last was gone, and then leaving the neighbourhood, going none knew where. In this way they fell into the hands of small and needy speculators, whose sole object in acquiring them was to squeeze the utmost possible penny of rent out of them, and under their grinding management they soon began to fall into evil case, and lose caste as a neighbourhood. When the Buildings were first erected land in the neighbourhood must have been very much cheaper than it is at present, when indeed it is scarcely to be had at any price, the district being about as densely populated as it well can be. The houses on one side stand well back from the footpath, between which and them extend what—say the traditions—were once trim gardens, but are now rubbish-littered mud patches, with stepping-stones laid zigzag to the doorways so as to "dodge" the pools of slush which gather in them in rainy weather. On the other side there is no such intervening space. The houses are on the footpath, but with the bottoms of their doorways full two steep steps below its level, so that here the slush has a habit of trickling into the houses, while what few vehicles pass up and down the roadway liberally besplash the windows, which are very little higher than the doors, adding a last dreary touch to the general dreariness of appearance produced by paper patching and the more ordinary dimness arising from want of regular cleaning.

Seeing that the Buildings lay between two leading thoroughfares, and were led into at either end by narrow and tortuous gorges, which from the main streets looked like blind alleys; and that, moreover, they were owned by mere rack-renters, with whom "money down" was everything—looking at these circumstances, it was somewhat surprising that the "well-known-to-the-police" classes had not taken possession of the place. From some cause or other, however, they had never effected a lodgment in it; the inhabitants being exclusively of the "poor but honest" type, and of these nearly every room housed its family.

Taken altogether, the Buildings made up about as gruesome a picture as could well be imagined; one of those peopled deserts of poverty such as great cities alone can show. There was, however, one comparatively bright spot in it, one oasis in the desert. At one end on the non-garden (that is to say, non-mud-patch) side, stood the house in which, according to tradition, old M—— himself

had lived. It was larger than the others, and more stoutly built, being partly stone-faced in front, and its door-step stood well above the level of the footpath. An entry separated it from the next house, and led to a considerable space of yard and stabling attached to it. The occupier of these premises was Mr. Joe H——, a leading costermonger of the district, or, as he preferred to describe himself, "Coster and Cetera," for though costermongering was his profession in chief, he also did a trade in stabling the donkeys of other itinerant tradesmen who had not themselves stable-room; hiring out "shallows," breeding fowls, and selling new-laid eggs, for all of which the ground at the back of his house afforded accommodation. His dress was of the regular coster type, stout lace-up boots, tight cords, sleeved waistcoat, hairy cap, and bright "Belcher" neckerchief. He was tall and big boned, with rather heavy and irregular features; "a rough-un to look at," as he would himself have put it, but it required no second glance at his homely features to assure you that his was a roughness of exterior only, that—to again use his own style of phraseology—he had the heart that could feel for another. His wife was just the right sort of helpmate for him; a healthy, comely, kindly hard-working young woman, with a fair share of womanly shrewdness, and a great belief in "my Joe." In addition to being of material assistance to him in some branches of his business, she made his home as comfortable as their limited means would allow, quite comfortable enough to deprive the public-house of any counter attraction for him on that score; and, as he believed as greatly in "the missus" as she did in him, they were a very happy couple. The other members of Joe's household consist of his wife's mother, a hale old lady for her age, but carrying a weight of years under which she is beginning to totter, so that she has to use a walking-stick to guide her faltering footsteps; and two little girls, the one about five or six the other three or four years of age. On sunny days—and the sunshine, thank Heaven! penetrates even into such places as M——'s Buildings—these latter may be seen sitting together on the door-step, with "granny," whose mind is verging towards its second childhood, standing beside them, and talking with them pretty much as one of themselves, as a change from "pottering" about the house or among the fowls. They are bright pretty-looking children with dark eyes and black curly hair. They are very plainly but neatly and cleanly attired, and altogether their appearance does great credit to Mrs. Joe. But the first thing about them that would probably strike a stranger would be that they were very delicate-looking to be the children of such stalwart parents as Joe and his wife. This, however, is very easily explained; the children are not theirs, they have never been blessed with any. These are only their children by adoption; helpless little orphans to whom in the first instance they had given a home out of pity for their forlorn condition, and to soothe the death-bed of a widowed mother, whose last hours they found were being haunted by an idea bitterer to her than the bitterness of death, the idea that her death would consign them to that dreaded workhouse, her successful struggle to keep out of which had shortened her own life.

The father, Joe had never known, the mother had been his next-door neighbour for the last two years of her life. She had come into the Buildings none knew from whither or under what circumstances, save broadly that they must be circumstances of poverty. She was a tall, delicate-looking woman seemingly about thirty years of age, and her widow's weeds, though cheap and plain enough, being new at the time, she looked thoroughly tidy and respectable. From the beginning she showed a marked desire to "keep herself to herself," and the other inhabitants of the Buildings inferring from this that she desired to "come the grand" over them, were at first inclined to resent it. But they were quick observers in such matters, and soon coming to see that it was timidity, not pride, that caused her to shrink from "neighbouring," their incipient anger changed to a feeling of genuine pity, and they respected her evident wish, while still adopting a kindly and sympathetic bearing towards her. In the same way she shrank from letting her children turn out to play about the gutters with others, and Mrs. Joe noticing this, took a favourable opportunity for suggesting in an apparently incidental and off-handed manner, that they might have the run of her husband's yard as a playground. The poor widow thankfully accepted the offer, and thus it was that Joe H—— made the acquaintance of the children who were destined to become as his own to him. Joe, as we have said, was a rather rough-looking customer, and at first the children were rather shy of him. But by approaching them gently, and judiciously bestowing little presents of apples or pears or halfpence, he soon gained their confidence, and their

affection speedily followed. Before many weeks had gone by, they had come to know his habits, would be on the look-out for his coming home, run to meet him when he came, clamour for the ride round the yard on his donkey to which he had accustomed them, and generally make themselves at home with him as freely and unhesitatingly as though he had been their father—or their playmate. With Mrs. Joe they were upon equally good terms, and through them she got upon a neighbourly footing with their mother, who, her reserve once melted by kindness, confided to her that she was the widow of a city clerk, the expenses of whose last illness had swallowed up their comfortable little home, leaving her at his death with just a few pounds in hand, and so far as she knew without a friend in the world. She had lived in a genteel quarter not very far away, and when adversity came upon her she remembered the Buildings as being the address of a decent charwoman she had at one time been in the habit of employing, and she had sought a residence in it as a spot wherein she and her children would be hidden from the ken of that little world of moderate gentility their places in which were to know them no more; a spot, moreover—and this was the important point—where by hard pinching she might hope to eke out her little fund so as to be able to live upon it till such time as she could hit upon some method of earning a livelihood. To this end she was, alas! but poorly qualified. She was not strong enough for any laborious occupation, and was not capable of undertaking any form of fancy work or even dressmaking to the extent of making money by it. Her sole resource—and in all the ghastly range of ill-paid female labour there is no poorer—was plain needlework. In this Joe and his wife were able to help her, the wife's recommendation, and Joe's security, being sufficient to obtain a regular supply of work for her from a middle-woman who employed other "hands" in the neighbourhood, at the shirt and collar work, which she took by contract from a city warehouse. At this work the poor mother could in the summer time, by slaving seventeen or eighteen hours a day, make from eight to ten shillings per week; but in the winter her earnings were two or three shillings a week less, out of which she had to find rent, food, and clothing for herself and children. Small as it may appear to those who have never known grinding poverty, even such an income as this can be made to go a long way by the aid of those shifts and inventions with which the dire necessities of the case will soon make any one familiar. Her children had always a sufficiency of plain food, and were comfortably if coarsely clad. With that spirit of pleased self-sacrifice which characterizes a mother's love, she took all that she could of the privations of her lot upon herself. It was she who went short when ends would not meet. It was she who grew thin; her face that visibly paled, and showed hunger-pinched; her step and bearing that lost their elasticity; her garments that waxed rusty and were frayed and be-patched. Far from complaining, however, she bore it all joyfully, being made happy by the knowledge that she did not suffer in vain, that by her self-sacrifice her children were saved from even a day's or an hour's experience of actual want; and thus secured, they, poor little things, were happy enough. Sustained and nerved by her love for her children, she bore her toil and hardships remarkably well all through the summer and autumn, but in the winter they began to tell upon her, and ere the spring came round again she was suffering from a hacking cough which greatly distressed her. Then it was that Mrs. Joe discovered how great a horror her poor young neighbour had of "the parish," how resolute she was to toil or suffer, ay, to the very death if need were, rather than she or hers should be subjected to the slightest hazard of being consigned to the workhouse—a place, rather than enter into which, thousands of the born poor, as well as of those who have seen better days, would literally prefer to die. Speaking in all neighbourly kindness, Mrs. Joe suggested to her that she should apply for an order to be attended by the parish doctor, and, indeed, for general "relief," as she was really not fit to work; but the mere proposal was received with such an energy of terror that Mrs. Joe dropped the subject in alarm and never recurred to it. "It is only a cough, I shall get rid of it in the warm weather," said the poor mother in a quick questioning tone, and looking eagerly at her neighbour for some expression of agreement in this view. And the other did try to appear cheerfully acquiescent, though with but very partial success. Mrs. Joe had heard such a cough too often to be mistaken as to its dread significance. The "churchyard cough," it is called among the poor; the cough that accompanies and denotes the fatal forms of lung disease. Where the sufferers can betake themselves to "the sunny south," and avail themselves of the various aids that

science can bring and money purchase, the ravages of such diseases may be arrested; but with hard work, hard living, and a vitiated atmosphere to aid them, their progress is rapid. This poor young mother's health did improve somewhat with the return of warm weather, and this and her indomitable spirit enabled her to keep as closely as ever to work through all the summer months. With the fall of the leaf, however, the cough began to be violent again, and gradually grew worse as the winter advanced. She "bore up" with a fortitude and for a length of time that was pronounced wonderful even by the inhabitants of the Buildings, to whose lot it often fell to be spectators of such struggles between life and death—struggles between disease and some gallant spirit that values before all things else on earth "the glorious privilege of being independent," and that to maintain the privilege inviolate to the end is fain, at any cost of physical suffering, to die in harness. But though the spirit is willing, the flesh is weak, and must at last give way. One winter's night, as our poor young widow sat wearily plying her needle and thread, the aching eyes suddenly grew dim, the throbbing head turned giddy, and it was with difficulty that she managed to stagger to her bed in time to save herself from falling. Presently the giddiness went off and she made an effort to rise, but found that her limbs refused their office. She felt that this was no passing weakness; it was borne in upon her that for her the fight was all but over, that the end was nigh, and but for the thought of her children she would have been happy that it was so. On the last scene of all in her life's sad history there is no need to dwell. Suffice it to say that when her end came it was peace—made so in a great measure by the kindly deed of Joe H—— and his wife. When she lay a-dying, Joe was at her own wish taken to say a last good-bye to her. Joe, who had in his own homely way thoroughly appreciated her brave, gentle, self-sacrificing nature, and who had never before stood by a death-bed, tells us that he was so strongly moved as to be at first quite unable to speak. Her voice was all but gone, still she tried to thank him for his kindness to her children; at the mention of them, however, the one thought that was weighing darkly upon her was roused, and feebly turning her head aside she murmured something to the effect that she wished they were going with her, rather than being left to go to the workhouse. Then, says Joe, he found his voice and spoke out.

"I've been a turnen' that over in my mind," he said, "and they'll never go there. I'll give you my word, Mrs. ——." Joe's heart had been sore at the very thought of their being lugged off to "a great barn of a place were they knowed nobody, and nobody knowed them, and nobody had the patience to get to understand their little ways, and act accordin'. While I can find 'em a home, they'll never go there, where they'd only be two of a big odd lot, like any two apples in a bushel."

"She had," says Joe to-day, "only to say the word" (meaning only to give her consent), so that he might be able to justify himself should his right of adoption be at any time questioned. That word was spoken, and it was accompanied by a look of such intense restfulness, gratitude, and blessing, as would itself have been ample payment for even a more selfish nature than that of Joe's.

In less than an hour the tired woman had escaped from her worn-out body, and the burden, which till then had lain heavy on her, was henceforth to be carried by Joe. In the years that followed, Joe never failed of the patience and pity without which the load of another's children is more unbearable than your own. The memory of the work, the struggle, the suffering, beneath which the weary mother at last sank, helped him never to fail of his promise to her.

When all was over, Joe lifted the sobbing children from the bed where their dead mother lay, and with genuine tears led them to their new home. And by his new responsibility, Joe found himself richer than he had been before. His disinterested kindness, he has often told a neighbour that he would induce to do a like deed, has brought him "most in of anything he ever speculated in." And as with him, so it has been with his wife, while good-natured, grumbling old "granny" and the children find each other the best of all good company.

Other cases of child adoption among the poor we have known, in which the adopters have been in even needier and more precarious circumstances than those of Joe H——. One case we remember in which a widow, with two children of her own to support, "took over" on its becoming an orphan the child of another widow who had "worked partners" with her. In another instance that came under our notice, a poor woman in the first freshness of her own great grief for the loss of her husband, the bread-winner for herself and children, had still love and pity to spare for a little one whose father

"Good-natured, grumbling old granny and the children."

—its sole surviving parent—had perished in the same wreck as her husband, the two men having been shipmates. To save it from the workhouse she adopted it, saying with simple faith, "The Lord will provide." And to her thinking He has provided: health and strength have been continued to her unbrokenly, and she has never wanted for work. The home that by her labour she is able to maintain is of the humblest, her living of the plainest, but neither her children nor herself have ever lacked shelter or bread; and though but poor in all things else, they are rich in a mutual and abounding love—riches which money alone could never secure.

At the best the lot of the poor has many hardships in it, and in these hardships adopted children do and must share. On this we have often heard founded arguments to the effect that the practice of poor persons adopting children is a mistake; that it would be a truer kindness to let them be taken by the parish. Now we are not of those who regard "the parish" as a Nazareth out of which no good can come, nor do we hold the belief that all parochial officials have hearts of nether millstone. But we are convinced that the best bringing up the best parish could give to a friendless child, would be but a sorry exchange for that of even a foster parent who had adopted it in the spirit of love, and whose whole surroundings were, in the main, those natural and inevitable to the child's future lot in life.

A WALK TO CHURCH IN ROME.

By the Rev. HUGH MACMILLAN, LL.D.

SECOND PAPER.

THE most distinguishing feature of the Piazza di Spagna is the great wide staircase which leads up from one side of it to the church of the Trinita dei Monti, with its twin towers, through whose belfry arches the blue sky looks as through windows. This lofty staircase comprises one hundred and thirty steps, and the ascent is so gradual, the landing-places are so broad and commodious, that it is quite a pleasure, even for the most infirm persons, to mount it. There one meets at certain hours of the day with beautiful peasant girls from the neighbouring mountains in the picturesque costumes of the contadini, and old men with grizzled beards and locks dressed in ragged cloaks, talking and laughing, or basking with half-shut eyes in the full glare of the sun. These people come usually

from Cervara and Sarracenesco, the latter an extraordinary Moorish town situated at a great height among the Sabine hills. They have preserved intact since the Middle Ages their Arabic names and Oriental features and customs. On this staircase also used to congregate the largest number of the beggars of Rome, whose hideous deformities were made the excuse for extorting money from the soft-hearted forestieri. Happily this plague has now greatly abated, and one may ascend or descend the magnificent stair without being revolted by the sight of human degradation, or persecuted by the importunate outcries of those who are lost to shame. The government has done a good thing in diminishing this frightful mendicancy; but it is to be feared that whilst there are many who beg without any necessity, sturdy knaves who are up to all kinds of petty larceny, there are not a few who have no other means of livelihood, and without the alms of the charitable would die of starvation. The visitor sees only the gay side of such a place as Rome; but there are many tragedies behind the scenes. Centuries of misrule under the papal government had pauperised the people; and the sudden transition to the new state of things has deprived many of the old employments, without furnishing any substitutes, while there is no longer the dole at the convent door to provide for their wants. The whole social organization of Italy with its frequent saints' days, during which no work is done, and its numerous holy fraternities living on alms, and its sanctification of mendicancy in the name of religion, has tended to pauperise the nation, and give it those unthrifty improvident habits which have destroyed independence of character and manly self-respect. Taxes heavier than in any other country in the world upon the smallest incomes, and upon the commonest necessaries of life, high prices and low wages, all produce alarm and misgiving. There seems to be plenty of money for showy ceremonies, and for magnificent artistic buildings and decorations, but very little for profitable enterprises or benevolent schemes. Although, therefore, the government has publicly forbidden begging throughout the country, it in some measure connived at it as a compromise between an inefficient poor-law and the wide-spread misery arising from the improvidence of so many of its subjects; the amount of the harvest reaped by the beggars from the visitors to Rome being so much saved to the public purse. And though one does not meet so many unscrupulous beggars as formerly in the main thoroughfares of Rome, one is often annoyed by them on the steps of the churches, where they seem to have the right of sanctuary, and to levy toll upon all for whom they needlessly lift the heavy leathern curtain that hangs at the door. We must remember that mendicancy is a very ancient institution in Italy, and that it will die hard, if it ever dies at all. Nowhere so plainly as in this sunny land where nature is so rich and man is so poor, do we read the lesson that "prosperity is a moral and not a mere physical growth."

The church of the Trinita dei Monti, built in 1494 by Charles VIII. of France, occupies a most commanding position on the terrace above the Spanish Square, and is seen as a most conspicuous feature in all the views of Rome from the neighbourhood. An Egyptian obelisk with hieroglyphics, of the age of the Ptolemies, which once adorned the ancient circus in the gardens of Sallust on the Quirinal, now elevated on a lofty pedestal, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, and surmounted by a cross, stands in front of the church, and gives an air of antiquity to it which its own four hundred years would not impart, as well as forms an appropriate termination to the splendid flight of steps which leads up to it. The church is celebrated for the possession of the "Descent from the Cross," a fresco by Ricciarelli, commonly known by the name of Daniel of Volterra, said to be one of the three finest pictures in the world. But the chapel which it adorns is badly lighted, and the painting has been greatly injured by the French, who attempted to remove it in 1817. It does not produce a very pleasing impression, being dark and oily-looking; and the cross-lights in the place interfere with the expression of the figures. We can recognise much of the force and graphic power of Michael Angelo, whom the painter sedulously imitated, in various parts of the composition; but it seems to me greatly inferior as a whole to the better-known picture of Rubens. In another chapel of this church was interred the celebrated painter Claude Lorraine, who lived for many years in a house not far off; but the French transferred the remains of their countryman to the monument raised to him in their native church in the Via della Scrofa. Adjoining the church is the convent of the Sacred Heart, which formerly belonged to French monks, minimes of the order of St. Francis, and suffered severely from the wantonness of the French soldiers who were quartered in it

during the French occupation of Rome in the first revolution. Since 1827 the convent has been in possession of French nuns, who are all ladies of rank, and endowed the convent at their initiation with a dowry of £1,000, the rest of their property going to their nearest relatives as if they were dead. They spend their time in devotional exercises, in superintending the education of a number of young girls in the higher branches, and in giving advice to those who are allowed to visit them for this purpose every afternoon. The Trinita dei Monti is the only church in Rome where female voices are to be heard chanting the religious services; and on account of this peculiarity, and the fresh sweet voices of the nuns and their pupils, many people flock to hear them singing the Ave Maria at sunset on Sundays and on great festivals, the singers themselves being invisible behind a curtain in the organ gallery. Mendelssohn found their vespers charming, though his critical ear detected many blemishes in the playing and singing. I visited the church one day. As it is shut after matins, I was admitted at a side door by one of the nuns, who previously inspected me through the wicket, and was left alone, the door being locked behind me. The interior is severely simple and grand, preserving the original pointed architecture inclining to Gothic, and is exquisitely clean and white, as women alone could keep it; in this respect forming a remarkable contrast to the grand but dirty church of the Capuchin monks. I had ample leisure to study the very interesting frescoes in the chapels. The solitude was only disturbed by a kneeling figure in black, motionless as a statue behind the iron-railing in front of the high altar, or by the occasional presence of a nun, who moved across the transept with slow and measured steps, her face hid by a long white veil which gave her a spirit-like appearance. In the heart of one of the busiest parts of the city, no mountain cloister could be more quiet and lonely. One felt the soothing calm of the stillness, lifted above the world, while yet retaining the closest connection with it. If the worship were only purer, it would be sweet to leave the busy crowd of various nationalities below, intent only upon pleasure, and, climbing up the lofty staircase, enter this secluded shrine, and be alone with God, and look from this elevated place to the eternal hills from whence cometh our aid.

In the Piazza di Spagna some shops are always open on Sundays, especially those which minister to the wants and luxuries of strangers. Rows of cabs are ranged in the centre, waiting to be hired, and groups of flower-sellers stand near the shops, who thrust their beautiful bouquets almost into the face of every passer-by. Even although it is Sunday, one is human enough to feel gratified by the sight and the smell of those lovely flowers. If Rome is celebrated for its fountains, it is equally celebrated for its flowers. Whether it is owing to the soil, or the climate, or the mode of cultivation, or all combined, certain it is that nowhere else does one see flowers of such brilliant colours, perfect forms, and delicious fragrance; and the quantities as well as varieties of them are perfectly wonderful. Delicate pink and straw-coloured tea-roses; camellias and jonquils mingled their high-born beauties with the more homely charms of wild-flowers that grew under the shadow of the great solemn stone-pines on the heights around, or twined their fresh garlands over the sad lonely ruins of the Campagna. In the hand of every little boy and girl were bunches for sale of wild cyclamens, blue anemones, and sweet-scented violets, surrounded by their own leaves, and neatly tied up with thread. They had been gathered in the princely grounds of the Doria Pamphili and Borghese villas in the neighbourhood of Rome, which are freely opened to all, and where for many days in February and March groups of men, women, and children may be seen gathering vast quantities of those first-born children of the early sun. The violets, especially in these grounds, are abundant and luxuriant, making every space of sward shadowed by the trees purple with their loveliness, like a reflection of the violet sky that had broken in through the lattice-work of boughs, and scenting all the air with their delicious perfume. They brought into the hot hard streets the witchery of the woodlands, and no one could inhale for a moment, in passing by, the sweet wafture of their fragrance without being transported in imagination to far off scenes endeared to memory, and without a thrill of nameless tenderness at the heart. One could forgive these little flower-sellers for an unconscious transgression of the Sabbath rest, so much in harmony with its own sweet suggestions, and for recalling memories of home and far-off days that deepened the tenderness and holiness of the day. I noticed that some of the bunches of violets I was asked to buy were of a much paler purple than the others, and I was at no loss to explain this peculiarity. The plants with the deep violet petals and dark

crimson eye had single blossoms, whereas those whose petals were lilac, and whose eye was of a paler red colour, were double. Cultivation had increased the number of petals, but it had diminished the richness of the colouring. This is an interesting example of the impartial balancing of nature. No object possesses every endowment. Defect in one direction is made up by excess in another. The rose pays for its mass of beautiful petals by its sterility; and the single violet has a lovelier hue, and is perfectly fertile, whereas the double one is pale and cannot perpetuate itself. And the moral lesson of this parable of nature is not difficult to read. Leanness of soul often accompanies the fulfilment of our earthly desires; and outward abundance often produces selfishness and covetousness. The peculiar evil of prosperity is discontent, dissatisfaction with present gain and a longing for more, and a spirit of repining at the little ills and disappointments of life. Humble, fragrant, useful contentment belongs to the soul that has the single eye, and the "one thing needful;" and the more we seek to double our possessions and enjoyments in the spirit of selfishness, the less beautiful and fragrant are we in the sight of God and man, and the less good we do in the world.

From the Piazza di Spagna I passed onward through a long street called the Via Babuino, which opens upon the Piazza del Popolo, the finest and largest square in Rome. In the centre is a magnificent Egyptian obelisk of red Syene granite, about eighty feet in height, carved with hieroglyphics; with four marble Egyptian lions at each corner of the platform upon which it stands, pouring from their mouths copious streams of water into large basins, with a soothing and refreshing sound. This obelisk was originally erected in front of the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis by Rameses I.—the great Sesostris of the Greeks—whose personal character and wide conquests fill a larger space in the history of ancient Egypt than any other monarch. From Heliopolis it was removed to Rome after the battle of Actium by Augustus, and placed on the Spina of the Circus Maximus, the sports of which were under the special protection of Apollo, the Sun-God, by whose favour it was supposed that the Egyptian victory had been achieved. On its native site it was regarded as a symbol of the sun, and had some mysterious part to play in the worship of that divinity; its tall, red column flashing in the strong afternoon light like a tongue of flame, mounting to its source in the solar fire, or like a ray of the halo that rises up on the low desert horizon from the setting sun. For upwards of two thousand years it stood in the City of the Sun, pointing the gaze of its worshippers heavenward, before it was brought to the Capital of the world to act as a gnomon, regulating by the length and direction of its shadow the public games of the inhabitants.

Perhaps the eyes of Abraham rested upon this obelisk when he went down into Egypt, the first traveller who visited the valley of the Nile; and the familiarity of the sight to the Israelites, during their bondage in the neighbourhood, may have suggested the wonderful vision of the pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night which regulated their wanderings in the wilderness. God does not paint His revelations on the empty air, but weaves them into the web of history, or pours them, as it were, into the mould of common earthly objects and ordinary human experiences. The forms of the cherubim which guarded the throne of the Almighty were evidently suggested by the sphinxes of Egypt, and the winged bulls, and lions, and bird-headed sculptures of Assyria. Many of the rites and institutions of the Mosaic economy were borrowed from those of the Egyptian priesthood; the tabernacle and its furniture were composed of the gold and jewels of which the Israelites had spoiled the Egyptians; and its form, a tent moved from place to place, accommodated itself to the wandering camp-life of the Israelites. It is not unreasonable, therefore, to suppose that He who appeared to Moses at Horeb, not in some unknown supernatural blaze of glory altogether detached from earth, but in the common fire of a shepherd in the common dry vegetation of the desert, and who made use of the common shepherd's rod which Moses carried in his hand to perform the wonderful miracles before Pharaoh, would also make use of the obelisk of Heliopolis, one of the most familiar objects which met their eye during their captivity, as the pattern of the Shekinah cloud which guided His people in their journey to the land of Canaan. The symbol of the sun that shone upon their weary toil as slaves in the clay-pits beside the Nile, now protected and illumined them in their march as freedmen through the desert. What they had probably joined their oppressors in worshipping as an idol, they now beheld with awe and reverence as the token of the overshadowing and overshining presence of the living and true God. That flame-shaped obelisk was the link between Egypt and the

Holy Land. The divine effigy of it in the sky of the desert—like the manna as the link between the corn of Egypt and the corn of Canaan—marked the transition from the false to the true, from the old world of dark pagan thought to the new world of religious light and liberty. I need not say with what profound interest such a thought, such a possibility, invested the obelisk in the Piazza del Popolo. I was never weary of looking up at its fair proportions, and trying to decipher its strange hieroglyphics—figures of birds and beasts in intaglio, cut clear and deep into the hard granite, and all as bright in colour and carving as though it had been only yesterday cut out of the quarry instead of four thousand years ago. It was my first glimpse into the mysterious East, my first realisation of the desert and the calm old Bible-world. It brought me into contact with the joys and sorrows that had been still for thousands of years, and made the wonderful story of Joseph and Moses, not a mere narrative in a book, but a real living reality standing out from the far past like a view in a stereoscope. Every time I passed it—and I did so at all hours—I paused to enter into this reverie of the olden time when the world was young. The daylight changed it into a pillar of cloud, casting the shadow of the great thoughts connected with it over my mind; the moonlight shining upon its rosy hue changed it into a pillar of fire, illumining all the inner chambers of my soul. Every Sabbath-day it was the cynosure guiding me on my way to the house of the Lord, and suggesting thoughts and memories in unison with the character of the day and the nature of my work. I cannot tell all that that wonderful obelisk was to me. No other object in Rome remains so indelibly pictured in my mind; no other object was so powerfully stimulating to my imagination.

For four hundred years after it was brought to Rome the obelisk of the Piazza del Popolo witnessed the public games in the Circus Maximus, and then it was overturned in some fight or other of those troublous days in which the empire was violently torn into two halves—the eastern and western divisions. Twelve centuries of decay and wreck had buried it from the eyes of men, until at last it was dug up in 1587 by Pope Sixtus V., the energetic swineherd and gardener's son of Montalto, to whom modern Rome is indebted for the restoration of many of her ancient monuments, and the construction of many of her public buildings and streets. Fresh from the triumph of erecting the obelisk which now adorns the square of St. Peter's, and which once stood in the circus of Nero, where the early Christians were converted into living torches to light the awful games, Sixtus V. proceeded to raise this obelisk where it now stands, and to plant the cross upon its summit. This noble monument was long the first object which met the traveller's eye as he entered Rome on his way from the north, as if to remind him that, beyond the antiquity of this city of ages, there was a more venerable antiquity still, and that the oldest things in Rome are but as of yesterday in comparison with this imperishable relic of the earliest civilisation. Two things, however, detract from the grandeur and simplicity of this and all the obelisks of Rome. The first is the high pedestal upon which they are raised, whose projecting mouldings disturb the continuous line of their sides, and are totally inconsistent with their character. The other is the metal cross or halo with which the apex is crowned, thus utterly spoiling the very part in which the beauty of an obelisk consists, besides giving to the whole structure an incongruous appearance; for the Christian emblem can never alter the nature of the Pagan monument. How much more impressive would these obelisks have been if they stood in the squares of Rome as they stood on their former sites, rising up from the pavement in all their severe and naked simplicity! What they lost in height by the removal of their pedestals and crosses, they would gain in beauty and grandeur. There is only one thing that redeems this want of taste and fitness so conspicuous in the modern use of these monuments, and that is, the association of fountains with them. There is no natural congruity in this association, for there are no fountains or streams of running water in the desert. The obelisk belongs essentially to the dry and parched East; the fountain is the birth of the happier West, bright with the sparkle and musical with the sound of many waters. The obelisk relieves the monotony of immeasurable plains over which a sky of serene unstained blue arches itself in infinite altitude, the image of eternal purity, and the sun rises day after day with the same unsullied brilliance, and sets with the same unmitigable glory; the fountain, on the other hand, is the child of lands whose mountains kiss the clouds, and gleam with the purity of everlasting snows, and where each day brings out new beauties, and each season reveals a fresh and ever-varying charm. But although there is no geographical reason why these two

objects should be associated, there is a poetical fitness. The obelisk is the symbol of the perpetual past, holding in its changeless unity, as in its carved sides, the memories of former ages; the fountain is the symbol of the perpetual present, ever changing, ever new. The one speaks to us of a petrified old age; the other of an immortal youth. And thus it is in life, each passing moment flowing on with all its changes, beside the stern, hard, enduring monument of the irrevocable past, on which what is written is written.

There is a peculiarity about almost all Egyptian obelisks which escapes a casual glance, but is somewhat remarkable when noticed. It may be seen very distinctly in the obelisk of the Piazza del Popolo. Its sides, even to the untrained eye, are not of equal dimensions; and actual measurement shows the irregularity more clearly. This feature is owing to the fact that obelisks in Egypt were hardly ever erected as isolated objects, as we see them in Rome, but were usually placed in pairs, at the end of an avenue of sphinxes which led up to the door of a temple. They served to break the monotony of the heavy masses of masonry of which the Egyptian temples were composed, and to act the part which campaniles and spires perform in modern churches. The solitary obelisk in the Piazza del Popolo is therefore incomplete without its fellow, which is perhaps now lying hid under the Egyptian sands, or broken into unrecognisable pieces amid the ruins of Heliopolis. Its irregularity continually suggests its loss, and speaks impressively of the harmony and completeness which in nature and art are secured by the union of two elements that separately are imperfect. By making its two sides geometrically equal, the living expression of the most beautiful marble statue is destroyed, and it becomes simply a piece of architecture. It is well known that the two sides of the human face are not precisely the same; the irregularity of the one modifies the irregularity of the other, and thus a higher symmetry and harmony is the result. Each individual blossom of the hawthorn has a rough and crinkled edge, as if it had been cut out by a blunt mould; but this roughness is toned down in the cluster of the May bloom, and helps to give the whole mass of scented snow a special beauty, which the finest completeness of edge would not have given the blossoms. The two sides of the leaf of the begonia are unequal, and if folded together will not correspond. The same is true of the leaf of the elm, the barren-wort, and the lime. But when the mass of foliage is seen together, this irregularity gives an added charm to the whole. Every object in nature has some imperfection which indicates that it has a relation to some other object, and is but a part of a greater whole. Mathematical exactness and beauty are not the same. The intentional irregularity of the windows in the Doge's Palace at Venice enhances the effect of the marvellous façade. By comparing the Parthenon at Athens, with its curves and inclinations, with the Madeleine at Paris, which is a modern imitation of it, we see how far short the copy comes of the original in beauty and expressiveness, because of the exact formality of its right angles. The ancient Egyptians understood this well; and in their architecture they sought to rise to a higher symmetry through irregularity. And we can see in their frequent departure from upright and parallel lines in the construction of their temples an effort to escape from formal exactness, and a longing for the nobler unity which is realised to the full in the rich variety of the Gothic. We may be sure that every attempt in art that seeks a theoretical completeness, in so doing sinks, as it has been well said, from the natural into the artificial, from the living and divine into the mechanical and commonplace. The Egyptian obelisk is thus but a type of a great law of nature. In this simplest and most primitive specimen of architecture, we have an illustration of the principle which gives all its expressiveness to the human face, and all their beauty to the flowers of the field, and all their grandeur to the highest triumphs of human art; nay, imparts all the hope to human life, for it is the imperfection of earth which points to its complement in the perfectness of heaven, and whatever is inchoate and discordant becomes the sign of a vaster whole and a fuller being, that rounds all failures and incoherences into harmony, as the horizon rounds the irregularities of the landscape, and the earth orbs all its elements. Our weaknesses imply the power of God; our broken reflection the glorious image of our Maker. As the blue sky of Rome overarches the irregular obelisk and the ever-falling fountain, so—

> "God's greatness flows around our incompleteness,
> Round our restlessness, His rest."

The obelisk and the pyramid are the oldest of all forms of architecture. The shape and the material of the obelisk insure its immortality. It lifts up its stern finger in

eternal defiance of the ravages of the seasons; and its granite hardness and worthlessness presented no temptation to the Vandals who destroyed other monuments of antiquity for the sake of the useful bronze, iron, or marble which they contained. It has survived the wreck of all other structures of man, the dynasty that erected it, the language engraved upon it. In Rome the obelisks escaped the total destruction which befell the Imperial City. Brought to commemorate the overthrow of the land from whence they came, they have witnessed the overthrow of the conquerors in their turn; and now, re-erected in the modern capital, they will endure when its glory too has passed away; and out of the ruins of the city of the Popes, as out of the ruins of the city of the Cæsars, some future architect will dig them up, to grace the triumph, let us hope, of a brighter and freer resuscitation of the Eternal City than the world has yet seen. The gnomon of these obelisks measures time, not by days and months and years, but by the rise and fall of empires. The kingdoms of the earth to them are but phantoms on their way to ruin, casting their weird shadows athwart the sunset horizon. They are indeed types of immortality; even while the hieroglyphics carved on their sides are "sermons in an unknown tongue," that preach to us of the mutability of all things.

WINTER.

By J. A. CAMDEN.

"O Winter, ruler of the inverted year,
Thy scatter'd hair with sleet like ashes fill'd,
The breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapp'd in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels
But urged by storms along its slippery way,
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art!"

COWPER.

IN the course of the yearly sweep which our planet makes round the sun, there arrives the season when the north pole is inclined away from the rays of the great luminary, and when, for us who are dwellers in the northern hemisphere, there is that sleep of nature which we term winter. The ideal winter in England is that of which poets sing, and which painters love to render, when the snow falls softly, covering with a thick warm mantle all the ground, and loading the branches of the trees; when the children wake up in the morning, and, looking out of their nursery windows, see "a white world," and become absorbed in anticipation of the delights of snowballing, of building up snow-men which shall last till the thaw comes, and of all the pleasures of sliding and skating that healthy English children can so well enjoy. Such winters, however, do not always come for us; but even though they do not, we can conjure up for ourselves visions of what the winter is doing in other lands, whose climate is less inconstant than our own. In the Canadian forests the great pines are becoming loaded with snow, till their branches bend and break under the weight; or icicles are forming which depend in glittering array from the boughs, while by-and-by comes a strong blast of wind, sweeping a straight path through the forest, and the work of the "ice-storm" is seen in the number of giant trunks that lie prostrate on the earth. In Canada, and in the northern States of the Union, winter is the time for much social enjoyment. In the country districts farming operations are out of the question; and so pleasure may be taken with no thought of work neglected. Skating parties enjoy the rapid and graceful gliding over the ice; sleighing expeditions are carried on, the travellers, safe from the cold, wrapped up in their warm buffalo robes. Turning to the Old World, we can think of the Dutch women skating to market along the frozen reaches of their canals; of the peasants of Norway and Sweden storm-bound and shut up in their own valleys; of the Russian traveller dragged along in his springless tarantass over the wild waste of snow-covered steppes; of the freezing bitterness of Siberian winters, and of the storm-swept plateaux of Central Asia. Far away in the perpetual winter of the northern polar region, the long night is made brilliant by the exquisite displays of the aurora borealis, whose streamers reach up to the zenith and form a corona, or hang sometimes as if in curtains of light, across which pass waves of colour—blue, green, orange, and violet. In Northern Europe, in Northern America, even in the north of our own island, the brilliancy of the "northern lights" is best seen in winter, shaming the poor display of rosy tints which is all that we see of it so far south as London. Wintry seas dash against the rocks more

madly than do the summer waves; and when the wintry wind howls drearily about the house, or sways the branches of the moaning trees, or shivers down the length of dull city streets, the hearts of those who have dear ones far away ache, while they utter a prayer "for those in peril on the sea."

But in England, especially in the south, winter comes sometimes without snow, but with rain and attendant inundations. The "waters are out" in the fields, and they are flooded; the heart of the husbandman sinks within him when he thinks of the grain rotting under the water, and destroying his hopes of early harvest. Hedges and trees stand up, leafless and desolate, like forlorn islands in the watery waste. Now and again streams and rivers, swollen by the unwonted accession of waters, burst over their banks and carry misery and desolation along with them.

But winter does not everywhere present such pictures as these. In the south of Europe, in the north of Africa, winter, as we know it, does not exist at all. Snow is seen covering the tops of distant mountains, and peaks that have all through the summer been coloured by the changing hues which the sunlight gave to their rocky heights and grassy pastures, show now white and glittering, like frosted silver under the rays of the mid-day sun. But, though the trees lose some of their verdure, and the gorgeous brilliancy of the flowers is lessened, in these happy lands winter means nothing more than a time when at all hours of the day people can be out of doors, with no fear of scorching from heat, and none of biting cold. Winter is never unlovely when there are roses and violets blooming in the open air, when the tender blossom of the almond and the flower of the orange are on the trees; when the sweet white iris loads the breeze with perfume, when sapphire skies are cloudless above, and the blue of the sea beneath is that of lapis lazuli.

Of our English poets, no one has better appreciated the characteristics of our English winter than Cowper, whose words are quoted at the beginning of this paper. He loved the country, and its aspects were his daily study. In three of the books of the "Task," he has recorded perfect little pictures of the wintry landscape. Morning, noon, and evening have all been made the subjects of his observation. Morning finds the red sun lighting up the clouds "that crowd away before the driving wind," and that, seen through the leafless wood, resemble the smoke of a blazing city. Every herb and blade of grass throws a long shadow on the snow, which covers the shorter verdure, and only allows the bents and coarser grass to appear "in bright apparel clad, and fledged with icy feathers." The cattle "mourn in corners, where the fence screens them," and wait patiently for their fodder. The woodman starts to ply his axe in the forest, and his mongrel dog scampers round him. The poultry come at the call of the housewife to pick up the grain which she scatters for them, while sparrows seize the occasion of picking up a little food for themselves. The poor birds, from whose hungry glances "the imprisoned worm is safe beneath the frozen clod," and "all seeds of herbs lie covered close," attract the poet's attention and pity. The sight of the frozen waterfall suggests the thought of how superior the work of nature is to that of such art as raised in Russia a palace of ice. The noon walk, "on the southern side of the slant hills," is taken when "the vault is blue without a cloud, and white without a speck the dazzling splendour of the scene below." The woodpath is clear under the outspread branches of the trees; the redbreast warbles softly, hopping from spray to spray, and shaking down "the pendant drops of ice, that tinkle in the withered leaves below." The evening sees the moon reflected brightly in the surface of the "wintry flood;" but, indoors, are found fire-light, lamp-light, the pleasant faces of friends, fragrant tea in "the cups that cheer but not inebriate," and the news of the day in the papers just come in.

"Is winter hideous in a garb like this?" asks the poet. Nay, under such circumstances, it must be said to wear its most attractive aspect. But winter in towns, as so many see it, presents little but discomfort. The snow, while it lies, blocks up the streets, and, when it begins to disappear, the mud, the slush, the misery of cold are all full of those petty disagreeablenesses which are so hard to combat. And, in towns, the poor suffer so terribly! Firing and food and clothing are so hard to get, and, without them, how full of physical pain is the day! An open winter, however much people grumble about the absence of that "bracing up," which is popularly supposed to come from cold, brings with it far less of actual suffering to the very young, to the aged, and to the poor, than even the finest of what people call "old-fashioned winters."

Winter has come to be associated in our ordinary speech with what is old, with what is repulsive—nay, even with what is dead.

"The cattle mourn in corners where the fence screens them."

We have the winter of discontent, contrasted with the summer of satisfaction. We hear of the winter of life and the snows of age; and truly, when it is found with him who walks in the paths of righteousness, the white head of the aged man may be likened to snow—to a crown of glory—like that snow which covers Mont Blanc, "the monarch of mountains." But winter is not death, but sleep. The white cover of the snow is not a shroud for the dead, but a warm cloak hiding away a life that is to spring up after a time. The flowers, says George Herbert, "have gone quite underground to see their mother root,

> "Where they together,
> All the hard weather,
> Dead to the world, keep house unknown."

Death and sleep have some points of likeness. "Death and his brother Sleep," says Shelley. But how unlike are they!—the cold, unmoving rigidity of the one, the softly breathing stillness of the other—the one to wake no more on earth, the other to rise in the dawn of the new day, refreshed for farther work. Winter is sleep, not death. The worm is imprisoned, the seeds are covered up in the earth, the buds are folded with inimitable art in their russet cases, the streams "are lost amid the splendid blank" of the snow and ice, in whose chains all the world is bound. But, hidden away thus, is all the life of the coming year. At the touch of spring

> "These naked shoots,
> Barren as lances, among which the wind
> Makes wintry music, sighing as it goes,
> Shall put their graceful foliage on again,
> And, more aspiring, and with ampler spread,
> Shall boast new charms, and more than they have lost."

Winter has glories all of its own—"hail, snow and vapour, stormy wind, fulfilling His word" Who has appointed the seasons in their regular succession, and Who has "marked the bounds that winter may not pass, and blunts its pointed fury." True it is that—

> "He giveth snow like wool;
> He scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes.
> He casteth forth His ice like morsels.
> – Who can stand before His cold?"

Doubtless, in ways which we cannot fathom, the hail and snow and wintry storm do fulfil His word. But there are also ways in which, by their immediate effects in these northern homes of ours, they do directly His great will in binding together more strongly those family ties which are of His own ordaining. "He setteth the solitary in families, and maketh Him households like a flock of sheep." Our northern winters make home, for those who have a home, dearer than ever. When the curtains are drawn and the lamps are lit, the hearth clean swept and the comfortable meal spread, how are parents and children drawn together in the charms of the long winter's evening! The summer, with all its enticements, scatters the members of the family; the garden, the cricket-field, the walk into the country prolonged until the clear shining of the moon and stars tells of the advancing night, attract one and another, and the members of the family are drawn apart. But winter brings them together again, and the social intercourse at "our ain fireside" binds us one to another in the exercise of the sweet charities of home. The home which God, rejoicing in the tender name of Father, has built up, brings us nearer to Himself. Those who have formed part of a united home-circle are the most likely to appreciate the full value of those "faithful sayings," "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him; for He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are dust." And again, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." Dear winter evenings! when a father's love and a mother's tender care make such impress on the young soul that they are never forgotten. Home, the English home, is imprinted in our earliest recollections by the remembrances of the winter fireside. Love of home, with English folks at least, is strongly interwoven with love of country; and the happiness of English homes is realised more by the winter hearth than even in the lovely breadths of the summer landscape. God, who loves to show Himself as the Head of the great family of heaven and earth, specially blesses whatever promotes family union.

What shall we say of how the wind and storm fulfil His word when acting on the angry wintry sea? "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep." The sailor, with but "a plank between him and death," thinks, by moments, of the home of his boyhood, and his heart goes out in longing for the love which waits him there, but which he may never experience again; he remembers that he is one of a family. Even when the worst comes, and land is no more seen, except as the fearful cliffs against which the good ship will beat her life out, while the widows lament the loss of their husbands, and the children that of their

fathers, we all, who hear of the wreck, grieve over the death of our brothers. The thrill which runs through us when we "read of tempests and the dangers of the deep" is one which gains all its vividness from the fact that the sufferers are human creatures like ourselves, members of the great family of man.

Everything, whether on land or sea, snow and hail, storm and wind, fulfil God's word by bringing us more in accord with the mind of Christ, "Who was not ashamed to call us brethren." Stern teachers are these great voices of nature, bringing us often by paths which we know not, and which we would not choose for ourselves, to the appreciation of the truths which we have to learn; but the end which they accomplish is good, for they bring us, like tired children, to rest softly and safely under the all-shadowing wings of the Almighty, and they teach us to trust in His ever-loving and most Fatherly care.

Still, while we find much to admire, to wonder at, and to learn in the winter season, it is true that through it all we look forward to the time when "He shall cause His wind to blow and the waters to flow" once more in free course—to the time when we can say, "The winter is past; the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come." The springing of the first snowdrop, the sweet scent of the "violet by the mossy stone, half-hidden to the eye," are welcomed as harbingers of the coming of the sweet resurrection of the spring. So also, in man's life, those who live to the winter of their days are but going through a time of quiet, preparatory to that longer sleep from which there will be the new life rising like an immortal spring.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS ON THE HILLS OF GALILEE.

By W. C. PROCTER.

IV.—THE LIVING WORD.

IF we could only picture to ourselves both the outer and the inner man of the throng that gathered to hear the Prophet from Capernaum when He spoke the "Sermon on the Mount," we should have no difficulty in understanding the difference between the hungry, scrambling, fretful, shallow life to which they were accustomed, and the satisfied quietness, the placid depth of the spirit breathed by Christ. The place where that discourse was uttered is believed by some good judges of such matters to be tolerably well ascertained. Behind the heights that overlooked Magdala there was an isolated hill, conspicuous for some distance round, and crowned by a platform flanked by two turret-like summits. From its form it is called in modern times "The Horns of Hattîn," the latter word being the name of a village at its foot. And though we have nothing but tradition to establish its identity, it certainly combines very remarkably the various features of the scene suggested by the double account given in Matthew and Luke. The former tells us that Jesus "went ûp into a mountain," where His disciples came to Him. The latter says that with the apostles Jesus came down into "a level place"—not strictly "the plain"—and obviously both accounts would be justified by the conformation of the hill in question. We need not attach much importance to details of this sort; for there could be no more fatal mistake than to suppose that the moral value of Christ's teaching is affected by them. That must always bear witness to itself. Still we may gratefnlly accept the assistance of observant travellers like Dean Stanley in giving vividness to our conceptions of the original scenes of the Gospel.

Let us then think of that platform below the Horns of Hattîn as thronged with a multitude of Simons, and Johns, and Matthews, and Marthas, and Marys—names as common in those times, and suggesting as little of romantic interest as Jones, and Smith, and Brown in ours. Let us free ourselves from the foolish superstition that the olive complexions, and aquiline noses, and flowing eastern garments of those people made them either aliens from the commonwealth of humanity, or aristocrats of finer nerves, and purer blood, and keener susceptibilities than ourselves. We may be willing to do all honour to the remarkable gifts of the Jewish race as testified by the records of art, philosophy, and commerce; but the truth is, these Galilean peasants were but a mixed people at the best. And, even apart from that, in

regard to questions of moral need, racial characteristics are hardly more than skin deep. It is better to think of those people as a congregation of Joneses, and Smiths, and Browns haunted by the trouble of making both ends meet in the maintenance of their families, and very dimly conscious of any higher interests in life. And yet, as at any time of religious revival among ourselves, that consciousness of something more in life than the need of food and raiment had been a little quickened of late. Many influences had possessed them with an inarticulate presentiment that now, at last, the promises made to their fathers were about to be fulfilled, and that a great change was to come over their destinies. Progress, in the modern sense of the word, was to them an unknown conception. But they did look for a better state of things. Just as some people in our time eagerly expect, whether wisely or unwisely, the emancipation of the Church from the State, and others look for a restoration of Catholic traditions, and others again for the speedy advent of the Millennium, so did those Simons, and Johns, and Matthews look for the coming of Elias, who was to restore all things, and for the re-establishment of a theocracy from which their fathers had fallen away. They very probably resembled many of our modern pioneers and prophets, in the confusion and indistinctness of their expectations. And in their blindness and deafness to God's revelation and God's Word in common life, they were a type of a very prevalent unsusceptibility in our own day.

Let us realise these characteristics; for the bright directness with which the teachings of Christ fell like sunbeams into startled eyes is wholly lost if we do not. Here is a village church nestling in a fruitful valley, where old homesteads are grey with ancient traditions of labour; and ploughed fields stretch their long furrows toward the intermingled pasture and spinny that crown the heights. On this Sunday morning of a late spring the farmers and their labourers, the squire and his servants, are gathered in the church. There was a bad harvest last year, and there is fear of a worse harvest this. War has disordered the world and disorganized trade. Distress has driven the manufacturing districts to despair, and a neighbouring town has been the scene of riot that has threatened invasion of the surrounding country. Crime has greatly increased, and misery seems to have lowered the moral tone of the whole land. In this state of things there comes a learned preacher to preach a sermon in aid of a mission to the heathen. He takes his text from the prophet Isaiah: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth." In the treatment of this text he shows much antiquarian knowledge as to the mode of carrying posts in ancient times. He discusses the question why the feet of the messenger are mentioned, and not his head or his hands. He refers to the opinion of an old commentator who thought that the feet of the messenger, being soiled with dust, were rather likely to be repulsive than otherwise; and that, therefore, when it is said that the message made even the feet of the messenger beautiful, this is a forcible way of showing how very welcome it was. Other commentators, however, think that the feet of the messenger are by a rhetorical figure put for his advent, a view which may be supported by a reference to Genesis xxx. 30, where the phrase "since my coming" is literally "at my foot." The greater portion of the congregation being by this time asleep, the preacher makes a vigorous effort to rouse them by his strongest point, which is a criticism of the word of singularly pregnant meaning translated "him that bringeth good tidings." He informs his audience that the same Hebrew word is used in 2 Samuel iv. 10, where David speaks of one who told him that Saul was dead, "thinking to have brought good tidings." He confirms the pregnant meaning of the word by a farther quotation of 2 Samuel xviii. 19, where Ahimaaz requests that he may "bear the king tidings" of the victory over Absalom. Here the same Hebrew word is used; and it is clear that Ahimaaz thought the tidings would be good, though he was very much mistaken. The learned preacher anticipates the objection that the same word also occurs in the next verse, where Joab seems to use it in the sense of bad tidings. But he shows triumphantly that the objection is untenable, because what Joab really says is in effect that no good tidings can be carried to-day because the king's son is dead. The preacher is bound to acknowledge that there are one or two passages presenting greater, though not insuperable difficulty. But the upshot of the whole is, that this Hebrew word is exactly parallel to the Greek word "evangelize," or the English phrase "preach the gospel." Hence the hearers are instructed that the prophecy does not refer to any message of deliverance from Babylonian oppression, but

to the mission of Christ's apostles and their successors. But before closing he expresses an opinion that the present dispensation shows many signs of coming to an end; and that perhaps the text may have a special reference to those who announce the speedy approach of the second advent of Christ, and the certainty of His personal reign.

The scholarship may be sound. We offer no opinion about that. And the theological review and forecast may be perfectly legitimate. But what have these things to do with the moral or religious life of the people? Such of them as have intelligence enough to understand anything about the preacher's argument are probably very much in sympathy with him. They find the interpretation of prophecy as interesting as the dissection of a puzzle; and they feel a pleasant quiver of excitement in the thought that the world may come to an end in a few years. But as to the bad harvests, the wars and rumours of wars, the wide-spread distress, the growing crime, the responsibility of each man for his brother, and the duty of playing the man in an evil time—the sermon affords rather a relief from such thoughts than an enforcement of them. The half-fledged scholar just home from Oxford thinks the parson's manipulation of the various texts referred to exceedingly judicious, and the dissenting yeoman is astonished that such encouraging views of the nearness of the kingdom should be preached in a temple of Erastianism. But between those gorgeous mists of prophecy behind, and the pale reflection from the distant unknown sea beyond the farther horizon, life seems all one dead level of toilsome barren sand. Yet, even now, the feet of God's messenger, the spring, are on the hills, and the sunlight that slants athwart them through a breaking cloud regilds the letters of an ancient promise; for while the earth remains we have the word of God, not in Scripture only, but in the order of nature, that "seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night, shall not fail." And conscience is ready in every soul within the sleepy church to respond with royal resolve to the demands made for patience and self-sacrifice under the moral order of God's world. There is not a feature in all the landscape round unsuggestive of Him who makes "all things work together for good." The sprouting corn betokens the unfailing power of an endless life. The happy birds sing of a faith deep in the heart of creation. The ordered balance of darkness and light, air and water, animal and vegetable, teaches the lesson of Joshua to his soldiers, "Every man in his own place." The intelligence of human struggle and endurance flashed from distant parts of the world never fails to rouse emulation, pity, condemnation, or aspiration; and every assurance that truth and freedom hold their own rings through the conscience like the silver trumpets of the Jewish priests, proclaiming to Sion, "Thy God reigneth." Thus the whole surroundings of the congregation are full of divine significance, and all would expound the preacher's text much better than he does, if he would only open the ears of the people to hear. What a revelation it would be if he would only show them what God is saying to them in nature, experience, and present inspiration! Then heaven and earth would become vocal with the eternal will, and the people would wake up with astonishment to find that the days of revelation are unending.

Now that is just the effect we suppose to have been produced upon the common human crowd gathered around Jesus on the Galilean mount. They had their sadnesses, and their fears, and their labours. They also had their momentary joys, their unreasoning hopes, and their unreasonable desires. They had a haunting sense of some unutterable responsibility to an eternal judge, and at times a hunger for assured peace between themselves and God. But the worst weakness of their spiritual condition lay in this, that neither their best faint feelings, nor their darkest dread, nor their favourite notions, had any direct relation to the actual facts of the universe and of life around or within them. They talked about a kingdom of heaven, and they thought they desired it. But it was a thing of notions and of dreams compounded out of a misunderstood past and a conjectured future. They imagined that by some inconceivable transformation the time would come when they might say, "Lo here, or lo there." Yet the truth was, that the only divine kingdom possible for them was a rule of God's Spirit in the heart, analogous to the grand order sustained by His eternal life in heaven and earth. They deplored the wrath of God in their national degradation and slavery, but they were indifferent to the horror of inward discord with His outward reign. They cherished traditional notions of ceremonial sacrifice and ceremonial purity, but they had no feeling for the peace of a submissive heart at one with eternal power. In dealing with such commonplace humanity mark what Jesus does. He throws the past into venerable shadow, and the future into

solemn mystery, while He pours all the light of simplicity and truth on the actual present time. On what did Jesus rely to carry home to the hearts of His hearers this revelation for the present time? In the answer we shall learn the reason why the people who listened to Jesus were astonished at His doctrine. There was nothing second-hand in His utterances, such as there always was in the teaching of the scribes. His word carried conviction with it because it awoke in the heart a witness to its own truth. It surprised men, not by its profundity, but by its simplicity. These two qualities of speech are indeed more closely allied than is usually supposed. In fact, perhaps, when really genuine, they are inseparable; and this was certainly the case with the words of the Lord Jesus. But it was their simplicity that charmed the people. The rabbis of their synagogues were very learned, and astonished them much by their wonderful knowledge of the opinions of dead men. Such teachers took the course deprecated alike by Moses and by St. Paul. They "descended into the abyss" that they might bring up wisdom from the dead; and the consequence was, that their hearers felt as though they also had been carried down into sheol, and were groping about after confused shadows that eluded the grasp and tantalized the straining eyes with shapeless shapes. But now "the people that walked in darkness had seen a great light, and those that dwelt in the land of the shadow of death, upon them the light had shined." They found the actual world, in which they toiled and loved and suffered and rejoiced, to be full of God. Yet it was no artificial illumination that revealed this to them. What happened to them was the spiritual analogue of the experience of Jonathan, the son of Saul, when his eyes were dim with fasting. "See, I pray you," he said, "how mine eyes have been enlightened because I tasted a little of this honey." Food revived his life; with more life came a healthier perception of light. And the spiritual experience answering to this is described in the words of the Gospel of St. John: "In Him was life; and the life was the light of men." One reason, then, of the power of revelation that lay in the words of the Lord Jesus was this, that they gave the people a larger life, and a larger life always brings with it more light.

It is most noteworthy how Jesus entirely refrains from founding His exhortations on traditions or records. His appeal was rather to the testimony of the living creation interpreted to the conscience by the Spirit of God. It was not that the sky proved this, and the lilies of the field proved that, or the sand and rock some other thing to men. But man's nature being framed in with heaven and earth, and being part of the divine completeness of creation, all things around were bright with suggestions that carried their own demonstration. Or if such suggestions were proved at all, it was as the right key is proved, by turning the lock; or as the right piece in a child's puzzle is proved, by fitting into an evident vacancy. In other words, the appeal of Jesus was to the actual facts of order and of life, evident to the commonest perception, and neglected just because they are so.

There was no need to open the graves of the fathers, or to go down into the abyss to bring up any departed wisdom. The whole past was there, so much of it as could live on; it was assimilated by, it was stored up in, the actual present time. And as to any dry bones of the past that could not live, the teaching of Jesus may be summed up in the words, "Let the dead bury their dead; but preach thou the gospel of God."

Now all the living scene, and all the stored up experience, without and within, were made to speak to the consciences of His hearers, by the words of the Lord Jesus! The silent world awoke. Sun and cloud, birds and flowers, cities and rocks, treasure chambers, the animals of the farm-yard, the very salt and candlesticks of the lowliest household, found a voice. And it was God who spoke to the heart through them all. True blessedness, real goodness, the perfect law of liberty, that expands with every age, the peace of God, eternal life, all passed before simple wondering eyes; or rather they shone through the transparent framework of creation, revealing themselves as the abiding realities beneath. It is a folly to ask how these common people knew it was the word of God they heard. As well ask how the watching shepherd knows that the daylight is come, when the dew-drops sparkle, and the river flashes, and the mountains smile. His eyes and his heart tell him. That is all. And so "every man's conscience" answers to the word of God sounding through heaven and earth. It is folly likewise to ask if doctrines and opinions can be judged in this way by simple souls. For Jesus was not concerned with doctrines and opinions in the sermon on the Mount; but with feelings and with attitudes of soul. He appealed to God's facts indeed; but it was not to found a system of heavenly metaphysics upon them; it was to bring the heart into accordance

with their inspirations. Hence it is vain to scrutinize and criticize the words of this divine discourse as though they were bits of intellectual mechanism picked out of an elaborate and finite design. Would men's hearts have burned within them while He talked with them, if Christ had been such a teacher? No; in such a case mortal words are only like little panes in a narrow window, through which the sunlight streams. The room inside, ten times the size of the window, seems bursting with light enough to fuse every pane into shapeless chaos if it were concentrated on it with a burning-glass. And outside infinity is flooded with it. There is more on this side and on that than can be made to fit into the little panes by any art of ours. But they let the glory in, after all. And so it is with the words of the Sermon on the Mount. They will not hold the fulness of life they stir in our hearts, to say nothing of the fulness of life that beats against them from the heaven beyond. But they let the glory in, after all. Let us think of this, when dry pedants ask us if we really do turn our left cheek when smitten on the right; and if we really expect to be as "perfect as our Father in heaven is perfect?" If the words of difficulty breathe into our spirits the self-suppression taught by a universe in which nothing is ever allowed to be an end to itself, or if they sustain us in insatiate aspiration toward "the fulness of Him who filleth all in all," we value them for the life they transmit, and we act in the inspiration of that, regardless of the "letter that killeth." The Sermon on the Mount really tells us what the Eternal God says to us poor, fragmentary creatures of a day. Hence it does not need grammars and commentaries so much as a loyal heart. Since that discourse was spoken, the Living Word has been manifestly in the world, and the day has dawned and the day-star arisen in men's hearts.

A SMALL ISLAND OF THE PACIFIC.

By Rev. A. T. SAVILLE, Missionary.

SECOND PAPER.

LIKE the greater number of the Christianised islands of the Pacific, Rapa never had a European missionary. The people have been left almost entirely to the teaching of a native pastor, and the Bible translated into their own language. Occasionally, annually if possible, missionaries have visited them and spent a few hours ashore; but at one time, through the wreck of two missionary vessels, an interval of more than seven years elapsed between these visits. A third vessel sailed for the Pacific, and soon after she arrived, in 1871, it was arranged that I should make a voyage in her to a number of islands which had for several years been unvisited—to Rapa amongst them. Some friends tried to dissuade me from calling there; the island, they said, was nearly depopulated; and some suggested that in all probability the few remaining natives had relapsed into idolatry. But I determined to go and see what was the real condition of things after the people had been left the long seven years entirely to their own native resources.

A ten days' sail from Tahiti brought in sight the strange sharp peaks of the island, and through contrary winds two more days passed before we were able to land. As we approached the shores they had a strangely desolate look: not the least sign of life, except the hundreds of wild goats browsing near the beach and thickly dotted over every hill and rock. By-and-by, however, a boat filled with native youths was rowed alongside to ask who we were. When they heard us speak in the native tongue, and understood that a missionary had at last come, their joy was unbounded. They got into the wildest state of excitement, and it was some time before we could get them sufficiently quiet to explain to them that we did not know the way up their very intricate channel. We asked them to go slowly before us to pilot us; but their enthusiasm exceeded their desire or ability to obey. They wanted to make the missionary's arrival known to those ashore, and, seizing their oars, they pulled away with all their might. Soon there was half a mile between the native boat and ours. As they went they made the hills echo and re-echo with shouts, attracting a curious crowd to the shore. Their landing and communication of the intelligence was followed by a flag being hoisted and dipped two or three times, to tell us that we were welcome, and that we were to land in its vicinity, where a

large crowd was now to be seen gathering to welcome me.

As we neared the shore, through the wonderfully clear air I could see that already preparations were being made for my comfort. Some were apparently fitting a house with benches, native mats, and great bundles of dry grass, to be cut open and spread to make a soft carpet. Others were crowded upon the beach, making vigorous efforts to beautify their figures before an introduction; evidently they were anxious to be dressed in their "Sunday best" to give the missionary a *grand* reception, and they were too excited to go through the process of dressing at home. The ladies still struggling to get into smart muslin or print dresses, and the gentlemen still thrusting themselves into their nether garments or unmanageable coats, I was welcomed to the land. It was a very comical, yet, after all, an affecting sight.

First came the King, Parima. Poor fellow! he did not look much like a sovereign, yet he had become especially royal for the occasion. An old naval officer's coat, with profusion of gilt buttons upon it both before and behind—a baggy misfit; a tall English hat, much too small, squeezed well on one side of his head; his bare brown legs and toes peeping out beneath all, constituted his full state dress, and thus his majesty came to me and gave the native salutation. After the king came several of the under chiefs and their wives, the pastor Maiaho, the deacons, church members, and school children. With each of these, about two hundred in all, I had to shake hands. There was great heartiness; and, amid a babel of merry chattering, I was conducted to the reed house which with wonderful speed they had just furnished for me.

A tall bench, spread thickly with the finest of their mats, was placed as a kind of dais for me to sit on. The people filled the house, crowded at the doorway, and wherever else a sight of me or the sound of my voice could be obtained. My dark friends now began to ask very un-English questions, and make remarks which were occasionally by no means complimentary, about my size, appearance, and manner; but their simplicity and irrepressible good temper covered a multitude of what, to our ideas of politeness, might be considered rudeness. Food was soon brought to me, and when the meal was over I requested to be left with the teacher and deacons alone, and asked them to tell me freely of their troubles and difficulties, so that if possible I might guide and help them. They had no serious trouble to relate. I learnt that the Christian work had been going on pleasantly and successfully amongst them. All the people, I was told, attended the Sunday services, except those who were feeble or sick. The whole of the children were being taught in the school, but they were in great want of school material: only a few slates remained, and the teacher had been obliged to teach writing by spreading sand upon a board and forming letters in it with a blunt stick. In church discipline, difficulties had sometimes arisen, when the Bible had been brought out and action adopted according to its teaching. Now I returned to my public engagements again.

By sunset the house was still more crowded, for the news of a missionary's arrival had spread, and people from distant parts of the island had come to see him, and most of them had their pillows and sleeping mats with them; they evidently did not intend to go home that night. But I was weary, and asked where I should sleep; their instant reply was, "Surely you will not sleep!" When asked why not, they exclaimed, "Seven years away from us, missionary, and now want to go to sleep!" They then told me that they had an endless store of questions to put, which would take all the night. So I promised to do my best to keep awake, and the place was lighted up with many candle-nut torches and an extemporised cocoa-nut-oil candelabra. The questioning then commenced. First an old man stood up with a well-thumbed Bible in his hand, turned to several passages he had marked, read them, and asked for their explanation. He had asked the teacher, he said, and each of the deacons, what they meant, and they were unable to tell him, and so he had kept them for some years waiting to ask a missionary. Then an old woman stood up with a much longer list of texts to be explained. For many long years, she said, she had been waiting for help to understand them. And so, through the whole night, men and women, young and old, put questions on the Bible. They ranged over every part of it, from Genesis to Revelation, and I had to do my best at being a kind of walking biblical dictionary and complete commentary in one. Some of their questions were very simple and easily answered, but others it was not easy to answer on the spur of the moment. One took me into the Apocalypse, and asked the meaning of the "beast with seven heads;" another, to the "four beasts full of eyes;"

another wanted to know about the "land shadowing with wings," mentioned in Isaiah. But many only desired to know the meaning of some of the words of Christ, or of teachings concerning marriage and divorce, and the observance of the Sabbath. The ex-king, who had recently been deposed, complained that the present chief did not prohibit the people going to their plantations on the Lord's day to pluck water-melons and other food. In his days, he said, such things were not allowed; and he naïvely suggested that it would be a very wise thing to make him chief again, in order that his idea of good Sundays might be once more enforced. There was no lack of heated talk from the partisans of both men; but this we soon suppressed, and I told them that Christ had no sympathy with a pharisaical observance of the Sabbath. Occasionally the people asked foolish and unprofitable questions, but the greater number were intelligent, and showed anxious and diligent seeking after truth.

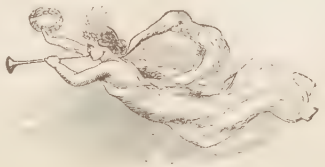
I had brought with me a sack of Bibles, intending to sell them. These for a time remained undisturbed, but by-and-by they were discovered, seized, and, before I was aware of it, distributed with boisterous exclamations of joy. This fact was made known to me as one after another, men and women, pressed towards me and begged me to let them keep the copy they had tucked under their arm. I replied, "Yes, you can have it at two dollars." Natives in all of the islands are taught to purchase Bibles. With delight in look and motion, away they ran to their homes, and returned quickly with the new book under the arm and a little package in the hand—a something wrapped up in a strip of banana-leaf or a piece of native cloth—containing the dollars and half-dollars—coins black with age—which they had kept for many years awaiting the arrival of Bibles. Some of these money packages had been hidden away in the thatch of houses. In a very short time not one single Bible had been taken away which had not been paid for, and we were entreated to send for more. As soon as it was daylight I sent to the ship, and another sackful was brought to shore and sold to grateful purchasers.

It was necessary that we should leave Rapa in the afternoon of that day, and sail away for other islands. So after a sleepless and busy night we turned the day into Sabbath, for nothing less would satisfy the people. I preached, held an examination of the school children, saw candidates for church fellowship, baptized some of the infants, and presided at the Lord's Supper, and in the intervals, whenever I had a moment to spare, whether upon the road or in the house, some one would come and, requesting me not to be angry, point to a passage in the Bible, which he said he had forgotten to mention last night, and ask that it might be explained. That night and day were a night and day never to be forgotten.

In the afternoon the boat was there to return me to the ship. When I bade this generous people good-bye they pointed to two boatloads of presents—vegetables, fish, fowl, a few goats, bundles of fine mats and native cloth—and begged of me to accept them. I did so, and left with them a quantity of school materials.

As we stood away for the next island, I thanked God that these ruder isolated people, left so many years to their own teaching, remained steadfast in the faith of Christ, and ardently attached to His Word, with a still increasing desire to know all of its meaning. I had seen enough to convince me that it is possible for the gospel work to hold its own amongst even half-civilised South Sea Islanders without the aid of the continual presence of the European missionary.

It has been said by persons too who are supposed to have a right to speak, that the missionary is simply a crutch, and that as long as he is there to support this foreign religion, things will stand up with a seeming appearance of success; but remove the prop, and down will come the whole structure. Let the case of Rapa be the set-off against such an assertion. We live, fortunately, in a day when men heed facts, not theories.



THE ONENESS OF THE TABERNACLE.

By the Rev. HENRY DOWNTON, M.A.

"And it shall be one tabernacle."—Exod. xxvi. 6.

SPEAKING of that office of high priesthood which Christ, the only sacrificing Priest of the Christian Church, is exercising "within the veil," St. Paul calls Him "a minister of the sanctuary, and of the true tabernacle, which the Lord pitched, and not man."

The saying, that the Lord pitched it, implies that, without the employment of any created agency, the Lord Himself by His own power made, and by His own glory consecrated, that high and holy place, of which the holiest spot that His presence sanctified on earth was only a shadowy and transitory symbol. But in one sense the Lord pitched the earthly tabernacle: for He was Himself its sole designer, and again and again was Moses admonished while it was preparing, "See that thou make all things according to the pattern showed to thee in the mount" (Heb. viii. 5).

Twice over in the Book of Exodus it is recorded, with what we might have thought needless minuteness and useless repetition, in what manner first of all Moses was instructed to build, and then, secondly, in what manner, according to instructions given, he actually built and prepared, the tabernacle, which, "for the time then present," was to "serve unto the example and shadow of heavenly things."

But not for the time then present only was a description of this tabernacle thus twice recorded in the word of truth. "Whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning."

Probably if the few words of the text, "And it shall be one tabernacle," were read or heard apart from the connection in which they stand, the first thought suggested would be that they were a commandment of God to Israel, that *only one* tabernacle should be erected to His name. A moment's attention, however, to the context will show that the purport of the injunction is altogether different. The oneness spoken of here is not singleness—not *uniqueness*—but unity. The Lord, in this, and the previous, and the following chapters, is giving directions to His servant Moses, for the construction and furniture of the tabernacle which in all the wanderings of the Israelites in the wilderness, was to be carried with them and set up from time to time wherever they sojourned for a season; therefore it was necessary that it should consist of many parts; yet, though of many parts, for especial reasons the idea is emphasized that it should be *one* tabernacle.*

I. Thus the oneness spoken of here is a union of many parts; each part joined to another, and all united in one great whole. In this respect, as in others, the tabernacle in the wilderness, and afterwards the temple at Jerusalem, were in an eminent manner typical of that church of God which the apostle describes as "built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner stone; in whom all the building fitly framed together groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord: in whom" all believers, Jews and Gentiles, barbarians and Scythians, bond and free, "are builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit" (Eph. ii. 20—22). And this oneness which God would have in that first tabernacle—of what does it teach us, but of that love and union which He desires to see between the many members of His one, holy, universal Church? In that Church, as it exists in the view of His prescience and omniscience, there *is* this unity and love. What is our evidence that we are parts in that tabernacle, that we are living stones preparing in His hand for our place in that glorious temple? Is there that in our hearts which answers to the hearts which are moulded and fashioned by Him? Is there in us the love which yearns for more intimate union with the Lord and with His people? As stone fitted accurately to stone in the temple, as in the tabernacle loop was coupled to loop, and the socket shut close to its tenon (ver. 3), so in us is there the character, the sympathy, which binds us in closest union with this and that brother in Christ, and joins us in bonds of eternal fellowship with all who are one in Him—the precious corner stone? Is there this love in our hearts? If not, vain as sounding brass or tinkling cymbal is our profession of godliness; for of the Church of God it is true no less than of that His sanctuary in the wilderness, "it shall be *one* tabernacle."

II. This provision for the oneness of the tabernacle in respect of the close junction of the curtains which formed its sides round about — again especially enjoined in the eleventh verse—is the more observable, inas-

* See Exodus xxvi. 1—6.

much as the tabernacle consisted of two distinct parts, called respectively "the holy place" and "the holy of holies;" the latter separated from the former by a thick veil, within which only one man of all the nation of Israel, the high priest, was permitted to enter or even to look, under the most awful penalties, and he only on one day in the year. Thus under one covering, overshadowed by the same cloud, and filled by the same glory, were those two compartments of the one tabernacle, by dividing which in the former dispensation "the Holy Ghost this signified, that the way into the holiest of all was not yet made manifest," until, at the hour of the crucifixion of the Redeemer, the true sacrifice and the great High Priest, He consecrated for us thereinto a new and living way, through the veil, that is to say, His flesh, of the rending of which on Calvary the rending of the veil of the temple was a striking symbol. With awful interest the saints of the old dispensation gazed upon that veil which concealed from them the mysteries of that better covenant, of which we are partakers. "Verily I say unto you," said the Minister of that new covenant to His disciples, when not yet had He fulfilled His ministry, "that many prophets and righteous men have desired to see those things which ye see, and have not seen them; and to hear those things which ye hear, and have not heard them." But as, over all that the veil separated, over that which was manifest and that which was concealed, were spread the curtains and the coverings of the one tabernacle, overshadowed by one cloud, filled by one glory—even so the saints of that dispensation, less clearly taught than the saints of this dispensation, were one in the same Church, which is the blessed company of all faithful people: so God hath knit together His Church of all ages in one communion and fellowship: with clouded understanding, yet with saving faith, they looked on through sacrifices which they knew had no power to atone, to that Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. Our God was their God, to whom only they ascribed their salvation, for "He is God, and there is none else." The veil for us and them is rent asunder now, but, rent or whole, it is "one tabernacle."

III. The construction of the tabernacle in the wilderness, and its oneness in complexity and diversity, suggest a third application.

St. Paul in describing the tabernacle (Heb. ix.) speaks of the outer division of the tabernacle as a worldly sanctuary: the inner tabernacle, the holy of holies, he regards as a peculiar type of that high and holy place, where in heaven itself the true High Priest is now appearing in the presence of God for us. I know not whether this be sufficient warrant for regarding the tabernacle as typical in this respect; but none will dispute the truth which it may be considered as suggesting—that as thus the holy of holies and the worldly sanctuary, separated by the veil, were yet one tabernacle, so the church in heaven and the church on earth, the church triumphant, if we should not rather say the church resting and waiting, and the church militant, the church with the Lord, and the church in the body, are one. The veil which divides the seen and the unseen worlds is between us; but of one Lord the whole family, the one family, in heaven and earth, is named. Over all is spread the covering of His omnipresence; over all the banner of His love is waving. *They* dwell in the light of His visible smile, and *we* abide in the secret place of the Most High, and all alike are under the shadow of the Almighty. They hunger no more, neither thirst any more; but for us, hungry and thirsty, He spreadeth a table in the wilderness. They are safe from all alarm of conflict; but He giveth us victory in the battle. They are at peace where no foe can enter, and sorrow and sighing from them are fled away; but, said one who was still in the worldly sanctuary, and we may join his song, "Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me: thou shalt stretch forth thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies, and thy right hand shall save me." It is one tabernacle: "the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon Him." They serve Him perfectly; there is no discord in their song; but they are clad in His righteousness, and all their song is of redemption and salvation; and though our worship is all defiled, yet, offered through our great High Priest, our prayers are set forth for His sake as incense, and the lifting up of our hands is an acceptable sacrifice. Oh! what were our service but for Jesus Christ? We might shrink from the presence of our holy brethren who are within the veil; they are with us here one Sabbath, and another they are with the spirits of the just made perfect; and as we think of their perfection we wonder that our imperfection may dare to pray or praise at all. We love to think of their happiness, we rejoice that it is one tabernacle, and that we are one with them in Christ; but we feel—do you not feel?—that Christ Jesus must be your Mediator and

Intercessor; that it needs the tenderness of His infinite sympathy to enable us to bear the presence of His holiness when we approach Him in our closets. Doubtless as our brethren who are within the veil are perfected in the love of Jesus, so are they perfected in His compassion: and as we rejoice that they have entered into rest, so "this also they wish, even our perfection." The love is mutual, for it is love in the same Lord, and still it is one tabernacle.

IV. I have spoken of the tabernacle and of the temple built by Solomon as virtually the same in the relations in which hitherto we have considered them. And they were the same in their purpose and in their typical significance, and both were only transitory, even as, and because, they were typical. But as compared the one with the other, the temple may well become to us an illustration of the enduring nature of that building of God, the house not made with hands, which shall be His people's eternal habitation; while the tabernacle, built on purpose so that it might quickly be taken down, reminds us of that earthly house—that frail body in which now we dwell—the pilgrim tent, pitched in the wilderness, and in which the immortal soul is but as a stranger and a sojourner. So the Apostle Peter speaks of his mortal frame, and his language teaches us how truly he regarded it but as the temporary abode of himself, the spiritual inhabitant. "I think it meet, as long as I am in this tabernacle, to stir you up by putting you in remembrance; knowing that shortly I must put off this my tabernacle, even as our Lord Jesus Christ hath showed me." So, too, the Apostle Paul discourses of the tabernacle of the body (2 Cor. v. 1): "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

And is not God always teaching us how frail is the tent, the mortal tabernacle, in which we dwell? Generally does He teach this as it wears to its decline by the process of disease, slow or rapid, as "the silver cord is loosed," and one and another pin is wrenched away; and "the soul's dark cottage" is thus "battered and decayed," till it falls at length, and "the dust returns to earth as it was, and the spirit returns to God who gave it." But not seldom those who are seeking health and refreshment in this beautiful land * are reminded of the tabernacle's frailness in the very scenes of vigorous life and joyous exercise. A stone is loosened from a beetling crag, and the gentle maiden is smitten, and the mortal frame is prostrate, and the spirit is called to its account. Or the youth, exulting in his strength, his feet like hinds' feet, too adventurous perhaps in his resolve to conquer the fastnesses of nature, teaches us sadly how that life is a vapour, and that "the young men" may "utterly fall." And more awfully still will God sometimes remind us by terrible shipwreck, or appalling accident to the flying train, of the frailty of our life, and quicken in us all the salutary sense of dependence and of danger.

Surely, happy are we, and happy only, if that our tabernacle of flesh and blood, the habitation of the soul, is a temple also, the habitation of the Holy Spirit of God. "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His." St. Paul said this to professed believers, to those who at Rome named the name of Christ, and had declared themselves His followers. "Know ye not," saith the same apostle to the saints at Corinth, "that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own?"

God send the question home to every heart,—What if the tabernacle were suddenly dissolved? Is the spirit ready for its flight? Is the tabernacle a temple also? Is the dwelling-place of the soul the habitation of the living God? Be assured of this, that it is the religion of the life which must give peace in death, and enable those who sorrow, not to sorrow as those who are without hope for the departed, because they sleep in Jesus.

"I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them." Sweet words these, brethren; but here are sweeter still: "I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."

The Lord of His infinite mercy grant to us a share in that His love; a place in that His tabernacle!

* Preached in the English Church of the Holy Trinity, Geneva, during Mr. Downton's chaplaincy.

DOCTRINAL IDEAS OF THE BIBLE.

Their Genesis and Growth.

By DONALD FRASER, D.D.

III.—OF DIVINE COVENANTS.

ORTHODOX divines of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries elaborated a system of federal theology. They described a "covenant of works" made by God with Adam for himself and his posterity; and, as the counterpart to this, a "covenant of redemption" which God made with Christ, and which is extended to Christians as a "covenant of grace." They treated of the parties contracting, and of the conditions, seals, and sanctions of the covenants. And no doubt their system had the advantage of placing in strong relief the antithesis between Adam and Christ, works and grace. But it gained this advantage at the expense of giving to the plans and actions of the Holy One an aspect of calculation and compact, and vexing the feeling of reverence with a sort of scholastic preciseness. This renders it distasteful to the present generation, and the federal theology, sound and true in substance, has become almost obsolete.

Yet the word "covenant" occurs two hundred and thirty-six times in the English Bible, and in more than two hundred instances it is a divine covenant. It is surely our duty not to ignore such a marked feature of revelation, but to endeavour to apprehend the federal ideas of the Bible in the simple order of their historical development.

The Hebrew term *Berith*, derived from a verb which means "to cut" or "cleave," is not easily translated. The Greek word, *Diathêke*, is used as an equivalent, but seems to have a wider meaning than "covenant" or "compact," and may be taken to signify the whole disposal of things and events according to the divine will. "Testament" is not a sufficient rendering in our language; and "dispensation" is not quite accurate. We must be content with "covenant," and in this, as in some other cases of religious words too small for the thoughts, learn to attach a wider and nobler meaning to the term when it is applied to the counsel and procedure of God, than it bears when used to express the plans and engagements of men.

In Holy Writ there is no mention of a covenant with Adam. The first was made with Noah. But it was no compact or bargain between God and a man. It was a gratuitous and spontaneous engagement which God was pleased to reveal to Noah, and to confirm or guarantee by a sign from heaven. In fact, it was an assurance of the preservation of the earth and its inhabitants from the recurrence of such a flood as occurred in the days of Noah; and this, because of its being in force throughout all the history of this present world till its final conflagration, is called "the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth."*

Next to this comes the divine covenant with Abram. It was made by or at a sacrifice, as indeed the covenant with Noah had also been, but with an additional circumstance of singular symbolic interest. A fire, significant of the Divine Presence, passed between the pieces of the cleft sacrifice, and was the more visible because darkness had fallen on all around. Jehovah then made a covenant audibly with Abram, which was nothing else than an announcement of His settled purpose to give to the posterity of that patriarch the whole of the land of Canaan.† Abram did not pass between the pieces of the sacrifice, as if the covenant depended in part on him. God's engagement concerning the inheritance of the land was entirely of His grace; a promise which Abram did not deserve and could not confirm, but was simply to hear and believe.

Several years thereafter, this covenant was renewed and enlarged, when God changed the name of His human friend from Abram to Abraham. The promise was made fuller and richer, and a sign of the covenant was prescribed. This, however, was not, as in the case of the covenant with Noah, a sign in the sky removed quite out of the reach of man, but a sign in the flesh of Abraham and his descendants as the persons within the bond of the covenant. Jehovah said of circumcision, "This shall be a token of the covenant betwixt me and you." This covenant, too, is spoken of as "everlasting," but on the part of men it could be broken, for a condition of human obedience had been introduced. "The uncircumcised man child . . . . shall be cut off from his people; he hath broken my covenant." ‡

* Gen. ix. 16. † Gen. xv. 18—21. ‡ Gen xvii. 14.

It was in accordance with this covenant that God showed favour to the patriarchs, and ultimately delivered their descendants out of slavery in Egypt, with a view to their taking possession of the promised land. "God heard their groaning, and God remembered His covenant with Abraham, with Isaac, and with Jacob."*

It is this covenant which forms the "Magna Charta" of Israel. After the Exodus it was renewed with that people in their national capacity. Retaining still and always its original character of a covenant of grace or favour, a conveyance of divine promise, it now brought out into greater prominence the obedience which God required of His favoured people, and put them under a *régime* of laws and ordinances. The Ten Commandments are called "the words of the covenant." The slabs of stone on which they were inscribed were "the tables of the covenant." The charge to the people was that they should obey the voice of Jehovah, and "keep His covenant." Then, in addition to the sign of that covenant as made with Abraham, a new sign was appointed for the covenanted nation—viz., the observance of the Sabbath. "It is a sign between me and you throughout your generations."†

The covenant with the nation, like the covenant with their ancestor Abram, was made by sacrifice. An altar was built under that "awful mount" from which the commandments were spoken. Moses, having written the words of the law in what is called "the book of the covenant," read them aloud; the assembled tribes pledged their obedience; and the blood of the sacrifice offered on the altar was divided between Jehovah and Israel. This was "the blood of the covenant." Half of it was sprinkled on the altar, and the other half upon the people.

At the end of the great career of Moses, the covenant was renewed through him with the next generation of Israel, then about to enter on the long-deferred conquest of Canaan. It took the form of an impressive appeal for observance of the statutes of Jehovah; and great stress was laid on the reward of obedience in divine favour to the nation, and the penalty of disobedience in the withdrawal of such divine favour, and in expulsion from the land of promise.‡

This covenant, strictly understood, concerns Israel only. The Gentiles have no national covenant with God, and no land of promise in this present world. Such is the privilege of Israel,* and although the covenant has been broken by that nation through unbelief, it is not annulled by God, and therefore Israel is not in final and hopeless rejection. "All Israel shall be saved . . . . for this is my covenant unto them, when I shall take away their sins."† We do not, however, suppose that, on the restoration of Israel, the ancient ordinances of the covenant will be revived. A new dispensation has come in, and there will be no return to the old, which has vanished away. No more stone tablets, or wooden ark of the covenant, or "carnal ordinances." The emphasis will lie on the putting of God's law into the mind of Israel, and writing the same on their hearts.‡

Four centuries after the settlement of the chosen people in Canaan, a divine covenant was made with King David. It was a promise to maintain his descendants in regal dignity, and so to establish the throne of David for many generations. In his last song the king refers to this as a "well-ordered covenant."§ It is celebrated by Hebrew bards and prophets with enthusiasm. In the book of Isaiah, every believing and obedient soul is encouraged by this divine promise, "I will make an everlasting covenant with you, the sure mercies of David."‖

This covenant with David contained a provision for the chastisement of any of his posterity who should forsake God's law and break His statutes, as appears from that magnificent poem of the Davidic covenant, Psalm lxxxix. Thus, like the national covenant, the regal, while full of grace, provided against the abuse of grace; and as the nation incurred the penalty of which a previous generation had been warned, and was led away into captivity, so also the family of David, having been unfaithful to God, was dethroned. Still the covenant of Jehovah stands, as with the nation, so also with the house of David. His purpose cannot be broken, and it was in fulfilment thereof that One was born in the family of David, and at Bethlehem, concerning whom the angelic announcement was made, "The Lord shall give unto Him the throne of His father David; and He shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever; and of His kingdom there shall be no end."¶ Such is the destiny of the Christ, and at the time appointed of the Father in heaven, He will take His power and reign.

* Exod. ii. 24; vi. 2—8. † Exod. xxxi. 12—17.
‡ Deut. xxix., xxx.

* Rom. ix. 4.
† Rom. xi. 26, 27.
‡ Heb. viii. 8—13.
‖ Isa. lv. 3.
§ 2 Sam. xxiii. 5.
¶ Luke i. 32, 33.

It may be proper here to observe that the covenant with David is not separable from the more ancient covenant with Abraham. It proceeds and rests upon the earlier promise, and only defines more clearly the line in which the divine purpose of blessing would be fulfilled to Israel, and to all nations. The accomplishment both of the earlier and of the later centres in Jesus Christ, who is introduced in the first sentence of the New Testament as "the son of David, the son of Abraham."

The prophetic books of the Old Testament abound with references to the divine covenant, sometimes as it had been made with David for his house, but more frequently as made with the people of Israel after the exodus, at Mount Sinai, for this was (as we have said) the fundamental charter of all their national privileges, and it was the office of the prophets to lift up their voices against the violation of that sacred engagement by princes, priests, or people. There are also, in those books, glimpses of a restoration of the tribes to the divine favour which they had forfeited, and of a brighter dispensation of His holy covenant.

We pass on to the New Testament. The Saviour is reported as saying at the Last Supper, "This cup is the new covenant in my blood." Subsequently we meet the expressions, "The blood of the everlasting covenant," "Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant." For the meaning of this language we must consult the Epistles to the Galatians and to the Hebrews. In both of these books the covenant of the law and that of promise are contrasted; the one the covenant of Sinai, the other that of Abraham. The former, though made four hundred and thirty years after the latter, is spoken of as the first, and the covenant of free promise as the second, or the new.

The question in the Epistle to the Galatians is of justification and adoption; in the Epistle to the Hebrews, of worship. In the former it is shown that the covenant of Sinai, laying the law upon the conscience, only served to conduct to Christ. The blessing and the inheritance come through Him in accordance with the covenant of promise made to Abraham. In the latter Epistle, it is shown that the appointments and ordinances of the covenant of law, with the offerings and sacrifices, could not perfect the worshippers, and were only provisional and preparatory to a better and brighter dispensation. And the new covenant, which has in Christ a Mediator greater than Moses, and is "established upon better promises," is affirmed to be no other than the ancient covenant made with Abraham. It has a better sanctuary than was provided under the law, a better priesthood, a better service, a complete purging away of sin, and a perfecting for ever of worshippers in the name of the Lord Jesus.

Here, too, are good tidings for the Gentiles. They have never been under the covenant of Sinai, but they have an interest in the covenant with Abraham. In Christ they are blessed with the father of the faithful, and have all the advantage for worshipping God which is provided by the Mediator, and by the blood of that everlasting covenant.

In the development which this covenant has received under the gospel, there is no more need of a sign in the flesh. Neither circumcision nor uncircumcision avails in Christ Jesus. He is in this covenant of peace who has a new heart and a right spirit —a circumcision not made with hands.

In fact, all that was in former ages promised and prefigured for the reconciliation of man to God is fulfilled and embodied in Jesus Christ. Jehovah has given Him "for a covenant of the people (Israel), for a light of the Gentiles."* In Him all families of the earth are blessed. And He is not remote from us as Abraham or David, with whom the Jews at all events are connected by long pedigrees. Christ is so closely united with all believers, that every fulfilment of the everlasting covenant to Him is also a fulfilment to them; every promise made to Him tends to their benefit, and every boon bestowed on them ought to issue in glory to Him. All the promises of God are to them "Yea and amen in Jesus Christ," having their security and stability in Him as the Accepted and Beloved of God. Promises there are, exceeding great and precious, covering all wants, suiting all seasons, stretching over all eternity. Mercies there are, everlasting, ever sure, because bestowed in the covenant, and guaranteed by the faithfulness and omnipotence of God, and by the presence of the Mediator of the covenant in heaven itself to make intercession for us. Chastisements, too, are in the covenant; stripes for undutiful children, or blows of the hand or of the rod—never, thank God! any smiting with the sword. It is chastening, not condemnation. The covenant itself cannot be broken, nor can the Lord's faithfulness fail.

* Isa. xlii. 6.

TWO PEEPS AT LITTLE MAY.

JUNE, 1876.

"MOTHER, dear, the flowers call me;
Let me gather some to-day.
See, the sun is shining for me;
In the meadow let me play."

Hardly waiting for an answer,
Off the little maiden fled;
June's soft breezes, wafting round her,
Played about her curly head.

See, she gathers yellow cowslips
And the fragrant meadow-sweet;
On she trips, bright child of summer!
Gaily dance her dainty feet.

And the mother from her window
Watches little May at play,
Thanking God for all His mercies
And for giving little May.

"Our Father," said the mother,
Looking earnestly above,
"May she never know earth's sorrow!
Keep her safe in Thy dear love."

DECEMBER, 1876.

"Mother, dear, the angels call me,
I must go to them to-day;
See, their smiles are shining for me;
Mother, kiss your little May."

Ere the mother ceased to kiss her
She was treading heavenly fields,
'Mong bright flowers and glorious verdure,
As earth's summer never yields.

And her little heart with gladness
Sang a fuller, sweeter praise,
Than she ever in the meadows
Sang in happy mortal days.

And the mother from her window
Op'd to faith in heaven that day,
Saw a little child with angels,
Saw it was her little May.

"Our Father," said the mother,
Looking earnestly above,
"Ere earth's sorrows ever reached her,
Thou hast taken her in love."

F. L. W.

OUR MONTHLY SURVEY.

I.—HOME NOTES.

HELP FOR THE SHIPWRECKED AND BEREAVED.

OUR attention is often called, by the story of shipwrecks and other disasters, to the perils and sufferings of those who lead a seafaring life. The last few weeks have been specially remarkable for the losses among the fishing-smacks in which a large population on our eastern coasts pursue their toil. The North Sea was visited lately by a succession of terrible gales, in which no less than thirty vessels, belonging to the ports of Great Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Great Grimsby, Hull, and Ramsgate, were lost. Sad to say, the crews, numbering altogether two hundred and fifteen men and boys, all perished. A fund has been opened by the Lord Mayor of London, on behalf of those who have been bereaved by this great calamity. The Lord Mayor states that there are eighty-eight widows, one hundred and sixty-four little children, and fifteen aged parents thus suddenly and sadly deprived of their means of support, and cast upon the sympathy of the world. Such sympathy will certainly be bestowed, and will, we do not doubt, find practical expression in the form of liberal gifts. Probably the annual loss of life by disasters at sea is not greater in proportion to the number of men thus engaged than that by accidents to those engaged in some other pursuits, as, for example, in mining, but our national habits and traditions give us a particular readiness to care for the sailor, and the nature of his pursuits and of the perils which they involve make a powerful appeal to the imagination. It is to the honour of the nation that there is an increasing readiness on the part of those who are prosperous to "consider the cause of the poor," and to consider it not only when calamity has actually occurred, but by providing against the occurrence of such calamity. The account of these widows and orphans recalls our attention to a report which we have received from the National Life-boat Institution, telling of many cases in which others have been saved from like distress. During the year 1876 the boats of this society were instrumental in rescuing from the most imminent peril no less than four hundred and ninety-eight lives, and also in saving from destruction eighteen vessels. These were cases of shipwreck occurring on various parts of the coast of the United Kingdom. The Report says, "The character of these noble Life-boat services has varied much, some having been performed during the darkness of the night, others in the day-time; but nearly all have been rendered during stormy weather which would have prevented any ordinary open boat from accomplishing the rescue." The National Life-boat Society has two hundred and fifty-six boats, and in the efforts made for the help of the shipwrecked during the year, about twelve thousand men have been sent out in them. It is at once a remarkable and pleasing fact that out of this large number of men employed, and in all these dangerous expeditions, only *one* brave fellow has lost his life. Probably most of our readers know that the address of the Life-boat Institution is 14, John Street, Adelphi, London, and that donations are gladly received there. The work which this Society is doing through charity forms its best appeal to our continued—indeed, increased—sympathy and support.

PARLIAMENT AND THE GOTHENBURG SYSTEM.

Mr. Chamberlain's resolution on the subject of the sale of intoxicating drinks, to which we referred last month, has been negatived in the House of Commons by a majority of two to one. In a House of one hundred and fifty-four members, one hundred and three voted against it. Mr. Chamberlain proposed—"That it is desirable to empower the town councils of boroughs under the Municipal Corporation Acts to acquire compulsorily, on payment of fair compensation, the existing interests in the retail sale of intoxicating drinks within their respective districts; and thereafter, if they see fit, to carry on the trade for the convenience of the inhabitants, but so that no individual shall have any interest in, or derive any profit from the sale." Although the House of Commons declined to endorse the scheme of operation thus laid down, it is probable that the introduction of this proposal to parliamentary notice by a member of Mr. Chamberlain's energy and ability marks the beginning of a new and important phase in the discussions and efforts of temperance reformers. The proposal to take, or rather to give to municipal authorities the power to take, the trade in intoxicants out of private hands altogether, and to do this on equitable commercial principles, is both new and bold. In urging it upon the House of Commons, Mr. Chamberlain argued that we could not rely either upon the progress of education, or upon the force of moral suasion, for checking the increase of drunkenness in this country, and he quoted some startling statistics in support of his opinion. Amongst other things, he stated that while in 1861 the number of persons upon whom a coroner's inquest returned a verdict of "Death from excessive drinking" was one hundred and ninety-nine, that number had steadily increased, till in 1875 it amounted to five hundred and sixteen—an increase of 260 per cent. He also mentioned that in Birmingham there was one public-house to every forty houses, and in considerable tracts of the working-class districts of the town these houses were placed so closely that the average distance between two of them was not quite two hundred feet. In Liverpool, he was informed that there was a thoroughfare a mile and a quarter in length which contained five hundred and seventy-eight premises and shops, and of these one hundred and three, or more than one in six, were drink shops. To these shops there

were two hundred and eighteen separate entrances—"two hundred and eighteen separate traps already baited for the unwary in the course of twenty minutes' walk." These are examples of the working of the present legislative methods with regard to this subject. Mr. Chamberlain contends that the scheme which he advocates, and which is similar to one in operation in Gothenburg, in Sweden, is the only scheme likely to deal effectually with the excessive multiplication of public-houses, and with the enormous temptations which at present induce publicans generally to make every effort to sell as much intoxicating drink as possible, and to adulterate in a shameful and injurious manner a great deal of what they sell. The practicability and usefulness of such a scheme for English towns may be fairly regarded as open to question, and it is well that it should be cautiously approached, and earnestly discussed from every point of view. But we heartily recognise the spirit of intelligent philanthropy which has led to its being brought forward, and we are glad that Mr. Chamberlain is throwing his strength into a subject of such transcendent social and religious importance to the English nation.

THE FLOW AND RE-FLOW OF EMIGRATION.

Some singularly interesting statistics, just issued by the Board of Trade, place before us the movements of an important section of the population of the United Kingdom. A large number of people leave these islands every year to find a home in other countries, or in the various English colonies in different parts of the world. The pressure of competition here, the tempting possibilities presented by young communities, and a thousand various private considerations, constantly turn the thoughts of multitudes of our fellow-countrymen towards other shores. Naturally, there is to be found amongst these a very considerable proportion of the young and enterprising. Last year the emigrants from Great Britain to countries not in Europe numbered 138,222 persons. This, however, included 25,500 foreigners, of whom very many, no doubt, had only come here for a comparatively short period. Of the rest, 73,000 were English, 10,000 Scotch, and 26,000 Irish, while the nationality of 3,000 was not stated. The United States received from us 54,554 persons of British birth, the great majority of the Irish emigrants seeking there a new sphere of life; the British North American colonies received 9,335, and Australia and New Zealand 32,196. There is a periodical ebb as well as flow in this tide. We are continually receiving back those who have either accomplished the purpose of their wanderings and who return to enjoy the results, or who have come to the conclusion, after trying other fields of labour and enterprise, that there is no place like home; and many come amongst us, also, attracted by different considerations, to the great commercial centre of the world. Altogether, last year we received 91,647 immigrants, reducing the actual loss of our population by emigration to 46,575. From America a larger number of persons came to settle in England than we sent out to settle there, the immigrants being 54,697. This is a very unusual circumstance, and is accounted for by the commercial depression which has prevailed in the States. From the colonies of British North America we received 6,629 persons, rather more than two-thirds of the number who left us; and from Australia and New Zealand only 2,579 returned to the mother country. The proportion of English emigrants shows a tendency to increase; of the Irish, to decrease; of the Scotch, to remain from year to year about the same. One thing that seems to be indicated by these figures is, that the time has passed when people used to assume that, as a matter of course, they would improve their position simply by transferring themselves to some distant soil. The spread of education has done much to dissipate the ignorant dream which depicted an El Dorado in every far-off and partially settled country, and emigration is apparently assuming proportions which merely denote a movement that is on the whole healthy and beneficial. And we do not lose those who leave us for our colonies. The English colonies are, indeed, the outposts of England's strength. As their young and vigorous life develops, it becomes clear that, in the providence of God, they are called to play an important part in the spread of civilisation and Christianity throughout the world, and thus to share what we trust will ever and increasingly be the chief ambition of this country.

PREACHERS AND HEARERS.

It is, no doubt, very desirable that preachers should be acquainted with the feelings and wants of their hearers. Dr. Parker, the well-known minister of a large London congregation, appears to be of opinion that a good way of putting ministers in possession of the required information is to hold a public conference, in which the laymen who usually occupy the pew shall be at liberty to unfold their ideas as to their necessities to such representatives of the ministry as may choose to listen. Such a conference has recently been held in Dr. Parker's church, and the proceedings have excited considerable attention. It was, perhaps, inevitable that the general tone of the speakers should be that of complaint, or at least of criticism. Several of those who spoke, it must be confessed, seemed to regard the opportunity as a favourable one for setting forth their grievances. They appeared to feel that the pulpit greatly misconceived the necessities of the pew, and came sadly short of the standards of excellence by which it might reasonably be judged. And yet, after all, when we look through the various suggestions that were made, we scarcely find any that we can really regard as of practical value. Most of the speakers were evidently under the impression that preachers generally missed the mark, and they all had their advice to give to the unfortunate marksmen, but in substance that advice amounted to this, "Aim straight, and you will be sure to hit!" One gentle-

man wanted preachers to manifest the fire and fervour of Whitefield, and the genius for figurative language possessed by the famous Methodist orator of the last generation, known throughout the length and breadth of the land as "Billy Dawson." But it is obvious that such a demand is a practical absurdity. Whitefield and Dawson were both men of extraordinary genius; and, moreover, from the very fact of their wonderful pulpit power, they commonly addressed audiences under altogether different conditions from those under which ordinary preachers stand up. In short, such men cannot be had a second time. As devoted servants of God, consecrating their whole strength to their Master's work, no doubt they had many imitable qualities, but in the special characteristics which gave them their special place and power, they were *themselves*, and simply inimitable. But if we have not Whitefields and Dawsons, we have such men as Spurgeon, and R. W. Dale, and Punshon, and Liddon, and many others. These, too, are exceptional men; each is *sui generis;* and there can scarcely be a greater mistake than for people to find fault because the rank and file of the ministry does not consist of men of such exceptional endowments. There are many birds which render useful service to man, although they cannot all boast of the eagle's sweep of wing, or of the nightingale's melodious song. A clerical speaker (the Rev. S. Minton) at Dr. Parker's conference went to the heart of this part of the matter when he reminded the assembly that St. Paul, in writing to the Corinthians, had laid down the true principle when he had given his readers the apologue of the many members in one body. The foot, the hand, and the eye have each their separate function, and must be content to discharge it, without envy or complaint. The want of the ministry, as indeed of the church generally, was touched upon in a wise and sympathetic address, full of fine Christian delicacy and power, delivered on the same occasion by Mr. Cowper Temple, M.P., who urged the importance of that spiritual anointing by the Holy Ghost which is to be obtained by constant and faithful prayer. It is this which will lead to the consecration of all gifts; and although it will not confer the imagination of the poet, or the melodious voice of the born orator, it will give strength even to the humblest, and light and blessing even to those who have to take the lowest place.

Perhaps the possibility of such a conference as this between pulpit and pew is a sign of the mere conventionalism which has gathered around so much of our modern church life. The necessity of discussions of this kind in public assemblies, in periodicals, in newspapers, is a token of an artificial state of things which is not entirely satisfactory. When machinery stands still for an examination of the wheels, the presumption is that something is out of gear. The exercises of public worship have a tendency to become stiff, mechanical, and conventional. Pastors and people will not find this tendency counteracted by mutual criticism, almost amounting to recrimination, but rather by the kindly interchange of Christian confidence which belongs rather to the privacy of the pastoral relation than to the arena of public debate, and by united and humble waiting for those spiritual blessings which are free to all earnest seekers, and which fit each toiler for his proper task.

SIR BARTLE FRERE.

Sir Bartle Frere has been so long before the public, not only as a distinguished and accomplished servant of the crown, but also as an earnest philanthropist and a powerful and highly-qualified supporter and advocate of Christian missions, that his recent departure to undertake the governorship of the Cape of Good Hope may fitly be mentioned here. In India, during a long term of residence as a high official, in various parts of Africa, in Madagascar, and elsewhere, Sir Bartle Frere has had exceptional opportunities of observing missionary labours, and of forming an opinion of their character and result, and certainly few speakers have ever given more valuable and emphatic testimony of the real value of missionary effort than the new governor of the Cape. Again and again have we listened with thankfulness and pleasure to his measured and weighty words on this subject. Sir Bartle Frere is one of those men, happily not rare in our Indian service and in other public departments of the State, who combine great administrative ability, and the suavity of polished gentlemen, with true simplicity of character, leading to a frank and outspoken avowal of their love for Christianity and of their desire for the diffusion of its blessings, which are of the highest benefit to many younger men who are brought into contact with them. Sir Bartle Frere has been a faithful and most useful friend of the anti-slavery cause. His quiet dignity, conciliatory bearing, and personal tact peculiarly qualify him for holding intercourse with the representatives of uncivilised or partially civilised people. He possesses every quality required in a first-rate Colonial Governor, and his appointment has caused very great satisfaction at the Cape as well as at home. There he will find important and difficult work awaiting him. Lord Carnarvon's scheme of forming a confederation of states in South Africa is one which will doubtless require delicate handling. So far as we can judge, it seems likely, if carried into effect, to be of much benefit to natives and settlers. No fitter man than Sir Bartle Frere could have been found to preside over such an experiment, or to watch over the interests and development of South Africa. We earnestly wish him prosperity and blessing.

II.—GLANCES ABROAD.

THE UNITED STATES' PRESIDENT.

After a party struggle more obstinately contested than any previously known, Mr. Hayes, the representative of the Republicans, has been declared President of the United States of America, and commenced his official career on the 4th of March, that being the

day from which the presidential term of office, four years in length, is dated. Mr. Hayes was voted in by the narrowest possible majority, and it seems clear that political influences had something to do with the counting of the votes, and so with the turning of the scale in Mr. Hayes's favour. It was felt, however, by the best of American politicians on both the Republican and Democratic sides, that it was eminently desirable that the dispute as to the election of President should be definitely settled without further delay. Had the issue been left doubtful, the only resource would have been to allow the presidential chair to be occupied for a year by the President of the Senate, and then to have held another election in the autumn. The agitation, the passions, the interruption of trade, and the social inconvenience which this course would have entailed, would have been a national calamity; and, finally, the leaders of the Democratic party made up their minds to yield to their opponents, and to resign the victory which some of the more eager of their followers believed to be within their reach. For the sake of American society generally we are glad that this conclusion has been arrived at, and that thus a grave crisis in affairs has passed over. It is gratifying to know that in personal character and in intellectual capability the new President is well fitted to adorn the position to which he has been called, and the first steps taken by him of an administrative kind seem to show that he is animated by liberal and patriotic motives. He has adopted a conciliatory attitude towards the hot-blooded and naturally exasperated Democrats of the Southern States, and seems bent on having supreme regard to the interests of his country at large. This is our impression, and we are glad to place it on record. We trust that the good omens will be fulfilled, and that the new President will fill his term of office with honour to himself and to the great advantage of the American people.

PEACE BETWEEN SERVIA AND TURKEY.

The armistice between Servia and Turkey has been so prolonged, and so many other aspects of the Eastern question, besides that of the relations of this little State to its antagonist, have forced themselves upon our attention, that the announcement of the arrangement of terms of peace has excited comparatively little attention in England. In fact, we have almost learned to regard a people who are able to wage open war with Turkey as less to be pitied than those who, broken by the iron heel of despotism, continue in tame, unresisting subjection to the Porte. But, in truth, this restoration of peace, or perhaps rather this formal cessation of war, affords cause for gratitude. Servia, undeniably, was getting beaten, and any renewal of the strife would have been merely throwing lives away. The little State was outnumbered and overpowered, and it was clearly time to put back the sword into its scabbard. The terms agreed upon are perhaps more favourable than could have been expected. Servia is to return to the position which she occupied before the war. Unfortunately we cannot attribute the favourable nature of these terms to the generosity of Turkey. There are no doubt very good reasons why the Porte should not attempt to exact anything further from Servia. Europe is looking on, and even after all that has happened, Turkey dare not produce any gratuitous irritation by a high-handed course towards Servia. The population of the latter country is returning with alacrity and energy to its wonted occupations, and we trust that yet in some way the ends for which the people struggled will be brought about.

SUFFERERS FROM TURKISH MISRULE.

Nothing can be more sad and piteous than the accounts which reach us from various quarters of the misery of the poor victims of Turkish cruelty, fanaticism, and corruption. Mr. Gladstone has just sent forth a pamphlet, in which he gives, from papers that have been laid before Parliament, a summary statement of the conduct of the Porte "in and about Bulgaria since May, 1876." The writer maintains that the acts of the Porte during the past nine months "demonstrate a deliberate intention and a coherent plan. That purpose has been to cover up iniquity; to baffle inquiry; to reward prominence in crime; to punish or discourage humanity among its own agents; to prolong the reign of terror; to impress with a steady coherence upon the minds of its Mohammedan subjects this but too intelligible lesson for the next similar occasion, *Do it again.*" This terrible indictment is only too fully sustained. We, living in happier circumstances, find it difficult to realise such a wretched and infamous state of things; and even when we get vivid glimpses of it which move our indignation, there is some danger lest, in despair of rendering any real service to those who thus suffer, we should simply allow our emotion to pass away without finding embodiment in acts of kindly helpfulness. But although diplomacy may fail, and statesmen and princes look on in perplexity and inaction, the generous compassion of Christian hearts in England must find some channel in which to flow towards the multitudes of widows and orphans who have been plunged into poverty and desolation by the horrors which have been enacted in Eastern Europe, and towards the thousands who have sought refuge by flight into neighbouring provinces from the nameless barbarities and outrages to which they were exposed under the hideous despotism of Turkey. Brave and tender-hearted English men and women are striving to do something by the ministry of personal kindness, and by distributing food, clothing, and other help, to mitigate the distresses of those whom the slaughter and rapine of the last twelve months have reduced to terrible extremity. Last month we referred to Dr. Sandwith's good work among the Servian sick and wounded. We have now before us letters from Miss Johnston, who writes from Knin, in Dalmatia, and who with Miss Irby, has been engaged there and in Croatia and Slavonia to do something to relieve the fugitives from Turkey in

that district. They are full of the most painful details. We can only give a few excerpts from the letters, but they will be sufficient to indicate the state of things. Writing on January 24th, Miss Johnston says :—

"My last letter told you a little of the condition of the refugees in Croatia and Slavonia. We are now in Dalmatia, and feel that, sad as was the suffering we had already witnessed, till our arrival here we hardly knew what depths could be reached by these poor people.

"Accounts from this province had, indeed, told us of the hundreds dying of hunger, of the small-pox and famine-typhus, which were raging among the miserable fugitives; but our thoughts were then fully occupied with the scenes immediately surrounding us, and it seemed difficult to believe that worse ones were awaiting us.

"The Bosnians hereabouts are those who have fled from the south-west, and have come but a little way from their burnt and desecrated homes; hundreds, indeed, are living actually on the frontier, and some can see from their place of refuge the ruined walls of their cottages on the distant slopes of the Bosnian hills. From the cruel Turk their lives are, indeed, safe; but the bleak barren hills of Dalmatia give little more than this security. Food there is none; shelter but little; wood for fuel is scarce, and very dear; and, what is hardest for the poor refugees, little attention is paid to their wants by the Government officials. To-day a rumour reached us that, in this respect, matters are to mend; but, up to the present time, four kreutzers a day for the old and sick is the utmost which has been given, and that so capriciously and irregularly that it was really no assistance, and we find places where they have received and do receive absolutely nothing. In this stony country food is always scarce, even for the inhabitants; but now, owing to the increased demand, Indian corn is eight times dearer than it was this time last year, and it is almost beyond the reach of the penniless multitude. How those live who have survived is a mystery. Truly, the children look like little living corpses; their sunken eyes, drawn lips, and stick-like limbs show what the continual suffering of hunger is, and it is only the strongest who survive.

"At Strmnitza, two hours' from Knin, there are about six thousand Bosnians. Since October two thousand have died in that place alone. . . . . You will wish to know what we are able to do for them. Of course, we came hoping that—as we had done in Slavonia—we should be able to establish day-schools, where the children would be clothed and fed regularly; but we saw directly that, until the bare necessaries of life had been provided, this could not be thought of. On our way we bought a large quantity of Indian corn, and as soon as we arrived we telegraphed for more, in all £2,500 worth."

After describing the distribution of food and clothing by which, during two days of hard work, help was afforded to two thousand people—but a small proportion, alas! of those who were in need—Miss Johnston adds :—

"Our trusty Bosnian helper from Pakratz (himself a refugee of nineteen years' standing, and now well-to-do in his adopted country) has just returned from an expedition across the frontier, where we had heard of numbers of poor families escaped from their own villages, and hiding in caves dug out of the rugged hillsides. Accustomed as old Lazar is to the sight of want and poverty, he returns appalled at what he has now seen. In one place three hundred of these wretched people actually starving; little naked children shivering in the wind to which their poor refuge is exposed. Food is the most pressing want; but one hundred English blankets are going with the seventy sacks of corn, which Lazar is to take to those dwellers in the rocks to-morrow.

"A few days ago we gave linen for shirts to about six hundred children at Strmnitza, and each a piece of bread; enough linen for parents and all could not be procured, and it seems well to help the children first, for they are the first to perish for want of it. We have not yet seen any of the fugitives entirely without shelter; but they are living forty and fifty in one hut, often without windows, always without chimney, and suffer terribly from overcrowding, and consequent illness. In one such hut eight children died in two days a month ago. Though small-pox and typhus seem to be almost exhausted now, at one time the burials in this one village were from thirty to forty a day. But it is in vain to try and describe the misery. We often wish some of the English upholders of the Turk, who are in large measure answerable for this, and so much more woe, could be with us among their victims—could see the weary, hopeless crowd of hunger-stricken creatures who will wait patiently hours in the cold wind for ever so small a gift, and who, were it not for their cruel persecutor and his supporters, would be industrious, peaceful cultivators of beautiful, fertile Bosnia."

Help may be sent to Miss Johnston through A. Johnston, Esq., 152, Leadenhall Street, E.C. From an American missionary (Dr. Clarke), at Philippopolis, in Bulgaria, a letter has lately been published giving particulars of the sad state of the Bulgarian villagers, whose homes were the scene of the awful massacres and cruelties of last year. There Lady Strangford has been at work for months, and that noble lady has, as Dr. Clarke says, "with a woman's insight into the necessities of the people, and an energy worthy of any man, devoted all her strength and more to providing clothes for the naked, and hospitals, nurses, and physicians for the sick, while aiding in many other ways, and, more than all, she has proved to the suffering Bulgarians that there are many warm English hearts that feel sympathy for their oppressed people, and are ready to aid them." We are thankful to know that, through these and other agencies, the English people are doing something to soothe and heal these distressed populations. This is a noble way of preaching the gospel, and who can tell whether this service of Christian love may not have some influence for good even upon the Turkish Government? That may be, from all we hear, too much to hope, but at any rate those who thus go forth on behalf of wounded, bruised, down-trodden humanity are treading in the steps of the Good Samaritan,—and the issues are with God.

THE CHURCH IN THE COLONIES.

The development of Church life in its manifold forms in the colonies of Great Britain cannot but be watched with interest by Christians of the mother

country, and in some of its aspects may not be without valuable instruction for those who have at heart the interest of older organizations in these days of movement and of change. The other day we heard a South African bishop, of some years' experience, say that in our colonies there the Episcopal Church was solving, and in a most satisfactory way, problems of administration which seemed to be occasioning ever-increasing perplexity to the Established Church at home, and notwithstanding the comparative poverty and dependence of his extensive diocese, the speaker seemed to rejoice in the free play of those influences, some of them rough and apparently hostile, which are bracing the energies and developing the vigorous life of the young Church. In a recent number of the *Nonconformist* newspaper we observed a letter from a correspondent in Toronto, dwelling in an enthusiastic strain upon the condition and progress of the "Church of England" there, and rejoicing in its "free and untrammelled condition." The writer says, "There are no better churchmen than colonists, and what they hold dear in the Church they hold doubly dear when they find that, though thousands of miles away from state patronage, the worship of their Church loses none of its grandeur, its noble teachings, none of its holy and practical effects." The sum of the testimony appears to be that when the various Christian Churches take their place upon a tolerably equal footing they each and all find sympathizers and supporters. They meet the necessities or preferences of various orders of mind and spiritual constitution, and become agencies for the expression of various phases of a common religious life. It is by the test of their ability to do this that all ecclesiastical organizations must either stand or fall, must grow with the spread of religious truth and life, or must be left behind, and thrown aside as a dead husk which has no further purpose to serve. We observe some healthy, stirring words to this effect, reported in the Melbourne papers as having been recently spoken by the newly-appointed bishop of that colonial diocese, Dr. Moorhouse. Dr. Moorhouse has been reminding his new Australian friends in very plain terms that the progress of the Church to which they belong must after all depend chiefly, under God, on the devotion and liberality of its adherents. He tells them that they must not look to England for the men of culture whom they require for their pulpits, but must produce them and train them from amongst themselves. To this end the bishop exhorts his people to contribute towards the establishment of a theological college in connection with the Melbourne University, and as to the pecuniary resources needed, he observes, "You must either starve your pockets or starve your souls." This style of talking seems to have put some of the colonists on their defence, and at a meeting held to welcome the bishop, a few days after the delivery of the speech referred to, Dr. Moorhouse recurred to the same subject, speaking in terms which are well worth noting. "He had been met," he said, "with the observation, 'You don't seem to appreciate the poverty of the Church of England in Victoria.' Well, no; he did not. He looked round that room and saw no signs of it. He looked at miles of villas, and he saw no signs of it. He met working men in their clothes in the streets, and he had seen no signs of it. He supposed they were not very much poorer than the denominations that stood beside them, and if they were, still he knew of no poverty that could discourage him here. He put it to them as men of common sense—he would not speak of the higher aspects of that question—he would not say a word about their common duty to fight for the glory of God, for the welfare of mankind, for the advancement of the kingdom of Christ, but he would put it upon the question of self-interest, and he would say boldly that if they had money, there was no form of expenditure which they could indulge in that would bring them in as good a return as giving their ministers a good education." This profit-and-loss view of the matter deserves to be taken into the account, and it need not necessarily be a narrow and selfish view. Churches which will take the pains to secure a highly cultured ministry, at least in this way, pay respect to the interests which they in some special sense commit to these public teachers. The sense of the deep and far-reaching importance of religious truth and of its relations with every department of human life, which leads a Church to secure an educated clergy, will scarcely fail to exhibit itself also in forms of spiritual intensity and zeal. It is, indeed, not by "might or by power" that God has chosen to confound the things of this world, apart from spiritual vitallty and the true fervour of Christian discipleship, but in the history of the Church we find through all the ages that God has in many illustrious instances put special honour upon consecrated intellectual strength and culture. Dr. Moorhouse has, we think, spoken to his people a wise and still-needed word, which is not unlikely to bear good fruit.

III.—JOTTINGS FROM THE MISSION FIELD.

THE GOSPEL AMONG PARIS WORKMEN.

It was certainly one of those promptings which we may without presumption recognise as from God, which led the Rev. R. W. McAll, some six years ago, to devote himself, aided by his excellent wife, to the endeavour to promote the spiritual welfare of the working classes in Paris. It was a strange and some would have said, probably did say, Quixotic task, for a stranger, knowing next to nothing of the French language, and but little of French life, to undertake in that gay and busy capital, and on behalf of a class remarkable even there for their contemptuous indifference and unbelief with respect to Christianity. But Mr. McAll had become possessed by a true idea, and stirred by a Christ-like yearning. He began by holding some small services, most felicitously adapted to enlist the interest and attract the attention of those for whom they were intended. He has opened station after station, until now sittings are

provided for 3,763 persons, and at the nineteen meeting places there is an average attendance of over 5,500 persons every week. In these rooms, too, and in connection with Mr. McAll's mission, an important and rapidly extending work is being carried on, on behalf of the "boys and girls of Paris." Between two and three thousand children weekly come under religious instruction in one form or another by means of this agency. From the report of the mission for the past year, we gather that the progress of every department of the work has been very marked and gratifying. Mr. McAll has been, from the first, singularly successful in securing various and efficient co-operation in his enterprise. Many names familiar from their illustrious position in the ranks of French Protestantism, appear in Mr. McAll's report as those of his sympathizers and helpers. Amongst them we notice that of M. St. Hilaire, member of the Institute of France. Professor St. Hilaire contributes, for the third or fourth time, a letter to Mr. McAll's report, in which he states some of the observations and conclusions which his personal co-operation has enabled him to form of this work during the year 1876. We quote two or three paragraphs from the Professor's letter, which happily indicate the solidity of the progress that is being made :—

"Another sign of God's blessing resting upon these *réunions* is, that the number of MEN frequenting them is constantly increasing, and this, some years ago, was the failing point in such efforts. Shall I go further? I have perceived, if I mistake not, that the men are better hearers than the women; and this can be understood, because all that they hear is new to them! All their preconceived notions are overthrown, surprise is seen on their countenances: they feel that they are entering as into an unknown world, of which even the language is foreign to them. So that one needs some other word than 'listen' to describe their impassioned attention when we speak to them of the gospel. Its tender appeals go straightway to their heart; and then they feel that they are loved. There lies our power over them; and it is the only power we possess, we, who are but poor worms of the earth, in dealing with these momentous realities, which we could not take upon our lips without trembling, unless we felt that Jesus is with us, and that the Holy Spirit dictates to us what we should speak.

"Some days ago, I was present at the meeting of Faubourg St. Antoine, the one of all your stations which is my favourite, because it is most thoroughly a gathering of the populace. I had begun to speak when I saw five young workmen, genuine bandits (forgive the word), walk into the room, who appeared to have come straight from the drinking shop. Although accustomed to the wonderful calmness which reigns in these meetings (you remember that it was not always so at the outset), I confess that I was a little disquieted; and, as I went on to speak, I kept my eye upon the new-comers. But, when seated, how speedily they became subdued and attracted in the sweet atmosphere of peace and of sympathy! After some minutes, you would not have recognised them; the expression of their countenance was quite changed, *le gamin de Paris* had disappeared, and had given place, if not, as yet, to the Christian, at least to the thoughtful and well-disposed, listener. The gospel which they heard, doubtless for the first time, had thus come home to them.

"Another feature of progress is in the size of the mission-halls, which increases along with the number of attendants. Most of the insignificant shops which, in the beginning, were sufficient for the purpose, have given place to larger rooms, which are with equal ease filled. It is well known that in these large gatherings of human beings there is a sacred contagion which no one can resist, and which is spread around by those who have felt it. Then it is that people feel themselves brought nearer to each other, and more happy, and they desire to share with others what they have received. Our large rooms will contain—Belleville, 400; St. Antoine, 370; Ornano, 320; and the new hall opened this week in the Rue de Rivoli, 270 persons when filled."

Of course the financial demands of a work like this increase as the work itself extends. Mr. McAll has, however, thus far secured, without any noisy appeal, from various sources all the money required. We observe that the total income for last year was £3,108, and that, after the necessary expenditure had been met, there remained £363 in the treasurer's hands on the general account, besides £207 on account of the children's mission. The largest item in the expenditure is for rent of mission stations. The next item in amount is for "stipend of helpers and part payment of others." It is understood that Mr. and Mrs. McAll themselves receive no stipend, but give their noble life-services freely to this very important work.

CHRISTIAN LABOURS IN JAPAN.

A very interesting summary of the extent of missionary agency in Japan, and of some of its effects, has lately been published. No fewer than twelve different missionary societies are represented in this field of labour. Of these eight are American, comprising Episcopalians, Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, and others. Two are Scotch—the United Presbyterian and the Edinburgh Medical Missions. The remaining two are English, and are both connected with societies belonging to the Established Church of this country—viz., the Church Missionary Society and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. Three American societies commenced their labours among the Japanese in 1859; one American, and also the Church Missionary Society, ten years later, and the rest within the last two or three years. There are 79 agents; of these 46 are clerical, 8 are medical, and 25 are educational workers, while 61 of them are connected with American societies, 6 with the Scotch, and 12 with the English. The results are thus indicated :—Average weekly attendance, 3,495; baptized converts, 1,004. Of the converts it is noteworthy that about one-fourth (247) are credited to the American Presbyterians, and, what is still more singular, more than one-half of the average number of attendants is set down to two American missions. The Americans also seem to be foremost in mission school work. They have 531 day-scholars and 600 Sunday-scholars. There are also 33 native Christian

paid agents, and 40 "students" for the ministry, 16 of whom belong to the Dutch Presbyterians of the United States.

The *Church Missionary Intelligencer*, from which we have culled these figures, remarks that the lead taken by the Americans in mission work for Japan is not surprising. "The relations between the United States and Japan are intimate in many ways. It was an American naval officer who, twenty years ago, obtained those first concessions to foreigners that led to the opening up of the country." Moreover, "from San Francisco to Yokohama is only a voyage of seventeen days." It may be said of these figures, as of most others relating to any sphere of human activity, that they suggest as many questions as they answer. They show, however, that the work of the gospel in Japan is as yet quite in its initiatory stages. That singular and long unknown country has with remarkable readiness thrown itself into the arms of Western civilisation. The solidity of the basis of this swift revolution has been questioned by thoughtful observers, and it is certain that religious infidelity is, as also in India, steadily taking the place of exploded superstitions in the minds of an important section of the population. The Japanese have not shown the same readiness to accept Christianity, which they have shown to adopt the customs and take advantage of the culture and commerce of Western nations. Still it is something that a thousand Japanese should already have made a profession of the religion of Jesus Christ. The Great Master's comparison of His kingdom to a grain of mustard-seed will occur at once to the minds of those who receive His words, and the thought of those toilers in this ground which has so long lain fallow, and of their need of patience, faithfulness, and prayer, ought to move us at home to a very tender remembrance and sympathy.

PROTESTANT REFORMATION IN MEXICO.

In the *Foreign Church Chronicle and Review*, the first number of which periodical has just appeared, we observe a brief, but most interesting sketch of the remarkable movement which has been going on in Mexico during the last ten years, and which now presents a very encouraging aspect. Under influences and circumstances which cannot here be traced in detail, the Mexican Government has been led to shake off the thraldom of the Roman Catholic Church, "and has granted perfect freedom of worship to all religious communities, so far at least as affects the celebration of the rites of the various denominations while conducted within the walls of their respective churches." The measures taken against Romanism certainly seem to be severe, but when all the circumstances are taken into consideration it would probably be difficult to show that they are unjustifiable. This is the account given of them :—

"All conventual establishments have been suppressed, and the bulk of their property has been confiscated. Not only are all processions prohibited, but the clergy are not allowed to appear in the streets in a clerical garb of any description. They are compelled, in fact, to dress as laymen. Nuns, and even those most useful Sisters of Charity, whose lives were devoted to active benevolence, were given a year to determine whether they would relinquish their distinctive dress or quit the country. They selected the latter alternative, and the city was deprived of their services."

The writer proceeds to describe a remarkable movement of a more strictly religious kind than that referred to, and which has progressed simultaneously with it. About ten years since the British and Foreign Bible Society, seizing the opportunity afforded by the establishment of a more liberal government, sent into Mexico a number of Bibles and Testaments. One of these fell into the hands of a priest named Aguilar. Divine truth poured like light upon his heart; he seceded from Rome, and commenced to labour as an evangelist and pastor. After two years, however, he died, and the little flock which he had gathered was left shepherdless. They communicated with the American Episcopal Church, and the result was that Dr. Riley, who was preaching at that time to a Spanish congregation in New York, undertook the charge left by Aguilar. Under his energetic superintendence the work grew rapidly. One of the most eminent and learned Romish ecclesiastics of the capital who was appointed to refute the doctrines preached by Dr. Riley, himself became a convert and then an enthusiastic associate in his work. Dr. Riley has lately purchased in the city of Mexico a magnificent church which had been sequestrated by the government, and which will seat three thousand people. It is now undergoing repairs. Congregations have also been formed in many towns and country districts. In addition to these and other particulars, the writer states that Protestant work generally is greatly extending in Mexico.

"The Presbyterians have collected native congregations in the states of Mexico, Zacateca, Toluca, and Vera Cruz. In the capital also, and at Puebla, there are large congregations of Episcopal Methodists in a portion of what was the late convent of San Francisco, and in some of the former premises of the Inquisition, which have been adapted to a church and orphanage. The Baptists, too, have several congregations scattered about the country."

Those who are at all familiar with the utter superstition and corruption, which until recent years has desecrated the name of the Christian religion in Mexico, will understand how marvellous is the change which is thus being wrought out. May God speed the cause of liberty and truth in this long barren country!

"What is it in thy pensive face in which thy charm doth lie?"

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HARTLEIGH TOWERS.

The Story of a Noble Purpose.

By the AUTHOR of "Andrew Gray's Story," &c.

CHAPTER XXI.—THE CHIEF MOURNER OF HARTLEIGH TOWERS.

"Since my mother left her blessing on my brow,
There has been something wanting in my nature until now."
Owen Meredith.

THE darkness of another night had gathered over the woods of Chadsthorpe, and the stars looked calmly down on the smouldering ruins of Hartleigh Towers. The great charred, roofless walls stood out weird and gaunt against the clear wintry sky. Underneath the fallen roof the gatherings of many generations lay buried, representing the tastes and hobbies of past owners. Nothing had been saved from destruction except such fragments as might be disinterred when the still smoking débris could be searched.

In the gardener's cottage a light burned where two anxious hearts kept watch. Tom Belton still lay in a stupor, having neither moved nor spoken since morning. But there was life still, and Dr. Barnes held out hope that daybreak might bring a recurrence of consciousness. For Hugh Hartleigh the past hours had been full of wearying suspense. Suddenly he, the fetterless and solitary man, who sometimes made a pathetic boast of his freedom from closer ties than those of mere associates, was plunged into the keenest anxiety about one who, until a few weeks before, had been an absolute stranger.

The other watcher was still Mrs. Tuckett's lodger. She rarely left the bedside, but, tender as her ministering service to the sick man had been, to the squire she had been silent and almost stern in her manner, checking him abruptly when he more than once attempted to thank her for the service which she had rendered to the slumbering inmates of the ill-fated Towers. Once or twice, too, she had in a repressed official tone reminded Hugh, when he entered the little room and began restlessly to walk to and fro, that Dr. Barnes had enjoined silence, and then he would, with a sense of banishment from the centre of interest, transfer his restless walk to the little flower-bordered path. Then it seemed as if it were the nurse's turn to get anxious about the intruder whom she had exiled. She would often rise gently from her seat by her patient's bedside to steal anxious glances at the tall figure which from time to time darkened the little window, and then, shedding hot burning tears, return to her silent watch.

About the chill hour of dawn Hugh, who had been standing by the bedside looking intently for a few moments on Tom Belton's unconscious face, said suddenly, in an eager whisper, "Mrs. Hilton, look! I think he is waking up."

"Both nursing me; how kind!" Tom Belton murmured as he opened his eyes and glanced from Hugh towards Mrs. Hilton. "I must surely have slept an age. But where am I?" he asked presently, looking round with a startled air.

"My dear fellow, that I should have brought you to Hartleigh to suffer like this," said Hugh, with a face almost as pain-stricken as the sick man's.

"Nay, she will tell you truly it was another hand did that," replied Belton, glancing at Mrs. Hilton with a smile. "She will teach you many things—a mother's love and friendship is what you sorely needed," he continued in a calm tone.

"He is wandering—don't let him talk more, don't," whispered Mrs. Hilton with a start, as Hugh bent over him, saying, in a coaxing tone, "She is very exacting, this motherly friend, you know. She says you must sleep now." But Hugh did not see the startled inquiring look which, in his turn, the sick man cast on his nurse; nor did he observe the warning finger she lifted as she glanced into Tom Belton's face, not with the pitying gaze with which she had been scanning it during the hours of his stupor, but with an eager pleading gesture as if she were throwing herself on his mercy.

Tom Belton did not speak again for several minutes, and then he turned to Hugh and said in a quiet tone, "Hartleigh, I think, after all, I should like to see the doctor. Will you go and fetch him now?"

"Certainly," replied Hugh, hurrying away with an anxious glance, as the coming light showed what ravages the prolonged suffering seemed to have already made on the strong frame.

Mrs. Hilton rose from her seat as soon as Hugh had passed the window, and stood leaning at the little casement. There was an expression of something like fear on her

face as she listened to the low summons which she evidently expected.

"Mrs. Hartleigh, come, I want to speak to you. I sent him away on purpose—your son——"

"Oh, hush! Do not tempt me to betray a secret I once in an evil hour vowed to keep. This is more than I can bear. I must leave you, Mr. Belton, ill as you are," cried the squire's mother, for such she was, with a sob.

"Forgive me, if I have betrayed a secret; but I cannot believe that its betrayal should be so terrible—he is your son," said Belton feebly, trying to raise himself, and gazing up in her stricken face with a pitying look.

"Yes, he is my son—my only child born in what they call holy wedlock. Mr. Belton, you are an honourable man. You will not repeat involuntary words spoken in my terror? I think I have a right to ask you to promise silence before I go. And will you promise me, too, to be always a friend to my son? He needs such as you," she said, taking the sick man's hand with a pleading gesture.

"It is much to ask, when you are going to forsake him, Mrs. Hartleigh," replied Tom Belton in a low grave tone.

"Oh, hush! don't call me by that name. They called me by my maiden name again—Edith Campion; but when my father died I thought it best to choose one that gave no clue to the past. Oh, Mr. Belton, you don't know what a struggle you have reopened; but I have brought it on myself. A weak longing for a sight of his face brought me to Chadsthorpe four years ago, only to be disappointed; and then at long last I met my son one summer evening—and this is how it has ended. But I shall soon be lost in the crowd again," said Mrs. Tuckett's lodger with a sob, as she covered her face with her hands.

Mr. Belton looked silently at the stooping figure for a few moments, and then said, in a tone which had something of his old energy in it, "If I am to keep a secret, at least I must know it fully."

"I cannot! I must not!" cried Mrs. Hilton. "You have heard enough and to spare of Hartleigh tragedies already. But you are in pain again," she added gently.

"Go on, go on—there is no time to waste," cried Tom Belton in an impatient tone; and thus challenged Hugh Hartleigh's mother, kneeling by the sick man's side, told the tale of her blighted life.

"There was only my sister," she began in a low sad voice. "My mother died when we were babies. Our father, Colonel Campion, was a gambler by profession—at least he had sunk to that before I can remember anything. The most prosperous gambling place of the season, I may say, was the changing home of our childhood. Our educational advantages were, as you may suppose, fluctuating like our home. Sometimes, when there was a run of good luck, we had the best masters procurable in the town in which we happened to be camping; and then would come long periods of educational famine. But, however involved were our father's finances, he always seemed to contrive to live in some fashionable quarter, and went into good society. In all external matters Ethel and I were brought up according to the strictest rules of etiquette, with a view to producing elegant specimens of young-ladyism when we should be fully fledged.

"I was barely seventeen when my father became acquainted with Lady Susan Hartleigh, my son's grandmother. They were kindred spirits, and became great friends. She was an enthusiastic gambler, and, I think, a more successful one than my father. For many years she lived entirely on the Continent, and insisted on keeping her son constantly dangling by her side from one fashionable watering-place to another, always putting off the evil day of sending him to school on the score of his feeble health, made feebler by his upbringing. He was about twenty-two when my father and Lady Susan made friends, and very soon the plot was hatched which blighted my life. But I must be done, Mr. Belton. I was an unfaithful nurse to yield to my patient as I have done," said Mrs. Hartleigh pausing.

"No, no, don't stop! I must hear it all," replied Tom Belton urgently.

"But you can guess pretty much what followed then," continued Mrs. Hartleigh. "The first day I remember seeing Lady Susan she called and took Ethel and me to spend the day at her hotel. We played with her poodles, and were driven by her to see some sights. Her son accompanied us when we drove out, but after the day was over Ethel and I had a much more interested recollection of the pampered family of poodles with their funny tricks than of the heir of the Hartleighs. Imagine my surprise, therefore, when, one evening, very shortly after, our French maid brought me a message that my father wished to see me, but that Mademoiselle Ethel was not wanted *en bas*. With an eager face and glit-

tering eyes, my father welcomed me, saying that he congratulated me on the piece of good-luck that had befallen me, and told me that he was the bearer of an offer of marriage from Lady Susan's son. 'I don't like him, father,' I said, quickly turning to hurry off to Ethel, seized with a sudden feeling of fright, in which some fierceness mingled. My father sprang after me, calling me back, and I could see that I had roused his anger as I had never done before. I need not dwell on how it all happened, Mr. Belton —I was a light-hearted child when I awoke that morning, but before the next fortnight was over I began to feel a broken-hearted woman. In less than three weeks I became Leigh Hartleigh's wife. The affair had been arranged at a gaming-table, as I afterwards learnt, though, to do my poor father justice, I really believe he then thought the match as advantageous a step for me as it was for himself, as Lady Susan's debtor. And so they dressed me in white, and led me to church. I suppose I consented, but I hardly know I seemed only to waken out of a long dream to find myself Leigh Hartleigh's companion and wife. They took me into society—my father and Lady Susan, still confederates, and both at first satisfied with their exchange. Lady Susan lived with us, or rather we with her. She was her son's keeper, in fact, till she tired of the post, and then she established a substitute in the shape of Dr. Rushworth, of whom you have heard. It was then that my rebellion began to get quite irrepressible and I think even my father's stained, worldly heart was roused to pity for the daughter whom he had so sacrificed. I began to read pity in the eyes of all, and shut myself up in my pride and sorrow. Lady Susan grew more and more dissatisfied with the child-daughter, whom she hoped to mould to her imperious will. My husband was not only weak in intellect; he was vain, base, and passionate to frenzy. I began to resolve that I must at any cost free myself from the hated bonds—that it was right and good I should do so; and God gave me my wilful way, as I little expected. Lady Susan, after one or two stormy interviews on the subject, suddenly acquiesced in my wish for a separation, and came to me armed with terms, which in my desperation and folly I grasped at. You can guess what they were. The price of my freedom was to be my child yet unborn—and I paid it. A fortnight after my son was born—it was at Sorrento—Lady Susan, accompanied by Dr. Rushworth, came to claim the fulfilment of the compact. With tearless eyes I gave my child, while my sister Ethel clung to him, weeping burning tears on his baby face—mine were to drop bitter and burning over that morning's act through long years, while hers were wiped away for ever after one short month. 'You understand that the step you take is quite irrevocable—that your marriage is cancelled, and you are again Edith Campion,' hissed Dr. Rushworth, my enemy, bending over my couch with a paper he wished me to sign. I clenched my feverish fingers, and, crushing down every thought and instinct, I said, 'I do,' and signed it.

"What might have happened to my poor mind and heart in the days which followed if nature had not mercifully brought an eclipse to my throbbing brain, I know not. For weeks I lay at the gates of death, tossing in fever, nursed by my sweet sister and an old Italian peasant. And when I came back to life again, it was to find that Ethel was prostrated by the same fever. I was yet an invalid when I had to close her eyes in death. Then my father was struck down, and him too I left in his grave in Sorrento, and then I turned to face the wide world alone and came to England. I earned my bread by giving singing lessons — my sole bread-winning art being music. And so the years went on. My heart was hard and unforgiving towards God and man, but underneath and beyond every other feeling in strength there gnawed a hunger for my child. And when Leigh Hartleigh ended his poor frenzied life at the Towers I saw the fact in a newspaper, and it was then that my first great temptation assailed me. Could I not go and take possession of my child? How I hated the thought of his lands, his riches! If he had been lonely and portionless, then I might have tried to prove to myself that this was right, but as it was I put the longing away."

"Did you never think that your son might seek you out, Mrs. Hartleigh? What would you have done then?" asked the sick man, with his kindly honest eyes fixed on the speaker.

"I knew that to be impossible," replied Mrs. Hartleigh, quickly. "Dr. Rushworth was his acting guardian, and he would of course take care to prevent anything of the kind. And when Margaret Carew happened to tell me yesterday that my son told her that his mother's name was Ethel, that she had died within six weeks of his birth, and was buried at Sorrento, I was not surprised to hear this little tale, though to point him

to Ethel's grave as mine was but a poor ruse," she added with a bitter smile.

"Once or twice I had a stolen glimpse of him during his earlier boyhood—going a hundred miles to see him play amongst other boys at school. But I found such attempts to satisfy my mother-hunger only added to my misery, so I gave them up. Then God had mercy on my poor empty heart, and I found rest and healing in the friendship of One who till then had been but a vague meaningless name to me. In my sorrow I had often enough lifted a cry to heaven for release as a heathen might, but at last God's peace did come even to me. I know from the words you spoke yesterday, my friend, that you too have come to find this peace."

"Yes—glimmerings of it, that is to say, perhaps, lately especially," replied Tom Belton, with a pathetic smile. "But I am a commonplace fellow, you know, Mrs. Hartleigh, and my experience corresponds with my character, I suppose; my little heartaches are common enough, I dare say. It is a very real thing, this peace though," he added, reverently.

"Well, my heart grew more peaceful, as I was telling you. I was able to ask for the forsaken child the guidance and comfort of the heavenly Father, and to believe that He was answering my prayers, though it might not be given to me to know it. Then He seemed to give me, bringing them within the circle of duty of my desolate life, other young hearts to help and love, and I used to feel as if He said, "Tend these for me, and I will take care of yours;" and so the years passed, and I worked, and hoped, and prayed, till one day I accidentally got some news of my son, through overhearing a conversation about him between two of his college acquaintances. They talked of him as eccentric. Rich and free, the luckiest young man possible in their eyes, but sad and unfortunate in his own. The picture haunted me. I must—I felt wild with desire to see him once again. It was near the time of his majority. Surely he would at least visit Chadsthorpe then, I thought; so hither I came, weary, forlorn, and penniless, to take up my abode in Mrs. Tuckett's parlour. The sequel you know—how he did not come to meet his tenants when he came of age. Now I believe God has begun to answer my prayers, and that my son may yet act a noble part in life," said Mrs. Hartleigh, a glad light coming into her tear-stained face.

"Yes, yes," repeated Tom Belton, quickly, as a fresh spasm of pain crossed his face.

"You are suffering again, my poor unselfish friend, and you have been making me pour forth my selfish troubles in spite of your pain," cried Mrs. Hartleigh, as she tenderly wiped his forehead.

"Oh, here is the doctor at last, surely he will give you some relief," she added, soothingly, as passing figures darkened the little window, and footsteps were heard on the threshold.

"Don't leave me—promise, Mrs. Hartleigh. I want to speak to you—many things—a message, too," gasped the sufferer, with a look of entreaty, stretching out his hand.

Before Mrs. Hartleigh had time to reply the squire came hurrying into the little room, followed, not by Dr. Barnes, but by the lawyer Rushworth. "It is true—I know it—you are my mother," cried Hugh, springing forward, and taking the wearied seamstress's fingers into his warm filial grasp, he gazed into his mother's face with an eager light in his dreamy eyes. "At last Rushworth has told me all. Why did I believe them when they said you were dead? But it's all right now. I have found you—my mother!" he said tremulously, as he stooped down to kiss the hands which were now covering her face, for she had sunk down on the chair beside the bed, so that Hugh could not see the struggle that was agitating her as she listened to his words.

"I told you this morning, Hartleigh, that you had found a better rooftree," said Tom Belton from his couch of pain, his old bright smile overspreading his face. "After all, you see, I am the chief mourner of the poor ruined house," he added, as he tried to rouse himself a little, and in so doing seemed to bring another paroxysm of pain.

"My dear fellow, to think my new-found joy should make me for one instant think of anything but you," said Hugh, tenderly. "You are in pain again, Belton. This is terrible. Barnes is on his way, and a London surgeon is coming. Look if the doctor is in sight, Rushworth."

Thus requested, the lawyer, who had been standing with an uneasy smile on his lips near the door, quietly withdrew. Mrs. Hartleigh raised her head to look at him as he went, and seemed about to speak, but did not. Since his introduction of himself last evening she remembered a vision of a sleek clerk who had stood alongside Dr. Rushworth on the terrible morning when she signed the dreadful compact, and this was the man.

"I can't move, Hartleigh, I must be like a

log here," whispered the sick man feebly. "This must be death—it is."

"Oh, Belton, Belton, it cannot be! It is too cruel and hard to have been sacrificed for us like this. You must not leave us, Belton," wailed Hugh, with blanched face. "Mother, we must keep him. What can we do?" he said, with a look of entreaty at his mother, who bent forward to moisten the parched lips. After she had done this several times, Tom Belton, who had been lying with his eyes shut, opened them, and turning to her with a grateful smile, said,—

"That is you—but why is your veil down, Mrs. Hartleigh? Put it up, I want to see your face again."

"I have no veil," replied Mrs. Hartleigh faintly, as she stooped to kiss his forehead with a sudden sickness of heart, for she began to realise that the eyes so bright, and kind, and true, were fast dimming to all earthly sights.

"Ah, I see, it has come to that—the windows are darkening," whispered the dying man with a sad smile. "The night is coming, and then the morning, you know—joy in the morning—we shall meet in the dawn, won't we?" and then again pain checked his utterance.

Presently the dying man, feebly lifting a finger, signed to Hugh to give him his hand, and then, after a short pause, and speaking with slow, difficult utterance, he said—

"You will be in St. Oswald's soon, Hartleigh—give my friendship to all friends there—kind all—the world has been ever kind to me, more than I deserve;" and then, turning his dimmed eyes on Mrs. Hartleigh, he continued, "I said that I wanted to leave a message with you. If you ever meet her, will you give it her—my legacy? I think I can trust you," he added with a bright smile crossing his lips.

"With anything," murmured Mrs. Hartleigh, bending low to catch his feeble words.

"It is only my love to her—my old boyish love—my dying love to Louisa Morgan—will you?" he gasped in an eager whisper.

"May she be worthy of such a precious legacy. May it keep her and bless her, as it surely must," was Mrs. Hartleigh's prayer and thought as she whispered tenderly, "For your dear sake I will," and stooping down she stroked the rich chestnut hair, and gazed with loving admiration into the earnest manly face on which there was shining the light that was never on sea or shore, not now to be shadowed any more by that deepest pain for a noble nature—the discovery of faith and love misplaced.

When Tom Belton opened his eyes again after a few minutes' silence, the son with his new-found mother stood arm in arm, with their gaze fixed on him, and down Hugh Hartleigh's cheek tears were stealing.

"Don't grieve for me, my dear fellow; it hurts me," said the sufferer in a muffled voice of pain, as he tried feebly to stretch out his hand. "I don't know how it is, Hartleigh, I feel strangely willing to give in to what is coming, and I used to sing the praises of life always," he added with a faint smile. "We are both going to begin happier lives together, Hartleigh. You have found your mother, and I am going to mine. She was good—I remember her. I was dreaming about her this morning—that she was reading to me, as she often did when I was a little boy, about the going over of the Pilgrims. I used to play at being Mr. Standfast, he was my favourite—it all seems like yesterday—and now I've come to the old river. Well, I'm but a poor pilgrim, but I believe her prayers and God's grace have kept me on the right road, in spite of myself at times."

"But you are better, Belton. That dreadful pain has not come again for a long while," cried Hugh, with a gleam of hope coming into his face as he knelt beside him.

"Better? yes, much," murmured Tom Belton with a smile, turning his head in the direction from which the words came. Dr. Barnes, who a few minutes before had entered the room, stood quietly by Mrs. Hartleigh's side, and in answer to her appealing glance, shook his head, saying softly, "It will come no more." The strong frame lay placid as if the storm were past, only the sinewy fingers strayed listlessly on the coverlet, and the lips moved at intervals almost inarticulately. But the clear brain had given way at last. The only words they could catch were about the falling beam, which had done such deadly work on the previous morning, though it seemed to have been so little in his thoughts since then. Raising himself on the mattress with a wild gesture, he cried convulsively, "There it comes, Hartleigh!—forward—forward, and we'll be safe yet. Don't you see the courtyard gate through the fire and smoke?—it's getting dark—and he's heavy—the old man. Ah! the beam is falling—there it comes—quick, Hartleigh—the gate—make for the gate."

But presently a great calm, as if of sunset, stole into the lowly little room in its noonday glare. The lips uttered feverish mur-

murings no longer, the dimmed eyes were closed as if in placid slumbers, and Tom Belton entered in through the gates of death to the inheritance of those who have received the Spirit of God.

CHAPTER XXII.—A ROOM IN ST. OSWALD'S.

"How know I what had need of thee?
For thou wert strong as thou wert true."
In Memoriam.

"WHY, Margaret, Belton's actually dead! died yesterday!" cried Frank Carew, looking up with a shocked expression from the *St. Oswald's Advertiser*, which he was reading.

"Dear, dear, poor young man. How very dreadful! What a thousand pities he ever went to Chadsthorpe about those alterations, to meet his death in that shocking way!" remarked Mrs. Carew from the drawing-room sofa, where she was lying in graceful invalid guise.

Margaret, who was seated at the window disentangling some ravelled skeins of silk for her mother's embroidery, looked up from her work with a blanched face as she heard the news. It seemed as if years, not days merely, had elapsed since on coming down to breakfast three mornings ago in Mrs. Tuckett's little parlour, all unconscious of what had been going on during these terrible early hours, she found a short note written in pencil from Mrs. Hilton, telling her of the sad duty which must detain her at the gardener's cottage that day. She wrote, however, hopefully about the sufferer, and added loving regrets that she must leave Margaret solitary during the hours of the coming day, promising to try and rejoin her on the following day, when she added that she would carry out her intention of leaving Chadsthorpe; she had meant to do so at once, but for this sorrowful detention. Early next morning, however, there arrived a special messenger from St. Oswald's with a carriage to fetch Miss Carew in all haste, on account of the sudden illness of her mother, who had, however, before Margaret arrived at Greenwood Gate, apparently regained her usual state of health, under the care of her new and attentive physician, Dr. Jenkins.

"Old Morgan will be dreadfully cut up. Belton was a great favourite of his. I shouldn't wonder if when he hears this news he will come rattling back from London without doing the business he went up for," said Frank, after he had finished reading.

"Yes; by-the-by—did I dream it, or did somebody tell me that Mr. Belton was one of that dear girl Louisa's admirers? They are legion, it seems to me," remarked Mrs. Carew with a languid smile looking at Frank, who frowningly ignored her glance.

"Oh, yes; I heard so too. They have been a sort of—engaged since they were quite small, somebody said, but that lately she had been quite rude to him. Poor Mr. Belton, he was such a kind, true-looking man," added Margaret with a sigh, as she bent over her tangled skein.

"Who said so? Some of those gossiping old maids, I suppose. It is utterly untrue. Miss Morgan wasn't engaged to Belton; they weren't even friends," said Frank in a ruffled tone, jumping up from his lounging-chair and flinging the newspaper on the floor as he began to walk hastily up and down the room. "I am going to the club for half an hour. Nobody need wait up for me if I am late, you know. I have got my latch-key," said Frank as he left the room. Margaret glanced up in surprise. He had not been in the habit of going to the club at all—had not joined it, in fact, when she left home—and now he seemed to talk of it as an every day occurrence. If he meant only to remain half an hour, too, it seemed certainly rather useless to suggest that anybody need wait up for him, seeing it was quite two hours before bed-time.

"I never knew Frank was a member of the club, mamma. When did he join it?" she asked presently.

"Oh, when—I dare say it was after you left," said Mrs. Carew, glancing up from some apparently absorbing item of news. "Yes, it must have been; for I consulted dear Dr. Jenkins on the point, and he agreed it was a most excellent way of passing an evening for the dear boy."

"And so it has come to this! Some way of passing the time has to be found for Frank," was Margaret's thought. The *St. Oswald's Advertiser* seemed his only congenial mental food, and now it appeared he sought an additional stimulus of the same nature at the St. Oswald's Club. Margaret Carew's thoughts and interests had during these past days been, even more than she realised, centred in one who seemed rousing himself to a higher, more faithful life. Was it possible that while Hugh Hartleigh was struggling upward, Frank, their father's pride, her own girlish idol, was sinking into a trivial round of sordid pleasures and pursuits? It was not Muriel's influence, for never was a lily maiden more a worshipper of noble deeds than she was. Her ideal knight must surely be earnest in all high faithful service, if he was to satisfy her gentle heart. To her the

sister's anxious thought now turned with a new feeling of reliance. "Mamma, when is Muriel coming to stay with us? She was not sure whether it would be in May or not till August when she wrote to me last," she asked, looking up from her work. Muriel's visit to Mulberry Park had been hastily brought to a close on the day after Margaret left for Chadsthorpe, by her having been summoned home because of one of her grandfather's rheumatic attacks.

"I really don't know when she is coming, and, to tell the truth, I do not very much care," replied Mrs. Carew in a languid tone as she dropped her eyeglass on her newspaper. "Poor mannerless little thing she is! I really don't know quite what's to be done. It is quite clear that dear boy is tired of her already."

"Tired of her—of Muriel! Mamma, what do you mean?" exclaimed Margaret in a bewildered tone.

"Simply what I say," replied Mrs. Carew peevishly. "It is not difficult to see; and if you had not persisted in deserting your family to go and associate with that woman Hilton, you might before now have discovered where the dear boy's affections are centred. Did you not notice how indignant he was at the suggestion about that unfortunate young man being a special friend of Louisa Morgan?"

"Mamma, what do you mean? Frank care for her—for that girl?—never! Why, besides, he has promised to marry Muriel, and so of course is as good as married to her already." And Margaret gazed into her mother's smiling face with her own pale and terrified by the shock of evil tidings. "Oh, but it is all imagination; it must be, mamma; Frank couldn't be so wicked. I won't believe it," she added presently, with a faint smile of relief.

"Margaret, don't be so silly. What a fuss you are making about nothing, to be sure!" said Mrs. Carew in a tone of irritation. "Just see what a mess you have made of my silk too. Look; come and put it up. Margaret, do you hear?" she added pettishly, as her daughter still sat with hidden face.

"Oh, mamma, it does seem such a shameful thing, even to whisper. It is surely impossible that our Frank could—and yet——" began Margaret, raising her head. But she suddenly paused in her sentence, for she could not help acknowledging to herself that there was a change for the worse in her brother's character, and now several little incidents recurred to her, charged with new meaning in the light of her mother's suggestion.

Mrs. Carew, however, interpreted Margaret's qualifying "yet" in quite another sense. "Yes, Margaret, I am sure that when you come to think of it, you will see what a much more desirable connection it would be for Frank to marry Louisa. He would really be quite thrown away on that little thing. Her grandfather seems such a horrid old man too. It is my belief that he is as poor as a mouse, though Mrs. Morgan tries to make out he has a deal of money. The girl seems to have been brought up in the most revolting poverty."

"All the more reason she should have a happy home now," replied Margaret. "But, mamma, you are not in earnest. You know I don't like Louisa Morgan, and you are trying to tease me, I know," she continued, coming forward to pick up the tangled skeins. "I do think, however, that Frank and Muriel ought to get married soon. I have often heard that long engagements are not good. Frank certainly looks restless." And going to kneel beside her mother she added in a coaxing tone, her face all aglow with eagerness, "Mamma, do let us hurry it on. Frank has really quite enough to keep a wife, and you could give him something. We don't need much here, I am sure."

"Nonsense, child. What help could I give out of my limited income? You don't know what you are talking about. Why, I am hardly able to make the two ends meet. Dear, dear, a single woman has many difficulties," added Mrs. Carew with a heavy sigh, which was followed by a gathering pensive smile. "Margaret, dear," she said, rousing herself from her reverie presently, "will you ring for my negus? I must be off to bed."

Negus being duly administered, Mrs. Carew prepared to retire for the night. "Now, Margaret, I beg you will go to bed at once. Your habit of sitting up is ruinous for the complexion. You will soon not be fit to be seen," she said, turning to her daughter, who had accompanied her to her room, and was now depositing her mother's fan, scent-bottle, and other necessaries of her being on the toilet-table.

"I shan't be long of going. But don't you think somebody should wait for Frank?" said Margaret hesitatingly.

"Oh, no! Didn't you hear him say distinctly that nobody need wait for him? He

"It is true—you are my mother."

has often been quite late during the last week. But, dear boy, he is so considerate; lets himself in so quietly by his latch-key that he wouldn't disturb a mouse. Now good night, my dear. Put out the light downstairs, and go to your room at once."

"Yes, mamma," replied Margaret, with diplomatic meekness, as she kissed her mother and went away. She would certainly go to her room, if that were more desirable, but she must see Frank that night before she slept, was her thought as she installed Doss on his sentinel couch on the mat; and after lingering about the passage for a few moments in the hope of hearing Frank's coming footsteps on the pavement, she took her candle and went to her room. Seating herself wearily on the nearest chair, she kept listening for any sound of latch-key or footsteps. At last she heard her brother's step passing her door on his way to his room. Though she had been waiting his coming, she could not summon up courage to go to him with the reproach which had been filling her heart with vague trouble. As she listened to his low tuneful whistle as he moved about on the floor above, there crept somehow into her heart a lightening of her fears. After all, the whole thing might be only an imagination of her mother's. She, looking on Louisa Morgan as the embodiment of every charm, might possibly have unconsciously credited Frank with her own admiration, while his interest in Louisa might really be a borrowed one in Muriel's cousin. But still, things could not be quite

"I more than half expected you to come, Mr. Morgan."

as they were before. An ugly suspicion, spectral though it might be, would continue to haunt her.

Mrs. Carew's stage of convalescence did not admit of her leaving her room till noon, and so it happened that next day Margaret was seated alone at the breakfast-table waiting for Frank, when old Mr. Morgan walked into the room. He was not a call-making old gentleman at any time, and the hour he had chosen was rather an early one; but Mr. Morgan did not love apologies, and always reserved them for grave occasions. "Good morning, my dear. Frank not down yet, eh? Ah, well, youth is the time for a long sleep in the morning," he said, seating himself in the armchair. "He was an early man though—up with the lark, and as cheery too—my poor Tom, the flower of all those lads about, and to think of his being cut down like this. You've heard the sad news, of course, my dear?" he added, turning to Margaret. "Why, by the way, it was at your old place the fire happened, of course. Ah, here he is."

Margaret was just going to explain that she was in the neighbourhood when the disaster took place, but she was not sorry that her brother's entrance made explanations on that subject unnecessary.

"Well, Carew—surprised to see me back again, eh? Not done a hand's turn at that bit of business either. This terrible news about poor Belton put everything else to the wall, so back I came, and you'll need to go and finish for me."

"I more than half expected you to come, Mr. Morgan. I knew you would be terribly cut up about Belton. Poor fellow! it is a dreadful thing, I can hardly believe he is gone," replied Frank in a moved tone, and when Margaret glanced across at the dear manly face in its morning strength and freshness, softened by the presence of sorrow, she felt a flush of shame as she remembered her suspicions of the previous evening.

"That is what my wife was saying. It's hard to believe it possible. So young and strong too—my poor Tom, I loved him like a son," said Mr. Morgan, with tears in his eyes. "I am on my way to Chadsthorpe now, Carew. Belton has nobody of his own, you see, and I thought I should like to go. He would have liked it, poor boy, for he was fond of me. Young Hartleigh seems in great distress, by the way," he added, as he fumbled in his pocket for a letter. "Belton must have told him he was a friend of mine, for I found this note waiting for me last night when I came home. He seems to have found out what true gold Tom was. Nice note, isn't it," he said, handing it to Frank.

"He wants him to be buried in their own family vault," said Mr. Morgan, turning to Margaret as Frank read the note, to which it must be confessed his sister's eyes were now turning rather wistfully. It seemed so hard that she should be shut out now, she who had been so near to those Chadsthorpe friends only three short days since.

"But what's this?" cried Frank presently. "'My mother has suggested my writing to you.' Why, I thought his mother died ages ago, didn't you, Margaret?"

"Ah, yes, thereby hangs a tale. I forgot to tell you that," said Mr. Morgan, "poor Tom is filling my mind, you see. Mr. Hartleigh's mother turns out not to be dead, after all, though he only knew it the other day himself, it seems. She had run away from the mad squire. Something quite romantic about it too, and she seems to have made her appearance at Chadsthorpe as a needlewoman, and has been living in the village street."

"Why, Marjie, it must be Mrs. Hilton, your friend! Now, there! didn't I always say that woman was a princess in disguise? Of course it's Mrs. Hilton. What a jolly romance to burst on prosaic old Chadsthorpe, to be sure! Only think what Mrs. Barnes and mamma will say when they hear that the despised sempstress is lady of the manor!" said Frank, bursting into a merry laugh as he glanced at Margaret, startled into speechlessness. "I suppose there is really no doubt about the matter, seeing the squire himself acknowledges her," he added, handing Hugh Hartleigh's letter back to the old gentleman.

"'My mother wishes to take an early opportunity of calling at Mulberry Park.' That is odd, isn't it? She surely does not mean to make a round of calls on us townsfolk. She will need to begin carefully, you see. It is a great rise for the like of her, from being a needlewoman to be lady of the manor. As you say, Carew, it's quite a romance, like a fairy tale, isn't it, Miss Margaret, eh?" laughed the old gentleman, as he placed Hugh's note carefully in his pocket-book.

Margaret had been sitting like a marble statue, while through her mind multitudes of tumultuous thoughts were coursing as she tried to realise this wonderful piece of news. She could not choose but believe it, and, indeed, evidences of its truth came hurrying into her memory so as to make her wonder that she had not known it long before now. Mr. Morgan's remark about the imprudence of the miners' sempstress obtruding herself too hastily on St. Oswald's society was the first thing which brought Margaret back to her senses, and it also brought a smile to her lips. The vision of Mrs. Tuckett's stately lodger seeking after St. Oswald's visiting, and courting the Mulberry Park drawing-room was so ludicrous to her girl-friend, that she felt inclined to break out into an amused laugh; but she was restrained by an instant recollection of the probable reason why Mrs. Hartleigh, as we shall now call her, wished to see the Morgans. It was for the honoured sake of him who was lying dead this morning in the gardener's little cottage, she felt sure. Possibly she had a message for Louisa, too. Yes, that might be the reason, was Margaret's quick thought as she glanced at Frank, who was at the moment helping old Mr. Morgan to put on his great-coat, and again she felt ashamed of her suspicions of the previous evening.

"Well, Carew," said Mr. Morgan, rising to leave, "you won't be able to get away to-day because of these accounts; but you will require to start early to-morrow, you know. You'd better put up at the Hotel where I was. Ha! I forgot; why, you'll be glad of the excuse for a trip to London, my boy. Don't be wasting all your time at Ingrave Square, though. I do wish you would persuade that brotner of mine to leave that hideous dungeon of a house.

Fellow that he is, hoarding up his gold as he does! It puzzles me where he got the craze. Poor Jos! it has made a nice mess of him, body and soul, anyhow!" wound up Mr. Morgan, shaking his head, as he buttoned his own portly and benevolent person into his great-coat. "But you'll soon be carrying your pretty bird away from that dreadful hole. Bless her! We must see about a comfortable nest for you both somewhere one of these days," he added with a series of smiles and nods as he shook hands with Margaret, who felt inclined to burst forth into hearty thanks to the kindly old gentleman for the last speech. The portly, loud-voiced, florid St. Oswald's merchant felt more like the good fairy of her childish imaginings at that moment than anybody in mortal shape had ever done. Her anxieties of last night seemed to take their place in the region of uncomfortable dreams chased away by the morning light; nor were they again brought back by the parting commission which Mr. Morgan gave to Frank. "By the way, Carew," he said, turning as he bustled away, "you might look up Louisa when you are in town too. She is staying with her friends, the Stanhopes, in Park Lane, you know. She will be feeling his death. You see Tom has been like one of ourselves since they were children. My poor Tom! it is hard to believe he is gone," faltered the old gentleman, his eyes filling with tears. "Well, Carew, you'll not forget to go and see my girl, will you?" he added as he stood on the doorstep.

"I will if I can, sir," replied Frank in a tone so hesitating, and with a reluctance to accept the commission so plainly stamped on his tell-tale face, that the recollection of both was a comfort for Margaret to remember in after-days, though Mr. Morgan read nothing from either.

CHAPTER XXIII.—A DIVIDED LIFE.

"For unto knight there is no greater shame
Than lightnesse and inconstancie in love."
Fairie Queene.

Between three and four o'clock on the the following afternoon Frank Carew stood in doorway of some office-chambers in Cheapside. The business meeting which had brought him to town was successfully over, so far as the firm of Messrs. Morgan and Green were concerned, and its component parts were more or less rapidly dispersing into the busy streets.

"What loiterers these provincials are, to be sure!" was the thought of a bustling, elderly citizen who glanced somewhat contemptuously at the young man's attitude of inaction as he brushed past him into the busy pavement. Still Frank lingered, dreamily leaning against the dingy doorway, regardless of all possible comments. Was it the great wave of traffic with its ceaseless roar that fascinated his unaccustomed ear? or was he enough of a physiognomist to care to stand watching the passers to and fro, trying to read from the faces in the crowd what life-experiences were written there? Neither of these phenomena of the jostling street happened at this moment to have any interest for Dr. Carew's son. If we wish to discover what his preoccupation was, we must go back to the frosty evening on which he so restlessly patrolled the old Greenwood Gate pavement. The same struggle which kept him lingering there was going on in his mind now. The pleader for the right at the court of conscience was probably feebler than it had been on that starlit Christmas Eve, for he had often been defeated since then, and the enemy was stronger and more ingenious in attack. "How desperately scrupulous you are!" he was saying now. "Didn't Mr. Morgan particularly request that you should call on Louisa? Why, it would be your duty, even though you thought it extremely disagreeable. It is merely a coincidence that it happens to be pleasant." "True," said he "I ought not." "But you know that if worthy old Mr. Morgan had guessed the true state of the case, he would as soon have begged you to throw yourself over London Bridge as to call on his daughter. By ignoring his request you serve both God and him. Call that Hansom cab, and drive first to Ingrave Square, at all events. You know Muriel is waiting for you there." "That is the very reason why you should first go to Park Lane," suggests the tempter. "You remember that Louisa said the Stanhopes always drove out at four, and if you take Ingrave Square on the way, you will miss them. There is another Hansom cab; call it, and drive westward at once."

Frank raised his umbrella and signalled.

"Where to, sir?" shouted the driver, as the young man took his seat.

A moment's pause, and the reply was, "Park Lane."

The cabman threaded his way cheerily along the crowded streets. The direction happened to suit him; but above the crowds and the smoke and the din there was sorrow among the angels over one who had entered into temptation. The traffic proved obstructive at some points, and the cabman soon

found that he had to do with an irascible young gentleman, in spite of his handsome, good-humoured face. "Can't you get on a little quicker, you blockhead?" more than once reached his ears as he steered his vehicle along Oxford Street. Such a mode of address not being entirely new to him in the discharge of his duties, he bore it with equanimity, and possibly he may have had philosophy enough to discover that young gentlemen out of sorts with themselves frequently made use of a block of the traffic as an occasion for vituperation, quite irrespective of any special necessity for speed, and had learnt to receive such exhibitions with phlegmatic composure. In fact, he had occasionally observed that the unruffled endurance of such remarks often won him an extra shilling when it came to the reckoning, so that possibly he might calculate each volley of abuse at so much for each outbreak.

An impulse of restlessness seemed to suggest to Frank that he might alight at the Marble Arch, so he testily ordered the cabman to pull up. That functionary presumed to hint that as he had before mentioned Park Lane as his destination, he would have pleasure in taking him to his destination; but he was speedily suppressed as Frank flung open the door and proceeded to descend, rewarding him without strict reference to the number of miles.

Frank now strolled at a leisurely pace along Park Lane, glancing now and then through the railings towards the sunlighted drive where carriages were bowling to and fro, thinking possibly that Miss Stanhope and her guest might be among those who were enjoying the rarely bright afternoon there. Turning presently to the number of the house given to him by old Mr. Morgan, and having his question as to whether Miss Morgan was at home answered in the affirmative, Frank found himself following a soft-footed servant along deep piled carpets to Mrs. Stanhope's drawing-room. Dark blinds were mellowing the afternoon sunlight, and Frank, coming from the outside glare, hesitated for a moment as to the identity of the lady who rose to receive him. "Louisa, and alone," was his thought as he hurried forward holding out his hand, and then he drew back with an embarrassed air and bowed. Miss Stanhope, for it was she—and she certainly had a marked resemblance to her friend—now came forward with a smiling air, and said, "Ah, you have come to see Louisa; she will be here in a moment. I am so glad we hadn't gone out, Mr. Carew," she added, glancing at him up and down with her keen dark eyes, while Frank mumbled something about having called to bring a message from Mr. Morgan, his habitual easy frankness seeming quite to forsake him. Presently Miss Morgan appeared, attired in graceful winter costume, looking her very best, and came forward to greet him with her most winning smile. "It is so curious you should have come to-day, isn't it, Fanny? I was just saying a little while ago that I must really go and see Muriel one of these days," she said, interrupting Frank, who began, still embarrassed, to explain that he had come to town to finish the business that Mr. Morgan left when he was called away by Belton's death.

"Ah, yes," chimed in Miss Stanhope, "I have been begging Louisa to take me to see this interesting Muriel. You have come from Ingrave Square now, doubtless?" she said, turning her black eyes full on Frank, having first quickly calculated that, seeing he had only arrived in town between one and two o'clock, and had since attended a business meeting, the probabilities were against his having paid any other visit.

"I—no—but I am just going there," stammered Frank, taken by surprise. This unexpected dragging in of Muriel's name annoyed him, and the feeling was not unmixed with irritation against Louisa, who had produced it. Just then, however, another visitor proved a timely diversion. Miss Stanhope appeared to devote herself with gracious assiduity to the elderly lady, and then Louisa, it would seem successfully, proceeded to smooth Frank's ruffled plumage, for in a short time he was again the easy vivacious companion who had proved such an attractive addition to her St. Oswald's circle, and whose name had so frequently appeared in her chronicles to her dear friend, that Frank was by no means the stranger to Miss Stanhope that he supposed himself to be. When the elderly visitor had taken her leave, she turned to the remaining guest with an air of familiar acquaintanceship. "Listen to my happy thought, my dear Loo," she said presently, gaily turning to her friend. "The carriage is at the door, you know; suppose we drive Mr. Carew to Ingrave Square, since he is on his way there; and I shall have the felicity of making somebody's acquaintance, and you will make your call. Is that not a beautiful idea, now?" and then quickly repressing a half-uttered protest from her visitor, she added, "No, indeed, Mr. Carew, we had nothing else in the world to do—we were

only going for a few rounds in the Park. I quite long to see that historical Ingrave Square, I assure you."

And so it happened that Frank presently found himself seated *vis-à-vis* to Louisa Morgan and her friend, being swiftly carried along the unlovely streets which led to Muriel's home in a manner which certainly did not accord with his likings—less so the longer he had time to think of it, though he endeavoured to repress his inward chafings and take part in the gay flow of talk.

While Frank was seated in Mrs. Stanhope's drawing-room, Muriel was sitting in the library of the house in Ingrave Square, eagerly awaiting Frank's expected visit. The library was perhaps the most comfortable, though the most time-worn looking corner of Muriel's dreary home. It was a lofty room for its size; dark upper shadows veiled its smoke-stained ceiling, where aged spiders spun unmolested their webs about the decaying mouldings. Its one large window was darkened by the high wall of the mews, and the light was still further absorbed by the old black mahogany shelves lining the walls, on the highest of which reposed great mouldy leather books and yellow piles of papers, which had been undisturbed for years. The books which were within their reach, Betty and her mistress endeavoured to preserve from damp and dust, but they looked a musty company at their best. Muriel, however, frequently congratulated herself that they were neither rare nor valuable, for her grandfather had more than once endeavoured to turn them into gold, but his negotiations with members of the book-stall profession and others had always ended in an estimate being given that they were not worth the cost of removal. To the various individuals who took such a depressed view of the contents of the shelves, Muriel always felt heartily grateful. To see them go would have been to take farewell of some of her earliest and most familiar friends. The quaint chronicles and big encyclopædias, with their missing pages and ragged leathern coats, proved more faithful, if duller, companions, than the yellow-backed occupants of the bookshelves in her cousin's boudoir, with some of which she had made acquaintance during her recent visit to Mulberry Park. On this afternoon she was seated in an ancient arm-chair, lined with faded tapestry, seeking from one of the old books the solace which it had given her many times during the past weeks; but its presence on her lap on this afternoon seemed to serve chiefly as a protection from Betty's keen glances in her unnecessarily frequent ministrations to the library fire. Cheerful flames were flickering there, at the expense of the kitchen hearth, it must be admitted, for Betty could not go beyond her regulation amount of fuel. "It's no every day the lad comes, and we maun put oor best fit foremost," she muttered, giving vigorous plunges into the already glowing coals, as she stole a fresh glance at her young mistress's face, which had been paler and graver of late than she liked to see it. Betty attributed the change to the early summons from Mulberry Park which her grandfather's attack of rheumatism had occasioned. "Feckless auld boddy! cudna he hae taken tent o' himsel, and lat the puir young thing had her bit o' pleesure?" was her frequent soliloquy when she saw Muriel flitting about more gravely than she had been wont to do in the old days. For once, however, Betty's keen kindly eyes were mistaken in their reading. To Muriel the call home had come with a sense of relief. She resisted almost piteously her kind uncle Richard's determination to go and see his brother, and he had been obliged to content himself with writing an upbraiding letter. "Decent food, fire, and flannels is what you want, Jos, and your bones would be in as good working order as mine," he wrote in wrath; and meanwhile Muriel had hurried to the rescue of these said bones with willing feet. The cloud which darkened her happiness during these winter days at St. Oswald's had not vanished, but rather spread. Frank had been indignant at her going, and joined with the Morgan family in being resentful against her grandfather for summoning her away from their festivities to enliven his dulness; but she had begged of him tearfully to make it easy for her to go, and Frank, seeing that she was in earnest, said no more, though he felt, or imagined he felt, a sense of injury at her willingness to go. But Muriel had some reward in the genuine gladness her grandfather evinced at the sight of her on her return, and the expression of almost tenderness in his tone when he welcomed her, which made Muriel throw herself on his shaky old shoulders and sob as she had not done since she was a little girl.

The train of thought begun at the old Alder Pond on that frosty day still went on in poor Muriel's wounded heart, resolving itself into one refrain: "I am not good enough for Frank; I, who can neither skate, nor talk, nor think as he would

like his life companion to do. It is not Frank's fault either. How could he know all at once what a stupid little thing I am? And yet how I love him!" was Muriel's inward cry, as she thought of the bright spring morning when they walked together in the Square Gardens, while he urged her to allow him without further delay to ask her grandfather's consent to their engagement. How well she remembered it all! And then came her grandfather's unreasoning opposition to Frank's continuing his profession, which proved the first jarring note in the music which had begun to fill Muriel's heart. From the first she felt that Frank's yielding to her grandfather's request had been premature. But it was for her sake he had been willing to throw away the golden future which his sister Margaret had been dreaming for him, and Muriel had during those first days strong sweet hopes of giving him heaped measure running over for all he had given up, her constant day-dream always being that she would yet win him back to his earlier occupation, and yet make his sister proud of her brother. What brave thoughts of self-denial, of tender serving of him, there had been in her loving heart during those solitary walks before her visit to Mulberry Park! But since then all seemed darkness and confusion. As to her outer life, it had fallen again into its old routine. Her grandfather was able to frequent his business haunts; Frank's letters came with as much frequency and kindliness as before. Nor was he acting a part merely in so writing. He would have indignantly denied the suggestion that he no longer loved Muriel, though he might too readily have acknowledged that he was disappointed in her, without being willing to recognise the fact that the source of his disappointment was his growing fascination for Muriel's cousin. But of this Muriel understood nothing. She only felt that while she had failed to please him, her cousin Louisa had somehow supplemented her deficiencies, from the time she broke down in playing his accompaniment on the first evening of her arrival till the day she left Mulberry Park. But then, had not Frank promised to take her to Chadsthorpe when summer days came, and to show her his old home and early haunts, where they would have delightful wanderings, with the calm pure sky overhead, across the breezy common and along the deep-hedged lanes of which Margaret used to tell her? Frank might then be able to see deeper into her heart than he had done in the glare of St. Oswald's festivities. Thus would Muriel, seated in the old tapestried arm-chair, occupy her thoughts, seeing visions and dreaming dreams, as she waited for Frank's coming. But there was his voice now. How his tones thrilled her heart as she started from her seat and ran to meet him! But surely there were other voices mingling with Betty's rough northern tones. Muriel crept back into her old chair again with a sudden pang of disappointment as she recognised one of those voices. "At last we've unearthed you, Muriel dear," said Louisa, coming forward with her most gracious smile, as she imprinted a cousinly kiss on Muriel's forehead where she sat. "Here is the dear little historical recluse, Fanny," she added, turning to her friend, who was glancing with considerable curiosity towards the occupant of this strange interior. Muriel looked about with a bewildered air as she rose to receive her visitors. It seemed as if the pale, feeble rays of the afternoon sun which slanted in at the dust-covered panes were dazzling her eyes. Betty had closed the door with more than usual brusqueness before Muriel caught sight of Frank bringing up the rear, behind Miss Stanhope, the movements of whose flowing skirts he was endeavouring to avoid as he made his way forward to shake hands with the little solitary hostess. Then there followed some lively apologies on Louisa's part for not before having found her way to Ingrave Square. "And the afternoon we have chosen is perhaps not an opportune one, after all," chimed in Miss Stanhope, as she glanced towards Frank, who was looking as uncomfortable as it was possible for a man of his easy bearing to do, while Muriel's blue eyes strayed with wistful perplexity in their gaze from one to another of the trio. "What could it mean? Her cousin had evidently come to town on a visit to her friend, which she had frequently done before without finding her way to Ingrave Square, or even thinking it necessary to apologize for the omission. But why should Frank have brought Louisa and her friend with him now? How could it have happened? He surely might have come alone to-day," was Muriel's thought, as she struggled to break an awkward pause, feeling it was quite her turn to speak.

"You got my note, I suppose, Muriel?" Frank asked presently, taking up the book which she had just laid down, and turning the pages idly as he spoke.

"Oh yes, Frank, I was so glad! But Betty and I had to be happy over its news

alone. Grandpapa had gone to the city, but he will be home early to-day. Your coming was sudden, Frank," added Muriel, timidly; "you didn't expect to have a journey to London so soon. But, by-the-bye, you said something about uncle Richard having to leave town in a hurry."

"Yes, didn't I tell you the reason? It was because of Belton's death, you know," replied Frank.

"Oh, not your Mr. Belton, Louisa?" faltered Muriel; and then seeing the well-remembered frown gather on her cousin's face, she corrected herself, saying hesitatingly, "I mean the Mr. Belton who used to come to Mulberry Park—that uncle Richard was so fond of."

"Why, yes, of course, he is the same. St. Oswald's isn't such a large place that there could be several Mr. Beltons. It is very sad, isn't it?" replied Miss Morgan, somewhat sharply, while her handsome face expressed more irritation than sorrow.

"Didn't I tell you about the accident, Muriel? Oh, by the way, I did not post that letter. There has been a great fire at Chadsthorpe. The old manor house is burnt to the ground, and poor Belton, who happened to be sleeping there, got terribly hurt in trying to save somebody, and died from the effects of the accident."

"Oh, I am so very, very sorry!" said Muriel clasping her hands, and with tears in her eyes. "He seemed such a kind, good man. I remember him so well," and then she paused, for her most vivid memories of him were connected with the St. Oswald's conversazione on Christmas Eve, during which, while she was feeling sad and lonely, he had been kind and thoughtful to her, a stranger—in a strange land indeed. These memories she did not care to revive just then, but she remembered the protective glance of his honest eye and the kindly tones of his pleasant voice, and there were few more sincere mourning tears than those which were now dimming Muriel's eyes, shed around the newly-made grave in the village churchyard where they were that afternoon laying Thomas Belton for his long sleep.

"Yes, it was a very painful occurrence," said Miss Stanhope in a staccato voice, breaking the silence. "I noticed a short account of it in the *Times* this morning. He was an architect, gone out about some building, wasn't he? You know Mr. Hartleigh, I suppose, Mr. Carew?"

"Not I," replied Frank, and then he added, hesitatingly, "Yes, by the way, I was introduced to him once," remembering suddenly that he had been introduced to him by Mr. Belton at the conversazione, and that the words of praise which he spoke of his father's noble and self-sacrificing labours had sounded to him like words of condemnation of the son's fickle abandonment of his profession.

"If all tales be true, Mr. Hartleigh will not deplore the loss of his ancestral halls much," continued Miss Stanhope with a short laugh. "He hated the place."

"Perfect affectation, I should say," broke in Louisa, still ruffled, and not seeing why her friend should still dwell on a topic which she knew to be disagreeable to her. Frank was about to agree with Louisa, but Miss Stanhope recommenced,—

"Indeed, you would not say so if you knew Mr. Hartleigh, Louisa. He is not affected in the least, though some people do say he is eccentric. Perhaps so he is. Those melancholy eyes of his light up wonderfully," she added with a self-conscious smile, which seemed to imply that she had memories of those eyes being lighted up at her own shrine.

"Yes, eccentricity like Hartleigh's makes a man a hero in many people's eyes—not so in mine," jerked out Frank, quite unobservant of Miss Stanhope's smile of reminiscence. "It is a piece of monstrous humbug that he should affect to dislike that splendid place of his, and let it go to wreck and ruin forsooth, simply because he was unhappy there when he was a child."

"But you had such a happy childhood at Chadsthorpe, Frank; isn't it difficult to judge?" faltered Muriel, elliptical in her timidity, but having a very grateful recollection of this owner of Chadsthorpe on account of the generous words she had heard him speak of Frank's father on the evening of the conversazione at St. Oswald's.

"Oh, yes; I know women are always more pitiful over such imaginary troubles and self-denials on men's part than when there is some real cause for sympathy," replied Frank with an ungallantry very unlike his usual self, and which made Louisa and her friend exchange meaning glances. Poor Muriel, however, saw a meaning in Frank's last remark which certainly he would have rejected, ill at ease as he was with himself and his present surroundings. His act of self-denial in renouncing his profession for her sake was always so present to Muriel that the thought of it now made his light words fall like stabs of pain on her heart.

It was very foolish, she knew, but she could not help her lips quivering.

"You are very hard on the 'fair sex' to-day, Mr. Carew, to use that odious phrase that dear papa so often indulges in," said Louisa in a bantering tone as she caught Frank's eye, who again took refuge among the yellowed leaves of the old book.

Miss Stanhope's sharp eye was now making exploring glances round the dingy interior, and then happened to light on Muriel, who had hardly recovered her composure,—

"Dear me, what a sensitive little tearful thing it is! And yet no wonder, living in this dismal home," was her thought as she stroked her rich furs complacently, possessed by a feeling of somewhat contemptuous pity. "Louisa, dear, wouldn't it be nice if your cousin could come home to dinner with us, and then go to the concert? In which case I hope Mr. Carew would also favour us with his company," she said presently, raising her head and glancing at Frank, who still sat silently turning over the pages of the book.

"A delightful idea, Fanny," cried Louisa vivaciously. "Now, Muriel, you really must not say no. I know your ways, but we shall take no refusal. Come, get on your bonnet, and we'll carry you off at once. We can leave a message for uncle Joe with what's-her-name—that oddity of a servant."

"Oh, thank you very much, but indeed I cannot," replied Muriel, and her tone had a beseeching cadence in it as she glanced at Frank, as if she wished to enlist him on her side.

"Come now, Muriel; it is really too shabby of you to refuse," said Louisa. "There will be some delightful music too—you don't know what you will miss. You really must come, or I shall be offended. Besides, think of what a pleasure you are depriving Mr. Carew if you keep him away from such music. Remember we are two poor provincials, who don't have such a chance every day."

"Well, no, certainly not in St. Oswald's," replied Frank with a shrug. "Don't you think you will go, Muriel? You can leave a message for Mr. Morgan, surely. It will be a splendid concert. I am sorry I cannot go to it. I am due at the hotel at eight o'clock—a business appointment; but I can go and fetch you home."

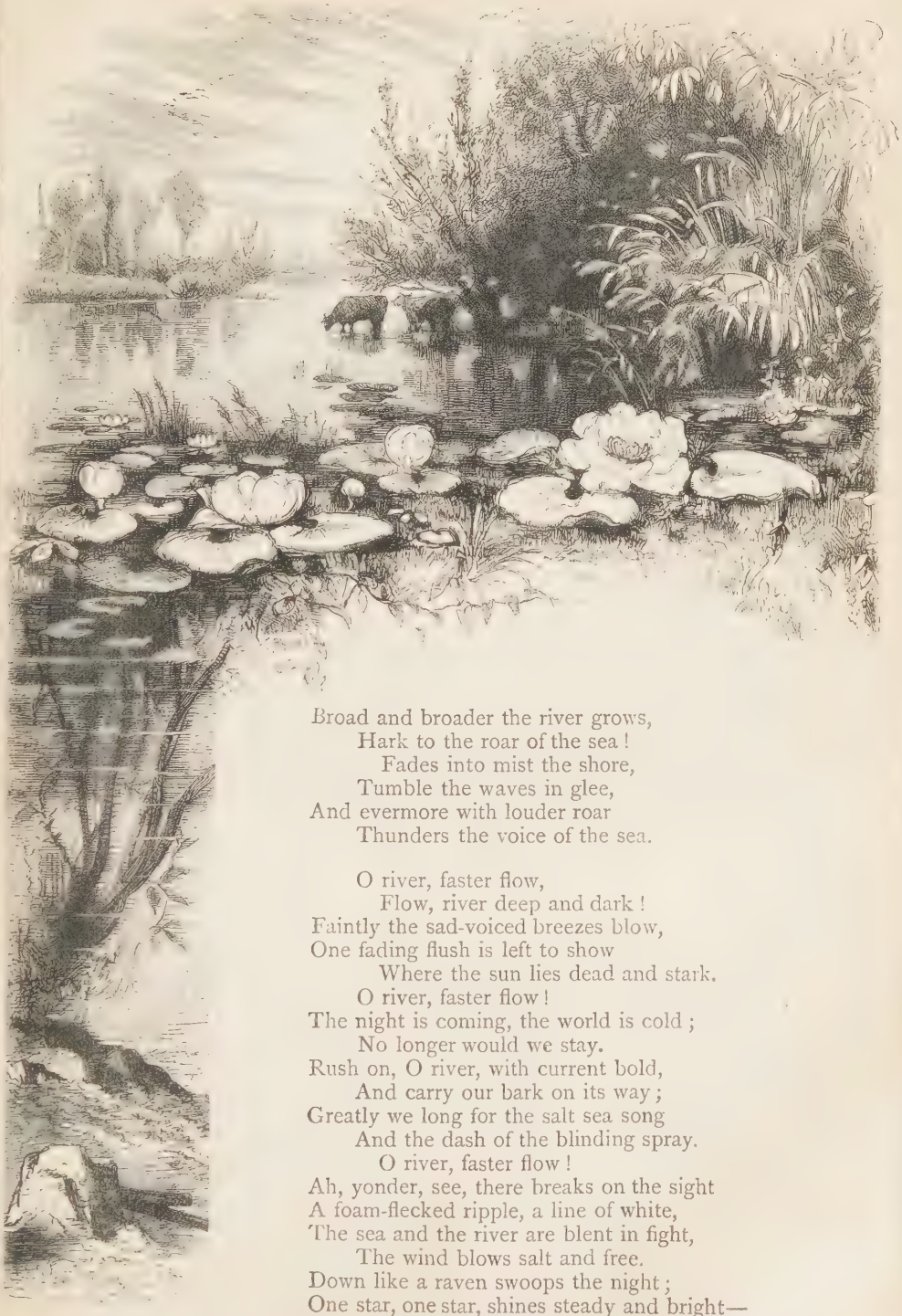
"A business appointment at eight! Why that is not fair. I think the firm of Morgan and Green might at least give free evenings —don't you, Muriel?" said Louisa lightly; but Muriel glanced pleadingly at Frank. The yoke he had to bear for her sake was, she felt, indeed irksome; was it too irksome to be borne?

"Well, then, Miss Morgan, you will really not be persuaded to come?" said Miss Stanhope rising. "I believe if you will only consent, Mr. Carew will discover that his business appointment can be evaded after all," she added smilingly as she shook hands. Muriel again glanced at Frank, trying to discover what his wishes really were, but he remained unresponsive, so she again declined, and the visitors took their departure, leaving Frank, who refused their offer of a return drive.

THE RIVER OF YEARS.

"Thou carriest them away as with a flood."—PSALM xc. 5.

ONWARD it rushes, the river of years,
Rapid and strong and free,
While aye and anon there floats to our ears
The roar of the far-off sea.

O rest thee, river, we pray!
Nay, river, rest thee awhile!
Thy banks are green and gay,
And God looks down with a smile;
Here would we stay till the close of day,
And sun us in God's good smile.
Yon little linnet, with heart so great,
How blithely he carols to heav'n and his mate!
The willows droop to the water's brink,
The great-eyed kine are coming to drink,
And here would we tarry, to dream and think,
O rest thee, river, awhile!
Around our boat
The lilies float,
Tender and white as a girl's sweet throat;
O rest thee, river, awhile!
Nay, let us pluck one blossom fair,
One little lily to treasure and wear,
A star for the bosom, a gem for the hair;
Alas, it may not be!
Swift and swifter the current flows,

Broad and broader the river grows,
Hark to the roar of the sea!
Fades into mist the shore,
Tumble the waves in glee,
And evermore with louder roar
Thunders the voice of the sea.

O river, faster flow,
Flow, river deep and dark!
Faintly the sad-voiced breezes blow,
One fading flush is left to show
Where the sun lies dead and stark.
O river, faster flow!
The night is coming, the world is cold;
No longer would we stay.
Rush on, O river, with current bold,
And carry our bark on its way;
Greatly we long for the salt sea song
And the dash of the blinding spray.
O river, faster flow!
Ah, yonder, see, there breaks on the sight
A foam-flecked ripple, a line of white,
The sea and the river are blent in fight,
The wind blows salt and free.
Down like a raven swoops the night;
One star, one star, shines steady and bright—
The sea, O God, the sea!

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

LIFE IN THE CHURCH.

By the Rev. ADOLPH SAPHIR, B.A.

"Wilt thou not revive us again?"—Psalm lxxxv. 6.

I WISH to bring before you a few thoughts with regard to the special works of grace with which God from time to time visits His children and the world.

Most people say, "What a marvellous thing it is, how wonderful, to see men intensely interested in the preaching of the gospel! How astonishing to see a very large section of the community roused, stirred up, coming together to hear the truth, at a great sacrifice to their own ease, their comfort, their business, listening with intense interest to the simple declaration of God's love!" Astonishing is it? Why do ye not rather say it is astonishing that month after month, year after year, people are so *little* interested in God's message?—that the word of God sent to us from heaven; that the stupendous, awful sacrifice Jesus made upon the cross; that the marvellous power and grace of the Holy Ghost in converting and renewing the soul unto life eternal; that the heart-stirring appeals and invitations of our Heavenly Father; that the comprehensive promises of the Divine Word; that the prospect of never-ending blessedness and glory,—that all these grand truths are counted by people as stale, as dry, as trite, not worthy of serious and intense attention; that subjects of such overwhelming interest as the love of God, the grace of Christ, the power of the Spirit, the renewal of the soul, our sanctification and preservation in grace throughout our earthly pilgrimage, our victory over death, and our inheritance of everlasting blessedness,—that subjects so grand, so all-important, so urgent, should not rivet the mind and heart, should not be listened to with most profound earnestness, with the most concentrated attention, and the most lively eagerness? Instead of being astonished that men manage to find a corner of time to listen to the things which concern their eternal welfare, we should rather wonder at their being able to spend so much of their time away from that which alone is real and substantial, and compared with which all earthly things appear infinitely unimportant.

It is not the interest manifested which is astonishing, but the apathy which we witness year by year. That is both astonishing and lamentable.

A second point, I notice, is the danger which people assert is connected with religious excitement. It is doubtless quite true that there is danger connected with it; but it is equally true that there is nothing that is ever entrusted to our feeble and sinful hands, with which danger and temptation do not mingle. But do we, on the other hand, consider and weigh the comparatively much greater danger of our ordinary languid and stagnant condition? Do we think calmly and seriously of the great, the fearful danger, to which we are exposed by apathy, unbelief, coldness; by the common monotonous and heartless routine? For is there not in this languor, deadness, monotony, and powerlessness, a very strong and culpable element of insincerity? Are we free from the leaven of hypocrisy against which the Lord has uttered so many and so pointed warnings? Professing to pray and to praise, we feel so little earnestness and so little joy. Professing to believe Scripture the word of the Most High, we see so few trembling at its warnings and rejoicing in its promises. We have become accustomed to see it so. We are not alarmed that men hear the word of God, and that it produces no effect. The old and homely illustration of the blacksmith's dog, who sleeps while the sparks are flying about his head, is fulfilled constantly, and on the grandest and most awful scale. The most appalling and heart-stirring declarations of the inspired Word, the most touching and overwhelming entreaties of divine love, are heard; we expect to hear them; and we at ease, and those with us, forget them and live as if they had not been heard. Do you think there is not danger, when the Word of God is preached; when the most beautiful hymns of fervent faith and love are sung; when the Lord's Supper is celebrated continually, in which the infinite love and the amazing sacrifice of the Lord Jesus are set before us, as well as the mystical and blessed union of the saints and the glorified Head,—think you there is no danger, when we hear and see such things constantly, and remain without being moved, roused, renewed; without bringing forth fruit unto God? Is there not danger in our being hardened, in the Word lacking to us its power and preciousness, its solemnity and sweetness? How

many of us have heard the gospel for years, know it so well that we could explain and preach it ourselves, and yet have never made one single, real, sincere effort to apply it to our own conscience; have never found in our hearts that we had grasped it, and made it our own?

Again, how many in every congregation, if asked whether they belonged to Christ, could give no answer, because they are afraid to say No, and because they have no right to say Yes. They fancy that they are living in a kind of safe middle path, not very far from the strait gate, and that, any day they choose, they can turn and enter in. Meanwhile, they keep on listening and in this apathetic state fancy no danger. Poor souls!

Go a step higher. Think of the people who are favourably disposed, who listen with interest and pleasure to the gospel message, who are *near* the kingdom, who, as they express it, would *like to believe*. Are they safe while they do not take hold of Christ, and grasp Him as their only but most loving and all-sufficient Saviour? Are not the fearful, the timid, the souls who cannot take *heart to Jesus*, described as being "without"—outside the gate of the Lamb's city? What is meant by "almost saved?" What else but *lost*. If after a shipwreck you are told that the passengers were *almost* rescued, you know they are drowned. If the physician tells you of a friend who had a dangerous illness, that he *almost* recovered, you know he is dead. Why are we, then, so afraid of the "dangers" of excitement, and yet so calm about people who are "*almost* saved?"

I know there are dangers connected with revivals; but I know—I wish I felt more keenly—the incomparably greater dangers of our ordinary state. Men, Christless men, are passing into eternity. Think not of it in a general way. Do not try to realise the *multitude* of Christless perishing souls. When we hear of thousands being killed in battle, we are startled, shocked, for a moment overcome with horror. But we soon forget it. But if we realise the death of one individual known and loved by some of our friends, or if we hear of one single person lying during a whole night helpless and lonely, wounded and fainting, we receive a deep and lasting impression. Oh, then, think of one single brother or sister who in the same assembly joins with us in singing, "The Lord is my Shepherd," or "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds!" or "Jerusalem the Golden," who hears the glad tidings of salvation, and who yet does not strive to enter in at the strait gate, who takes no real hold by faith of Christ—think of one such, passing from us into the darkness of the grave and the awful realities of eternity! As the Lord Jesus assures us that there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over *one* sinner that repenteth, so I beseech you think what anxiety, what sorrow of heart, we ought to feel over *one* human being, who does not repent, seeks not the Saviour.

But if you ask, What do we need? what new and special measures or arrangements? I am very anxious to remind you that God has given us everything we need, that He has fully and amply provided for all our wants. Divine wisdom and love have thought of and provided all things. We have only to walk in the path, in the good works, which God has before ordained that we should walk in. Yes, we need nothing whatever that is new, nothing that our fathers, that the Church of Christ, has not possessed by the grace of God. It is with the spiritual life as with the natural. If we possessed all the wealth, skill, and wisdom of the world, could we discover or procure anything better, anything as good, as the air we breathe, the dear sunlight which gladdens us, the bread and water which sustain and refresh us? He who gives us being provides for the continuance, and vigour, and joy of our existence.

And is it not so with spiritual life? We have the Word of God; living and powerful, in its beauty and variety and fulness, adapted to our every want and sorrow and danger; so clear, so affectionate, so impressive: the Scriptures are indeed, with God's blessing, able to make us wise unto salvation through faith, which is in Christ Jesus. We have access unto God in prayer; the presence of Jesus when two or three meet in His name. We have the Church, that is, the communion of saints, that we may encourage, exhort, comfort, and help one another. We have the Lord's Supper, in which all the doctrines and gifts of grace are signified, sealed, and appropriated to him who in faith and humility receives it. We have the Lord's day; the day which God has given unto us for meditation, for praise and prayer, for collecting our thoughts and gaining new strength for the journey of life. And as people, when in the midst of grand scenery, look forward to the day selected for the ascent of a mountain, as they make every preparation to gain the full benefit and enjoyment, as they do not fatigue themselves the day before, bring their whole mind and all their energies to the ascent; so ought we to look forward to the

Lord's day as a special festival of communion, of gladness and strength.

We have all things; all we require is to know and use what has been freely given to us. The Church of Christ is rich; why are we then poor? It is because we are asleep. A revival reveals to us, first of all, this sin; its first message is one of rebuke; the first word it utters is "Repent." For ought we to sleep, we who are of the day? The darkness is past, the true light now shineth. We live in the day of fulfilment; the sun is shining high in the heavens. Christ the Lord has come and suffered; He has risen and is ascended. We have received the Holy Ghost, and the Lord has sent us, even as He was sent of the Father, to be the light of the world. Ought we then to fall asleep? Surely those to whom Christ gave the promise "Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the age;" those to whom Christ has given His Holy Spirit and His Word, and to whom He has promised the continual supply of strength; nay, in whom He Himself dwells by the Holy Ghost—they ought not to sleep, but to arouse themselves and go on from strength to strength. There ought to be a constant succession of victories and harvests; there ought to be no dark periods of apathy and drowsiness.

Look at the first church in Jerusalem. What followed its own life? It is said they continued steadfast in the apostolic doctrine, in fellowship, in breaking of bread, and in prayers. Hence they exerted a two-fold and apparently contradictory influence. The people were awed and solemnized, and yet attracted. The people felt that there was reality in the worship, the preaching, and life of the Church. They felt the presence of God in the assembly, and great fear fell upon them. And yet the Church found favour with the people, and there were continual additions to the number of disciples.

How different from the nineteenth-century idea, that in order to attract the *world* Christians should be what is called "more cheerful," by which is meant more worldly; that they ought to mix more with "the world" in its amusements, society, and pursuits. As if there was a lack of recreation, of thoughtlessness, of frivolity, of frittering away of time and energy. As if it was any gain to bring a number of worldly people to join a so-called church, as worldly, half-hearted, superficial, and formal as themselves; as if outward membership was of no avail. What is the use of those who are communicants, and who yet cannot apply to themselves the solemn yet most blessed words of the Lord Jesus, "Ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world"? What lower profession can a Christian make, but that he belongs to the flock of the Good Shepherd, that by the blood of Christ and the Spirit of God he is separated from the world? "Ye are not of the world, as I am not of the world."

See, the Apostolic Church gave the people the impression of being unworldly, heavenly. Because the Church was intense, it expanded; because the standard was high and narrow, the disciples became numerous and strong. Remembering Gideon's army, let us not be afraid of small numbers; we gain nothing if we bring the whole world to a merely outward profession, to a diluted Christianity, to that insipid thing which the world calls the Christian religion; our aim is to bring people to the Lord Jesus, to repentance, faith, and renewal; to be filled with the Holy Ghost; and to wait for the coming of the Lord Jesus from heaven.

The Church gains this full life by *Faith*. What is Faith? Let us take a large, healthy, scriptural view of what is meant by faith; let us be careful to combine the Scripture teaching Jesus gives us, that he that believeth in Him, out of his inmost being shall flow rivers of living water; that he that believeth in Him, the same works that Jesus does shall he do likewise. If by faith we have taken hold of the Lord Jesus, if by faith we are continually clinging to Him and living in Him, we are filled with the Spirit, and the energy of a new life will manifest itself. When therefore some people are very anxious to be confirmed in their notions, that, as they express it, only faith is necessary, that if they "only believe" they are safe, we must inquire into their real meaning. It is quite true that faith, and nothing but faith, is needed. But if people imagine that they can feel, act, live as they choose; that they can frame and regulate their mode of life, exercise as little self-restraint, make as few sacrifices as they please; that a life, worldly and self-indulgent, without conflict and sacrifice, can co-exist with faith, then they misunderstand the meaning of the word, and substitute an insipid, self-invented sentiment which has no higher aim than ease of mind and deliverance from future unhappiness for that wonderful heaven-born principle which is the gift of God and the work of the Holy Ghost. Jesus Himself dwells in the heart by faith; a believer must be one in whom Jesus Christ lives.

Most instructive are the declarations of the

Saviour on faith. Once the disciples asked, "Increase our faith." The answer of the Lord is, "If ye had faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye might say unto this sycamine tree, Be thou plucked up by the root, and be thou planted in the sea, and it should obey you." He directs their attention to the quality, the kind of faith, and not to its quantity or degree.

Again, when the disciples were astonished that the fig-tree which Jesus had cursed was withered, the Lord said, "Have faith in God,"—the simplest and most elementary way of expressing it,—"For verily I say unto you, that whosoever [not merely Christ, or prophet, or apostle] shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea; and shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that these things which he saith shall come to pass; he shall have whatsoever he saith." And again, when the disciples asked why they could not cast out the devil, the Saviour answers, "Because of your unbelief:" because of your not having faith—as a grain of mustard seed. Oh, if we abide in Christ, and His word abide in us, we shall ask what we will, and it shall be done unto us!

There is another point. In a dead church there is want of *Love*. There is isolation and selfishness in both life and work. Apathy forgets that the Church is a brotherhood, a body, where one member is to help and to sympathize with the other. We are to strive together, to work together in the gospel. In the public services this union and co-operation are to be made manifest. The French use a very instructive expression; they say, "assist at a meeting," where we say "attend." Every Christian ought to *assist* at our meetings, by his presence, by his prayer, by his earnest and concentrated and sustained attention. Believe it, the minister *hears* the wandering thoughts; it is but rarely that the congregation *listens* in the full and true sense of the word. Think not that the weight of responsibility with regard to a service lies exclusively or pre-eminently on the minister. It lies on us all. We either assist or resist; by earnestness, we are a power, a help upwards; by apathy, we are a dead weight.

Though we who trust in Jesus have received the Holy Ghost, we often forget His presence. We often grieve the Holy Ghost, who in majesty and love is equal with the Father and the Son. Yet we have indeed received the Spirit of adoption; we are anointed with the Holy Ghost; we are sealed with the Spirit, as the earnest of an inheritance. Let us remember, then, the position and the gift bestowed on us by the grace of God, let us worship, let us walk in the Spirit.

And since, notwithstanding all our sins, our ingratitude and unfaithfulness, the Lord in His sovereign grace and fatherly love is willing to send down a plenteous rain to refresh the dry and parched ground, to restore His people, and to make them joyful in His house of prayer, to lead them in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake, let us with humility and a contrite heart beseech Him, "Wilt thou not revive us again?"

We wish to be indeed children of God, disciples and servants of the Lord Jesus, the temple of the Holy Ghost; we wish to be the Lord's, and to love the brethren, and to show forth God's praise on earth. "Wilt thou not fill us again with thy light and love, and renew our youth?"

I ask every Christian one question: Do you remember any period of your life when your spiritual condition was better than it is at this present moment; when you lived closer to God; when you had more delight in the Word, more joy in prayer, more love to Jesus, more zeal in testifying of Christ's salvation? Do you remember such a time? Then Jesus, the Lord, has against you that you have left your first love. Oh let us return, and say, "Wilt thou not revive us again, that Thy people may rejoice in thee?"

MOUNT ATHOS.

A Religious Relic of the Middle Ages.

By C. RUSSELL.

IF there is any lover of historic study who wishes to picture to himself the manners and state of thought in the tenth century, let him pay a visit to the monks of Mount Athos, and there lift the veil from a most surprising scene, the singular relics of the Byzantine middle ages. He will find a theocratic republic—an untouched waif and stray of past centuries, lying on the coast of the Ægean Sea. Its monasteries are museums where

treasures of Byzantine art are stored. Its libraries are filled with rare and priceless manuscripts. Its idea of "religion" is one which has not altogether disappeared from Christendom, but which has almost gone, and which only survives in the refuges of ignorance and superstition. An unexpected opportunity having occurred of embarking in a Turkish boat filled with pilgrims to this holy fane, we gladly accepted the chance of going direct to the mountain.

We had scarcely started from the mercantile hurry of the Golden Horn before we felt ourselves on the threshold of another world. With the exception of the Genoese captain and the sailors, we were the only heretics among a crowd of saints. The metropolitan of Nicea, the archbishop of Larissa, and the dignitaries of the Russian convent of St. Panteleimon, surrounded by their acolytes, occupied the better parts of the vessel. Seated in rows on the benches, their chaplets in their hands, with black caps and long white beards, their profiles stood out majestically against the waning light of evening. They looked like the darkly tinted frescoes which adorn the naves of ancient cathedrals, representing the councils of the Fathers.

Pilgrims of an inferior rank filled the deck. People of every language and race, Russians, Greeks, Albanians, and priests, of sordid yet picturesque appearance, lay on the deck like a flock of sheep, sleeping one upon another, an undistinguishable mass of human limbs. Rolled in their white rugs, among their guns and bags, these immovable bodies recalled the sad aspect of a battle-field strewn with the dead and dying. Some few raised themselves on their knees to sing a hymn of praise, and watch the splendour of a crescent moon rising from the waves through golden streaks of light.

On the morning of the second day we distinguished the high peak of Athos, ever increasing until evening. It was two in the morning before we cast anchor near the principal monastery of St. Panteleimon. The scene was a singular one. Boats manned by dark shadows, with high black caps and long beards, emerged from the gloom and attached themselves to our ship, carried us away in silence, and landed us on the shore. Here a crowd of others led the way, by the light of their lanterns, through a vaulted doorway deep as the entrance of a fortress, and covered with the pictures of saints shining in the gilded frames. On we went into a spacious court, surrounded by churches and buildings in an inextricable confusion, crowds of monks, like mute and dark spectres, going in every direction. Lifting our eyes to the highest point, we saw the façade of a church on the mountain, fully lighted up, through its windows we could hear the chants as if they came down to us from the sky.

In the days of their prosperity, when the community was favoured by the Sultan, the Servian and Wallachian princes, and the Czar especially, the number of monks amounted to ten thousand. Since the beginning of this century a shadow has fallen upon them. The Porte resented their conduct during the war of independence. The Moldo-Wallachians have secularised the church property from whence they drew the largest part of their revenues, and the spirit of the age has breathed even over the East and caused a diminution of monastic fervour, which menaces ruin to this great establishment. So far as we could ascertain, the present number of inmates is about five thousand; some of our informants raised it to six thousand. They are exclusively composed of monks submitting to the rule of St. Basil: the use of meat, tobacco, and baths is forbidden. Neither is the hair allowed to be cut—the Eastern Church having preserved the ancient Nazarite practice that steel must not touch the heads of those who are devoted to the service of God. Thus the beards are of great length, and the hair is fastened together in plaits under a high cylinder of coarse material, the rest of the dress consisting of black wool.

Twenty chief monasteries divide the peninsula, with their suffragan hermitages covering both sides of the mountainous ridge. The old walls of most of them are bathed by the sea, others occupy a bold position on ledges of rock and abrupt precipices, the wildest being hid in the wooded gorges of the centre. Before the traveller can visit this world of monks he must cross the mountain to Karyes to obtain a permission from the protathos. Mounted on our mules, we started for the journey of three hours over stony roads, through lovely valleys, contrasting the abundant life which nature displays and the ecclesiastical corpse which has selected such a scene for its tomb. Here and there were the grey walls of the houses, black figures crossed our path leading flocks or beasts of burden, but more frequently with the bag and stick of the beggar. Through a forest of walnut-trees and vineyards we descended to the large village of Karyes, reminding us strongly of the Tyrol. Falls of water, mills, and picturesque houses with carved wooden balconies; but no sound of happy mothers and children

greeted us; emaciated faces, and eyes vacantly staring, as if weary of this world, were the only signs of life.

A formal visit was first paid to the Turkish functionary, surrounded by half a dozen well-armed Albanians, and after a few compliments we were conducted to the council of the holy mountain. Never have we so strongly felt a descent into past ages as when the door opened and we were introduced to the venerable chapter. They were seated in a row, close to the wall, with the protathos raised on a sort of throne beneath a picture of the Virgin. All was black excepting the white beards and faces, the colour of wax, unruffled by anxiety or thought. This expression of absolute indifference is increased by a vacant look in the eye; the passions of body and soul are alike extinguished; there is no beautiful reflection of inward brightness, which gives such interest to the human face. The prelates spoke to us in a dead language, the relics of Greek and Byzantine, used at least eight hundred years or even double that time ago. We seemed to be present at an ancient council at Ephesus or Nicea. Might not Eusebius, Photius, or Athanasius enter and explain their subtle distinctions of doctrine? The secretary exchanged our patriarchal letter for a permit sealed with the four seals of the protathos, whilst a deacon handed sweetmeats and coffee. Then the "first man in Athos" rose; they handed him a staff with a large silver head, on which the names of the twenty monasteries are engraved, and we all walked in procession to visit the Church of the Virgin, and afterwards to the Russian hermitage of St. Andrew, where we were to take up our quarters. We soon had strong horses appointed to us, a Russian monk for a guide and an Albanian for an escort. Thus we started through the rocky defiles covered with rich forests of oaks and plane-trees, like travellers of the twelfth century, with monks and soldiers as companions, asking for hospitality at the convent gates and paying for it by stories of war and politics.

It would be tedious to relate the proceedings of each day, as there was the same character and reception everywhere: let us take one as an example of all. Through the forest glade we perceive the high walls and flattened domes of a monastery; our Albanian immediately fires off his gun to announce that strangers are in the vicinity. Dismounting, we cross a rushing torrent by a drawbridge, and enter through a massive door into a vaulted corridor, only lighted by lamps burning before the sacred pictures. The abbot, surrounded by his monks, awaited us in the large court-yard, and after a few compliments, they formed a procession leading us to the Church, chanting a psalm accompanied by peals of bells. The ground was strewn with laurel leaves in honour of the guests. Putting on the sacerdotal dress, the abbot repeated the prayer for the safety of visitors, taken up in sad rhythm by the choir of monks; so melancholy, indeed, was the whole scene, with the black robes and sad faces, that we could have believed we were present at our own interment.

We were then led to the guest-chamber, which is usually placed at the very top of the building, from whence the eye wanders over the wide expanse of land and sea. Whilst we squatted on a circular divan, the lay brothers brought us coffee, spring water, and the perpetual conserve of roses, which with the cigarette plays the principal part in Eastern conversations. We reply to the political questions, often very ridiculous, which are asked by these grown-up children, and make our inquiries as to the treasures of their convent. An acolyte offers to lead us over the house, and when we would willingly stay to study the frescoes of the chapel or the shelves of the library, he hurries us on to visit the labyrinth of miserable cells in which they pride themselves. Interminable galleries of wood take the place of our cloisters; from them we pass on to the refectory, where the monks dine on a sardine and a piece of black bread, and thence to the *nosocome*, where they are removed to die. The night drawing on, we are summoned to dinner. The ascetic cheer consists of gourds or cucumbers boiled in water, salt fish, goats'-milk cheese, and a water-melon. This repast, eminently hostile to European stomachs, unlooses the abbot's tongue; he laughs and talks, and though puerile in his gossip, we prefer it to his silence. A night spent on a coarse cloth divan, disputed with myriads of unwelcome occupants, scarcely gives us repose, and at dawn we are dismissed as we arrived, with a procession and parting benediction.

The most ancient of the Greek establishments, lying on the lovely shores of the Gulf of Contessa, Vatopedi owes its name to the young son of Theodosius, who, being shipwrecked on this shore, was found lying safe and sound under a bush by the hermits. The immense buildings of Avramios were begun in 964; they are the most wealthy and the richest in art treasures of any on the island. Here we had to leave our horses

and embark in a caïque, to round the inaccessible cliffs and gain Monte Santo. Yet even this wall of rock was found, to our astonishment, to be inhabited. Miserable hermits crouched in every hole, hanging between earth and sky, descending by ladders and ropes to the edge of the water, and begging their daily crust of bread from the boats that pass. Everywhere you are beset by these mendicants.

"Give a para, effendi."

We ask, "Why do you demand charity? You are young and strong, cannot you work?"

"Eh, I am a hermit; the good fathers give us alms."

"Why do you stay here? You have a family and a trade?"

"But I came here, and saw that all was good and pleasing to God. In Smyrna I must work hard to gain so little. Give me a para, effendi."

Here is the secret of the life that remains to this institution, the invincible hatred of Eastern nations to the hard laws of labour: to escape from these is happiness; to live without trouble is to them living well. But surely sadder even than this prevailing idleness is the shameful association of it with the sacred name and service of God.

Another striking instance came before us when we passed Kapsokaliva. At the foot of a most desolate rock a dark form was lying in the heat of an August sun, holding a long reed from which a string hung over the water. Taking the man for a fisherman, we sailed nearer to see how he could reach a terrace, from whence there was apparently no issue. He was, however, nothing but a begging hermit, who, by the help of ladders and ropes, let himself down to this post without breaking his neck. Lying there, with the rock at a white heat, he watched his bag hung to the string in the hope that a chance boat's crew would favour him with the gift of a few olives. From the dawn of day he was always there. Throwing back his long hair, he vaguely looked at us, never replying to the jests of our rowers. He had reached the self-annihilation of the India fakir, and we could not help asking, Is he of our flesh and blood? Never has a burning thought passed through tne soul of these men, never do they make a supreme effort of the will, nor are they intoxicated with one bright moment of happiness. It has never occurred to them that it is good to live, healthy to suffer, grand to struggle; they are steeped in the eternal sleep of the Oriental.

An Albanian.

It is not an easy task to induce the monks

to converse. They have an innate distrust of travellers, who are regarded as political emissaries or robbers of MSS. Their absolute ignorance of European languages is one impediment; but a still greater is the vacuity of mind they display. A little more intelligence is found among the abbots of the Russian monasteries. One spoke well on the subject of ancient art, and deplored its decay, whilst the fine old man at the head of Livra had formed wise opinions on the state of the country. Excepting the liturgy, a volume from their splendid libraries is never seen in the hands of the monks. The librarians even show the manuscripts awkwardly, and will pompously hand you a copy of the Gospels in Georgian, and call it Turkish.

We were much astonished one evening on entering a monastery to be accosted by a very aged, broken-down man in Italian. When alone in our cell he came in, bent double on his stick, recalling the picture of the "Alchemist" by Rembrandt, or the astrologer of "The Monastery." He proved to be the physician, and gradually opened out to us his eventful existence. An enthusiastic Liberal, he had taken part in one of the Greek insurrections. Expelled from his native country, he studied medicine at Bologna and Rome, when he was again compromised in 1848. Returning to Turkey, his want of resources forced him to accept the post of physician here, and for twenty years, he said, he had been trying to rouse the monks from their ignorance and immorality. Nothing could be more curious than to hear this old man burning with generous illusions, preaching the emancipation of the nations in Mount Athos. A revolutionist and a philosopher, discussing Moses, reading Voltaire, and professing a vague kind of Deism, he yet stood out from all those around him by his high intelligence, showing the difference of race and education in European countries.

Abbot of Russian Monastery.

Meditation, which occupies so large a place in the monastic life of the West, is even more unknown here than reading; it is a form of our religious faith wholly incomprehensible. Christianity has no abstract depth nor anxious problems, nor with God's Spirit is there any intimacy of communion, not even any sense of fellowship, to these vacant natures. During times of greatest religious conflict the Orientalist dispensed with subtle distinctions of words, and the "Confessions of St. Augustine" was a dead letter to him. The spirit of the mystic rising to heaven is as foreign to him as is the mood of the hypochondriac and suicide of the north; Greeks, whether layman or monk, bask in the soft breeze and the warm sun. Thus they wander along their balconies and courts all the day long, thinking of nothing and

enjoying everything. Let a monk confine himself to his cell, and he will at once fall asleep. The monastic rule is by no means a heavy one, the only exception being the watch in the church through the whole of Saturday night. Rarely are the disks of wood which call the faithful together now used, and Oriental sobriety is indifferent to fasts and material privations.

Let us now turn to the study of the immense museum contained in this holy mountain. In the wreck of the Byzantine world Athos alone has preserved a complete history of art in architecture, painting, goldsmiths' work, and manuscripts. Everywhere else the mason's trowel has buried the old frescoes under a shroud of lime, to please the Mahometan imams. Though a large portion of the rich work has been dispersed or destroyed during the wars that have desolated the mountain, there is enough left to far surpass our collections. They brought for our inspection Gospels bound in silver-gilt, caskets, reliquaries, crosses, sacred vases all exquisitely engraved, brilliant with diamonds, precious stones, and enamel.

Here is a crucifix enclosing the wood of the true cross, the gift of Phocas in the tenth century; the "Book of Hours," belonging to Theodora, with Christ and the Virgin on the binding in enamel. At Vatopedi a beautiful cup of transparent stone, with handles formed of golden enamelled dragons, seemed like an imitation of the Italian renaissance. An Oriental cross in the form of a shepherd's crook, in amber and enamel, was presented to the monastery of Zeropotamo by the munificence of a Wallachian vaïvode in the sixteenth century. At a late period the monks themselves excelled in carving microscopic figures in wood, representing complicated scenes, and these were arranged on the narrow arms of a cross. Especially we admired elegant marquetry in tortoise-shell and mother-of-pearl, for the backs of chairs and panels, and lamps of a lustre peculiar to Mount Athos. They consist of an immense circle of chiselled copper, loaded with wax lights, and hung from the ceiling by chains; the two-headed eagle of Byzantium appears at regular intervals between a chain of arabesques, varying according to the fancy of the artist. It is a necessary ornament in every church, and produces a grand effect, like a crown of glory.

The pictures cover hundreds of square yards in the churches and refectories, extending over a period of eight hundred years—a world of saints, doctors, virgins, and princes, the heads and hands alone being painted, the rest of the figure in delicate jewellers' work, filagree studded with gems. Many are of a high order, and remind the visitor of Fra Angelico in their tender expression. All the best are attributed to the Raphael of Athos, the famous Panselinos. The subjects are always in the same prescribed order. In the centre of the cupola the Deity looks down on the worshippers, angels and apostles surrounding Him. The four evangelists are opposite. Figures of saints are between the columns, together with representations of councils, the Last Judgment, and allegorical pieces; and the burial of the Virgin occupies the entrance to the vestibule.

It is impossible, let me here say, to describe how we became oppressed with the universal sadness of the place. Before our visit was ended, a torpor seized our spirits. We were going through living sepulchres. Nature is bright and healthy, but the eyes that look on it have a mourning veil before them. We felt like prisoners, and only too gladly accepted the offer of the captain of a fishing boat to put us on shore at Monte Santo, from whence we could go to Salonica. The night was spent on deck, and with the early dawn we passed a boat full of women and children, singing one of the sweet Greek songs. It seemed like a renewing of life; distant ages, old Byzantium, disappeared; the black mass of Athos was scarcely visible, and, like the superannuated people who inhabit it, vanished into the past.

HONOURABLE WOMEN.

By Miss CHESSAR.

III.—RACHEL, THE WELL-BELOVED.

REBEKAH, wife of Isaac, and mother of Esau and Jacob, was in sore distress of mind. Isaac, aged and blind, lay on what seemed to be his death-bed (although his life was prolonged for many years), and his sons, Jacob and Esau, each desiring his special blessing, had been blessed indeed, but in ways that their father did not intend and that Esau certainly did not desire. Angry with Jacob, "the supplanter," Esau

waited only for the time of their father's death to wreak his vengeance on Jacob. "The days of mourning for my father are at hand," said he in his bitterness, "then will I slay my brother Jacob." To Rebekah, whose love seems to have gone out chiefly to the son most like herself in character, these wild words of Esau's were repeated; and she, anxious for Jacob's safety, told him of the danger that lay before him, and counselled what was really flight from Esau, but what might be made to appear merely as a friendly visit to his relations in far-off Mesopotamia, the country from which, as a young bride, Rebekah had herself come. "Arise, flee thou to Laban my brother, to Haran, and tarry with him a few days, until thy brother's fury turn away; until thy brother's anger turn away from thee, and he forget that which thou hast done to him; then I will send and fetch thee from thence: why should I be deprived also of you both in one day?" Rebekah counts upon the brief character of the anger of her impulsive elder son, and she looks forward to the time when she should once more behold Jacob, a time which, in this world, never came.

So Jacob went out on his lonely journey to Mesopotamia. At last it drew to a close: for he had come "into the land of the people of the east." He knew that he could not be far from the tents of his mother's family. It was past noon, but still high day, when he beheld at no great distance a well, its mouth covered with a great stone to keep out dust, to shade the water from the sun's rays, and to prevent undue access to the precious liquid. Round the well lay three flocks of sheep, waiting for the assembling of the others, and for the time to arrive when, by common consent and united effort, the great stone should be rolled from the well's mouth that the flocks might be watered. With the flocks were the shepherds, watching and waiting with that power of quiet patience which seems specially developed by the shepherd's life, and is particularly great among primitive nomadic peoples, with whom the days pass in slow succession, little marked by any event. With the men Jacob enters into conversation; he asks them whence they come, and whether Laban, the son of Nahor, is known to them. They answer that they know Laban, that he is well, and that, moreover, "Rachel his daughter cometh with the sheep." In the simple pastoral life, Rachel kept her father's sheep, doubtless along with other maidens of the household; for in the great families of those days wealth did not render idle maiden-life respectable, nor did real feminine dignity lose any of its grace and charm by industrial associations with persons of humbler rank. While Jacob was yet speaking, Rachel herself came. It is not difficult to imagine the stately and beautiful girl coming along with all the grace of motion which characterizes the free movements of women dressed in the flowing Eastern robes. Following her came her sheep, and as she drew near to the well's mouth to water them she must have noticed the stranger in the group of those who were awaiting her arrival. Had she been even less beautiful than she was, Jacob's heart must have been stirred at the sight of her. She was one of his own people; the dangers of his long journey were safely passed; his solitude was over; she was one of the members of the family of his mother's brother, and family affections were strong in him, as they have been through all time among his descendants. With touching simplicity the scriptural narrative tells, "when Jacob saw Rachel, the daughter of Laban, his mother's brother, he went near, and rolled the stone from the well's mouth, and watered the flock of Laban his mother's brother." Overcome by his emotion, he kissed Rachel, he wept, he told her that he was Rebekah's son. Quickly she ran and told her father, and quickly he ran to meet the stranger, to embrace him, to give him the fraternal kiss, with which Arabs still greet each other, and to welcome him to his house.

Possibly the thought may have occurred to Laban, how years before he had run out at the call of Rebekah to the well, and there had seen the grave Eliezer of Damascus come with a long train of camels, and with goodly gifts of golden jewels and bracelets, to seek a wife for Isaac. Here, with Jacob, there was no sign of wealth. Fleeing in haste and secrecy, with no animal to carry him, with but the slenderest provision for his wants, with, in fact, nothing but his staff, had he passed over Jordan, and come to the great Mesopotamian pasture-grounds, where he was to be a sojourner for long years. Nevertheless, the claims of relationship were acknowledged at once. "Surely thou art my bone and my flesh," said Laban to him, and, as a matter of course, Jacob became one of the household. For a month he remained there, going in and out among them, helping with the work of the flocks and herds, specially, no doubt, assisting Rachel in her work. During all that time,

the love of Jacob for Rachel grew, fostered by the many opportunities which he had of seeing her while she tended the flocks, while she watered them, while she took part in the household duties, while she rested in the evening after the meal which finished the occupations of the day.

Therefore, when Laban desired that Jacob should name the wages which would be most acceptable to him in payment of his services, without a moment's hesitation Jacob replied, "I will serve thee seven years for Rachel, thy younger daughter." In the East it is still the custom for men to give "much dowry and gift" for their wives. But Jacob had nothing; he was, in fact, living on the bounty of his uncle, who was seeing, however, the great value of the aid that Jacob's experience had brought to him; and when, as dowry for Rachel, he proposed to give seven years of service, Laban accepted at once. "It is better that I should give her to thee, than that I should give her to another man: abide with me."

"And Jacob served seven years for Rachel; and they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had to her." How much do these simple words tell us as to Jacob's faithfulness and patience, and the tender love that he bore towards the beautiful woman, who, day by day, by her mere presence brought him joy! In our own day, we often see the reverse of this patience; people rush into marriage with that haste which leads to nothing so surely as to a long repentance; they know little of each other's tempers, habits, and dispositions, yet they put aside every obstacle with a haste unworthy of reasoning creatures. Like Passion, in the "Pilgrim's Progress," they must have all that they want at once. Jacob possessed his soul in patience, and he had his reward in the pleasure of Rachel's presence, in his growing knowledge of her character, in anticipation of the time when he should have fully earned the right to call her wife.

At last the time came when Jacob could ask that the marriage, so long waited for, should take place; and accordingly, with much rejoicing, with the assembling of friends and neighbours, and with the feasting proper to the occasion, Jacob's marriage day came round. So changeless are Eastern fashions, that it is not difficult for us even now to realise what took place. The men feasted apart, in company with the bridegroom; the women feasted with the bride, and decorated her in her most brilliant attire, putting on change after change of wedding garments, each increasing in beauty, till that was reached in which she was to be presented to her husband. Then in the evening, when the dusky shadows were all around, the bride, closely veiled, was conducted to the tent or the house of the bridegroom. It is not difficult to understand how Jacob was deceived as to his bride, and how it was possible that Leah should be substituted for Rachel; and we can imagine what bitter feelings must have been awakened between the sisters, what endless speculation and chatter there must have been among the women, when it was known that Leah, not Rachel, was to be prepared as the bride. Leah, lending herself to the deceit, could have had no comfortable feelings. Compared with Rachel, she was not beautiful at all; her one beauty lay in her large soft eyes, tender in expression (for "tender-eyed," as rendered in our version, is said to mean that rather than blear-eyed). Very possibly, she loved Jacob too; certainly it was her father's will that she should marry him; and among Eastern women, where all are married, personal preference is held a matter of little moment. A woman has to be married, and must adapt herself to her husband, whatever manner of man he may happen to be. But Rachel, who loved Jacob, and who knew that she was loved by him—what must have been the bitterness of her feelings on that marriage day! She knew the deceit that was about to be practised, she could not warn Jacob; and she must have been overwhelmed with anticipations of what was to come.

The morning light revealed the deceit which Laban and Leah had wrought; Jacob, dismayed and indignant, sought an explanation. Laban put him off with a statement that the custom of the country forbade the marriage of the younger sister before that of the elder, but promised that, after a few days, Rachel, long-desired, should be his, upon the condition (a hard one, seeing how much was in his hands) that Jacob should serve yet another seven years. Hope deferred had made the heart of Jacob sick with longing. At once he yielded to Laban's avaricious demand; and in a week after the time when he had married Leah, Rachel, beautiful, beloved, the very desire of his soul, was given to him as his own. Can we wonder when we learn that "he loved Rachel more than Leah"? Which of us, under similar circumstances, would not have felt the same?

Then followed to Rachel the great trial of her life. Hitherto, as Laban's beautiful

daughter, as the best-beloved of Jacob, all had gone well with her. Doubtless, with the ingenuity of a petted woman, and one with not too much control over herself, she had made Leah wince under the declarations of her own superiority. But now, both were wives, and Leah only was a mother. Rachel had her husband's love, and was secure in it; never for a moment does she seem to have doubted that; but no children came to make her part of the home full of the bliss of mother's love, and bright with childish laughter and the noise of pattering feet. No little soft arms clung to her neck, no voice called her "Mother," none of the weariness came to her which mothers feel and are glad to endure for the sake of the children who claim from them the "labour which proceedeth of love." To Leah, on the contrary, had been born in rapid succession, Reuben, Simeon, Levi, and Judah; and with the birth of each son the hope that her husband would at last show that he loved her had risen, had grown—alas for her!—had died, in poor Leah's heart. Rachel, accustomed to have everything her own way, and having in actual possession so much of what was desirable, so much of all that Leah longed for, yet envied her sister. "Give me children, or I die," she said to Jacob. Little did she foresee that, when she had children, she would die. For once in their lives Jacob's anger was stirred against Rachel. He saw and reproved her childish fretfulness, and pointed out to her that not he, but God Himself, had withheld from her the great gift of children. Nevertheless, he must have been sorry for her, and when she proposed to do as Sarah had done in the case of Hagar—to give her handmaid to Jacob for a wife, that she might have children by adoption, if she had none of her own—he consented to her wish. Bilhah's children were Dan and Naphtali, whose very names show the envy with which Rachel regarded her sister. But Leah also had a handmaid, and would not be denied the privilege of giving her also to Jacob for a wife, and Zilpah's children, Gad and Asher, were counted by Leah among her own family. Moreover, Issachar, Zebulun, and Dinah, made up the number of seven children, of whom she was herself the mother.

During all these years Rachel's heart must have suffered many a pang. By her own act she had increased the number of those for whom Jacob must have felt some interest as mothers of his children, and all the time the one desire of her heart was unfulfilled. Probably at last her fretfulness and self-will yielded, and all her mind was in submission to that high will which had ordered her life as it does ours; and then "God remembered Rachel," and Joseph was born. His name, which means "adding," expresses simply her desire to have yet another son; and that that only should be the feeling of her heart shows how much she must have become softened in character from the time when she gave to Bilhah's eldest son the name of Dan, "judging," because God had judged, as she thought, in her favour, in the quarrel between herself and her sister. Now, there is no thought of triumph; there is merely thankfulness that the reproach of childlessness has been taken away from her, and hope—surely not too presumptuous—that to this son might be added yet another. Adversity had chastened her high spirit; perhaps, too, the mother-love, which came with Joseph's birth, opened up to her view a knowledge of her sister's feelings, and a sympathy with them, which hitherto she had not felt. Certain it is that they were more drawn together; for when Jacob became rich through the increase of his flocks and herds, his camels and asses, his menservants and maidservants, and, conscious of jealousy on the part of Laban and his sons, desired to leave Mesopotamia, Rachel and Leah united in the advice which they gave him, in making common cause with him and with their children against the rapacity of Laban. We note, however, that when mentioned together, Rachel, though the younger, is named first. It would seem that not only was she the favourite wife, but that of the two sisters she had the stronger character.

So, once more, Jacob fled; this time, however, with his sons and his wives upon camels, and with all the sheep, the cattle, and the goods that he had gotten during his stay in Padan-aram. Laban had gone away to shear his sheep, and Jacob took advantage of his absence to take his journey back to Canaan. Similar processions are now often to be seen when the chief of a great nomadic tribe changes his habitation. The wives and children are mounted on camels, with all the household gear; the cattle and sheep go slowly, divided into "bands," and the men pass from one company to another, guarding and superintending all.

Rachel and Leah took with them all that belonged to them; and more, Rachel took the images—the gods—which Laban worshipped. When Laban overtook the retreating company at Gilead, and demanded these,

Jacob allowed him to search for them; and the quickness with which Rachel, while pretending to assist her father, really defeated him in his search, gives us, perhaps, the least favourable impression that Holy Writ contains of her character. The best that can be said for her is that, in acting as she did, she imagined herself to be in some way promoting the interest of her husband.

Escaped from Laban's pursuit, Jacob feared Esau, and arranged a valuable present with which to propitiate him, before he should meet the main body of the travellers. The order in which the handmaids with their children, and Leah and Rachel with their children, are arranged, is significant. Rachel and Joseph come last, the most precious of all Jacob's possessions.

When Canaan is reached, Succoth and Shechem are in turn the residences of the patriarchal family, the elder of whom are now grown up, and by their turbulence and wilfulness are grieving the hearts of their parents. The strange gods which Rachel brought with her doubtless had had their influence in weakening the allegiance of the family to the true God. But at last Jacob receives the order to go to Bethel and dwell there; to raise there an altar; in fact, to redeem the promise which he made when, friendless and alone, he fled from his father's house. Before they moved from Shechem the gods were buried by Jacob under a great oak; and the family was then cleansed from at least the outward signs of idolatry.

At Bethel, by setting up a pillar, and by offerings made thereon, Jacob renewed his covenant with Jehovah, who repeated the promises, and again called Jacob Israel, "prince with God." At Bethel, too, took place the death of Deborah, Rebekah's nurse, who probably came to Jacob after the death of his mother. Under the oak of Allon-bachuth was Deborah's body laid, and Jacob started on his journey to join his father, who still lived. But Rachel was not to be of those who were to meet round Isaac's dying bed. Just beyond Bethel, a little way from Ephrath, came the end. A son was added to her, her earnest desire was fulfilled; but her soul departed, and she left behind her the child, Ben-oni ("son of my sorrow"), as she called him; Benjamin ("son of the right hand"), as he was called by his father. So at Bethlehem Rachel was laid to rest; Bethlehem, where the pillar over her grave was a noteworthy object for many a day; Bethlehem, where, long after, Ruth made her home; Bethlehem, where the angels sang the joy-song over the nativity of Christ.

"The Lord make the woman that is come into thine house like Rachel and like Leah," was the marriage blessing bestowed on Boaz. So much did Rachel become identified with Bethlehem that, long after, she is spoken of as weeping for her children that were carried down into captivity, and for those who, by Herod's orders, were slain in the Massacre of the Innocents.

Round Rachel's memory, notwithstanding her faults, cluster many tender thoughts. Beautiful, beloved, and indulged, she could hardly avoid being, to some extent, petulant and wilful. She was one of those women whom the poet describes when he speaks of

> "A creature not too bright or good
> For human nature's daily food."

Certainly, she was deeply loved—no woman ever more so; and, to be so much loved, she must have been lovable. Her character improves as she grows older; she learns the lessons of patience and submission, which for her had been so hard; and she leaves behind her such tenderness for her in her husband's heart, that long after, when he is dying in Egypt, he recounts to Joseph all the circumstances of her death. "Rachel died by me in the land of Canaan in the way, when yet there was but a little way to come unto Ephrath; and I buried her there in the way of Ephrath; the same is Bethlehem." Rachel is always interesting—not only on account of her personal beauty and charm, but still more because of the love which her husband had for her. Doubtless she was the object not only of much love on his part, but of earnest prayer; and it must have afforded him infinite satisfaction to see the expansion and the growing perfection of her character. Beauty alone, and tenderest love, are not enough to ensure the perfection of life. To have that, there must be added perfect trust in and submission to that all-seeing Father who, through all our failings and shortcomings, guides us by the way that is best for us.

TO THE NEW-RISEN MOON.

O HOW I love thee, gentle moon! thou tenderness of light!
Beneath thy deep, mysterious heavens, 'tis day that seems the night.
There's something wins my kindliest thoughts when thou art in the sky:
What is it in thy pensive face in which thy charm doth lie?

Thy way, so gentle, soothes my soul; thy calmness gives me strength;
My fevered thought, my hurried strife, are quieted at length:
And passions that did sleep all day do now arise from rest,
As in a morning of the soul, new-quickened and all blest.

How is it that my spirit feels more fondly to the moon
Than to the sun, e'en in the strength of his unclouded noon?
Is it because, though of the sky, thou seemest to be here?
Is it because the things I love I love them to be near?

Is it because thy form I see, into thy face can gaze,
Whilst form and power to look thereon are lost in the sun's blaze?
Is it because when thou dost shine, some darkness I can see,
And feel it just enough to know thou lightest it for me?

Is it because mere magnitude and splendour I can fear,
But love can only feel to that which gently cometh near?
Is it thou art a homely thing, so strong and yet so mild—
Just as my mother's face appeared when I was but a child?

From care and self thy cooling beam hath set my spirit free,
And by a calmer, holier mood, brought heaven more near to me.
For strangely blending with this scene I feel another night,
And see in thy near gentleness the image of its light.

By the mild splendours of my God reflected in Christ's face,
The darkness of the earth's transformed into a heaven-like place.
So, through the night of life and death, where'er, whate'er it be,
Unwaning and unsetting face, Thou, Jesus, shine on me.

BENJAMIN WAUGH.

CALLED TO BE AN APOSTLE.

"And the lot fell upon Matthias."—ACTS I. 26.

CALLED out to fill the traitor's place,
To bear the news of saving grace,
Shed forth upon our fallen race;

Called forth, the wanderer home to lead,
Called forth, the flock of Christ to feed,
To sow on earth the heavenly seed—

O blessed lot, and yet below,
Scarce aught beside his name we know
On whom God did this grace bestow.

We know not where for God he fought,
What wondrous works by Him he wrought,
What nations of Christ's love he taught.

Then never deem it cause of shame
If none on earth inscribe thy name
Within the book of worldly fame.

If of God's chosen holy saint
We only see the outlines faint,
What right have we to make complaint?

If He who doth in secret see
Approve our work, small need have we
Of earthly fame or eulogy.

Grant only, Lord, that in thy sight
We walk as children of the light,
And 'neath thy banner bravely fight.

E. D.

FORESTS.

By J. A. CAMDEN.

"*Those first temples of the Deity.*"—Mrs. Hemans.

SURELY few natural objects will reward the Christian student with more intelligent delight and awe than forests, which have covered so large a portion of the dry land in bygone ages, and which still play so important a part in the wonderful economy of nature. All natural objects and phenomena do not affect us alike. There are some, such as thunder and lightning and the stormy sea, which we never regard without awe; others, again, as the soft breeze, the gently rippled lake, the trees soughing in the wind, are thought of almost with kindly personal affection. The individuality of mountains is so great that to the mountaineer each peak is a special and distinct presence, known in its various aspects like the face of a friend. Trees, too, whether growing singly or in

woods or forests, have the same peculiarity of individualisation, almost of personality. It is difficult to divest oneself of the notion that they have real feeling, and experience actual emotion. When Longfellow says,—

> "All the green leaves over me
> Clapt their little hands in glee,"

we hardly feel that his language is metaphorical. Who has not experienced, when passing a wood, a mysterious thrill, as if, somehow, the trees were watching, were knowing, were sympathizing with each other, were whispering to each other weird secrets, of which we—more transient creatures than they—know nothing? A wood at night has a dreary and elfin-like life. It is as if the swaying and moaning branches said, "We could—an if we would," but they return no answer to our question of "What?"

Each tree-form has its own special characteristic, which we signalise by special epithets. We speak of the sturdy oak, the graceful willow, the birch, "the lady of the woods;" and the singular likeness to human shapes that may be sometimes traced in tree-forms has received its extremest illustration in the terrible fancy of those human trees which Dante saw in his wonderful dream, and whose branches bled when they were broken.

The word "forest" has very different significations. It does not always mean what it did to Spenser, who describes a shady grove—

> "That promist ayde the tempest to withstand:
> Whose loftie trees, yclad with sommer's pride,
> Did spred so broad that heaven's light did hide,
> Not perceable with power of any starr;
> And all within were pathes and alleys wide,
> With footing worne and leading inward farr."

In England a forest, technically, is a piece of ground withdrawn from cultivation, reserved for the pleasures of the chase, and allowed to clothe itself with a spontaneous growth which serves as a "cover" for wild animals. But what this may become is to be seen in the lovely glades of the New Forest in England, and in such parts of the French forests as have escaped the destruction carried out by the peasants when they rose against the long oppression of feudalism, and wreaked their vengeance upon the forests, which, in their minds, were associated with some of the most hateful of the laws under which they had groaned. One such scene is described by an artist* in the following words:—

> "All scenery that is not positively mountainous owes to sylvan beauty nearly all its charm and attraction. . . . . In the heart of the forest, remote from any human habitation, there may be scenes of the most striking grandeur, which would be utterly ravaged by the destruction of some venerable company of giants who have lived there side by side for full five hundred years. There is one such solitude in a narrow dell, ... just at the end of a little valley, where a streamlet glides down a grassy slope rounded into the smoothest curves. On this slope stand twelve gigantic brethren—chestnuts—which, by a happy fatality, have escaped the axes of many successive generations. They have no definite association with human history: they have dwelt together in this solitude undisturbed by the fall of dynasties or the noise of distant battle-fields. No king has ever sought refuge in their foliage, no general has encamped or held council beneath their shade. Only the birds have made nests in their world of leaves, and the wild deer found repose in the coolness of their shadowy seclusion."

A tropical forest, such as those found on the banks of the Amazons, is remarkable for its greenness, and for the comparative absence of bright-coloured flowers. Here and there may be seen a tree which from topmost twig to lowest bough is one mass of blossom; but, as a rule, tropical forests have nothing to show which can equal the glory of the yellow gorse in blossom, or the flush of the heath on the hillside in September, or the sweetness of a field covered with the pale blue bells of the wild hyacinth. In the tropical forests trees crowd together, reaching up towards the light, growing to great heights before sending off a single branch, almost choked with underwood, tangled together with climbing stems, and having the ground carpeted with Lycopodiums, and encumbered with masses of dried leaves, with dropped seed and fruits. Here and there colossal trees of nearly two hundred feet high* tower over the others, and "the vast dome of foliage rises above the other forest trees as a domed cathedral does above the other buildings in a city." These great trees are buttressed up by the roots, which rise ridge-like from the earth, growing gradually upwards as the tree requires greater support. Sometimes, even in these great solitary forests, very picturesque scenes occur. "A brook, flowing through a ravine in the high bank, fell in many littte cascades to the broad river beneath, its margins decked out with an infinite variety of plants. Wild bananas arched over the watercourse, and the trunks of the trees in its vicinity were clothed with ferns."† Sometimes, again, the forest "consisted of a most bewildering diversity of grand and beautiful trees, draped, festooned, corded, matted, and ribboned with climbing

* P. G. Hamerton in the "Sylvan Year."

* As high as the "Monument" on Fish Street Hill, in London.

† Bates, "The Naturalist on the Amazons."

plants, woody and succulent, in endless variety. There was not much green underwood, except in places where bamboos grew; these formed impenetrable thickets of plumy foliage and thorny, jointed stems. The earth elsewhere was encumbered with rotting fruits, gigantic bean-pods, leaves, limbs, and trunks of trees; fixing the impression of its being the cemetery as well as the birthplace of the great world of vegetation overhead."

Then there are the great pine forests of Canada; the vast woods which clothe the mountain slopes of British Columbia; the great trees of the Sierra Nevada, where the redwood, the oak, the pine, the laurel, the cypress, and madrona climb up the sides of the vast hills, and where the groves of Wellingtoneas, the largest trees in the world (reaching to more than three hundred feet in height), are preserved by the benevolent care of the United States Government for the delight of all travellers.

It would be long to dwell on the forests of Central Europe and of Russia, of those which hang on the side of the Altai, or clothe the steep precipices of the Australian mountains. It is enough to say that there is good reason to believe that, vast as the spaces of the earth are which forests now cover, it is probable that when man appeared on the earth they were of much greater extent than they are at present. The exigencies of populations have gradually destroyed many of the ancient forests, and have left nothing in their place. Hardly any agency, however, has been so destructive as that of herbivorous animals. It is the belief of competent judges that the barrenness of many parts of Asia Minor and of Northern Africa, of treeless Gibraltar, and even of the Arabian and African deserts, would give way to vegetation—ultimately even to forests—were it not for the destructiveness of the goats and camels which browse on every twig of sprouting vegetation. Even the prairies are probably prevented from becoming forests chiefly by the action of the bisons who graze on them.

When man comes, and populations begin to grow dense, the forest yields—slowly, perhaps, but surely. The depths of the forest seldom furnish either bulb or fruit suitable for the nourishment of man; and it is only on the margin of the woods that he finds the fowls and beasts on which he chiefly feeds; for there alone are found the seeds and insects upon which the non-carnivorous birds and quadrupeds feed. The accidental burning of trees and the rich new vegetation which springs up, may have first suggested to primitive man the clearing away of the forests.

However that may be, at the present time the needs of agriculture are the cause of much of the destruction of forests which goes on in newly-settled countries. The freshly-cleared soil exhausts its fertility in the course of a few years, and the settler finds it easy to clear away more of the trees in order to obtain fresh soil. As numbers increase, so does the demand for wood grow greater, in order to supply materials for building and all the various arts in which wood is employed. The largest and best trees are first felled; but the camp-fire of the "lumberman" often destroys much that is valuable, for it makes no distinction of small or great, of new or old. Much of the cutting is also done recklessly; and so it comes to pass that, notwithstanding the wealth of forest which has existed on the earth here and there, there are places where, even for economy's sake, people are beginning to feel that they must exercise wisdom and care in the farther destruction of the woods. The care and cultivation of forests has been for a long time a distinct branch of study, carefully pursued in Germany and in France. The British Government is turning its attention to the protection of the forests that grow on the Ghauts and the Himalaya; the people of the Cape Colony are feeling that they may have been too prodigal in cutting down the forests of the Nieuwveldt and the Drakenberg; and experts tell us that never in our days will again be seen such pines in Canada or such teak-trees in India as those that have been and are not.

The influences exerted on climate and on rain by the presence or absence of forests are very remarkable. It is not only that belts of forests give shelter from cold currents of air, and that when they are cut down the cold is rendered more piercing, as is the case in New York since the northern forests have been so much thinned, but they actually increase the heat of the places where they are found; for the heat does not radiate so quickly from the surface when it is protected by the trees, and the cold air does not descend through the obstacle which the foliage presents. It acts to the earth as the eider-down quilt to the bed. In the recesses of the woods warmth and stillness are to be found, even though the air is cold and disturbed without. No situation is more sheltered and warm than that of houses built on a hillside facing the west, and protected by a belt of trees planted

higher up than the site of the house. The influence of forests in preventing the spread of malarious exhalations has long been well known. Rows of poplars have been grown in the Tuscan Maremme, in order to obstruct the passage of evil vapours; and the *Eucalyptus globulus*, a native of Australia, is planted in thousands in Algeria, in France, and in Italy, in order to prevent the spread of fever in marshy districts.

The thousand leaves of the forest projected into the moist air attract the rain and bring it down to the earth. In some places, the clearing of the forest has diminished the annual rain-fall. Moreover, the leaves of the trees retain the moisture which has once fallen, as all may know who have passed through a wood after a time of rainy weather. Outside the wood the roads and fields may have dried up under the influence of sun and wind; but under the trees the paths are still muddy, and the ground soft with the fallen moisture. Again, forests prevent the too rapid passing away of water. The earth from which the trees spring, the dead foliage which covers it, the mass of mosses and underwood, and the network of the tree roots, all act like a vast sponge, which absorbs the water easily and parts with it slowly. From forest-covered land, therefore, water passes gradually away. The springs which feed the lakes of forest-covered countries are unfailing, and the rivers which take their rise in wooded hills suffer neither from sudden diminution of their streams, nor from destructive inundations which work woe wherever they pass. The forests act in the supply of their water as the governor-balls of a steam-engine in the supply of steam. If, however, the forests which guard the beginnings of these springs are cut down either through ignorance or through greed, nature revenges herself, and man, so puny before her great forces, suffers for his folly and short-sightedness. The cutting down of forests on the Alps and Apennines has helped to cause those terrible inundations of the Po which have spread such misery over many parts of the fertile Lombard plain; and bare hillsides, where formerly cultivation was possible, testify to the ravages of the wild stream on the slopes of the mountains themselves. Since the forests round the sources of the Cauvery in Hindostan have been thinned by the exertions of coffee-planters who have established themselves on the slopes of the Western Ghauts, that river has been subjected to sudden floods after the rains brought by the south-western monsoons, and it has been a source of terror to the people dwelling in its lower valley, carrying away bridges, destroying crops, doing mischief incalculable, instead of acting as a beneficent, fertilising stream. In such cases as these, the water, instead of being retained by the forest land, and slowly parted with as needed, rushes down the river bed at once, and between the times when rain falls the river sinks to less than its usual size.

In mountainous countries, stones and earth, loosened by frost, by rain, or by wind, not unfrequently slide down the flanks of the hills. Belts of trees, placed where such stone avalanches or earth-slides are likely to take place, form a shelter to the cultivated land lower down the hill.

From all that has been said it is evident that the place held by trees in the economy of nature is a most important one; and that their preservation, care, and cultivation are matters of importance in many ways to the well-being of human creatures. For other than economic reasons, also, it is well that the axe of the woodman should not be lifted up against all goodly trees; but that, as man advances, some forest patches should here and there be saved from destruction, in order that they may furnish "at once a museum for the instruction of the student, a garden for the recreation of the lover of nature, and an asylum where indigenous tree, and humble plant that loves the shade, and fish, and fowl, and four-footed beast may dwell." The destruction of forest land, especially in thickly-peopled countries, is to be lamented not only because of the physical changes which are thus brought about; but because, when woodlands are done away with, a great source of pleasure and beauty is removed. In our own country, both in Scotland and England, woods are being reared with ever-increasing care and knowledge, and people are beginning to see that to do away with old woodland would be a loss which could not in our day be repaired.

Beautiful, however, as woods and trees are, when considered separately or in areas of no very great extent, there is no doubt that the feelings inspired by the interior of a vast primeval forest are those of awe and gloom. "Hour after hour," says one, "we walked through that interminable forest, and the strange feeling I had became more and more oppressive. We were so hemmed in by millions of stems, that although free to walk everywhere we were held in an illimitable prison. The trees began to wear a hostile and menacing aspect, as if we were wandering amongst unnumbered enemies.

They had no longer for us any grace or beauty, but united together in one horrible monotony." "The silence and gloom of the Brazilian forests," says Mr. Bates, "are realities, and the impression deepens on a longer acquaintance. The few sounds of birds are of that pensive or mysterious character which intensifies the feeling of solitude rather than imparts a sense of life and cheerfulness. There are, besides, many sounds which it is impossible to account for. A sudden clang or a piercing cry is heard, the sounds are not repeated, and the succeeding silence tends to heighten the unpleasant impression which they make on the mind."

Men in early times dwelt on the verge of the forests, not only because there they most easily found food, but also because the forest was to them something dim, mysterious, haunted by powers of which they knew nothing. The religions of uncivilised peoples in all cases express forcibly the fears that oppress their minds. Their prayers and sacrifices are offered to propitiate an unknown angry Power, and natural objects frequently are worshipped. Tree-worship has spread over most regions of the earth, and the gloomy northern forests of Europe have been the seats of superstitious rites inspired by religious dread. The joyous Greek spirit peopled the woods with fauns, satyrs, and dryads, while Pan ruled over all. Though the forests were not gloomy to them, still their vivid fancy peopled the woods with living creatures capable of capriciously inflicting either injury or benefit upon man.

To the Hebrews and to Christians the idea occurs of the woods as temples—as places wherein the devout spirit can find God, who dwells not in temples made with hands, but who may now, even as the ark of His presence was, be "found in the woods." It has been said that the "long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults" of our cathedrals were suggested to their early builders by the regular tree-stems of the forests covering with their leafy branches a still and shady place beneath. Whether historically accurate or not, the fancy is one which it is pleasant to indulge while musing in the great churches that adorn our land, and testify to the piety and the love of beauty of those who desired that the house of God should be a beautiful place, a joy to the whole earth.

To some souls, however, no house built with hands is half so suggestive of thoughts of God as are the fair temples which can be found in the open glades of woodland or forest. In the still woods, far away from any sound of man, amid the mystery and the majesty of its sublime solitudes, their spirits unconsciously rise to the thought of God; then Nature to them, as to the poet, "is but a name for an effect whose cause is God," and in delight mixed with awe they feel that he indeed is

> "Happy who walks with Him! whom what he finds
> Of flavour or of scent in fruit or flower,
> Or what he views of beautiful or grand
> In nature, from the broad majestic oak
> To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,
> Prompts with remembrance of a present God."

And to the devout how fit an image of man's life, with its dim yet glorious light from the infinite beyond, is the forest path! The roof of leaves and branches stretched out over them is just enough to shut them in; and yet, everywhere light, mild yet real, streams from what is beyond and above, here and there, too, are openings up to heaven, as if making a special path for the ascent of prayer. To the mind of even the uneducated rustic, there is something in the solemn stillness of the woods, a stillness which is yet full of life, that suggests reverence and worship—

> "The Lord of all Himself through all diffused,
> Sustains and is the life of all that lives."

But to those who are acquainted with the wondrous ways in which God fashions them, and the benevolent work He gives them to do, each bush becomes a "burning bush," burning with the fire of His presence who worketh hitherto, not the less really revealing His glory because kindled only to minds prepared, by information, to see the sight. All this wondrous world speaks aloud of the divine wisdom, and glows with the tenderness of divine care; but not to the ill-informed, not to the undevout. These "see indeed, but perceive not." Well did Paul say that to hearts in living communion with God, Nature puts on a special glory—"all things become new."

THE SANTHALS AND THEIR EVANGELISTS.*

THE Santhals are one of the aboriginal races of India, and until within a comparatively recent period very little has been known about them. They are, however, a very interesting people, and certainly the story of the missionary efforts which have been going on amongst them about ten years reads like a romance. They are the highlanders of Bengal, and occupy the hills and forests of the western frontier of that province, a strip of country about four hundred miles in length and one hundred miles in breadth. To a considerable extent they mingle, on the borders of their district, near the plains, with the Hindoos, from whom, however, the Santhals proper differ very strongly in physical conformation, habits, language, and religion. They come of a sturdier stock than the Hindoo, and although without his civilisation, are free from many of his characteristic vices. They are bold, active, and hardy, and in former days were known as great marauders, descending from their hills and carrying off cattle and other spoil from the more effeminate populations of the plains.

The Santhals have been a source of trouble to the British Government; but this, sad to say, has been chiefly the fault of the rulers. The gross negligence of our administration occasioned a Santhal war some twenty years ago. The British Government had acted towards this people as it had acted too generally towards all the aboriginal races of India, namely, as if they were "incapable of self-improvement, a race from whom the best that can be hoped is, that it will keep quiet until it dies out." Happily, after the rebellion was crushed (in 1858) a new era was ushered in. The Government appointed a commission of inquiry, for the purpose of arranging for the repair of negligences and errors which had been committed. Since then wrongs have been righted, justice and consideration have been exercised, and the people are now apparently contented and in some sense loyal.

The Santhals are an extremely superstitious people. Their worship is, perhaps we should rather write *was*, until Christian teaching had disturbed the old national faith, and introduced to thousands of the people a truer and loftier faith, mainly a worship prompted by fear. They have no conception of a beneficent and merciful God; they are moved to prayer and sacrifice simply by feelings of terror. They believe in an invisible world of spirits; but the spirits are malicious, and always trying to do them an injury. Their prayers are simply deprecation; their gods are devils; they cannot, until the revelation of Christ has come to them, understand how a Being can be more powerful than themselves without wishing to do them an injury. After a missionary had once preached amongst them what he believed to be an eloquent sermon on the omnipotence of God, the only reply he received was, "And what if that Strong One should eat me?"

The message of the gospel and the exemplification of the Christian spirit have, however, had a powerful influence upon the Santhals, and the old devil-worship and terror of the unseen world are giving place to the knowledge and love of the Great Father of all, who has made Himself known to us in Jesus Christ. Those who object to Christianity on theoretical grounds, who look at the history of eighteen centuries through the medium of a sceptical philosophy, and conclude that it is very questionable whether after all Christianity has really been the occasion of the social and personal elevation of large portions of mankind which has been coincident with its history, might perhaps with advantage study the case of the poor Santhals of India. Certainly Christianity has done something for *them*. The missionary efforts on their behalf have been specially interesting and instructive from the fact that they have included catholic-hearted labours in a truly apostolic spirit, by men who were not formally or directly connected with any missionary society,* and who were simply earnest laymen who had been touched by the Master's spirit. Messrs. Boerreson and Skrefsrud have been and are the best-known of these "brethren in the Lord." Their career has, indeed, been remarkable. Mr. Boerreson is a practical engineer, a Dane, and a Lutheran. Mr. Skrefsrud is a Norwegian and a Baptist.

* For the materials of this article the writer is indebted to a valuable work entitled, "The Annals of Rural Bengal," by W. W. Hunter, B.A., M.R.A.S. (Smith, Elder, & Co., 1868); to an interesting little volume by "An Old Indian," entitled, "The Gospel in Santhalistan," (Nisbet & Co., 1875); to several numbers of the *Missionary Herald*; and finally to the courteous suggestions and assistance of the Secretaries of the Baptist Missionary Society.

* It should be mentioned, however, that the English Baptist Missionary Society have shown great practical interest in the work of Messrs. Boerreson and Skrefsrud, and in a truly catholic spirit have rendered assistance in pecuniary and many other valuable ways.

Ten years ago these two men resolved that they would devote their lives to the work of seeking the conversion of the Santhals, and for this purpose they went into the forests to live with them, and show them by example as well as precept the way of Christian discipleship.

"The first night we slept in Santhalistan," says Mr. Skrefsrud, in telling the story, "I shall never forget. We lived in a place dedicated to the worship of the gods, and that night whilst I was asleep the white ants ate my coat, and I was obliged to leave the next morning without one. The first thing we did was to learn the language, and it was one of the most difficult languages under the sun. The sounds are so outlandish that it is very difficult to pronounce them." The missionary then describes the ingenious expedient adopted by himself and his companion in order to learn the proper pronunciation of the words of this strange tongue. They procured a looking-glass, "and," says Mr. Skrefsrud, "I put a Santhal and myself before the looking-glass, and I looked into his mouth, and saw how its muscles and sinews formed themselves, and on what part the tongue would strike. I tried again and again. I looked into his mouth, then into my own mouth, as I tried to get it out; and then having got out the sounds we classified them." With infinite toil and indomitable perseverance these excellent men thus got hold of this difficult language, which, it may be observed, belongs to an entirely different family of languages from those numerous dialects of India which are connected by derivation with the Sanskrit. We cannot follow the detailed history of their labours, but such labours conducted in such a spirit could have but one result. The simple loving spirit of the men conquered prejudice, and won affection in return for affection given; and the way was prepared by their self-denial, simplicity, and sympathy for the glorious message which they had to deliver.

The story of the converts they have won, of the influence they have wielded, of the churches they have founded, is a chapter which might belong to the apostolic age, and which we, surrounded by an atmosphere of conventionalism and of philosophical speculation, can scarcely believe belongs to our own time. One of the excellent missionaries labouring amongst these people, writing 1874, says, "Thousands have already become Christians. In hundreds of Santhal villages not one man clings to the faith of his fathers."

Occasionally the earnestness which young Churches display on behalf of consistency and purity of life take a shape which creates a smile. "A young man," we are told, "in passing a heathen village where they were engaged in Bongha-worship, had been induced to take a glass of liquor and to beat the drum." Drunkenness, it may be observed, is the prevailing vice among the Santhals, and all the Christians are total abstainers. The young man's conduct, "coming to the notice of his brethren in the faith, filled them with indignation, and, feeling that something should be done, and yet not knowing exactly what ought to be done, never having been instructed by us on the subject, they called a meeting, and, having brought the young man before them, asked him whether he was going to renounce Christianity altogether or not (as they in that case would have nothing further to say to him), and upon his answering in the negative, the president of the meeting ordered two of the elders to hold the 'sinner' by the hand, upon which he took a cane and gave him a good beating. This being done, he said, 'Let us pray,' and, kneeling down, he said to the chastised young man, 'Will you please offer up a prayer?' which the penitent did forthwith, and with such fervency, they say, as he had never done before."

Within the last three or four years Messrs. Boerreson and Skrefsrud, to whose apostolic spirit we feel that our brief references here have scarcely done justice, have welcomed as a fellow-labourer a Mr. Haegart, a young German of a spirit kindred with their own. He joined them under such singular circumstances, that we are sure that the reader who has followed us thus far will be glad to be made acquainted with them, and with this reference to their last European evangelist our sketch of the Santhals will close.

As a young man Mr. Haegart went out to India some years ago to seek his fortune. He was fairly, although not brilliantly, successful, and having won an honourable reputation for integrity, courtesy, and business ability, he obtained and held a position of responsibility in the service of the Government. The desire arose in his heart, under what circumstances we are not told, to devote himself entirely to the work of preaching the gospel, and his sympathies especially went out towards the Santhals. The desire became a passion which could not be repressed, an enthusiasm which prompted him to "forsake all," that he might spend his life in telling the heathen of Christ and His kingdom

of righteousness and peace. He accordingly opened his mind to the Rev. Thomas Evans, of Monghyr, an excellent Baptist missionary. Mr. Evans, however, felt a difficulty in the matter. He says, writing of Mr. Haegart:—

"While I fully appreciated his motive and deeply sympathized with his desires, I at the same time did not encourage him in his proposal to become a missionary; for I was under the impression that the somewhat singular hesitancy of speech under which he laboured would prove an effectual hindrance to his ever being able distinctly to pronounce the difficult dialect of the Santhals. I did not at first wish to tell him plainly that he could never preach to the people so as to be properly understood by them, so I hinted that the language was very difficult, and perhaps he might not be able to master it. He, however, thought that if God was sending him to the Santhals, He could enable him to speak to them of Christ. I now put before him his temporal prospects under Government, and the great disparity there would be between his present income and the small subsistence allowance he would get as a missionary to the Santhals; to which he said, 'Money is no object with me; money is not worth living for; but to serve Christ and save souls is an object worthy of life. As for my support, *food* is all I need, and I have money enough myself to supply me for some years in food; and when my supply is gone, no doubt God will provide,' &c.

"I now told him plainly what my fears were regarding his difficulty of distinct articulation; and I said that my belief was that he could never so conquer this organic defect as to be able to preach intelligibly to the Santhals. I saw that this argument told upon him. He seemed sad and thoughtful, and said but little to me at the time; and I found afterwards that his heart was too full to speak to man, but he went home, and rolled his burden upon the Lord.

"Some weeks after this I had occasion to ask him to conduct a cottage prayer-meeting for me, while I had an engagement to preach elsewhere. On the following morning he called upon me, and appeared unusually happy. After some inquiry about the prayer-meeting, he said smilingly, 'We had a very good meeting; at least it was very good for me. You know that you have told me that my imperfect speech was a hindrance to my becoming a preacher to the Santhals. This has been a heavy burden on my heart; and I have many times of late prayed God to remove it, but without success. Last night, however, the brethren joined with me in special request to God in this matter, and I feel that my tongue is set free, and that I am now able to speak more clearly than I used to. Don't you think so too?'

"After his calling my attention to his manner of speech, I certainly thought there was a decided improvement in his articulation, and I could see no other way of accounting for it than that which he told me—the result of united, believing prayer; and as what appeared to me to have been an effectual hindrance in his way to mission labour had now been removed in answer to prayer, I could no longer discourage my young friend in his ardent desire to become a preacher to the heathen. The brethren at Ebenezer gladly accepted his offer of service; and after due arrangements were made he proceeded to his new work with a joyful heart, and was able in the course of a few months to begin to speak of the love of Christ to the Santhals in their own strange and difficult dialect."

Such is the story of this triumph of love, and faith, and zeal, and prayer, told in the simplest words. Time has shown that the devoted young German had not mistaken the divine call. His was not a mere transient enthusiasm, but the true consecration of a loving heart. Events have justified the step taken. After two years of happy and successful labours at Ebenezer, Mr. Haegart desired to make a start on fresh ground, having sympathy with that great missionary pioneer who in his sublime fervour would not "build on another man's foundation." He started forth for a distant village far removed from all other missions, and the centre of a district full of Santhali villages. There he built a little house at his own expense; he lived among the people, overcame their suspicions, won their confidence and affection, and led many of them to a knowledge of Christ. Persecutions and difficulties arose, but the true-hearted evangelist cheered and guided the little company who had learned from him the way of life, and the good work of illumination and blessing is now spreading from village to village.

Here, then, are facts which seem to us to shed more light upon the subject of prayer than a thousand speculations. They forcibly recall the words—true as they are simple and beautiful—

> "More things are wrought by prayer
> Than this world dreams of. . . . . .
> For so the whole round earth is every way
> Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

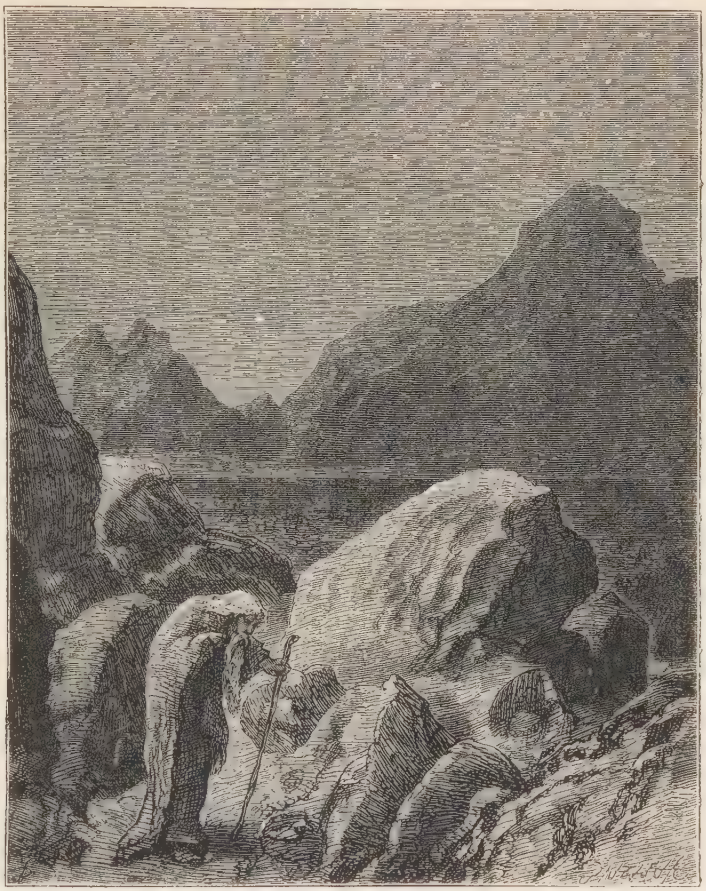
E. L. W.

ELIJAH ON HOREB.

1 Kings xix. 11, 12.

WITHIN a cave the prophet stands,
His face deep buried in his hands,
Upon that mount of God;
That sacred mount, on which in flame
The angel of Jehovah came,
The fierce Egyptians' pride to tame
And save the chosen race;
That sacred mount which Moses trod,
Where, while the skies beneath him bowed
And heaven's great trumpet waxèd loud,
The Lord descended in a cloud
Of darkness and of flame;
That sacred, awful, holy place
Where God and man talked face to face,
As man talks with his friend;
'Tis there, 'tis there the prophet stands,
His face deep buried in his hands,
And there Jehovah came.

Hark! wildly wails the rising wind,
Stern, terrible as death;
And now with fury unconfined
It breathes its awful breath;
It breathes, it breathes—the forests bend!—
Can God Himself be nigh?—
It breathes, it breathes, the rocks are rent,
And through the darkened firmament,
The while a thousand thunders roll,
Ten thousand lightnings fly:
Yet still unmoved the prophet stands,
His face deep buried in his hands;
For though around the sacred steep
The rushing whirlwinds madly sweep,
God is not in the storm;
Nor mid the gloomy majesty
Of that dread tempest-shadowed sky
Conceals His awful form.



Then drop the winds in mute decay,
The racking storm-clouds speed away,
And all is calm and still;
While sweet the silvery moonbeams gleam
Upon the ripples of a stream
Hard by the holy hill.

But now a solemn, awful change
Comes o'er that solitude;
The moon still shines, yet all her rays
Gleam through a murky, blood-red haze,
Most terrible and strange;
And like some giant waked from sleep,
Earth heaves her ample breast;
She shakes, she shakes beneath the rod;
As though to her approaching God
Her valleys rise, her mountains nod,
And roused to strange unrest,
Creation to its centre reels
'Neath the Creator's chariot-wheels;
While—strange and awful mystery!—
The mantle of the night
Dissolves, and as the shadows flee
A tossing, raging, swelling sea,
A boundless sea of light,
Enwraps in one vast flood the whole,
Till, as its seething billows roll,
Mount Horeb glows, a flaming pyre
Encompassed by a sea of fire.
Yet still unmoved the prophet stands,
His face deep buried in his hands,
Till o'er the wide extended plain
The night's dim shadows close again,
And in the calm, unclouded skies,
Like to a thousand seraph eyes,
Heaven's star-lamps faintly glow;
Then, then, inspired with holy dread,
The prophet humbly veils his head,
For soft and sweet and low,
Yet calm with the exceeding might
Of power supreme and infinite,
On that lone mount, by man scarce trod,
Descends the voice of Israel's God.

WYATT PAINE.

WITHIN ONE STEP OF DEATH.

A Story of Old Edinburgh.

"Mercy shall be to them that devise good."—Prov. xvii. 22.

PREFACE.

LONG ago, in the days of my youth, I used to visit a dear old-fashioned lady, a distant relative, who lived in a little silent old-fashioned street in Edinburgh.

Miss Gordon was an excellent Scotch-woman of the old style; independent in word and deed, with a keen mother wit, and an individuality quite as self-asserting as any of the modern ladies who talk so much of women's rights. They talk of asserting their rights, she acted as if she had asserted hers. On politics, religion, and social life she held her own views with great tenacity and much clearness, and pursued her own course in all the practical affairs of life.

But I don't want now to enumerate the wit, the talent, and the oddities of my relative; suffice it to say, that, though quick-sighted to see error in whatever shape it came within her vision, she was the kindest of friends, truer in adversity than most friends are in prosperity, full of active sympathy with distress in every shape or form, ready with her keen wit to solve a mental difficulty, to open her not-too-well-filled purse to relieve want, to pour out her heart in sympathetic words to the sick and the sinful, or in sympathetic prayer to God for them. Of the power of her transparent goodness to deliver her from danger my story will afford a striking illustration—power even in circumstances of most exceptional and dreadful character. There is more in the story than this; it gives a pleasant peep into bygone days, but there is this above all. And what was true in her case is true in every case. Simple and evident goodness acts upon even the most wicked, and, at the least, renders more difficult the execution of a wicked design; it is always a measure of defence.

For years we had not met. I had wandered over the earth, forgetting much and learning much, but she had remained anchored in her quiet home, leading such a life as only such a woman can lead, full of interest and variety, though to the casual observer it might seem tame and monotonous.

To end these scattered reminiscences, I must tell my reader that she died some years ago, at a ripe old age, and her good deeds followed her. To my surprise, I was left residuary legatee. For years her personal property remained packed in huge old chests, awaiting my inspection. At last I was able to go north and to give a few days to putting things in order, and amongst the many objects of interest that I found, not the least was one of her old yellow manuscripts, which contained the following story.

CHAPTER I.

"Aunt Hester, Aunt Hester!" cried a pretty little lassie of ten years old, running breathless into my house, one fine spring day, "see what I have brought you." So saying, she showered on my lap a basket full of blue bells, wood anemones, wild sorrel blossoms and daisies. "Hector was mad at me bringing sic trash; say, auntie, that you like them."

"Of course I do. You are a dear child to have brought them to me; I like them far better than the garden flowers."

"I told you, Hector," said my blooming Jeanie triumphantly to her brother, who just then followed her up-stairs, "auntie likes my flowers fine."

"Say 'very much,' Miss Jane," said a prim English governess, who curtsied to me as she entered, sighed deeply as she turned to me, and, speaking in a high sharp voice, continued, "I beg your pardon, Miss Gordon, for correcting my pupil before having the honour of wishing you a good morning. I cannot tell you how I deplore the provincial expression and accent of my dear pupils."

"Dinna fash yoursel'," said naughty Jeanie; "auntie can speak broad enough too; she says she doesna like clippit English."

"Miss Gordon, I know, does not approve of vulgarisms, such as you lately made use of, Miss Jane," said Miss Smart, in a tone of severe rebuke, accompanied by a look expressive of contempt for the savages whom she was compelled by a cruel fate to reside with.

By this time the heavy old yellow family carriage, which had lumbered in from Burnbrae, had disgorged all its occupants and all its heterogeneous contents. Fowls, rabbits, eggs, and butter had been sent down to the kitchen. Great bouquets of hot-house flowers had been brought to the drawing-room by Florence and Harriot, my elder

nieces. Hector had exhibited in triumph the perch he had caught on purpose for me, Archie had seen all the wraps and books taken out for his sisters, and Miss Smart had carefully delivered over numerous notes from my sister-in-law respecting those everlasting commissions which I as an unmarried woman seemed destined by providence to execute.

"Pity me," said I with a glance at Miss Smart, who looked contemptuous at my vulgarity, "it will take me till Doomsday to get all these things."

"Mamma begged you would not give yourself any trouble," said Florence, a quiet lady-like girl of seventeen; "the only things she really wants most particularly are these," and she picked out two notes, one to Blackwoods the draper, the other to Atchison the confectioner.

"You need not trouble Miss Gordon about the latter," kindly suggested Miss Smart, "we can leave it, girls, as we go to Madame d'Egville's dancing class."

"Oh thank you," said I, much relieved, "for I have some business I cannot put off to please any one."

In a few minutes the active little party moved off to take dancing and music lessons, promising to be home punctually at two o'clock to dine with me. Ere I left home, I charged my old Elspeth, who took as deep an interest in the dear children as I did, to have everything ready at the time and in the way they liked. My steps then turned to the Old Town of Edinburgh.* My errand was not to call at any grand new house and talk learnedly of the price of ground rents and the failings and overcharges of builders. I was not on a round of solemn visits to dull judicial families, or old county neighbours; no, my errand was to the unfashionable Old Town.

Nowadays, when the town swarms with district visitors, much more is done for the poor than there used to be; but in my earlier days organized district visiting was unknown, and I had to keep my counsel as to my periodic visitations to the sick and sorry, thus fulfilling the precept "Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth."

My acquaintances would have deemed it very unladylike and unbecoming to go up and down dirty wynds. Circumstances not worth relating here led me first into the Old Town to visit a blind old woman, who was very destitute and very lovable, and it was to her I was now going.

Ere I left the house, I tied up some of Jeanie's wild blossoms, and carried them with me, to cheer me on the way.

I found Christie, my old pensioner, eagerly expecting me. I read to her, gave her the small sum which I tried to save for her weekly supplies, and was going to depart, when she said,—

"Ech, mum, it wud be awfu' kind o' you to gang to the hindermost end o' the wynd, an' see a puir body that is lying ill there. I fear me a' is na richt there; I hear whiles in the nicht awsome screams and groans; maybe she has a bad man wha beats her."

"Is he likely to be at home?" said I.

"Na, na, he's out by a' the day, they tell me."

Looking at my watch, I saw that I had just time to pay another visit; so bidding farewell to Christie, I went down the wynd to the low, single-storied cottage which she had indicated. I knocked at the door.

"Come ben," cried a weak voice, and I entered a neat, tidy kitchen. In a corner was a box bed, and on it lay a handsome young woman.

"What may ye want?" she asked querulously.

"I heard you were ill, so I took the liberty of calling."

"Nothing ails me," she said crossly; but the brilliant flush on her cheek belied her words, and a cruel cough shook her slender frame.

"I will not intrude if you would like me to go."

I was turning from her, when she caught sight of my nosegay of flowers, and burst into an hysteric fit of weeping. I laid the flowers by her. She took them, and kissed them, and cried over them.

"I see you are a country woman like myself," said I.

"Oh, you bonnie, bonnie gowans!" she cried. "they mind me o' my hame on the Pentlands. Waes me I ever left it!"

"We can be happy everywhere," said I, "if we do our duty."

"Our duty, our duty?" she repeated, quite dazed-like. "Body o' me, if I but knew what my duty was!" and here she cried and sobbed again; "'tis a cruel, cruel life, but a body must live, leddy."

"Yes, but 'tis better to starve than to do evil," said I.

"Leddie, leddie, ye dinna ken what life

* I must tell such of my readers as do not know Edinburgh that it is divided into two distinct towns. There is the old, historical Edinburgh, with high houses twelve and fourteen stories high, narrow crooked streets, strange dirty "wynds," or courts, and the new town, which in those days was being built.

is to such as we are. Eh! the pretty gowans! they mind me how happy I was in the old farm on the Pentlands, and the gude wife always said, 'Helen, lay the sheets on the gowans to bleach.' That was a happy time afore I cam to this bad, uncanny town."

"Can I not help you to a quiet, respectable life?" I said, full of misgivings about the unhappy creature who looked so wildly out of her black eyes at me.

"A quiet life is no for me; my life is a hell, but I daurna leave it; he'd murder me."

Unconsciously I shuddered. "Poor thing, poor lassie!" I said gently.

She looked fixedly at me. "Don't pity me, it does me harm; my heart will break; I am a vile, evil wretch; don't pity me."

"I must pity every one in sorrow; one far mightier and purer than I am pitied the sinner."

"He never met ony sae bad as me."

In vain I reasoned with her; she only shook her head, and refused all comfort, crying and sobbing convulsively.

As I knelt by her to pray she heard footsteps coming up the wynd, and pulling me from my knees with a strength which surprised me, shrieked out, "For God's sake, leddy, leave this house, or you are a dead woman.

There was something so wild in her look as she screamed, "Go! for God's sake, go, go!" that I was startled and walked hastily to the door. I was just going to open it, my hand was on the latch, when she precipitated herself off the bed, her long black hair falling in a cloud round her to her knees, and with great strength, but not unkindly, dragged me to another door, which she opened and pushed me over the threshold."

Stunned with her vehemence, and with a feeling that I had escaped some strange danger, I walked quickly off. As I walked down the wynd, two villainous-looking men rushed past me. For long after their faces haunted me, for there was on them the expression of low cunning and cruel ferocity.

CHAPTER II.

Several months elapsed after the visit which I described, without my returning to the Old Town of Edinburgh. For one thing, I was much occupied in nursing my little Jeanie through a long and dangerous illness.

To save the rest of the children from danger of infection, they were all sent off to the seaside. My sister-in-law was also too alarmed at the notion of a fever to stay in the house to nurse my pet, so old Elspeth and I devoted ourselves to the dear little invalid.

Burnbrae was a sad, melancholy house in those days. Not a sound broke the heavy stillness. No visitor came near me, save the doctor and our good old minister. The wind sighed and moaned among the old fir-trees, as if to warn us that death was near.

Old Elspeth was always telling me that she saw magpies, those birds of ill omen, near the house, or that she had been woke by strange, mysterious "cracks" in the old furniture, noises which boded no good to dear Miss Jeanie. The candles, too, she vowed had now always a winding sheet on them, and a coffin had been shot out of the fire by the coals.

Though I laughed at her superstitions, I could not help feeling infected with a profound melancholy. One day, when my little patient lay tossing with fever, and unconscious of my presence, old Elspeth glided into the room, more weird-looking than ever. Her dark eyes were suffused with tears, which rolled down her old withered cheeks, as she gazed on the child who lay so beautiful, yet so sad a sight before us.

"Gang out, my dear Miss Hester," she said, "gang for the love o' God, and look at the Craig ahint the house! Sandy tells me the rock has fallen."

Now there was an old superstition that, ere a Gordon of Burnbrae died a rock always fell down the steep rocky hill near the house. The precipitous face of the rock was scarred and scored by the gigantic masses of rock precipitated from its overhanging summit, and hurled in strangest confusion in the glen beneath.

Often had I laughed at old Sandy the gardener's superstitious awe respecting these rocks. He knew the tradition attached to almost every quaint fragment which had been hurled, as if in a giants' war, into the peaceful glen.

"Yonder," he would say, "was the rock that fell ere the gude Laird Archibald deed, an' that grand ould boulder fell down when the bad laird was ca'd to his account."

Of course I knew, and so did every sensible person, that as these masses of rock were gradually loosened by wind and weather it needed but a strong wintry blast and extra soaking rain to send a mass sliding down the precipitous face of the mountain.

Partly to humour Elspeth, and partly because I was weary with long watching, and thought a sight of the hills, in their ever-changing light and shadow, would refresh me, I threw a plaid over my head and went out.

I wandered about the garden, now reft of its beauty by autumn storms, I looked at the sweet blossoms crushed by rain and wind, and thought of the living blossom, which they too much resembled.

Old Sandy, a privileged old favourite, soon espied me, and came up with kindly talk about the "pretty wean, the flower o' the flock."

I assumed an air of hopefulness I was far from feeling; but Sandy shook his old grey head as he answered, "Dinna deceive yerself, miss, there are warnings ye canna put aside. I mysel see'd the rock gang gently sliding down the brae; it is a never-failing sign, miss; the sweet wee lassie is na lang for this warld, depend upon it."

I was too harassed to fight the matter out as I did in general, earning thereby the name of being "a vera dour leddie."

Sandy, I suppose, marked my silence as consent, so he proceeded. "Dinna fret; I'll watch my ain sel' the grave, for nichts and nichts; nae bluidy-minded villain o' a body-snatcher shall touch the sweet lassie in her last sleep."

I looked aghast. "What do you mean, Sandy?"

"Hoots! pity me, miss! hae ye no heard tell o' a' the evil doings o' thae limbs o' Satan the body-snatchers? They hae rifled a hantle kirkyards in the Pentlands. But Dr. Graeme, our minister, has gotten a grand iron cradle to protect the graves, and we are a' pledgit to watch wi' our neebours in turn, when a body dees."

Sandy's words sent a thrill of horror into my heart as I remembered the talk I had heard of body-snatching. In my present mood I could not bear any more gloom, so I hastened into the glen to listen to the sweet burn as it rippled over its pebbles, and to gather a few of the autumn flowers, to place near my pet in case she became capable of noticing them.

Days passed, and long nights of watching; but to my joy all the croakings of old Elspeth and Sandy were falsified. Fever left the little wearied frame, and Jeanie, weak and pale, but with her own calm bright eyes, lay gazing at me with solemn surprise as I tended her like an infant.

By degrees her strength returned; she and I went to my quiet home for change. Burnbrae was fumigated and disinfected, and Mrs. Gordon, Miss Smart, and the children all returned home. At last, Jeanie being pronounced quite convalescent, left me, to return to Miss Smart's schoolroom routine.

CHAPTER III.

I DO not know how it is that the young folk are all so kindly and friendly with an old body like me, whose life must be to them as dull and incomprehensible as that of a mummy. I am thankful that it is so. I like to hear of the bright aspirations of the young. The cheery way in which they look forward to life and its difficulties, the energy with which they are so richly endowed, and which makes them keen to enter the battle of life, gladdens my old heart, and keeps it from fossilising in a stupid routine.

In my youth I had many friends, and their children all inherited the old affection, and became my nominal nephews and nieces.

Scarcely a day passed but some nephew or niece dropped in upon me with kindly words of greeting and comfort.

Amongst these I think I must confess that Archie Stewart was my favourite. He had come from the Highlands, to study at the college, under the celebrated professors who then attracted so many students.

Archie was going to be a surgeon. He gloried in the skill and and dexterity of Knox and Fergusson, whose reputation was as far-spread as it was well deserved.

As a lone woman I had no special interest in his studies except for his own sake; and yet, moved by his enthusiasm, I learned to listen to the wonderful achievements of his professors, without showing either weariness or disgust.

"You are a trump," he used to say, after describing some marvellous process in surgery by which the maimed was cured. "My mother would have screamed with horror if I had told her half of what I tell you."

I made use of these moments to urge him against letting his heart grow steeled to the woes of life, and coming to regard the miseries of his fellow-men as mere cases in which skill and science were to win renown. Especially I deemed it my duty to entreat him to avoid a hard or callous atheistic view of existence. "It is the besetting sin of you medical students," I said; "because on some points you know more of this wondrous frame of ours than many people; you cease to look beyond immediate causes; you cease to acknowledge the mighty Hand which planned what is so wonderful."

"Auntie," said he, "you are right. Some of the students are reckless fellows, but not the best and most devoted ones; depend upon it, they could not acquire the power

they do, the intuition, I may call it, unless it came from heaven. Some stupid young fellows were speaking the other day before me in a rough irreverent way, and thinking they angered me, so I just looked at them coolly, and said, 'What, do you suppose the Almighty cares for such fools as you criticizing His work?'"

"A parody on King David, my nephew."

"Yes, so it was; but it is better not to use a phraseology which has become so familiar that it falls dead on the ear, if one can use the same idea in a new cloak."

At this time all Edinburgh was convulsed with horror at the discovery of the infamous crimes of Hare and Burke. These villains, to meet the great demand for subjects, necessitated by the energetic teaching of the professors, had not scrupled to murder innocent people in the most nefarious way, thus keeping themselves in a state of affluence. This abominable system added a new term to the English language, and to "burke a subject" well expressed the odious and noiseless way in which they extinguished life, without leaving trace or mark of violence.

It was said that they clapped great plasters over the mouths and noses of their victims, thus effectually stifling cries and life itself.

In 1828 Edinburgh was convulsed with terror by the mysterious disappearances of several persons, well-known beggars, who had been traced to the beggars' hotel kept by Hare and his accomplice, Helen McDougall.

Nothing else was talked of by high and low. Maids trembled at having to open the door at night, and as for sending them round the corner on a message, it was not to be thought of.

At last the authors of the mysterious crimes were seized and brought to justice. The unreasoning mob laid all the blame of these lawless acts on the luckless professors. An infuriated rabble besieged Professor Knox in his own house, and he had to fly the country in fear of his life.

While popular excitement was at its height Archie called on me, and proposed that I should accompany him to the Old Town and see the murderer's house. More to humour the lad than out of any morbid desire to see a scene where such horrors had been perpetrated—a den worse than that of a wild beast's, into which poor innocent folk had been lured to their own destruction—I agreed to accompany him.

Archie was in high spirits; he rebutted all my charges against the medical profession with the greatest animation; he vowed they were neither inconsiderate nor did they stimulate unduly the ambition of the students to be skilful operators.

I had alleged that all these horrors arose from a selfish disregard to humanity, that surgeons cared nothing for the feelings of poor folks, if they could only make a name for themselves, and that, though I did not go as far as the mob, yet I did consider some of the medical authorities blameworthy.

"That's not like you, Auntie," exclaimed Archie with some animation; "one ought not surely to make innocent people responsible for the reprehensible deeds which have sprung up in consequence of actions of theirs. Push that view of life to an extreme, and a man's nervous dread of the possible consequences of each action would so paralyze him, that he would never dare to attempt anything, whether important or otherwise. The mere act of putting a lump of sugar in his tea would, according to your view, make a man responsible for all the horrors of the slave trade."

"Naughty laddie," I rejoined; "you think you have me there because I have given up taking sugar out of principle."

"Yes, yes, Auntie; that's a weakness of you dear good women—you are illogical. To carry out your views to a logical sequence, you should go in sackcloth and ashes, because some women are too fond of clothes, to say nothing of breaking every looking-glass you come across; you should also take the vow of silence, like the monks of La Trappe, because people in general misuse the organs of speech by slandering, lying, and profane swearing."

"'Deed, Archie, I have often thought a tax on words would be most profitable to the country."

"So it would; but I pity the man who had to levy it. But you are shifting the ground of our argument. Is a man responsible for the ultimate consequence of every action?"

"Thank God, he is not," I replied, "but a man ought to take the most scrupulous care that no deed or word of his should, as far as he can prevent it, lead others to the commission of crime. Now I do think the professors ought to have held council on the matter, especially when all these horrible stories of body-snatching became rife. It was not right that public feeling should be so outraged; and the very fact that such outrages were committed should have led them to look the matter fully in the face, and to

consider exactly whence their supply was to come."

"It is stupid of people minding what becomes of their bodies; I would willingly bequeath mine to the dissecting-room," said the ardent young student.

"With your feelings I dare say you would, but remember the natural horror it awakens in the minds of less scientific people to think of the calm repose of the grave being ruthlessly broken in upon for mercenary purposes by a set of cold-blooded ruffians."

"By-the-bye, I must tell you such a capital story about my brother Malcolm."

"What has that wild fellow been after now?"

"Well, one night he was returning home on foot from the Macalpines. His way, you know, was over a very lonely country, where there are only a few scattered cottages, and the kirk and manse are at some distance from any human abode. As he passed the lonely kirk-yard, he heard a dull sound like a mattock breaking up the ground. 'It's those fiends,' he thought; 'I'll give them a good fright.' As he was walking, his approach had been quite unperceived by them. Stealing up to the wall, he perceived two men hard at work digging in a grave. It was a wild night. Great black clouds scoured over the sky and obscured the light of the waning moon. The wind sighed and creaked in the branches of the old plane-trees which surrounded the quiet resting-place of the 'village Hampdens' and 'mute inglorious Miltons' of the district.

"Malcolm stood behind the knotted bole of a large tree to watch for an opportunity to carry out his hastily-formed scheme. At a little distance he noticed a gig drawn by a gaunt old horse, who was munching at the few stray bits of grass he could find on the bank.

"After some time had elapsed the men carried out of the kirkyard the stolen body, dressed in some coarse clothes of their own, and an old cloak and hat, which they laid down in the ditch by the gate of the kirkyard until they had filled in the grave. Malcolm took off the cloak and cap and put them on himself, carrying the body out of sight; he then lay down motionless in the ditch, and awaited the return of the body-snatchers. Luckily it was a very dark night, the moon was hidden by heavy clouds, and the wind roared and whistled among the trees. Presently the men returned, and raising Malcolm in their arms, put him in the middle of the gig, so as to sit between them. Then whipping up the horse, they set off at a brisk trot. They had not gone very far when one man said to the other, 'Jem, I'm thinking our man's warm.' Then Malcolm, in a deep sepulchral tone, cried out, 'Warm! warm! If you came where I came from ye would be warm too!' Terrified at this unexpected turn of affairs, the men jumped out of the gig on either side with surprising alacrity, and my brother, gathering up the reins, drove the gig at a rapid pace to the next town. Information was taken, and the men were arrested and sent to prison."

"Did your brother prosecute as the ghost, or in his own person?"

"The trial is still pending, but I will mention to him your suggestion; it would make a sensation; he might call himself a modern Hermotimus, and say he had merely forsaken his body for a little excursion in space.

As we thus talked I had not paid very particular attention to the streets through which we passed; but I confess I felt somewhat startled when we entered the same wynd in which my old pensioner lived, then passed on to the cottage, where I had met my strange adventure. As we stood in the uncanny place I felt sick as I thought of the narrow escape I had made.

"Just oblige me, Archie," I said, "and open that door," pointing to the door by which I had first tried to make my exit.

He looked surprised, but did so.

One step beyond the threshold was a trap-door, so balanced that whoever trode on it was precipitated into a cellar beneath.

I breathed quickly, and my colour rose as I saw the frightful danger I had been in on that visit.

Archie stared at me with amazement.

"Why, auntie, you seem to know all about this place?"

"Yes," said I; "it is not a year since I was in this very room," and I related to him my adventure.

"Thank God, auntie, that you had your wits about you."

"No," said I, "rather let us thank Him for His marvellous care which brought me unhurt out of this den of murderers; truly 'in the midst of life we are in death.'"

I never breathed this adventure to any one; Archie kept the secret. I only write it down now because, with the garrulity of old age, I fancy it will interest those who come after me to read of the perils which are happily past and gone for ever, and to see how wonderfully God is the shield of His people.

M. T. H.

THE GENTLE HEART.

A Talk with Children.

By ALEXANDER MACLEOD, D.D.

ALL the bypast week visions of a beautiful object have been coming to me. When I went out into the country, they met me in lonely roads. When I went into the town, I saw them in the crowded streets. Night and day, and every day, they came. And every day they seemed brighter than the day before. At last I said, "I will bring them into my words to the children, and they will be visions for them as well as for me. I will call them Visions of the Gentle Heart."

One of the first visions of the Gentle Heart I saw came to me hid under the rough form of an old Roman soldier. If I had seen him only when he was dressed for battle, I should not have thought of him as gentle. I should have seen him carrying a sword to kill men with, and a shield to defend himself from being killed by others. And as he had other soldiers under him, I might have heard him speaking to them in a loud, commanding way, and telling them to do hard and cruel things.

But when I saw him his sword and shield were hanging on the wall, and he was sitting beside a little bed in his room in the soldiers' barracks. After one of his dreadful battles he had got for his share of the spoil a little boy who had been taken captive—a poor little boy, torn away from father and mother, and forced to be a slave. He was the slave of this soldier; he cooked his food, he tidied his room, he polished his armour, he went his errands. Just a little slave—nothing higher. This rough-looking soldier might have beaten him every day if he had liked; nobody would have found fault. He was his own property—just as his horse was, just as his dog was—and he might have sold him like any other property.

But under the outside roughness of this soldier was a gentle heart. He did not beat his slave; he loved him; he looked upon him as his own son; he let the little man have a home in his heart. It was a joy to him to see the child happy; it was a grief to him to see him sad. And it was a great grief to him when one day the little slave fell sick. Then the rough soldier was as tender as a mother could be. He sat by his bed; he watched over him day and night. Many a time, I am sure, as the thought came into his heart, "My little boy will die," the hot tears came rolling down his cheeks. And he thought the boy was really about to die; the little fellow's breathing became more feeble, his face grew very pale, his eyes were closed.

One day, as the big soldier was sitting by the little bed, somebody came in and said, "There is a great prophet come to the town. Jesus of Nazareth has come."

"Jesus of Nazareth?" the soldier said; "the healer of sickness? Oh that He would heal my boy!"

But then this thought came into his mind, "I am a Roman soldier; Jesus is a Jew—a conquered Jew. I am not worthy that He should do anything for me." Then other thoughts came, and in his great love for the boy, and knowing that Jesus could heal him, he at last ventured to send this humble message: "O my Lord, my servant is near to die, and thou art able to save from dying. But I am not worthy that thou shouldst visit my house. Only speak the word, and he shall live. Thou art Lord of health and sickness, as I am lord of soldiers. Say to this sickness, 'Depart,' and it will depart. Say to health, 'Go to this soldier's servant,' and health will come to my servant, and he shall live."

Now when Jesus received that message, joy came into his heart; and He said to health, "Go to that soldier's little servant, and make him well, for I have not found a heart so gentle as his master's—no, not in all Israel."

And He had no sooner spoken, out on the street, than the thing He commanded was done. Health came back to the sick boy in the soldier's house. The eye, in which there had been no light, opened; a little smile passed over the worn face as he saw his dear master still nursing him. And the gentle heart of the master swelled up in thanks to Jesus, as he stooped down and kissed his little face for joy that his slave was well again.

My next vision also took me back to old times, but not so far back as my first. It was to times that were very evil I was taken back. There was a wide open place in an ancient city, and a great crowd of people standing far off in a ring. Inside of the ring were priests and soldiers in black cloaks and

". . . . Christ, once forsaken."

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red. In the centre was a stake of wood, with faggots of wood piled round about it. And there, chained to the stake in the midst of the faggots, was a holy man of God, whom evil priests were about to burn, not because he was bad, but because he had preached the gospel of Christ to men.

Then I saw the evil men putting a light to the faggots; and I saw that the faggots were wet, and slow to catch fire, and the slow burning of the fire was a great agony to the man at the stake. And then came to me this strange but real gleam of the Gentle Heart. Out from the crowd stepped an old woman with a bundle of dried faggots and some straw. She set them on the pile, on the side the wind was, and they blazed up at once. And I saw a look of thankfulness come over the face of the poor sufferer as he said, half speaking to God, and half to her, "Oh, holy simplicity!"

It was the holy simplicity of the Gentle Heart. She could not bear to see his slow pain. Since he was to die for Christ, for Christ's sake she shortened his suffering.

That vision faded, and instead of the evil fires I saw a beautiful garden in Geneva. I saw a young couple, with happy faces, come out of the house, come down the garden walk, and seat themselves beside a beehive. It is Hüber, the student, and Aimée, his beautiful wife. What we read now in books about the queen bee and the other bees, and the honey and the wax, was found out for the most part by this man. He spent his life in the study of bees. But look! he is blind. He has been blind for years. He will live till he is an old man and be blind to the end. And yet to the end he will watch the ways and find out the secrets of the bees. And he will be able to do this because the gentle Aimée is by his side. Her friends said to her, "Do not marry Francis Hüber, he has become blind." But she said, "He therefore needs me more than ever now." And she married him, and was his happy wife and fellow-student forty years. She was eyes to the blind. She looked into the hives, and he wrote down what she saw. And she never tired of this work, and she did it with her whole soul. And the story of the bees, as it was seen and written in that garden by these two, will be read in schools and colleges when Hüber and his beautiful Aimée are themselves forgotten.

It is a hundred years ago since they began to study the bees together, and they are both long since dead. But still shines out for me in the long, helpful, patient, and loving service of Aimée, the Gentle Heart. And it was of that very heart, I am certain, her husband was thinking in old age when he said, "Aimée will never be old to me. To me she is still the fair young girl I saw when I had eyes to see, and who afterwards, in her gentleness, gave the blind student her life and her love."

After that I saw an island on the coast of Africa. And in the island I saw a house for lepers with a great high wall round about it. And I beheld, when a leper or any one else entered that house, that the gates of the great walls were shut upon them, and they never more were allowed to come out. The house was filled with lepers—lepers living, lepers dying—and no one to care for their sufferings or speak to them of God. Then I beheld two Moravian missionaries bidding farewell to their friends on the shore, crossing over to the island, coming up to the gates, and passing in amongst the sick and the dying to nurse them, to preach to them, to live with them, and never more go out from among them, till they should be carried out dead.

Among my Christmas cards this year was one from a dear old friend in the north. And among my visions of the Gentle Heart was one in which he was the centre. It is a long while now since he retired from business and turned for work to his garden and his flowers. But it is nearly as long since, as he went along the crowded streets of the town in which he lives, and saw homeless boys and girls on the pavement, the thought came into his heart to gather the orphans among them into a home. So he gave only a part of his time to his flowers and the rest to provide this home. And the home was built, and the homeless ones gathered into it—a large family now. And in that home, and for that home, my friend spends many a happy hour. He is justly looked upon as the father of the home. Yet he is so modest that his name never appears in the reports of the home, except among the names of the directors, and those who give money for its support. Once, indeed, he was taken by surprise: the other directors asked as a great favour to have his portrait for the home. And if you were going there, and asking the children whose portrait it was, they would answer, "It is the portrait of our papa."

One year, some failure in bank or railway made him much poorer, and he could not

give the twenty pounds which he had given to the home each year. He might have said quite honestly, "I am sorry, but I can't afford to give my twenty pounds this year." But the gentle heart has something more in it than honesty. That very year a new flower had been brought to London from Japan, and each plant of it cost a pound. The orphan's papa sent to London for a plant, took it into his greenhouse, cut it into twenty bits, and struck a new plant out of each. Then he sold his twenty plants at one pound each. And so, that year too, there was joy in this Gentle Heart that he was still able to pay his twenty pounds to help to bless little orphan children.

Then I saw another vision of a rich man's boy. In the city of Glasgow once lived a worthy merchant, whose children I knew. As God had blessed him in his buying and selling, he became a rich man. And having a great love for country life, he took his riches and bought some fields on which he had played and gathered flowers when a child, and also the mansion in which the old laird of the place was wont to live. There was just one thing he forgot to do: he forgot to make his will, and say to whom the mansion and the fields should go when he died. So by-and-by, when he died, no will could be found. Now he left behind him his wife, four daughters, and an only son. But as no will had been made, the mansion, and the fields, and a great part of all his riches, came to this only son. He was in London when the news came that his father had died, and that he was now a rich man. Just at that moment money would have been very useful to him, for he was a young merchant beginning life, and no one would have blamed him if he had said, "The money is welcome, and with it I shall push my new business on." But God had given him a Gentle Heart. He left London as soon after he got the news as he could get a train. And, although it was late in the day when he arrived at his native city, the first thing he did was to go to the house of a friend who draws out deeds. And that friend, at his request, made out a deed by which the mansion and the fields were made over to his mother all her days—and all the rest, both land and money, which his father had left, was divided share-and-share alike between her, his sisters, and himself. And when that was all fixed, he went to his home and buried his father. Somebody said to him afterwards, "But why did you go that very night and have your deed made out?" He said, "I that night saw that it was my duty to do it. If I had left it till next day, my duty might not have seemed so clear."

That is the way of the Gentle Heart. It is as decided as it is gentle.

One vision of a Gentle Heart came to me out of the years when I was at school. Among my class-fellows was a Jewish boy. His real name was John, but some of the bigger boys had given him the name of Isaac, and by that name he was known. He was a shy, timid-looking boy, tall and slender, with a little stoop. He was very clever at making musical toys. He used to bring pan-pipes, and singing reeds, and wood whistles to the school. Sometimes he brought a little flute, and in play-hours, when the bigger scholars were at their games, he would stand leaning against the wall with a crowd of little fellows around him, whom he taught to play on his simple reeds and whistles, or to whom he played on his little flute.

I sat beside him at school, and got to know him well; and I never knew him to tell a lie, or do a base, or mean, or cruel thing. And I do not think as much could be said of any other boy amongst us all at that school during the years when he was there. He helped the backward boys with their lessons. I have seen him oftener than once sharing his lunch with a school-fellow that had none; and although he had no quarrels of his own, he took up the quarrels of the little boys when the bullies were ill-treating them. One day he saw a big lad of fifteen beating a little fellow of eleven. "Now, Tom," he called out, "let that little fellow alone." "You mind your Jews' harps and whistles," said the bully. Isaac made no reply, but went right up to the hulking fellow, seized the wrist of the hand which had hold of the little boy, gave it a sudden twist and pinch, which loosened the hand-grip in a moment, and let the little boy free. It was done so quickly and neatly, that all the boys standing around burst into laughter at the bully. From that time the bully was Isaac's enemy, and every evil trick that could be done against the Jew lad he did, and every spiteful word that could be spoken he spoke.

But it happened that, one afternoon, when school was over, Isaac was standing at his father's door, and he saw a great crowd turning into the street. Boys and men were storming up, and there, in front of them, running as if for life, and white with terror and fatigue, was the bully. He had been in some boy's prank or other, and was being chased by those who wished to punish him.

Isaac saw at a glance how matters stood, and, standing back within the door and holding it open, he said, "Come in here, Tom; I'll let you out another way." And he let him out into another street. Isaac saved his bitterest enemy, and Tom escaped. It was Tom who told us all this. Isaac never referred to it. But we all noticed that Tom said as much good of the Jew boy afterwards as he had said evil before. Here was a true and Gentle Heart.

But while I was thinking of these visions, as they came one by one, I found that they began to come two and three together, and at last in a crowd. And it is only little bits of what I saw after that I can now tell.

I saw a brave man plunging into a river one dark night, and saving a woman who had stumbled in; and when the friends sought him in the crowd, to thank him, he was not to be found. The brave man wanted no thanks. His reward was that he had saved a drowning man.

I saw a gracious man going into a bank one day, and entering a large sum of money to the credit of a widow, who had lost husband and means the day before.

I saw a wounded soldier on the field of battle refusing the water he was thirsting for, that it might be given to one beside him who was worse wounded and needed it more.

I saw a tender lady passing from bed to bed in a hospital, and speaking cheering words to the sick people, as she did some gentle service to each. And I saw the thankful smile that came up over their wan faces as she passed.

I saw daughters waiting beside their sick mothers for years, and lovingly tending them as if they were queens, and counting it joy to be able in this way to show their love.

I saw a man stand up before an angry mob, and say to them, "It is falsehood you are speaking against my friend." And when they cried against him in their anger, he defended his friend the more.

I saw an old negro tied to a whipping-post for going to a prayer-meeting, and lashed till he died, and, in the hearing of his cruel and ungentle master, saying, as long as he had breath, "Lord Jesus, forgive him, he know not what he do."

I saw a brave captain, on the great sea, bringing his ship close to a burning vessel crowded with human beings, and waiting beside it—risking his own ship in the flames—till the day closed, and far on through the night, till at length every soul was saved.

And in each of these visions, and in many more that I cannot tell, what I saw was a gleam of the Gentle Heart. Oh, this is the heart of hearts, the heart best worth having; the heart that is filled with that love which suffereth long and is kind!

At last, however, all these visions melted away, but I saw that it was into the light of a far greater vision.

I thought it was night, and I was with a crowd of people upon a great mountain. There were mountains all round, mountains below, mountains above, a great stretch of mountains, and the tops, reaching far up into the sky, were covered with snow.

We turned our faces to the mountain-tops, and we saw coming out on the peaks of the highest just the faintest little flush of light. Then it grew stronger, then red, then one by one the great snow-peaks kindled up, away up in the sky, as if some fire were shining on the snow; and indeed a fire was shining on the snow. For as we turned our faces the other way to come down the hill, we beheld the morning sun rising into the sky. It was the flame of the rising sun which we had seen shining on the lighted peaks.

Now that is just what my vision of Gentle Hearts has been: fires kindled by a greater fire; far-off gleams of the Gentle Heart of Jesus. The gentleness I have been telling you about is just light from Him. He is the sun. They were the hill-tops, great and small, aflame with love like His love. And it was into the light of that largest love my visions faded.

Yes, His is the Heart from which all hearts take their gentleness. It is from His heart all the gentleness of mothers and sisters, all the gentleness you have ever known in father, or brother, or companion, or nurse, has come. His is the gentlest heart the world has ever known, or ever can know. It is this heart which in the Bible the loving God offers to each of us. This is that new heart which will new-make you, and bless you, and bring you at last to glory. Just the heart of Jesus, the gentle, loving, merciful heart of Him who once died and who still lives to help and bless us all.

FORSAKEN.

By the AUTHOR of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

"Then all the disciples forsook Him and fled."

WHEN even Thee, the righteous and the holy,
These did forsake,
What wonder human hearts, loving as lowly,
Do sometimes break?

All stand far off in the dark hour of trial,
Just before sleep:
Neath the lip-smile we feel the soul-denial,
And then—we weep.

Thou weptst not, Lord! John had Thy breast for pillow;
Thou, the hard Cross:
Yet our poor hearts heave like a sobbing billow
At each light loss.

Sweet summer friends, farewell! Your flight ye've taken:
Small blame, God wot!
In the lone hour of death, Christ, once forsaken,
Forsake us not!

HERACLIUS, EMPEROR OF THE ROMANS.

By HENRY C. EWART.

THE name Heraclius was not an uncommon one amongst the Romans of the Eastern Empire, but the extraordinary character of one man who bore it has stamped it with an individuality such as, for political economists at any rate, the father of their science has conferred upon the name of Smith. The union of splendour and shame, vice and virtue, heroism and effeminacy in one man, and that in their extremest forms, their highest heights and lowest depths, is at first sight an unnatural sort of prodigy which shocks our sense of moral congruity. We are led to believe—nay, to hope—that there must have been some explanation which, through the defects of contemporary historians, has been lost to us. The possibility that a man may be at one time a drunken, helpless sot, then a hero, mastering a world by first conquering himself, and then a drunken, helpless sot again, is not a comfortable subject of reflection. It suggests the miserable thought that character is a rootless fungus, instead of a slowly-growing tree. And that is just the sort of contradiction to divine order that must necessarily be fatal to faith in God. Physical miracles are no doubt a difficulty, but they are trifling compared with the faintest suspicion of any exception to the eternal consistency of cause and effect in the moral world.

Yet whatever may be lacking in our knowledge of court intrigue and faction in Constantinople at the beginning of the seventh century, the main facts of the career of Heraclius are certain. In early manhood his energy, enterprise, and power of organization were conspicuous. Then for some ten years he seemed to divest himself of every martial and manly quality, and lounged through a demoralising round of pleasure till the Persians were thundering at his gates in the east, and the barbarians on the north and west. At last he started from his lethargy, and conducted a series of campaigns which for boldness of conception, skill in strategy, power of handling troops, and brilliancy of results have rarely been rivalled, and have never been exceeded, even by Hannibal, Cæsar, or Napoleon. And after all, when the world was at his feet, he became once more an effeminate slave of corruption, and lost without a struggle everything that he had gained. About these facts there is no dispute. And though it may be ad-

mitted that a more intimate knowledge of the position and strength of parties at the time might show that some influences to which he was susceptible, or some difficulties that hampered him, varied in their force at different times, yet it is hardly conceivable that any amount of new light could make him other than an inconsistent and puzzling character. The one advantage we might gain through additional information would be the key to that essential individuality which, while remaining always the same, was capable of such opposite manifestations. If we knew all, we should probably see clearly enough that Heraclius, so far from being a chaotic exception, was a conspicuous illustration of the divine and unalterable laws that govern the development of character.

He was not the only instance of brilliant imperfection that history reveals. And the private experience of most people could produce similar cases, differing only in degree of power and opportunity. The Book of Proverbs gives us a pithy and suggestive description of all such men in the words, "The slothful man roasteth not that which he took in hunting." At first sight the saying is a little obscure. For hunting is a very active occupation. It permits of no lethargy; it needs always something of a tiger's union of stealth, swiftness, and strength. How is it possible that a slothful man should be a hunter at all? Well, but is not a tiger slothful when it has gorged itself with food? The animal is just a typical instance of that alternate eagerness and inaction at which the proverb points, and to which Heraclius answers. Here is a man who is at one moment as swift as a hound, and at another as lethargic as a sloth. His impulses are like the wind. His more deliberate hours are like a stagnant marsh. There is no exertion so great but he will dare it to win his object. There is no trouble so slight but it will deter him from making any use of it when won.

Let us draw the full picture that is called up in the mind's eye by this proverb, and then we may judge of the insight it gives us into characters like Heraclius. "The slothful man roasteth not that which he took in hunting." It is the picture of a man who does everything by fits and starts. He has plenty of impulse, but no enduring energy. He loves excitement, but he hates industry. He can bear anything better than commonplace drudgery and monotonous application. We seem to see him, the Jewish forester, lounging about in sunny glades, or stretched beneath the spreading cedar, and sleeping through the summer noons. His house is neglected, open to wind and rain, and lazily propped against impending ruin. The implements of the chase lie scattered here and there, almost all imperfect and broken. The gate of the vineyard has wanted only a bar, but procrastination in a matter of such little trouble has left the vines exposed to the wild boar out of the woods. Then the proverb shows us the owner of this desolation on a sudden tiring of his sleepy life. A herd of deer has crossed his view: his dogs break forth in cry. Anything for a change; anything for a little excitement. The impulse that shoots through his slouching frame restores its grace and power. For the moment a purpose inspires his capricious will, and he is off with a fleetness of foot which never lets the hounds out of sight. He bursts through the thicket, he leaps the river, he flies over the hill, with a new-born force that seems miraculous. He is not far behind when his dogs have their quarry by the throat, and his voice rings loud and clear as he commands them down. And now he stops to breathe. The noble beast is at his feet, and nothing remains but to carry the booty home. Before the hot blood cools down this seems easy enough, and he raises it on his shoulders as a lion would snatch a kid. But marching along under a heavy burden is very different from dashing after the hounds in full cry. And things are still worse when the stately march becomes a weary trudge. He is hardly half-way up the hill on his return when the sun goes down, and he bethinks him he had better hasten home. There are yet fragments of food that may serve him for awhile. So he will conceal his burden in an outstanding sheepcote, and return for it at some convenient time. But when he is basking in the morning sun, neither asleep nor awake, the journey seems long, and the toil severe. The luxury of rest is all the sweeter for the excitement of the day before. Besides, to kindle a fire in the mid-day heat would be unendurable; he must wait at least till the cool of the evening. And so the time passes on, while the fox or the wolf profits by his indolence, and the fruit of his brief exertion is lost. This surely, or something like it, must have been the picture before the minds of them of old time, when they used the proverb, "The slothful man roasteth not that which he took in hunting."

Now it seems to us that Heraclius, emperor of the Romans, was very much such a man as this Jewish forester. He was marked by swift impulse, brilliant conceptions, capacity

for stupendous exertion, nay, for prolonged endurance, under excitement. But his actions did not spring from the deeper source of principle, or conviction of duty. They lacked the droning balance-wheel of self-accusing scrupulosity. He had no deliberate life-long purpose that rose above himself. And, on the other hand, his quick susceptibilities made him sensitive to pleasure as well as to martial excitement. Extremes of endurance and extremes of self-indulgence seemed at one period of his life equally welcome. But whenever this is the case, the chances are that the self-indulgent side of the nature will ultimately triumph. He could not brook mediocrity either in position or in experience. And the result was that, when pleasure prevailed, his self-abasement was as profound as his ambition had been unbounded. Such a man is capable of astounding alternations between achievement and sloth; but, in the long-run, sloth clothes him with impotence, and buries him in darkness and shame.

Let us see how this conception agrees with the graphic sketch of his career that is given us in Gibbon's history. Heraclius was the son of the exarch or viceroy of Africa. He was therefore brought up in luxury and splendour, and his habits of extravagant indulgence were probably learned in early youth. The dominion of the world was then divided between Persia and Constantinople. But internal discord and rebellion had so weakened the former at the close of the sixth century, that a vigorous policy on the part of the Roman emperor would have made him undisputed master both of east and west. The seat of Cæsar was, however, held after the death of Justinian by a succession of weak tyrants, who, whether virtuously or viciously inclined, were equally unfitted for a supreme position. The worst of these was Phocas, who came to the throne in 602, and in the course of a few years so filled the whole west with disgust for his vices and contempt for his infamy, that the empire, like some starfishes in extreme irritation, threw off its limbs and seemed in danger of dissolution. Heraclius the elder, the exarch of Africa, refused all payment of tribute for two years. And some leading men of Constantinople, hoping much from his independence, sent him an urgent invitation to depose the crowned fool who was reducing society to chaos, and to seize the imperial throne for himself. But the exarch did not feel attracted by the prospect. Perhaps, like his son, he was liable to alternate moods of energy and lethargy; or, more probably, his experience had taught him the hollowness of its attractions. Yet he was not unwilling to accept the invitation for his son. Under his auspices an expedition was fitted out to operate both by sea and land, the young Heraclius taking command of the fleet, and a youthful companion taking the army. Heraclius did not wait the slow progress of the land force, which marched all the way round by Syria and Asia Minor. He sailed straight to the Goldern Horn, and with such judgment and secrecy was the movement effected that no preparations had been made for resistance. Like the first founder of Cæsarism, "he came, he saw, he conquered." The feeble tyrant was brought in chains to the side of the vessel that bore Heraclius, who reproached him with his abuse of his high office, and condemned him to death.

"Wilt thou govern better?" cried Phocas with the defiance of despair. It should not have needed any such taunt to quicken a sense of responsibility in the new emperor. A splendid but a terrible task required the exertion of all the powers he possessed. The ship of state was labouring amongst the breakers, and it needed a firm hand and overpowering will to rescue her. The party leaders who had favoured the ambition of Heraclius might fairly augur well from the promptitude, decision, and energy with which he had led the successful expedition. But they might with profit have reflected on the proverb quoted above. He had taken the prey; but he was too slothful to put it to its proper use. He had gained a supreme position; but he had not self-control enough to apply himself to its responsibilities. He shut himself up with slaves and flatterers. He gave himself to wild luxury and vice. For full ten years he led an ignoble and a shameful life, worthy only of a Nero or Caligula. The Persians, under the fierce but valiant Chosroes, broke through his frontier, and insulted the majesty of the empire with impunity; but he took no heed. The savage Avars desolated the wretched country, which in our day writhes under the cruelties of the Turks; but still he gave no sign. Antioch, Jerusalem, Egypt, all were lost to the Persians. And then an army marched unimpeded from the Euphrates to the Bosphorus, and encamped in sight of the imperial palace. It might well be supposed that a man conscious of unusual powers would have been stung into an agony of effort by such an accumulation of disaster and humiliation. But, whether the cause lay wholly in his own

nature, or partly in the hindrances caused by faction, certain it is that his helpless subjects cried in vain for succour. He did indeed subsidise the barbarians, but only with the effect of increasing their greed. On one occasion, by the perfidy of the Avars, who requested an interview, he was only saved by a desperate flight from capture and death, while in the tumultuous pursuit the barbarians followed him into the very streets of his capital.

To the Persians he allowed his ambassadors to offer money, tribute, degrading submission, anything and everything, if they would only leave him alone and undisturbed in his licentious indolence. But concession encouraged conquest. The empire was at the last gasp. Indeed it was practically reduced to the walls of Constantinople; and these were only preserved by the inability of the Persians to cross the narrow channel of the Bosphorus, and the inexperience of the barbarians in the arts of siege. It might have seemed impossible for Heraclius to sink to lower degradation. But at all events he tried. He loaded a number of ships with treasure, and intended to seek refuge in Carthage, where he might still hope for a period of lethargic indolence and secure indulgence. From this, however, it is said, he was deterred by a solemn appeal of the archbishop; and for the moment he succeeded in patching up once more a disgraceful peace. Then, after ten years of sloth, an extraordinary change came over him, which forms one of the most singular phenomena in all history. A really weak man driven to desperation would never have dared the enterprise on which Heraclius now resolved. Such a man would have attacked the Persians in Chalcedon, with the certain result of drawing them back in pursuit across the Bosphorus; but Heraclius, when at last stirred to action, showed the originality of genius and the resistless will of a hero. He rose from his couch; he gathered an army and a fleet; he left his beleaguered capital five hundred miles behind him, and, landing close to the Syrian Antioch, he thrust his army like a wedge into the recently gained conquests of Persia precisely at the spot where he was least liable to attack, while his mere presence there cut the communications of the enemy in three directions. Here he contented himself for a while with organizing his forces. He shared all privations with his soldiers; he exacted the most strenuous discipline from all ranks alike; he drilled; he marched; he practised all the evolutions of war; and when the enemy attacked him he so outmanœuvred them that they were taken at a disadvantage, suffered a humiliating defeat, and entirely lost their hold of a most important strategic position.

Nothing could illustrate more strikingly the exaltation of character which this extraordinary man so suddenly reached than the absence of any disposition on his part to indulge in premature triumph. Leaving his army to make its way towards a rendezvous which he had fixed upon for a far more startling campaign, he returned quietly to Constantinople, and made his arrangements there with a total absence of ostentation. Then, when the season had arrived, he led a fleet to the eastern shores of the Black Sea, and launched a fresh army like a thunderbolt into the very heart of Persia. The combination with the forces he had left behind was duly effected; and Chosroes, who had but lately heaped insult upon injury, as though in a cynical curiosity to see how much a contemptible victim would bear, was terrified at the transformation wrought by despair, and roused all the forces of his kingdom for a supreme effort. It is impossible to exaggerate the combined resolution, power, and skill, that Heraclius now displayed. Military critics generally agree that the first Napoleon was never greater than in the disastrous campaign of 1814, when he threw himself between two advancing armies of the allies, and fought both of them alternately with the same forces. Yet brilliant as his strategy is said to have been, he was overmastered, and compelled to surrender at discretion. It should be remembered also that Napoleon was then in his own country, with all his sources of supply at hand. Heraclius, however, outmanœuvred and outmarched not two but three opposing armies, which Chosroes endeavoured to combine against him. He not only outmanœuvred them, but defeated them all one after the other; and he did this a thousand miles away from any possibility of reinforcement, surrounded by enemies embittered and indignant at his presumption. Meantime Constantinople, roused from torpor by the surprising achievements of the Emperor, successfully repelled an attack by the Avars; and the Persian invaders were recalled by the disasters of their own country. It needs not to follow the story in farther detail. In his last campaigns Heraclius overran Assyria, as well as Persia. Amidst the ruins of Nineveh he annihilated the forces Chosroes had

gathered for an effort of despair; the Persian king fled, to find no refuge but the grave; and after seven years of dazzling successes, the Roman emperor imposed upon his enemies a humiliating peace, and returned in triumph to his own capital.

But what next? It seemed that he had mastered fate and dragged it at his chariot wheels. But alas, he had not really mastered himself. In the agony of a prolonged struggle for life or death, he had indeed shown dogged endurance, as well as meteor-like swiftness of action. But when the strain was over, the want of a deliberate life-long purpose beyond himself was felt, and he became once more an easy prey to self-indulgent license. His reign was the crisis of the Eastern Empire. So far as we can judge at this distance of time, he had by his victories reawakened the martial traditions of the Romans; and if he had used his success rightly the fanaticism of the Saracens might have dashed in vain against the iron front of imperial power. But the old proverb was realised, "The slothful man roasteth not that which he took in hunting." It was a harder thing, requiring more deliberate exertion of will, to resist insidious temptation day by day, than to give free rein to the ardour of martial excitement. There is a moral as well as a physical sloth, and it was the former that paralyzed Heraclius. He made absolutely no use of his victories, except, indeed, to devote himself to the degrading pleasures from which necessity had roused him. He took no pains to reorganize his recovered territory, or to guard against the more terrible foe that had arisen in Arabia. The conqueror of the world shut himself up once more in luxurious retirement. He vegetated for some thirteen years in monotonous vileness. He died without another awakening, and the Mahommedans gained all that the Persians had lost.

The warning afforded by such a character is obvious. Its very interest suggests a danger, to which the young are especially susceptible. They are easily attracted or amused by wayward or eccentric inconsistencies, such as are often associated with marked individuality of character. Writers of fiction are well aware of this tendency, and many are the novels in which we meet some hero whose generous sentiments are encrusted by barbarian manners, or some resistless genius who affects an idle helpless languor. The rich old uncle who deals out at once the insults of a crabbed temper and the gifts of a magnanimous heart, the lazy voluptuous youth who astonishes the world by some triumphant enterprise, the shrinking timid friend who turns out to be an undaunted champion—all these are stock properties of fiction, and rightly or wrongly they never lose their charm. The principle in human nature to which they appeal is not far to seek. For there is a charm in sharp contrasts, that is impressive or ludicrous, according to the nature of the subject matter. But after all, it should be remembered that everything of permanent value will appear monotonous to us in some moods, simply because of its permanence. A meteor excites more attention than a fixed star. But no one could hesitate as to which is the better symbol of a noble life.

Another reason for the interest found in inconsistencies such as those of our subject is the idea that they are a note of genius. There is some truth in this idea; and the more is the pity that it should be so. For the misery which this sort of inconsistency has brought on men of genius, and the loss it has inflicted on the world are beyond compute. The man of great ability can get through work more rapidly than his humbler neighbour, and therefore he can afford to idle or sleep away a larger portion of his time. But such men forget that the habit of lethargy is a growing evil, which cannot be put on or cast off at pleasure, and their cleverness cannot disarm the judgment of their sin. Their homes are as miserable, their family as great sufferers, their degradation as profound, as those of their most brainless companions. But when it is considered what they might have been, how they might have risen in the world, and left their children the proud inheritance of their memory, we feel that their judgment is commensurate with their abilities; "for to whom much is given of him much shall be required." It is perfectly true, moreover, that in the higher realms of history and literature many an immortal name mingles deep disgrace with its dazzling fame. But however their inconsistencies may attract our interest and surprise, a study of their story leaves us in each case only to lament that so splendid a possibility should have ended in so abortive a realisation. Seamed by the fires of passion and broken by discordant impulses, they stand like some ambitious building, where the owner had never counted the cost, and therefore left its jagged walls and bare-ribbed roofs and arrested spires, a wreck before completion, to hint only at what might have been.

TWELVE YEARS OLD.

TWELVE years old! then I ought to know
My Father's the Father in heaven;
I'm old enough now to know for myself,
That of such is the kingdom of heaven.

Twelve years old! then I ought to know
The work of my Father in heaven;
That caring for all and doing them good
Is the work of the kingdom of heaven.

Twelve years old! then I ought to help
The work of my Father in heaven:
In doing good, there's some work for a child;
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

Twelve years old! then I'll pray to-day:
"My Father, my Father in heaven,
I am Thy child, do Thou help me to love;
For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

R. H. SMITH.

A LADY'S SUNDAY AFTERNOON AT A NAVVY SETTLEMENT.

I HAD been to the navvy settlement before, and a year and a half previously had walked the moor way to it. The navvies living in it were employed in forming a reservoir out of a moorland vale. The highway ran past the navvies' cottages, or huts, as they are called. These were built in a long row, and at a short distance from them were the stables, the horsekeeper's hut, and the manager's office.

It was on a Sunday afternoon in the month of February, 1876, that I set off at half-past two o'clock for a two miles' walk. The snow was becoming rotten under a damp thaw, but still was mostly hard enough to tread upon. The whole distance to the huts could have been walked on the highroad, where the path was well trodden, but, to save time I took a short path for the last half-mile across the moor, which ended at a stone wall. It was a high wall, higher than one's head, but on the near side were good foot-places, and from the top on the other a plank slanting down to the ground formed a pathway. On descending the plank I found half-a-dozen children kicking the snow about, to whom I announced my purpose of having a school, and from whom I learnt the bad news that the room was disused: there was no coal in it, and the stove-pipe was broken. But I still adhered to my purpose, and told them we must get some coal, light a fire, and try and have a school.

The children looked eagerly at each other, but evidently did not know how to manage. One girl exclaimed, "My mother will let us have a bit of coal;" "I'll go and get the key," and so on. I felt rather feeble with such juvenile helpers; but fortunately at this moment a lame young man came out from one of the cottages. Looking up with an exclamation of surprise, he recognised me.

Hopper was his *sobriquet*. Poor fellow! he had been a lame neglected child, surrounded by vice. He grew up as might be expected, and at this moment was "under a cloud." He had committed an offence so characteristic of navvy life, it must be mentioned. Hopper was one of the horse-drivers on another work. The great pride of the drivers is to make their horses smart, and to this end they dress the manes and tail in fanciful plaits, tied with many coloured bows of braid, and decorate their foreheads with strips of leather, on which are fastened bright brass ornaments. Well, Hopper's temptation came in the form of a public occasion on which his horse was to appear. He dressed its tail and mane, but, alas! had no brass ornaments for its head, so from another driver stole the decoration, and arrayed his horse therein. Of course he was found out, and ran away to escape a merited thrashing. However, here he now was, and I thought it wisest to ignore any knowledge of his escapade, and desired Hopper to go to the office, get coals and wood, light a fire in the school-room, and in the meantime I would wait a quarter of an hour in a hut. The children scampered away with Hopper, and I knocked at the door of No. 6, where I waited till three boys came as a deputation to say the fire was burning, when I accompanied them to the school-room.

It was built on at the end of the row of cottages, and was about twenty feet by fifteen; two windows lighted it, and it contained a box of books, some forms, a table, and a stove, and would have been suitable enough if it had been kept tidy; but though two girls were quite red in the face from an energetic sweeping bestowed on the floor, it was most decidedly dirty. The walls corresponded with the floor, and the stove-pipe having a large piece broken out at the distance of a foot from the roof, almost all the smoke came out into the room, one window being obliged to remain open to permit its escape. Twelve or fifteen children clustered round the teacher, and, for three-quarters of an hour, read, repeated some little hymns, and heard of the Good Shepherd who was willing to carry them all safely home if they would let Him. After singing a hymn very badly, and repeating the Lord's Prayer together, I sent them home, not having the heart to keep them longer in that room, for bitter blasts came in through the open window over the frozen snow without. With a bundle of tracts in hand I spent the next half-hour in going from door to door giving them away, and inviting the inmates of the huts to come to the school-room at six o'clock and hear one of John Ashworth's tracts read. I received such answers as, "Happen we may," and "We'll see," and "We won't say we will, because we might not come, and it would be wrong to break a promise." At the last door in the

row I waited a moment to seek out some "taking" tracts, and so heard the clink of money as it fell in "pitch and toss" and the exclamations of the players. The knock was unheeded, so I lifted the latch and walked in. The money disappeared as if by magic, and three young men, with innocent surprise, stood looking at me. I offered them the books, which they civilly received, and promised to read at once. One of the faces I recognised, but having forgotten the owner's proper name, gave him his nickname. "You have been wasting all this day," I said; do come for one hour this evening. You will find it a happier way of spending your time than playing at 'pitch and toss'—don't you think so, Curly?" This ending was received with a burst of laughter, and with "You've caught it, Curly," and "That's the straight tip, anyhow." Curly remarked, "I know you, but I thought you wouldn't remember me, mum." "Yes, we'll come," and so they did.

It was past five now, so I proceeded to No. 6, where an old scholar found me a cup of tea. Here forty minutes passed, and as six o'clock drew near I grew more and more nervous. I had taught in a Sunday-school for years, and read, too, these very tracts out-of-doors to groups of stragglers, but never by myself; and then, too, I thought, to make the reading pleasant, it ought to be begun by a hymn, and I cannot pitch a single tune with certainty. However, six o'clock struck. Three minutes more and the room was reached.

Poor Hopper, who had found pleasure in being my stoker for the day, to his own evident satisfaction as well as mine, had succeeded in making the stove hot; and the window could now be closed without the fear of a general suffocation. Seven or eight children stood round the fire, and these were all. Hopper and two boys now went to borrow lamps, as the room was quite dark, and presently this "yoke-fellow" had suspended one on the wall and hung another from a rod dangled from the roof. The third I was obliged to hold in my hand, in order to be able to see to read. Then we placed the benches in a square round the stove, and distributed a number of mission hymn-books. I proposed a hymn, and then came to a stand-still. However, the difficulty was of short duration, for a rough-headed boy of twelve years' old, with pink eyes which were nearly blind, informed us he could sing. The hymn chosen was that lovely one,—

"There is a fountain filled with blood."

The pink-eyed boy went off bravely in a wild old Methodist tune, the rest following as well as they could. One verse was finished when Ellen and two other women, and half-a-dozen men, came in, and then we got on more successfully. The singing seemed to act as a church bell in calling the worshippers together, for by the time it was ended about twenty men were present; and when we broke up forty-three men and four women, besides the children, left the room. All now sat down and listened to one of John Ashworth's striking tracts, read quickly but distinctly. From time to time I glanced off the page, and saw around me a circle of interested faces, some figures leaning forward to hear perfectly; and when an officious boy rather noisily mended the fire he was quickly induced to be quiet by a gentle kick from his nearest neighbour.

When that story was done I asked, "Shall we stop, or must I read another?"

"Go on, ma'am."

"If you're not tired, we're not."

"Yes, let's have another," were the answers.

"Well, then, suppose we sing a hymn first?"

For this at least Hopper and the pink-eyed boy were ready, for in an instant they answered my question by handing round the books. Then all joined heartily in "Rock of Ages;" and very sincerely, we believe, many of these rough choristers longed, while singing those words, to "hide" in that safe Refuge and be washed in that pure Fountain. An old grey-headed man across the circle, to whose side I now moved to be more in the midst of the audience, and to escape the too warm region of the stove, volunteered to hold the light; and he on one side, and Sawdust Bill, a former scholar, on the other, relieved me of it for the rest of the time. The second tract, which proved even more popular than the first, was "Blackball." Some of the listeners had known Blackball personally while employed on the Sheffield Reservoir, and when the account ended one remarked, "It's every word true; I knew Joe well." "And so did I, but only after he became a steady chap." "Ay, he used to stand regular wi' his birds in the market, and a powerful-like fellow too—and so on. When a third hymn, that thrilling one,

"All hail the power of Jesu's name,"

had been chosen, the company stood up, but this time I had to begin the tune. It was capitally sung until the third verse came, and

then, most unaccountably, when we reached the word "remnant," the tune went from me, and I stopped short; every one else stopped too. Twice again we began the verse, and twice ignominiously stuck. I became utterly nervous and unstrung, and glanced round in consternation, expecting to see grinning faces on every hand; but I had misjudged my listeners, and for the moment forgotten how truly polite navvies often are. They were too kindly to laugh now, and their serious looks braced me up. Beginning the hymn again, and skipping the stumbling-block verse, it was finished happily.

"Now, as it is Sunday evening," I said, "I should like, if you are not too tired, to read you a little of the Bible itself, before we say good night." All remained to listen, and, opening a Bible at the eighth chapter of Matthew, I read the chapter through rather slowly. The faces round were a lesson to the reader. Some so battered by a hard rough life into early old age, some so sin-worn, others young and handsome, beginning only to harden under the same experiences. At this moment, however, all were hungry in their eagerness to miss no word from that account of the work of one day in their Redeemer's life. It went right to their hearts; each evidently felt *he* had an interest in it—the Bible was a common property. Then, just for five minutes, with much inward trembling, I for the first time spoke to so many, commenting on the verses. And then we all knelt down and prayed the general confession — the thanksgiving and the collects beginning, "Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open," and "Oh God, whose nature and property is ever to have mercy, and to forgive," and finally united in repeating the Lord's Prayer.

When we had risen from our knees, as the men and women passed into the cold darkness outside, all heartily wished me "Good night," and many pressed forward to shake hands. One voice said, "Are you coming every Sunday, ma'am?"

"No, I cannot; I go home on Tuesday."

"Well, but if you will, we'll attend regularly," said the old man who had held the light; "and if you only will, happen there'll be a bit of a chance for some of us yet."

All paused to hear the reply.

"I wish from my heart I could, but I am only on a visit near here, and live too far away to come over."

"Then," said a powerful man with dark hair and eyes, who was standing near the door, "then can't you get any one to come and read a bit to us of a Sunday?"

"I promise you I will do my best."

Sawdust Bill walked half the way home with me through the cold air and slushy snow. He seemed to enjoy the walk with his old teacher as much as she certainly did. I kept my promise, and tried during the next day once more to find some Christian in the wide neighbourhood, and in the town, to go and work for Christ in the Navvy Settlement, and again met only with refusals. I have heard in this month of February, 1877, things are as they were in February of 1876. Navvy settlements like this one are scattered through the length and breadth of Britain. Living and working in isolated places, making docks, reservoirs, tunnels, and railways, and numbering in the aggregate not hundreds or thousands, but tens of thousands, navvies are so living—almost entirely—uncared for by the Christians of our land, who show far more mercy to the heathen on the other side of the globe. No wonder navvies have a bad character—not wholly undeserved; but what can be expected when, as one of their women said, "I have known nothing but work and wickedness sin' I wer eleven year old"?

In spite of their bad name, however, any lady or gentleman who will go amongst them and work for Christ and for their general improvement, will meet with gratitude, goodwill, and often with polite kindness, and above all, will reap a rich harvest. And to the timid disciple, fearing contact with navvies, I would quote the assurance given by a sea captain to a lady passenger on board his vessel, who inquired, "Captain, is there any fear of danger?" "Madam, there is plenty of fear, but no danger."

A WALK TO CHURCH IN ROME.

THIRD PAPER.

FROM the Piazza del Popolo, three long narrow streets run, like three fingers from the palm of the hand; the Via Babuino which leads to the English quarter; the famous Corso, which leads to the Capitol and the Forum; and the Ripetta, which leads to St. Peter's and the Vatican. These approaches are guarded by two churches, S. Maria di Monte Santo and S. Maria dei Miracoli, similar in appearance, with oval domes and

tetrastyle porticoes that look like ecclesiastical porters' lodges. They are supposed to occupy the spot where the body of Sylla was publicly burnt on the funeral pyre, amid the lamentations of Rome, and where the magnificent tomb which received his ashes stood. The name of the Piazza del Popolo is derived, not from the people, as is generally supposed, but from the extensive grove of poplar-trees that surrounded the Mausoleum of Augustus, and long formed the most conspicuous feature in the neighbourhood. The crescent-shaped sides of the square are bounded on the left by a wall, with a bright fountain and appropriate statuary in the middle of it, and a fringe of tall cypress-trees, and on the right by a similar wall, adorned with marble trophies and two columns rough with the projecting prows of ships taken from the ancient temple of Venice and Rome, and rising in a series of terraced walks to the upper platform of the Pincio. At the foot of this *Collis Hortulorum*, "Hill of Gardens," which was a favourite resort of the ancient Romans, Nero was buried; and in earlier republican times it was the site of the famous Villa of Lucullus, who had accumulated an enormous fortune when general of the Roman army in Asia, and spent it on his retirement from active life in the most sumptuous entertainments and the most prodigal luxuries. Here he gave his celebrated feast to Cicero and Pompey. From Lucullus, the magnificent grounds passed into the possession of Valerius Asiaticus; and while his property they became the scene of a tragedy which reminds one of the story of Ahab and Jezebel and the vineyard of Naboth. The infamous Messalina, the wife of the stupid emperor Claudius, coveted the grounds of Asiaticus. With the unscrupulous spirit of Jezebel, she procured the condemnation to death of the owner for crimes that he had never committed; a fate which he avoided by committing suicide. As soon as this obstacle was removed out of her way, she appropriated the villa; and in the beautiful grounds abandoned herself to the most shameless orgies in the absence of her husband at Ostia. But her pleasure and triumph were short-lived. The emperor was informed of her enormities, and hastened home to take vengeance. Having vainly tried all means of conciliation, and attempted without effect to kill herself, she was slain in a paroxysm of terror and anguish, by a blow of the executioner's falchion; and the death of Asiaticus was avenged on the very spot where it happened. This terrible memory, which long haunted the gardens of Lucullus, and which whispers still in the pines and palms of the Pincian Hill, that have grown up on the spot where Messalina's blood stained the soil, proclaims the great truth that the Lord God omnipotent reigneth, and that His ways are equal. "These things hast thou done, and I kept silence; thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one as thyself; but I will reprove thee, and set them in order before thine eyes." The gardens of the Pincio are small, but a fairer spot it would be hard to find anywhere. The grounds are most beautifully laid out, and so skilfully arranged that they seem of far larger extent than they really are. Splendid palm-trees, aloes, and cactuses give a tropical charm to its walks; rare exotics and bloom-laden trees of genial climes, flashing fountains, and all manner of cultivated beauty enliven the scene; while the blue overarching sky comes close down upon the level plateau, and the air blows fresh and invigorating from the Sabine Hills. From the lofty parapet of the city-wall which bounds it on one side, you gaze into the green meadows and rich wooded solitudes of the Borghese grounds, that look like some rural retreat a score of miles from the city; and from the stone balustrades on the other side you see all Rome at your feet with its sea of brown houses, and beyond the picturesque roofs and the hidden river rises up the great mass of the Vatican buildings and the mighty dome of St. Peter's, which catches like a mountain peak the last level gold of the sunset, and flashes it back like an illumination, while all the intermediate view is in shadow. No wonder that the Pincian Hill is the favourite promenade of Rome, and that on week days and Sunday afternoons you see multitudes of people showing every phase of Roman life, and hundreds of carriages containing the flower of the Roman aristocracy, with beautiful horses, and footmen in rich liveries, crowding the piazza below, ascending the winding road, and driving or walking round and round between the palms and the pines, over the garden-paths, to the sound of band music. And thus they continue to amuse themselves till through the tender brightness of the heavens the sun has set, and the first sound of the bells of Ave Maria is heard from the churches; and then they wind their way homewards, and the beautiful hill is left in its beautiful loneliness under the violet night.

We pass out from the Piazza through the Porta del Popolo, the only way by which

strangers used to approach Rome from the north. It was indeed a more suitable entrance into the Eternal City than the present one; for no human being, with a spark of imagination, would care to obtain his first view of the city of his grandest dreams and hopes from the outside of a great bustling railway station. I have often thought that the one entrance into Rome ought to be through the long avenue of massive and ruined tombs and broken marbles, which line both sides of the Appian Way. In such a case, one could realise at once, with the appropriate feeling, that this was truly the Rome of the imagination, and would enter without alloy or impediment into the spirit of heroic decay. The Porta del Popolo almost marks the position of the old Flaminian gate, through which passed the great northern road of Italy, constructed by the Roman censor, C. Flaminius, two hundred and twenty years before Christ, extending as far as Rimini, a distance of two hundred and ten miles. Through that old gate, and along that old road, the Roman cohorts passed to conquer Britain, then a small isle inhabited by savage tribes. Hardly any path save that to Jerusalem has been trodden by so many human feet as this old Flaminian road. The present gate is said to have been designed by Michael Angelo; but it shows no signs of his genius. The inscription above the arch—FELICI FAVISTOQUE INGRESSUI, "To a happy and prosperous entrance," seemed a mockery in the old douanier days, when unreasonable delays and extortions vexed the soul of the visitor, and produced a mood anything but favourable to the enjoyment of the Eternal City. But now these grievances are over. The occupation of the place is gone. The barracks on the left for the papal guards are converted to other purposes; no custom-house officer now meets one at the gate, and all are free to come and go without passport, or bribe, or hindrance.

On the right as you go out is the remarkable church of Santa Maria del Popolo. It is built in the usual Romanesque style of architecture; but its external appearance is very unpretending, and its situation in a corner overshadowed by the wall is apt to cause it to be overlooked. Not more widely did the external aspect of the tabernacle in the wilderness, with its dark goat-skin coverings, differ from the interior of the Holy of Holies, with its golden furniture and splendid appointments, than does the commonplace look of the outside of the church of Santa Maria del Popolo differ from its magnificent interior. It is a perfect museum of sculpture and painting. No other church in Rome has such a grand and varied collection. Splendid tombs of eminent cardinals of the best period of the Renaissance; rare marbles and precious stones in lavish profusion adorn the altars and walls of the chapels; while they are further enriched by beautiful frescoes of sacred subjects from the pencils of Penturicchio and Annibale Caracci. Above the high altar is an ancient picture of the Madonna, with an exceedingly swarthy eastern complexion, which is one among several others in Rome attributed to the pencil of St. Luke the Evangelist, and which is supposed to possess the power of working miracles. One especially magnificent chapel arrests the attention and leaves a lasting remembrance—that of the Chigi family, built by Fabio Chigi, better known as Pope Alexander VII. The architecture was planned by Raphael; the design of the strange fresco on the ceiling of the dome, representing the creation of the heavenly bodies, was sketched by him; and he modelled the beautiful statue of Jonah, sitting upon a whale, and also sculptured the figure of Elijah, which are among the most conspicuous of its adornments. This is the only place in which Raphael appears in the character of an architect and sculptor. Like Michael Angelo, the genius of this wonderfully-gifted artist was capable of varied expression; and it seemed a mere accident whether his ideals were represented in stone, or colour, or words. On his single head God seemed to have poured His thousand glories; beauty of person, and beauty of soul, and the power to perceive and embody the beauty and the wonder of the world; the eye of light and the heart of fire; "the angel nature in the angel name." And yet amid his fadeless art he faded away; and at the deathless shrines which he left behind the admirer of his genius is left to lament his early death. Such thoughts receive a still more mournful hue from a touching tomb—touching even though its taste be execrable—which records a husband's profound sorrow on account of the death of his young wife—a princess of both the distinguished houses of Chigi and Odescalchi—who passed away at the age of twenty, in the saddest and most mysterious of all ways—in childbirth. It goes to one's heart to think of the desolate home and the bereaved husband, left, as he says, "in solitude and grief;" and though the weeper has gone with the wept, and the sore wound which death inflicted has been healed by death's own

hand nearly a hundred years ago, we feel a wondrous sympathy with that old domestic tragedy. It is a touch of nature which makes one feel tenderer and more thoughtful than all the blazonry and sculpture around. In this weird church of Santa Maria del Popolo, which is a mausoleum of the dead more than a place of worship for the living, the level rays of the afternoon sun come through the richly-painted windows of the choir; and the warm glory rests first upon a strange monument of the sixteenth century at the entrance, where a ghastly human skeleton sculptured in yellow marble looks through a grating, and then upon a medallion on a tomb, representing a butterfly emerging from the chrysalis, illumining the inscription, "Ut Phœnix multiplicabo dies." And this old expressive symbol speaks to us of the everlasting victory of life; and of death, as the Christian's true birth, in which the spirit bursts its earthly shell, and soars on immortal wings to God. And the church straightway to the inner eye of the soul becomes full of a transfiguration glory which no darkness of the tomb can quench and which makes all pure earthly love immortal.

A venerable monastery, tenanted by monks of the order of St. Augustine, is attached to this church, upon whose brown tiled roofs, covered with grey and yellow lichens, and walls and windows of extreme simplicity, the eye of the visitor gazes with deepest interest. For this was the residence of Luther during his famous visit to Rome. He came to this place in the fervour of youthful enthusiasm; his heart was filled with pious emotions. He knelt down on the pavement when he passed through the Porta del Popolo, and cried, "I salute thee, O holy Rome! Rome venerable through the blood and the tombs of the martyrs!" Immediately on his arrival he went to the convent of his own order, and celebrated mass with feelings of great excitement. But, alas! he was soon to be disenchanted. He had not been many days in Rome when he saw that the city of the saints and martyrs was wholly given up to idolatry and social corruption, and was as different as possible from the city of his dreams. He cared not for the fine arts which covered this pollution with a deceitful iridescence of refinement; and the ruins of pagan Rome had no power to move his heart, preoccupied as it was with horror at the monstrous wickedness which made desolate the very sanctuary of God. When he ascended on his knees the famous Santa Scala, the holy staircase near the Lateran Palace—supposed to have belonged to Pilate's house in Jerusalem, up and down which our Saviour walked, staining the marble steps with the blood of His scourging and the wounds from the crown of thorns—he seemed to hear a voice whispering to him the words, "The just shall live by faith." Instantly the scales fell from his eyes, and he saw the miserable folly of the whole proceeding; and like a man suddenly freed from fetters, he rose from his knees, and walked firm and erect to the foot of the stairs. He could not remain another day in the city. Returning to his monastery, he there celebrated mass for the last time, and departed on the morrow with the bitter words, "Adieu, O city, where everything is permitted but to be a good man!" Ten years later he burnt the bull of the Pope in the public square of Wittenberg, and all Europe rang with the tocsin of the Reformation. I never passed that venerable monastery without thinking of the austere German monk and his glorious work; and the old well-known motto of the Reformation which had been his battle-cry in many a good fight of faith received new power and meaning from the associations of the place. To the enlightenment received there, paving the way for religious and political liberty throughout Christendom, I owed the privilege of preaching in Rome. That monastery has shared in the general confiscation that has overtaken religious houses and corporations throughout Italy. It was a bold deed of the Italian Government to suppress such institutions; it seemed the most awful sacrilege, and to a superstitious people like touching the very ark of God; but it was done fearlessly and thoroughly nevertheless. Religious associations are no longer recognised in Italy as corporate bodies; they no longer possess anything in common; they are forbidden to add to their numbers, and the present members receive pensions as an indemnity for what they have lost. And in this way there is hope that the vast monastic host, which has been so long a positive nuisance in the land, will rapidly dwindle away, and in the course of a generation or two disappear altogether. The spark that kindled this mighty conflagration was struck in this very monastery; and an obscure Augustinian monk began the noble work which Victor Emanuel and his free constitutional government have consummated.

"Without the gate" are the Episcopalian and Presbyterian churches. There are Protestant Christian now worshipping freely

within the walls, some of them with excellent churches and schools, and all the machinery necessary for the work of evangelisation. But the two above-named churches remain outside the walls, as memorials of the days of popish tyranny, when nothing could enter the holy city that was supposed to contaminate its sacerdotal purity. I thought, in connection with this religious intolerance, of our Saviour, who suffered "without the gate" of Jerusalem, the sacred city of Pharisaic pride and formal righteousness; and of the Apostle Paul, who, in imitation of his Lord, was led without the gate of pagan Rome, and put to death in some unhallowed spot on the Ostian road. I thought of his words to the Hebrew Christians, "Let us go forth therefore unto Him without the camp, bearing His reproach. For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come."

Every Sunday morning, especially in spring, crowds of carriages, as well appointed as in London, approach the English church, —a plain, yellowish building, with three doors sheltered by roofs, close to the Porta del Popolo. Formerly two papal gendarmes were posted at the principal entrance; but now the worshippers are unmolested, and the government of Rome, acting upon the principle of a free church in a free state, first announced by Count Cavour, allows the utmost toleration to every form of religion. The Presbyterian church is a little distance farther on, on the same side of the street. You enter by a gateway, and find yourself in an open space surrounded with luxuriant hedges in full bloom and large flowering shrubs, and commanding a fine view of Monte Mario and the open country in that direction, including the meadows where the noble Arnold of Brescia suffered martyrdom, being burnt to death, and his ashes cast into the Tiber. The wonderful associations of the place lend to worship in such churches a remarkable interest and solemnity. Surrounded by the ruins of man's glory, we felt deeply how unfailing and unchanging was the word of God. In a city of gorgeous masses, and unmeaning ceremonials that had changed Christianity into a kind of baptized paganism, we felt it indescribably refreshing to partake, in the beautiful simplicity of our Protestant worship, of the symbols of the broken body and shed blood of our Lord. There especially we were compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses, apostles, martyrs, and saints, who in the early ages of the Church and in this city overcame the world by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony, and loved not their lives unto the death. There, more vividly than anywhere else, we seemed to come to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to the spirits of just men made perfect.

On the opposite side of the road is the classic portico of the Borghese Villa. The gate is almost always open; and every person is free to wander at will through the magnificent grounds, upwards of three miles in circuit, and hold picnics in the sunny glades, and pull the wild flowers that star the grass in myriads. On Sunday afternoons multitudes come and go, and a long line of carriages, filled with the Roman nobility and foreign visitors, in almost endless succession, makes the circuit of the drives. Yet on week-days at certain hours one may enjoy the place thoroughly without any distraction, and feel amid the lovely vistas of the woods as if buried in the loneliest immemorial solitude of the Apennines. And truly on such occasions I know no place so fascinating, so like an earthly Eden! It is gay with all the charms of nature, musical with falling and glancing waters, and haunted with the statues of Greek divinities that filled men's minds with immortal thoughts in the youth of the world—dimly visible amid the recesses of the foliage; and it leads to a Casino in which sculpture and painting have done their utmost to enrich and adorn the apartments. But the result of all this prodigal display of wealth and refinement is exceedingly melancholy. It would be death to inhabit these sumptuous marble rooms when their coolness would be most agreeable; and the witchery of the shadowy wood paths and bowers in their summer perfection can be enjoyed only at the risk of catching fever. Man has made a paradise for himself, but the malaria drives him out of it, and all its costly beauty is almost thrown away. Only during the desolation of winter, or the fair promise and half-developments of spring, can one wander safely through the place. The sting of the serpent is in this Eden too.

I turn back to the Capo le Case, feeling to the full that from house to church I have passed through scenes and associations sufficient to make a Sabbath in Rome a day standing out from all other days, to be for ever remembered!

HUGH MACMILLAN.

OUR MONTHLY SURVEY.

I.—HOME NOTES.

HIGH CHURCH CLERGY AND THE STATE.

THE state of the ecclesiastical atmosphere in the Established Church of England has for some time past been in a peculiarly threatening and disturbed condition. It reminds us of some of the days we have had this spring—days when a falling barometer, a dull, grey curtain across the sky, and a sense of physical depression have warned us that storms were gathering and brooding over us. More than once lately the sharp clatter of hail, the flash of vivid lightning, and long startling peals of thunder have fulfilled these ominous predictions and betokened the greatness of the forces in movement. Something like this has been happening in the recent history of the Established Church. There have been signs of a gathering storm, and now and then the flashing forth of actual disturbance. It remains to be seen whether the parallel between the natural and the spiritual will still further hold good; whether these passing tempests will clear the air and act as harbingers of days of calm beauty and rich fruitfulness such as we know we shall have soon in the outer world. One of the most significant of recent clerical movements within the Established Church is the presentation, by an influential body of the clergy, of an address to the Episcopal bench on the subject of the relations between the Church and the State. This address was of course intended not only for the consideration of those to whom it was directly presented, through the Archbishop of Canterbury, but also as a manifesto to the people of England generally, and accordingly it was published at once in all the principal newspapers. It is signed by about seventy clergymen of the High Church school, and among the names are many of great influence, representing high character and scholarly culture, the Dean of St. Paul's heading the list. The essential clause of the address is the following: "Believing, as we do, in the presence in the Church of her Divine Head, we are convinced that what is required is not the mere interpretation, however skilful, of existing law, but the living voice of the Church clearly laying down what the law shall be in the future." The memorialists claim that "the Church of England to-day has the same right to decree rites or ceremonies, and possesses the same authority in controversies of faith, as the same Church had at any previous period in her history;" and yet, notwithstanding this, "appeal is now made, not to the living voice of the Church, but to events and documents which have themselves always been matters of controversy." The address declares the conviction of the memorialists that "no peace can be secured for the Church, nor can her existing relations with the State be long continued, unless laws for the regulation of divine service, and for other spiritual matters of primary importance, are made by an authority which both clergy and laity would feel to be binding upon conscience," and further that "no authority will be considered thus binding which does not proceed from the synods of the Church as well as from Parliament." The memorialists therefore call upon the members of the Episcopal bench to "devise measures to allay the anxiety and distress which is now pressing upon churchmen." The Archbishop, in acknowledging the receipt of the address, confesses himself "not quite able to follow the exact meaning" of some parts of it. We therefore need not hesitate to make the same confession. It is clear that those who sign it demand a radical alteration of the conditions which at present connect the Church with the State, and the introduction of a mode of legislation which certainly has never yet been recognised by the English Parliament; and yet in the first clause of their address they state that they are "anxious to retain the relations of Church and State which have so long existed in this country." We cannot see how those relations can be "retained," and yet be essentially altered. There is something in the tone of the address with which all Christian men can sympathize. There is a high and important sense in which it is imperative that opportunity should be given for "the living voice of the Church" to make itself heard. Our High Church friends must judge for themselves how far they can content themselves with such opportunity as they now have. But they must remember that they cannot have both bondage and liberty at the same time. They cannot have the advantage of connection with the State without its restrictions. And in view of the remarkable and widespread development in the Church of England of a ritual and doctrine not to be distinguished in many essential points from those of the Church of Rome, they may be assured that nothing is more absolutely improbable than that the country conferring upon them the distinctions of an Establishment should hand over to them the power to "decree rites and ceremonies" and to give "authoritative" utterances, in any legal sense, with respect to matters of faith.

CARDINAL MANNING ON THE PAPAL SOVEREIGNTY.

Cardinal Manning can scarcely be blamed even by the sturdiest Protestant for taking up arms, in a metaphorical sense, on behalf of the Pope. But we are sometimes surprised that even his extreme ecclesiastical opinions and sympathies should betray an acute and accomplished man like the "Cardinal-Archbishop" into a line of argument so obviously fallacious as that which he occasionally employs. In preaching on Easter Sunday at the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington, Cardinal Manning alluded to "the Romish question." He expressed his confidence that although "men thought the Vicar of Jesus Christ was buried in the Vatican, deposed from his sove-

reignty, bound as in the tomb," there would be a resurrection of the head of the Church. He went on to say: "Christ gave to His Church and to the head of the Church, in all things pertaining to His kingdom, an absolute independence of all civil, earthly, or temporal power. From the year 800 down to 1870 the pontiffs had held a true and proper royalty and sovereignty in Rome; as true, as proper, older and more sacred than that sovereignty to which we all bow with every fibre of our hearts and every motion of our will—the sovereignty of our most gracious Queen." Cardinal Manning proceeded to describe how Rome had been taken possession of by the Italian Government. He admitted that the use of the Vatican had been freely granted to the Pope, and that he was invited to go in and out as he pleased. But he drew a parallel between this condition of things and an imaginary case in England: "Now suppose some conquering power by violence established in the ancient Palace of St. James; that it permitted the use of Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace to our gracious Sovereign; that it told all the world that the Queen of England was free, and that she might really come out as before, and pass to and fro between the streets of London and the parks and suburbs,—that is to say, consecrate by the presence of her Majesty the sovereignty of those who had taken possession of her own. Would Englishmen like that? No; and Pius IX. knew very well the duties of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. He said, 'I will not look on the deed, my eyes shall never sanction it. I will live and die within the threshold of my palace.'" The Cardinal added: "There are two kinds of imprisonment—there is the imprisonment by iron fetters and the imprisonment of deep moral degradation. Pius IX. is indeed not bound by fetters of iron. He is bound round about by a sense of his own dignity and the supernatural office he bears; and he knows it would be a deep moral degradation to put his feet over the threshold of the Palace where he lives, so long as another sovereign claims to rule over the city which the providence of God made his own." Of course while the Pope is restrained by such considerations as these, he is quite consistent in keeping within the precincts of the Vatican, although we are at liberty to think that the hardships of such imprisonment must be classed with what are called in current phraseology "sentimental grievances." But the Cardinal's parallel betrays such an astonishing forgetfulness of certain ugly and inconvenient facts, that were he not so grave and in some sense sincere a speaker, we should regard it as an audacious rhetorical trick. We will not inquire too closely into the origin of the temporal power of the Pope; nor will we follow the startling argument that inasmuch as "Christ gave to His Church and to the head of the Church, in all things pertaining to His kingdom, an absolute independence of all civil, earthly, or temporal power," therefore, so the implication runs, no earthly power had the right to dispossess the Pope of his authority as a temporal sovereign. But we simply ask the question, How was that sovereignty exercised? Is it or is it not a fact that that administration of the Papal States was for years a scandal to Europe, a disgrace to civilisation? Was not the entire system rotten to the core, so that even the passing traveller could tell when he got into the Papal dominions from the manifold signs of stagnation and decay which presented themselves on every hand? Was not the Papal sovereignty kept up for years simply by foreign bayonets, and mainly for a false political purpose? The Italian people learned at length, what most other European nations have learned, that no sovereignty is "sacred" which is not exercised for the benefit of the people who are governed, that there is no divine right of popes, any more than of kings, to govern wrongly; and the same tide of patriotic enthusiasm, of desire for liberty and unity, and of weariness of corruption and wrong, which swept away the Bourbons from the thrones of Italian States, lastly overwhelmed the most baneful sovereignty of all—that of the Pope himself. Every child who could understand what the Cardinal was saying might also have reminded the preacher of how England herself treated some of the Stuarts, when endurance of folly and tyranny was at length exhausted. It is not a foreign power which has dispossessed the Pope, but his own people who have done, or at least endorsed, the deed. It is not his former subjects who desire him to rule again; it is only the satellites of the central authority of the Romish Church, those who follow in the train of, and make up, the hierarchy of which the Pope is the head. The Papal temporal power fell because it was unworthy and unable to stand; and it having fallen, and fallen under such conditions, we at least cannot share the Cardinal's faith that it will rise again.

THE CHINESE EMBASSY IN LONDON.

It is some three months since the members of the Chinese embassy reached this country. Although the general public have seen and heard but little of them, there is good reason to regard their presence in England as a hopeful sign. Ten or twelve years ago there was a very general impression that China, like Japan, was about to open her arms to welcome the civilisation of the West; but that expectation has been disappointed, and indeed rested on no solid basis. China has for at least two centuries cherished a habit of distrust of foreigners, and unhappily her intercourse even with England has given too much ground for the doubt on her part whether foreign intercourse is not rather to be shunned than sought. The presence amongst us of a Chinese embassy consisting of observant and intelligent men may be an important aid to the establishment of more entirely satisfactory relations between the two countries, and is a token that the extreme conservatism and shyness of the Chinese Government are to some extent giving way. One great cause—perhaps we might say, *the* great cause—of difficulty and misunderstanding between China and England has been the opium trade. By a tax on the exportation of opium from India to

China the British Government derives a revenue of several millions sterling annually, and as the trade has grown, the matter has naturally become more complicated, the evil has taken firmer root, and has become more difficult to deal with in the direction of abolition. Indian financiers who, with the Government revenue of more than fifty millions, can scarcely make both ends meet, point to the impossibility of dispensing with the portion of the revenue obtained by this injurious trade, and so, like many other evils, this one grows and becomes more gigantic year by year.

It was well that a body like the Anglo-Oriental Society for the Suppression of the Opium Trade should avail themselves of the opportunity of conferring with the Chinese embassy on the subject, of expressing to them the feeling of a large section of English society about it, and of obtaining from them some idea of the view of the Chinese Government upon the question. In introducing a deputation to the embassy the other day for this purpose, the Earl of Shaftesbury rightly said that the repeated efforts which have been made during the last forty years to induce Parliament to take action against the Indian opium trade have always been encountered with doubts as to the sincerity of the Chinese Government in their hostility to the trade. Lord Shaftesbury asked on behalf of the society for the opinion of the embassy as to whether opium smoking was really so baneful, and its progress so great a national calamity, as the society believed it to be. In reply, the chief member of the embassy said that there could be no doubt that the use of the drug was a very great evil, and declared that the Chinese Government was perfectly sincere in its desire to put a stop to it, but that in a large country like China, where the use of opium had become almost universal, it was a subject "surrounded by many difficulties." The ambassador added:—

"The use of opium in China is an evil which is increasing even more rapidly than that of the consumption of alcoholic drinks in this country, and the difficulty of dealing with it is even greater, inasmuch as the liking for the drug takes a firmer hold of its votaries than that of alcohol does upon Englishmen."

It was also insisted upon by the speaker that not only England and China, but other countries also would have to arrive at a common agreement on the matter before any effective steps could be taken. "As a matter of fact," the ambassador remarked, "it is not only true that China derives no benefit from the traffic, but rather the reverse; but also that the Indian Government and that of this country would find that, in a very short time, no loss would be sustained by themselves." These assurances, although they do not hold out a very definite prospect, are all that could be expected under the circumstances. An evil of this vastness cannot be overthrown and swept away by a single stroke.

THE BIBLE SOCIETY'S FINANCIAL YEAR.

We learn from the condensed Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society that there has been a slight falling off in the income of the past year as compared with the year preceding. The Free Contributions are £56,057, which is £824 less than in 1875, but, the Report points out, "they show an increase of £1,424 upon the average of the three years ending December 31st, 1875." The "Purchase Account," which returns a total of £37,711, is £610 less than that of 1875; but it is £1,562 more than the average of the three years above mentioned. There is, therefore, no reason to conclude that this comparatively slight unfavourable fluctuation shows any falling off in the interest felt in the supremely important work to which the Society is devoted. Indeed, there is perhaps reason for surprise that the falling off for 1876 is no greater than it is. The year was one of great commercial depression, which made itself felt, in many instances severely, in all classes of society. It is not at all unlikely that many of the religious and benevolent institutions, the anniversaries of which are held in London during May and June, will show a rather less satisfactory balance sheet than usual. It may be, however, that the very difficulties of the time will stimulate zealous friends of good organizations to make an increased effort to raise the funds necessary for their maintenance. After all, probably the majority of us give to such objects only out of our "superfluity," and when our superfluity is less than usual, a little self-denial may be called in with advantage. In this wealthy country it is only needful that societies should make out a good case in order to secure sufficient support.

WOMAN'S MISSION TO LOST WOMEN.

A little tract of about eighty pages has lately come into our hands, giving some glimpses of the experience of Mrs. Vicars and the band of devoted ladies who have for many years been engaged at Brighton in the work of rescuing fallen women and girls in that town, and helping them back to purity, and peace, and hope. Probably many of our readers have seen a former publication on the same subject, from the same pen, called "Work among the Lost," which gives a detailed account of the origin of this benevolent enterprise and of the methods of work adopted. This tract before us is entitled "Work in Brighton" (both are published by Messrs. Hatchards), and is intended, by its facts, arguments, and appeals, to enlist the sympathies of the educated women, and especially the mothers of England, in this distressing subject. Mrs. Vicars and her friends rightly urge that the work of seeking and saving the members of the unhappy and degraded sisterhood, whose presence is a plague-spot in our social system and a reproach to our Christian name, is emphatically and essentially woman's work, and they are anxious to promote the formation in other towns of ladies' committees for this purpose. There are few, we should think, who could read these pages without emotion. They glow with a passionate fervour and an intense zeal and faith. These are qualities which work of this kind demands, and only where they exist is it likely to be successful. Intelligence, delicate tact, a

spirit of love and self-sacrifice—these are requisite in those who would consecrate themselves to efforts in such a service as this. And when such qualities are brought into activity, under the touch of a divine inspiration, the reward is great. The experiences recorded in this little book testify that the sisterly compassion of true, pure women is a mighty instrument in the hands of God for the deliverance even of those who at first sight seem to be hopelessly bound and irremediably fallen.

It may be that comparatively few women are called to actual labour in work like this. But to some who are well qualified for it this little book may serve as a summons to which they will respond. Unhappily, the field of labour is vast, and the consequences of neglect are appalling. Those whose hearts are touched by this appeal might at any rate cheer one who has toiled, until her strength is well-nigh exhausted, on behalf of the erring and the lost, by sending some gift of money or clothing to Mrs. Vicars, Charlotte Street, Brighton.

II.—GLANCES ABROAD.

THE GATHERING STORM IN THE EAST.

As we write, war seems imminent in Eastern Europe. We shall be thankful indeed if the course of events falsifies our anticipations. But now it seems as if before many days were past the sword would be drawn by Russia on the one side, and Turkey on the other. For months an anxious suspense has prevailed in Europe; and during the last few weeks contradictory rumours have sped on their way in swift succession, and at last the tension has become painful. It is useless to speculate or prophesy on the issue of this dread and fierce arbitrament of the sword. We dare not presume to interpret the divine counsels; but we can scarcely help regarding the probable conflict as the instrumentality appointed for the chastisement of a power which, by its fierce tyranny and terrible corruption, has long seemed to cry to heaven for vengeance upon itself. And yet, remembering the calamities which war brings to both conquerors and vanquished, we may well pause before pronouncing such a judgment. It seems as if a conflict were beginning, the end of which must be to change permanently the state of affairs in the long-suffering countries of Turkey and dependent provinces. But who shall forecast the end? There is but one expression of confidence which seems exactly fitting in the face of such events, and it is an utterance which also embodies a fitting prayer: "Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee; the remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain."

GERMANY AND ALSACE AND LORRAINE.

Surely, unless we greatly misread history and the teachings of human experience, the German authorities have committed a very great blunder, as well as a great wrong, in their recent action towards the provinces which in Germany's last great struggle with France were won at the point of the sword. A decree has been passed, and has by this time been carried into execution, that all the discharged soldiers of the French army under thirty years of age in those provinces shall either renounce their French citizenship, and become German subjects, or shall quit the country. This decree was to be obeyed within forty-eight hours by unmarried men, and within fourteen days by those who are married. By this rigorous act at least five thousand families are immediately affected. The people of Alsace and Lorraine are enthusiastically French in their sympathies, and have simply bent to force in yielding to the German yoke. When the provinces were formally annexed to the German Empire the conquerors gave the inhabitants permission to withdraw from the country if they declined to become German subjects. Thousands accepted the opportunity and withdrew into France in order to preserve their French nationality. But it was conceded that in the event of their wishing to return to Alsace and Lorraine they should be allowed to do so, and to claim the same privileges of residence as are granted to foreigners of any other nation, and this concession was distinctly declared to apply to soldiers as well as to the civil population. Why it has now been withdrawn does not clearly appear, and the defence of the measure which has been published on behalf of the German Government looks a very lame affair. In fact, the German authorities seem quite disposed to rule simply by main force, and to neglect altogether a policy of kindness and conciliation towards the people of the conquered territory. This is deeply to be regretted, and, improbable as any renewal of hostilities between France and Germany may seem to be, such a mode of action cannot but be regarded as fostering a source of future trouble and danger. Would that Germany might learn, in the pride of her great power, that there is something mightier than the hand of iron—the hand of kindly sympathy! This has subdued nations, and attached them to their conquerors; but while sheer brute force has often crushed the weak, it has never truly conquered them. No doubt the difficulties of the German administration in these annexed provinces are great, and under any circumstances it must probably seem harsh to those who are unwillingly placed under it. But that is only a reason for greater care in avoiding needless wounds, and actions which, so far as onlookers can judge, are stamped with cold, hard severity.

PROTESTANT HOSPITALS IN FRANCE.

We have heard lately of two or three praiseworthy efforts being made by Protestants in different parts of France to establish and maintain hospitals for the reception of patients belonging to the Protestant communion. Within the last month we have met with Pastor Cadix, of Besançon, a town of some sixty thousand inhabitants in Eastern France, who has been visiting this country in order to secure some help for a work of this benevolent kind which is being carried on there. From M. Cadix himself, and from

a communication made by him to the *Christian World* newspaper, we have received some interesting explanations with regard to such efforts as these. It is a painful fact that there is still a great deal of petty persecution in France, and one way in which the persecuting spirit manifests itself is in connection with the work of hospitals. Pastor Cadix makes a statement which would have been incredible had it not been given on such good authority. He says:—

"A Protestant woman had been overtaken by the floods at Lisieux, and had remained in the water over eight hours. She was near her confinement, and chest disease supervened. She was taken to the hospital, and attended by Dr. Notta. As soon as the Catholic superior became aware of the patient's creed, she refused to countersign the prescriptions of the medical man. Shortly after the confinement, the patient's child had to be taken from her and placed out to nurse; the poor little thing was also very ill. It was taken to the hospital, and Dr. Notta prescribed for it. But the administrators of the hospital refused to give what was needful for the child, as they had refused to give what was needful for the mother. At the same time they refused to continue to the nurse a donation of a few loaves of bread, of which her honest though poor family had been in receipt for several years, because the little daughter of the family attended the Protestant schools. All these annoyances added to the sufferings of the patient, who, feeling that her end was near, gave me a paper, signifying her last wishes. Here is a copy of this letter:—'With my hand on the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, I declare that in the event of my sickness or death I will not be either visited or buried by a priest, but by the Protestant pastor of Lisieux. I ask, and my husband agrees with me herein, that after my death my children may be placed under the care of the Protestant pastor of Lisieux, so that they may be brought up in the principles of our Protestant faith.' On being informed by telegram of the woman's death—for I was then absent from Lisieux—I returned immediately. I was then told that the curé of the parish St. Martin's had gone to the sub-prefect and claimed the mortal remains of our co-religionist, asserting that she had died a member of the Catholic Church. When she was *in extremis* the curé had entered her room, and had asked whether she wished to die in the Catholic faith. She was unable to answer, states a little boy of ten who was standing weeping by his mother's bed. The curé then said an *Ave Maria*, and shortly afterwards she expired. Now, that a priest should endeavour to make proselytes is legitimate enough. But surely the hour of death is not a legitimate time for the purpose."

Such cases as this, which unfortunately must be regarded as typical, abundantly justify the effort being made to secure Protestant sufferers from exposure to these hardships and cruel manifestations of the proselytizing spirit. About twenty-five beds have been provided at Besançon, but a necessary scheme of enlargement has just been carried out, so that accommodation will now be provided for fifty patients. This involves an expenditure of about £2,700, of which about £2,000 has been subscribed by local effort and by churches in Switzerland. The balance (£700) was the modest sum for which M. Cadix was asking when we had the pleasure of meeting him, and as he had secured, by the help of his good cause and his good recommendations, the assistance of such men as Mr. Kinnaird, Mr. Samuel Morley, and others, we have no doubt of his success. There are about six thousand Protestants in Besançon; but what with their churches and schools, and the opposing influences of Jesuitism all around them, their task is not an easy one. Certainly this appeal made on behalf of their enterprise gives us a glimpse of a very important field of Christian sympathy and service in connection with Protestantism in France.

POPISH INTOLERANCE IN SPAIN.

The Spanish Roman Catholic clergy maintain an unenviable pre-eminence amongst their brethren in Europe for their intolerance of Protestantism, and unfortunately they exercise a political influence in that country which goes far to account for its backwardness and stagnation as compared with the other nations of Europe. Their hand is to be traced in the eleventh article of the Constitution granted by the present King some year or two ago, which lays the Protestants under severe restrictions with regard to public worship. In particular they are prohibited from making any public display on behalf of their religion; and this is held to mean that they must not exhibit any placards announcing their services, that they must not have any sign-boards affixed to their places of meeting, and, we believe, that Bibles must not be exposed for sale in windows of shops. Some months since, in consequence of the operation of this restrictive law, a deputation waited upon Lord Derby, requesting him to use the good offices of the British Government with the Government of Spain on behalf of the cause of religious liberty. Lord Derby promised that representations of the feeling of this country should be made to the Spanish authorities through our ambassador at Madrid, and no doubt this has been done. From Cadiz, however, we regret to hear of the enforcement of the obnoxious and intolerant provision, in a way which must rouse the sympathies of English Protestants with those of the same faith in that city. A congregation worshipping according to the forms of the Protestant faith, and listening to what is described as "a harmless sermon," was suddenly broken in upon by the police and dispersed. The ground of this interference was, that the preacher's voice could be heard in the street, and it appeared that the interruption took place by order of the Alcalde, who acted upon the suggestion of the Bishop. Offensive as an action of this kind is, and repugnant to feelings which happily have become in us a second nature, it creates a feeling of thankfulness, by reminding us that even in Spain religious intolerance and bigotry are not able to take more active and terrible measures for the repression and coercion of those who conscientiously differ in religious faith from the majority of their fellow-countrymen. The public conscience of Europe will not allow persecution now to be carried to the extreme which was reached in former days. But the old flame which lighted the flames of the Inquisition is burning still, and demands the watchfulness of those

who know something of the ravages which it made when it was left unchecked. In reply to a message from the consul, Mr. Layard at once demanded an explanation of "this unprovoked outrage of the religious rights and privileges of the Protestant communities;" but past experience has taught us that there is a conventionally polite way of setting aside such demands which practically leaves things in the same state as they were before. If appeal be made to the Constitution, we fear it will readily be found that the article to which we have referred is elastic enough to cover this and any similar case. Spain is cursed with a priesthood who, as a body, have no faith in freedom of conscience, and who cling to the old fallacy, that "ignorance" (of all that is opposed to their own creed) "is the mother of devotion." They have not learned the lesson which history is slowly teaching the world, that it is cowardice, not loyalty to truth, which makes men fear to expose their faith, whatever it may be, to the full light of day. While our sympathy goes out towards the Protestants of Spain, we may well compassionate those adherents of the Church of Rome who use their influence so disastrously, and upon whom the shadow of so great a darkness rests. When shall the true light shine?

III.—JOTTINGS FROM THE MISSION FIELD.

THE FUH-CHOW MISSION.

Dr. Burdon, Bishop of Victoria, Hong-Kong, has within the last few months visited all the missions of the Church Missionary Society in the diocese under his charge. He gives (in the *Church Missionary Intelligencer*) an interesting and full narrative of the observations made and impressions received by him during the first part of his journey, affording some instructive glimpses of the character and progress of missionary labour in China. The visitation occupied altogether six months, and involved travelling, in going and returning, the distance of about five thousand miles. In the city of Fuh-Chow itself a week was spent, and three weeks were occupied in a tour through the principal mission stations, of which there are about fifty, in the surrounding country. At Fuh-Chow four native candidates for the ministry were ordained deacons, on the recommendation of the English missionary, Mr. Wolfe, in charge of the work there, and after an examination by the Bishop which lasted three days, and was confined almost exclusively to the Bible. Of these candidates Dr. Burdon gives the following description:—

"None of the men had been trained as students. All they knew had been picked up by their own reading since they became Christians. One of them is fifty-two years of age, and has been for eighteen years a Christian. He was baptized in 1857. He first heard the gospel, as far as I could learn, from Mr. Fearnley, though he at first joined the Methodist Episcopal Mission. He is not, as indeed is the case with the others, a literary man, and I believe could hardly read or write when he became a Christian; but his Christianity has been the means, as in so many other cases in China, not only, as we trust, of saving his soul, but of elevating his mind and stimulating him to the acquisition of knowledge, so far as it was within his reach. His answers to the questions were, on the whole, fair; but you must understand that his qualifications (and, for the most part, those of the others) for the ministry were rather based on his clear appreciation of the character of the gospel, his life—which competent testimony declared to be consistent—and the persecutions he had faithfully endured for the Master's sake, than on his knowledge. Only a few weeks before his ordination he had been 'shamefully treated' at the station where he had been located—an outpost several days' journey from Fuh-Chow—and after his ordination he expressed his readiness to return to his post, from which he had been driven away, after being stripped, whipped publicly, and hung up to a tree, when some foul stuff had been crammed into his mouth. Faithfulness like this, joined to the other qualifications already mentioned, and the power to preach clearly the gospel to his fellow-countrymen, seemed to me to furnish sufficient reason, in commencing the native ministry, to entitle the man to admission to the diaconate. Still I shall require a higher standard of knowledge before he and the others are admitted to the higher order of the ministry, as well as from any who in future apply for ordination. The one who passed best in the examination is thirty years of age, was baptized by Mr. Wolfe in 1867, and has been employed as a catechist for about eight years. He was originally an artist; that is, he had used his Chinese pen in making, I think, what we should call pen-and-ink sketches. He was, therefore, a little better educated than the others, though still not a literary man. I was much pleased with his answers on the whole, and with his general deportment. It was he who read the Gospel at the ordination. The other two are aged forty and forty-three respectively, and have been Christians and catechists for some years."

Dr. Burdon regards this as "the first step towards the development of the native church" in that district. Of the state of the mission in the city the account is not very cheering. The influence of city life in China appears, as we should gather from these notes, to be peculiarly disastrous to spiritual culture. There are only twenty communicants in Fuh-Chow. The strength of the mission is in the villages and country places, and during the three weeks' tour of these rural stations the Bishop confirmed upwards of five hundred converts, and he and Mr. Wolfe baptized about a hundred and seventy men, women, and children, and administered the Lord's Supper to over six hundred native Christians. Everywhere on the journey the Bishop and his companions were received kindly and treated with courtesy. Not an uncivil word was spoken to the travellers, and Dr. Burdon is of opinion that in that district the disposition of the people towards the foreign missionaries is favourable, and he adds, "It is the *literati* (a great misnomer!), from whom the officers of the Government are chosen, who hate us, and from time to time excite the people against us. In some of the villages the whole population seem ready to adopt Christianity, if only there were some one fully competent to instruct them. Native catechists are good in their way, but their knowledge and experience are

often very small, and they in their different stations need constant visits from the foreign missionary." Summing up his views of the character of the work being done by this mission, Dr. Burdon frankly gives the darker as well as the brighter side of the picture. He was painfully impressed by "the ignorance of most of those who were admitted, and the apparent hopelessness of teaching them." By far the greater number of the converts do not know a letter of their difficult language, and the efforts made to teach them to read the Bible and Prayer-Book are almost entirely fruitless. It is proposed to print the colloquial language of these poor peasants in Roman letters, according to the system adopted at the Ningpo mission; but the task is no easy one, and there appears to be no one who has strength and leisure for it, as Mr. Wolfe, the only English missionary on the spot, already has his hands more than full. The want of cleanliness, and the lack of reverence in public worship, were the two other points which unfavourably impressed the Bishop. But, on the other hand, there are many tokens of the genuine and hopeful character of the work. There is a general readiness on the part of converts to avow their Christianity, although this causes them to be despised by their heathen fellow-countrymen. They are also prepared to endure both the petty and more serious persecution which their Christian discipleship too frequently entails. Mr. Wolfe has just reported a case in which a man, in consequence of his Christianity, had been literally beaten to death by one of the *literati* of his village, and his son seized and kept in prison until he signed a declaration that his father had committed suicide. In spite of persecution, however, no instance of apostacy on this account has occurred. Dr. Burdon repudiates the suggestion that the motive of many of these converts is that they desire to avail themselves of the protection afforded by our consuls, and denies that the English missionaries in China are always hankering after the assistance afforded by "the inevitable gunboat." Mr. Wolfe has never applied to his consul for assistance; and as to the attitude of the officials of our Government in China, the Bishop observes, "I feel grieved, from experience, to be compelled to say that they very frequently, in their zeal to be what is called impartial, uphold the hands of mandarins in conniving at or actually directing the persecution of Christians." Finally, Dr. Burdon was struck by the readiness of the converts to give money for church building and other purposes, and urges that those who are thus ready to help themselves should be encouraged by help from others. The sum of the whole of this interesting narrative is that, in the Fuh-Chow Mission, with *some* drawbacks, there is *much* encouragement.

MISSION WORK IN TRAVANCORE.

From India we have just received a missionary's report of the work of the past year in his district, which reminds us that the bearer of precious seed must often "go forth weeping," and which has also suggested the reflection that perhaps in these Jottings from the Mission Field we are prone to dwell too exclusively upon the more cheering incidents and experiences of those engaged in this trying service. Perhaps we are all too apt to forget the dark days of the missionary's life, when everything around him looks gloomy and sad—the times when it is as if the soil were hard, solid, impenetrable rock, as if the sun scorched with a fierce and withering heat, as if the fields were blasted by the east wind, and the toiler is tempted to despair. We like to hear tidings of progress and success, and the appetite for such news may, and we doubt not often does, indicate a true and deep desire for the coming of the heavenly kingdom; but more discouraging records have their message for us too, and should not be overlooked. They challenge our sympathy, and demand our prayers; and certainly we can pray more truly for those for whom we pray when we have entered into their sorrows as well as into their joys.

The report before us is from the Neyoor Mission District, South Travancore. There the Rev. F. Baylis, of the London Missionary Society, is labouring, with a band of helpers, consisting of two native ministers, four evangelists, and ten catechists. Writing of 1876, he says:—

"We have been disappointed in seeing a good number of those who came over last year, in connection with the excitement about the census, go back to heathenism. Many of these do not appear as yet to have resumed the outward practices of heathenism, but they are no longer with us, and it is to be feared that, exposed as they are to heathen influences on every side, they will soon lose any good impressions they may have received when attending our services, and return fully to that darkness from which they seemed to have escaped. So that, though there has been an addition of 420 (243 adults and 177 children) from the ranks of heathenism during the year, the number of our adherents on our list at its close was 574 less than at the close of 1875."

The sixty congregations which compose this district contain 2,815 baptized persons; viz. 731 men, 629 women, and 1,455 children; and 5,986 unbaptized persons, viz. 1,844 men, 1,865 women, and 2,277 children; in all, 8,801 persons, nearly half of whom are children. The missionary remarks: "I cannot speak of 1876 as a year of spiritual prosperity with us. There has not only been a falling off in numbers (as already mentioned), which was perhaps only to be expected, but there has been general dulness and absence of true progress. The attendance at public services in most congregations has been far from what it might be." From other portions of the report we find that the district in which this mission is being carried on has suffered much from drought, and consequent scarcity of food. Cholera, too, had been ravaging the district during the last three months of the year, and 128 persons (68 adults and 60 children) in the mission congregations had been cut down by this fearful disease. Upon the other hand, we find in the report some testimonies to the Christian steadfastness and consist-

ency of individual members of the Churches of a touching and pleasing kind, and it is evident from many details that much faithful work has been done. But the slight sketch of the history and state of this mission conveys to us the idea of depressing circumstances which must severely tax the faith, and hope, and love of those engaged in labouring there, and we cannot wonder in such cases to find the record of their work tinged for the moment with gloom. We, in the happier conditions of our religious service, must not forget "those who are in bonds."

IV.—OUR MEMORIAL RECORD.

MRS. CHISHOLM AND MRS. SENIOR.

Within a few days of each other, two singularly gifted women, whose lives have been remarkable for their usefulness in a wider sphere than that to which a woman's life is generally limited, have passed away. Mrs. Caroline Chisholm died at Barclay Road, Walham Green, London; Mrs. Senior, at Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, both in the month of March. As the young wife of an officer in the army, Mrs. Chisholm went out to India. There she commenced her noble career of philanthropic labour by opening a school for the daughters of soldiers, and thus providing for the education and protection of a class whose position exposed them to great moral peril. The young girls were carefully and lovingly trained, and the School of Industry became a successful and, we believe, permanent institution. Two years after its establishment, however, Captain and Mrs. Chisholm removed to Sydney, South Australia. There the action and benevolent spirit of this excellent lady soon found opportunity for new service. Mrs. Chisholm was touched by the sight of the sorrow and difficulty which beset many of the emigrants on first landing in Australia, and especially was she moved by the sad experiences and grave dangers to which young women were exposed on their arrival in a strange land. Forty years ago, when Mrs. Chisholm settled in her new Australian home, the difficulties of emigrants were much greater than they are now. There were scarcely any roads, and the journey to the interior of the country, where farming operations were carried on, was difficult and dangerous. There were some six hundred young women in the streets of Sydney, most of them helplessly at a loss what to do. Mrs. Chisholm energetically set to work on their behalf. She got together a ladies' committee, and laboured with wonderful zeal and devotion. She determined personally to superintend the settlement of the young women whose cause she had undertaken, and she made successive journeys with them, sometimes at the head of a band eighty in number, and secured homes and honest situations for them as she went along. In Sydney she opened an emigrants' labour agency, by means of which thousands, both of men and women, received assistance and advice, and secured a good start in colonial life. She also interested herself in the case of convicts who had obtained tickets of leave, and persuaded the English Government to send out their wives and families to them. She took out under her care a shipload of children of convicts, gathered from workhouses all over England. Her indignant remonstrances and earnest appeals brought about a great and much-needed reformation in the regulation of emigrant ships; and when (in 1846) she returned to England, she founded the Family Colonisation Loan Society, which has been a most useful institution, helping thousands to emigrate without aid from Government or parish authorities. A little book which she wrote, entitled "Pictures of Australian Emigrants," had a very large circulation. Her manifold labours taxed her strength too heavily, and she was a confirmed invalid for several years previous to her death. In her domestic relations she was happy and beloved, finding in her husband and six children fellow-workers entirely in sympathy with her. Hers was a rare and beautiful gift of womanly service, and her name will long be honoured in many homes, which she so largely helped to establish and to bless in both hemispheres.

Mrs. Senior's work was in a different sphere, but was also highly honourable and useful. She was the sister of Mr. Thomas Hughes, Q.C., M.P., and was "the first woman who ever filled a salaried office in a most important central department of the Government." She was appointed, in 1874, inspector of workhouses, and of workhouse and district pauper schools, under the Local Government Board, having previously discharged with satisfaction to the members of that Board the duties of assistant inspector for a short period. Mrs. Senior's special work was to observe and report upon the female departments in workhouses, and the treatment of infants. She had prepared herself for this important post by the labours which she had undertaken, and the excellent work she had accomplished in her private capacity on behalf of the poor. Unhappily, as it seems to us and to her surviving friends, Mrs. Senior was struck down by illness a few months after receiving her Government appointment, and her illness has lingered on until at length it has brought her life to its close. She had a scheme for the formation of societies of ladies to watch over the welfare of young servant-girls in their own neighbourhoods, and to provide homes for them where they could pass their "Sundays out" pleasantly and profitably, and where they could be lodged when thrown out of their situations. Such schemes, full of kindly thoughtfulness, were cut short by the death of this benevolent and accomplished lady; but doubtless some of her numerous friends will be found to take up the broken thread of purpose, and carry out what was so well intended and begun.

"That's where they tums from—only a tupboard!" cried little Fan.

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HARTLEIGH TOWERS.

The Story of a Noble Purpose.

By the AUTHOR of "Andrew Gray's Story." &c.

CHAPTER XXIV.—DAGON FALLEN.

"The longing for ignoble things,
The strife for triumph more than truth,
The hardening of the heart that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth."
LONGFELLOW.

AS Frank Carew walked slowly up the steps after having seen the ladies into their carriage, a little boy, at a quicker pace than his, was also making his way into the hall. He turned his small, pale, precocious face, with a quick glance of pleased and surprised recognition, towards Frank, who, noticing him, said in a kindly tone, "I know your face, little man; where have I seen it before?"

"Please, doctor, I'm Tony, the brother of the little un as was runned over by the bus and fitched to the 'ospital. Miss Murral and me was a carryin' of her when we met you," was the autobiography glibly volunteered.

"Oh, yes, to be sure; I remember," said Frank, recalling the scene vividly, for it was then that he first saw Muriel.

"You mended her up beautiful—little Fan," continued Tony, nodding approvingly at Frank. "You'll see her; she's a comin' along now."

"Is that you, Tony Larkins," shouted Betty's voice, coming from the top of the dark staircase leading to the kitchen premises.

On Tony's affirming his identity in a shrill tone, Betty proceeded, "Noo, laddie, ye're nae goin' to be fashin' the mistress the day. She's had enow o' interlopers a'ready. Ye'll jist come down the stair wi' me, and I'll gi'e ye a bit bread and jam. It winna mak' up for the readin', I'm thinkin', but 'deed ye English folk whiles think a hantle mair o' the t'ane than the t'ither," added Betty, always inclined to be a little severe on the land of her adoption. Tony looked into Frank's face with a silent appeal for support in this trying moment. He knew Betty to be his true, though somewhat severe, friend; and this was not the first time that she had snatched from him the pleasant reading hour with "Miss Murral." Frank was about to reply on Tony's behalf, when Muriel herself appeared. Just then also little Fan reached the foot of the steps, and Tony, forgetting the disappointment which seemed pending, darted down, and began to drag the small maiden into the hall with the air of an exhibitor. "Now, ain't she growed? And as for the broke leg, mother says as how the doctor hisself couldn't guess the one from t'other." Whereupon the small Fan, with a pleased consciousness of being the heroine of the hour, glanced down with an air of importance at her sturdy little limbs. "Iss is a flock Miss Murral sewed," she lisped, coming forward on tiptoe and holding out the skirt for Frank's inspection.

"Why, what a smart little woman it is, to be sure! Miss Muriel doesn't make me pretty things like that," said Frank laughingly.

"You're too big, p'r'aps," suggested the little maiden, glancing up at him with a doubtful air. "She ain't made Tony nossin', neither," she added after a look at her brother's corduroys to see if there were anything worthy of attention.

"You little goose! as if Miss Murral had time to be a making of things when she's all mother's flowers to do since she's been sick. Jist look 'ere, little Fan, you haven't seen 'em before," cried Tony, springing with one of his monkey-like gestures across the library, whither Muriel had led the children, and throwing open the door of a dingy cupboard, displayed on its shelves a large collection of pretty tinted paper flowers.

"That's where they tums from—only a tupboard," cried little Fan in a disappointed tone. "Mother said as how 'twas a hangel tat made 'em."

"Well, you are a little stoopid! Don't you see as who she meant?" replied Tony, with twinkling eyes, as he pointed with his thumb to Muriel.

"Come, Muriel, this is quite a revelation," said Frank laughing heartily. "So this is the skeleton in your cupboard! Won't this be a good story for Margaret? You are quite an *artiste*, Muriel," he added as he went forward to look at the contents of the cupboard.

"Ain't they reg'lar beauties, now, sir," chimed in Tony. "They fitches higher prices than mother's own. She says she must try to do them as pretty as Miss Murral when she gets well."

"But, Tony," said little Fan, in a distressed tone, as she pulled his sleeve, "'tis a hangel makes 'em for mother fen she's sick—mother said so. Maybe they come down wiff the white snow, and Miss Murral catches 'em up for us," added Fan with an eager, suggestive air, very loath evidently to abandon her belief

in the supernatural origin of her mother's wares.

"Quite right, little woman; she is an angel who makes them; and I am sorry to say good-bye to her now," said Frank as he kissed Muriel, to the no small surprise of the small visitors. "I have to hurry back to the hotel to keep this tiresome business appointment, you see. I feel as if I had hardly seen you; but I shall come early to-morrow, and we shall have a long day somewhere. By the way, I dare say you were surprised to see the cavalcade I brought with me to-day, or, rather, that brought me, I should say. I felt rather dragged along at Miss Stanhope's chariot wheels," he added with an uneasy laugh, as he glanced at Muriel, whose calm eyes looked trustfully into his as she replied after a pause,—

"I was a little disappointed just at first—bewildered, really. How was it? Did you meet them on the way? I didn't quite understand."

Frank then narrated, not without some unexpressed self-reproach, the circumstances which led to his call in company with Miss Stanhope and her friend, but Muriel so sweetly turned any possible reproach into sympathy for the busy hours he had passed since morning, that Frank felt himself comfortably absolved, and prepared to go gaily away. Before he left he again asked Muriel as to her real wish with regard to the concert, offering to come back and fetch her if he chanced to get over his business in time, and promising certainly to be in readiness to see her home; but Muriel said she must not leave her grandfather when he was unprepared for her absence, and pleaded that the hope of the day together to-morrow was a happier prospect. Some troubles which had been haunting her a few minutes before seemed far away now, as she stood hand-in-hand with Frank, while he talked to her in low loving tones. "Never had Muriel looked prettier and sweeter than when he left her sitting in the faded tapestried chair with those funny atoms of children round her, who evidently regarded her as their patron saint," was Frank's thought as he hurried across the square. He was already late for his appointment, but when he reached the hotel he found that the gentleman whom he expected to meet had sent to say that it would be impossible for him to be with him that evening, and arranging a meeting in the City on the following morning. This change of plans gave Frank genuine annoyance, interfering as it did with his plans and promises to go somewhere with Muriel. He must write at once and tell her that he could not be with her till afternoon, he decided; but now he had some free hours to dispose of. What a pity he had not urged Muriel to go to the concert! It was certainly the most attractive occupation for the evening, he said to himself as he passed his eye down the newspaper list of entertainments. It was too late to go back to Ingrave Square to fetch Muriel; besides, she evidently did not care to go to the concert. But why should not he proceed thither alone? he asked himself as he sat, having first finished his dinner in the brightly-lighted coffee-room; and, checking further indecision by taking action, Frank sent for a hansom cab and drove to St. James's Hall.

Next morning Frank's note found Muriel Morgan an anxious watcher in a sick room. Before Tony had finished his reading lesson on the previous afternoon, in the dim library, she was startled by a loud ring at the door-bell, and her grandfather, who had fainted while walking along the street with Mr. Beamish, was carried into the house in an unconscious state. Though he soon recovered his consciousness, he was feeble and much shaken. When Muriel commenced her unexpected vigil in her grandfather's dreary bedroom, her thoughts strayed to Frank, whom she would fain have had by her side in her present anxiety. But had not he promised to return quite early to-morrow? and then all would be well. Trouble, too, sometimes brought people nearer to each other, she thought, with a wistful sigh. A cheerful fire, prescribed by the doctor, burned in the big old grate, lighting up the dingy ponderous furnishings with its flicker, and gleaming on Mr. Josiah's still pallid face, who lay dozing in the large four-post bed with its mildewed perforated hangings. Muriel never remembered her grandfather to have been quite laid up before. He had a morbid dread of illness of any kind, and his strong wiry constitution had hitherto enabled him to keep tolerably clear of it. In his attacks of rheumatism he had always been able to crawl down-stairs with the help of a crutch, which he had, with characteristic forethought, purchased many years previously at the sale of the effects of a deceased lame acquaintance.

Frank's note contained not only the news that he was inevitably detained from going to Ingrave Square until the afternoon, but it also urged Muriel to accept an invitation to dine at Mrs. Stanhope's, which would probably arrive by the same post. Having a free evening after all, he explained, he

had gone to the concert, and, meeting Mrs. Stanhope and party, had been persuaded into a promise to dine there next day with Muriel. Poor Muriel felt keenly disappointed at the frustration of her hopes regarding Frank's morning visit to her grandfather; but, after all, it was not Frank's fault, only that of the uncongenial work which was now his portion, she thought, with a sigh, as she again seated herself by her grandfather's bedside, and began to mend a rent which he had just discovered in his threadbare coat, the pockets of which he had been minutely examining to see that nothing had been abstracted when he was unconscious.

The evening shadows were darkening the dingy room where Muriel still sat stooping with patient fingers over piles of the time-worn, moth-eaten contents of Mr. Josiah's wardrobe, when Frank Carew walked into the room. All the weariness of waiting seemed to fade out of Muriel's heart and face as he stood holding her hands and saying in his tenderest tone, "My poor Muriel! How little I guessed you were to have such a fright after I left! Betty has just been telling me all about it. But he is much better, I am glad to hear," added Frank, glancing towards Mr. Josiah, who had apparently fallen into a sound slumber. Frank was in evening dress, looking fresh and brilliant. He seemed to light up the room with life and brightness, and Muriel's heart went out in new pride and fondness towards him. She would fain have told him something of what was in her heart, but at that moment a veteran clock in a corner of the room began noisily striking the hour. "Is it really so late as that?" said Frank in a preoccupied tone. "Why, I am due at Mrs. Stanhope's in little more than half an hour. But, Muriel, won't you come? Betty says it would do you good. I have been getting her on my side. She says your grandfather is really better, and she'll 'tak tent' of him."

"Ha, Carew, is that you?" cried Mr. Josiah, suddenly peering from his pillows. "So you've come to see an old man in his bed?—that's right. Muriel said you would look in to-day. Well, you see she will have all I have when I go, Carew. But it isn't much I've got to leave to anybody, you know. Only the little things you see about," he added, in a piteous tone, as his eye travelled round the room and rested on various rows of ancient Wellington boots. "Stop, stop! don't break up the coals like that, Muriel!" he shouted, watching her as she mended the fire. "Dear, dear, such a furnace! That woman Skinner will have me in the union yet. I knew what it would come to when she got the key of the coal-cellar to-day."

Muriel's efforts had coaxed the blackening coals into cheerful jets of clear flame which lighted up the room.

"Ay, Carew, you're a great swell. Come, let me have a look at you," said the old man, shading his eyes with his bony fingers, as he looked at Frank. "Isn't he smart, Muriel? Mark my words, girl; doctoring, as I take it, would never have got him such clothes. It's Richard's business that coins the money, and you can make a good thing of it, Carew, if you play your cards well," added Mr. Josiah, pointing with his long fingers, as if he saw an inviting path before him strewn with the things he counted "good." "Richard's an easy-minded fool—takes after his mother—my stepmother, you know. But his boy and girl both take after our side of the house. She was a smart, pert little thing. Knew both sides of a sixpence, when I saw her—the girl—what's her name?"

Muriel was standing with her arm in Frank's. He gave a little start just then. "Louisa is her name, grandpapa. You remember I told you she was here yesterday. You are cold, Frank. I hope you have got your overcoat down-stairs?" she said, glancing anxiously at him.

"No, I forgot it. I came off rather in a hurry. But I won't catch cold. I have a cab at the door." So he was really going, and at once too, thought Muriel, with a little ache at her heart.

"What is he saying? I can't hear. Dear, dear, I'm getting deaf," broke in Mr. Josiah querulously, putting his hand to his ear. "You think I am better, do you? Will be able to go out to-morrow, hey? You had better feel my pulse. It is all a farce, I know; but I frightened that fool of a doctor away by telling him I had another coming."

"Another fool, or another doctor, did you mean, Mr. Morgan?" asked Frank, feeling in need of a laugh.

"Well, young man, if the cap fits you, put it on, as Solomon says, doesn't he? Excellent book, those Proverbs. It's the only thing in the Bible I call downright useful. I must refresh my memory with it one of these days."

"But, by the way, you consider a fool and a doctor synonymous terms," said Frank with a laugh. "It is Muriel here who still hankers after my old profession for me. What do you say, Mr. Morgan? Shall I leave

the money-bags, and go back to medicine?" continued Frank in a bantering tone.

"Ah, come now. I see you are only in fun. You are too shrewd a fellow to leave Dick's business now. A money-making man is Dick—not losing, losing like me," he added piteously, glancing up quickly in Frank's face, as if to read his thoughts concerning this last statement.

"No, no, my pretty fellow," he continued presently, rubbing his chilly fingers; "you stick to the land of Egypt, ha, ha! I always thought those Israelites wretched fools to be persuaded to leave it for the wilderness. There was a very good living to be made there if they had only waited a bit, and they were the men to make it. Depend upon it they would soon have got the upper hand of the Egyptians, if they were anything like as shrewd as they are now."

"Yes, grandpapa; but then you see they would never have reached the Promised Land," interposed Muriel softly.

"A nice scramble they had, if all tales be true. Why, they must have lost everything they plundered from the Egyptians twice over," said Mr. Josiah, shaking his head, while Frank stood with his hands in his pockets laughing heartily. Mr. Morgan was very comical to-night, he afterwards told Louisa, as together they laughed over his theory of the going of the chosen people from Egypt. But Muriel could not join in Frank's mirth. They had drifted away from a subject that lay so near her heart that she felt she must not lose this opportunity of making another effort.

"Grandpapa, you forget that doctors sometimes make large fortunes. Frank might grow quite rich if he went back to his old work," she suggested, feeling rather ashamed of the argument she was using.

"Well done, my dear little mercenary Muriel. Who would have believed that such ideas lurked at the bottom of your desire that I should go back to my old trade? Why, it is fame, the good of mankind, and all sorts of romantic and philanthropic motives that Margaret plies me with—or, rather, used to do. She has ceased now, I am glad to say," said Frank with a jarring laugh, which hurt Muriel more than a hasty word had often done.

"But really, if I am going to report myself at Mrs. Stanhope's this evening, I must go without delay," said he, looking at his watch. "Well, Muriel, what do you say about it?"

"About what, Frank?" asked Muriel, starting from her painful reverie.

"About this party, of course," replied Frank, with an echo of impatience in his voice. "I am afraid Mrs. Stanhope will think it very uncivil if neither of us appears, you know."

"But nobody talked of your not going, Frank; your cab is at the door, isn't it? You really mustn't wait another minute. Grandpapa, Frank will be late for his dinner-party—he must say good night."

"Muriel was asked to come too. I wish she would have done so," said Frank, with some relentings of heart as he stooped down to say good-bye to the old man.

"So she was asked?—she didn't tell me that," said Mr. Josiah meditatively.

"Because you were ill, you know, and she thinks she could not leave you," replied Frank, glancing round at Muriel; but the firelight was dimmer now, and he could not see her face.

"Ay, that was it, was it? She is a good girl, is Muriel—as good as gold, I tell you. I hope you know it, young man," muttered Mr. Josiah, with a sudden searching glance into Frank's face.

Before Frank had time to reply, Muriel, who had crossed the room to mend the fire, returned to her grandfather's side, saying in her usual placid tone—

"Frank, you will be late. He must go, grandpapa—we mustn't keep him longer."

"I am late already, for that matter, and I am sorry I have to go at all, Muriel," said Frank, with a feeling of self-reproach; but Muriel stood in the shadow. He could not see her face. "I shall come again to-morrow, on my way to the train, if you won't mind an early visit."

Muriel went with Frank down the darkening staircase, and stood on the doorstep as he drove away in gay haste to Mrs. Stanhope's festivity. She still lingered watching the cab till it was out of sight. A chilling gust of north-east wind came sweeping round the corner, making her shiver, and Muriel stepped slowly in and shut the door. She went a little way along the entrance-hall, which a few yards from the door was narrowed by two old fluted columns, the ambitious erection of a former owner of the house. The faint yellow glimmer of the street lamp, which Mr. Josiah often thanked providence for placing on the pavement opposite Number 15, was the only light which the hall was allowed to possess. It looked chill and comfortless enough to-night, yet Muriel seemed inclined to linger in its solitude. After walking up and down for some time, she paused,

and, covering her face with her hands, she stood leaning against one of the pillars. Presently a low sob fell on the silence of the corridor, and then another. Muriel's thoughts must have been absorbing as well as sorrowful, for she did not hear Betty's footsteps. Catching a glimpse of her young mistress, Betty left the supply of coals she was carrying to Mr. Josiah's room, and coming forward, seemed about to speak, when the sound of a sob fell on her faithful heart like a stab. She stood motionless for several moments. Twice she moved forward, and then she seemed to hesitate, and finally turned away with slow footsteps and streaming eyes to pick up the scuttle of coals again. Casting a backward glance of unutterable love and pity on the slight girlish form and bent head, she muttered as she crept slowly up-stairs, "Na, na, I canna comfort her. Wae's me, I see it a' noo. It's the sorrow he speaks o' intil the Buik—that none can intermeddle wi'. But, Lord, ye can surely meddle wi' it yersel. Will ye no gang and pit yer ain airms round her and comfort her as her ain mither micht gin she hadna been deid and buried this mony a day? And as for that chiel, O Lord—droonin' isna guid eneuch for the like o' him," was the sentiment with which Betty concluded her prayer.

Frank's early start on the morning after Mrs. Stanhope's dinner party only permitted time for the most hurried of good-byes at Ingrave Square. Betty scanned her young mistress's face with pathetic anxiety during the long hours which followed, but could read there nothing except gentle serenity. She went about her duties, if anything, more diligently than usual.

As the days went on, Betty continued to watch her young mistress with the sort of wistful dumb protectiveness of a faithful dog, enduring many things for her sweet sake. Mr. Josiah's returning health brought with it growing parsimony, and poor Betty had often to struggle for the barest necessaries with a sorely resentful feeling to which it was extremely difficult for her not to give vent. Muriel, too, was sorely troubled at the increasing anxiety with which her grandfather's business cares appeared to weigh upon him.

One Sunday in May, Muriel had left earlier than usual for morning service, leaving her grandfather warming his chilly person in the dingy dining-room which the bright spring sunshine was visiting. Mr. Josiah seldom went to church, but when he did go it was to the old parish church close at hand. For Muriel the old church, with its dark high pews and sweet angel faces carved in stone, had many associations. She sometimes thought that prayers never sounded so real as when they echoed among its old pillars, and she seldom cared to go anywhere else to church. On this morning she left home rather earlier than usual, meaning to take a stroll along the neighbouring streets before going to church. She thus wandered farther than she had intended, as she discovered when the morning church-bells quickened their chimes to mark their final invitation, and stragglers began to quicken their pace. Into a church which Muriel had just passed numbers of people were going, and reluctant to give up the idea of morning service altogether, she decided to follow them. It was not the Anglican service in this church, evidently, but a barer ritual than Muriel had seen before. No white-robed choristers gathered, nor organ pealed, as the clergyman, arrayed in his black gown, took his place in the pulpit, and began the service with a few thrilling words of prayer. Then followed a metrical psalm, sung to an air, with echoes of which Muriel was familiar from Betty's hummings in the kitchen regions of Ingrave Square. It had a strange plaintive cadence, unlike the church music to which she was accustomed, and fell soothingly on her ear now. Other prayers and reading of the Bible followed, and then the preacher commenced his sermon, taking as his text the Gospel words, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Familiar as these words were to Muriel, they fell with new meaning on her heart as they were uttered by the earnest voice of the preacher, a thoughtful-looking man in his prime, whose bright, soft, penetrative glance travelled lovingly over his audience as he read his Master's message. And then he went on in strong burning words to tell of that rest offered to restless human hearts. The lonely Muriel felt as if the preacher knew how to interpret the deep unspoken longings of her heart as in reverent, vivid words he delineated the character of this living, loving Friend. With skilful thrilling touches he seemed to pass along the whole range of human life as he spoke of the many types of heavy-laden ones to whom this rest is offered. And thus Muriel's thoughts went out in loving anxiety for those hearts dear to her. Ah, was it not this easy yoke which, after all, Frank needed to put on, so that true liberty might begin for him?

Earnestly had she been desiring his return to his forsaken profession as the cure for the restlessness which seemed to have troubled his life during these last months; but this voice said, "Come unto me." Her prayer would henceforth be that he might find this rest, and she could still pray for him even though their lives were severed, thought Muriel with quivering lip, but comforted heart. Another chord was touched when the preacher talked of sordid souls weighted by the lust of avarice to the earth. As she listened, Muriel awoke to a new feeling of responsibility regarding her grandfather. Was it possible that this was what the years were doing for him? she asked herself with sinking heart. Even though impoverished by great losses, as she believed him to be, it was evidently possible for the poor as well as for the rich to have their hearts in bondage to the terrible demon of avarice. But for all these anxious ones, rich and poor alike, there was rest to be found in Him who for our sakes became poor. When the service was over, Muriel hurried home with this anxiety about her grandfather uppermost in her heart.

Betty stood at the door in rather anxious outlook for her young mistress. Relieved by her safe reappearance, she felt at liberty to disclose that she was rather out of temper, which she rarely did to Muriel. She had in fact been giving her master a bit of her mind about "his miser't ways." She was, however, considerably mollified when Muriel told her with a happy face that she had actually heard her favourite psalm tune sung by a large congregation.

"Oh, ay, that's 'Martyrdom,'" said Betty, with an air of possession as Muriel hummed a few notes. "I'm thinkin' ye'll hae fun oot a Scotch kirk, and that's mair nor I've done; but they Baptist bodies are no that bad," added Betty, referring to a small chapel where she had found a haven of rest on Sundays.

"Where is grandpapa? Has he not come in from his walk?" asked Muriel.

"'Deed, mem, but he's niver been oot. He's sittin' crouchin' intil the library there as cauld as can be. It's my belief it's a kin' o' judgment on him for bein' sae grudgin' wi' the coals that he feels the cauld mair nor ither folk," added Betty, with an angry sniff, repenting instantly when she saw the expression of pain which came into her young mistress's face as she walked into the library, where Mr. Josiah sat cowering in the big old chair with his feet on the fender, peering into the black fireless grate.

"Dear me, is that you, child, decked out in such good clothes? Go and change them, girl, for where more are to come from I don't know. I tell you I have had heavy losses, Muriel. My money is all melting away. There won't be a sixpence left. And that insolent woman Betty Skinner was talking to me this morning about better food and all kinds of extravagance. The woman's mad. I tell you if you are not very saving, girl, we shall die in the workhouse. What do you think of that, Muriel, dear—a poor old man like me, after all I've done for you?" whined Mr. Josiah with an appealing glance. The fact being that some bold and plain-spoken truths of Betty's had rather disturbed the craven old soul, and he felt childishly anxious to have his granddaughter on his side. Formerly, when he had dwelt on his losses, Muriel had always been full of unrepressed sympathy, but to-day she sat silently, her cheek resting on her hand, glancing at him with grave sad eyes.

"Don't stare so, child," he said, with almost a scared look, as he turned away his head. "Why don't you speak, girl?"

"I was just thinking, grandpapa, that even though we did die in the workhouse, there might be worse things, you know," said Muriel, as she came kneeling down by his side, and took his blue withered fingers into her warm young clasp. "Don't you think, grandpapa, that you really trouble yourself too much to fret over these losses? God has promised us our daily bread, you know. And don't you remember that beautiful chapter in the Gospels where the Lord Jesus tells us that He cares for us more than for the sparrows, and says we must not mind about earthly treasures?"

"Treasure! Who talks about treasure?" cried Mr. Josiah excitedly, rising to his feet and looking furtively round. "It is Betty who must have been putting that into your head, girl. I am a pauper, child. Do you hear? Why, they might come and murder me in search of money I haven't got! Treasure, forsooth! Tell everybody I'm a pauper—that's the thing to do, child," he said, standing in front of her with a cunning leer which sent a chill to the girl's heart. Then he left the room hurriedly, and Muriel could hear echoes of his weird grating laugh as he shambled up-stairs to his dreary bedroom. Lingering in the library, absorbed in sad reverie, she did not stir until Betty appeared to cover the table for their meagre meal, and then she moved away, not caring to talk any more just then; but as

she was crossing the room a tremendous noise was heard overhead — a thundrous crash, which resounded through the house and shook the library ceiling, sending down a shower of begrimed plaster on Betty and her young mistress, who glanced at each other with questioning terror-stricken faces.

"Preserve's a'!" ejaculated Betty. "The auld hoose is gaen to tum'el aboot oor lugs!" she added, shaking a shower of débris from her shoulders.

"Oh, it isn't the house, Betty. It's something—somebody fallen in the room above. It is grandpapa, you know," said Muriel, with white lips as she moved away.

"Ye'll no gang ae step," cried Betty in a determined tone, springing forward. "May be the stair banisters 'ill be doon neist, an' it's no safe to pass that auld swingin' lamp in the hall."

"Oh! nonsense, Betty; it isn't that. Grandpapa is ill again. Somebody fell. Didn't you hear? Let me go—quick!"

"It's a gey heavy boddy that's dung doon a' this rubbish," replied Betty with a nervous laugh. "Jist let me tak' a look first, Miss Murral."

But Muriel hurried up the staircase, where no sign of disturbance, either of lamp or banisters, was visible. She reached her grandfather's door before Betty, but it was only to find it locked. "What is the matter? Oh do, do open!" she cried in a shrill voice of terror.

A long muffled moan was the only answer. Betty now took hold of the handle with the air of making an experiment, as she shouted, "Maister Morgan, if ye canna, winna, and dinna open this verra minute, I'll gang for a locksmith." Another groan, still muffled, but with some attempt at articulation, followed. "He kens fine fat we're sayin', ye see," nodded Betty, reassuringly looking at the trembling Muriel. "Dinna frichten yersel', my bairn. Gin it were the paralysis he wouldna be hearin'. Ye see he doesna like the idea o' a locksmith," she added with a laugh that had a ring of merriment in it as she again put her face to the keyhole and shouted, "I'm off for a locksmith as fast as I can rin, Maister Morgan." A sound came from the inside of the room which had an unmistakable echo of remonstrance in it, and some muffled mutterings continued.

"Weel, I suppose there's nae way but ane," muttered Betty, reflectively placing her sturdy arms akimbo. "It'll either brak my back, or I'll brak it," she added, planting her stumpy figure against the old door. The first attack, however, proved ineffective. Then summoning up all her force, she made a little backward run against the door with all the weight of her portly person. Crash went the old woodwork, wrenched from its rusty hinges, and Betty and Muriel both stood glancing in mute astonishment at the scene which then presented itself. On the floor the ponderous black cabinet lay at full length, its contents scattered helter-skelter throughout the entire room—a sight never to be forgotten. There lay strewn, in inextricable confusion, jewels, old lace, packets of yellowed letters, miniature portraits, pieces of rich silk, all faded and mildewed, which had unrolled in their descent; but scattered over all, like a coating of yellow powder, there was gold, gold everywhere. Little grimy bags were strewn here and there, having evidently disgorged their contents on their way down from the pigeon-holes where they had been stored so carefully. But where was the owner of all this treasure? Buried under it evidently, for neither Betty nor her mistress could at first discover any visible trace of him. But his cries and groans waxed more importunate, and presently, after groping about among the shining strata, Betty found him embedded, his grey head within an inch of the great fallen carcase of the cabinet.

"Weel, Maister Morgan, I'm thinkin' ye'll hae gotten eneugh o' your cabinet this mornin," panted Betty as she removed some miscellaneous articles from his face.

"Oh, grandpapa, how did it all happen? Just think how dreadful it would have been if that huge thing had fallen on you," cried Muriel, bending over him.

"That's not the way to look at it, child," wailed Mr. Josiah, regaining his feet and looking ruefully round. "There's enough of mischief done without that, I'll be bound," he added, clutching the nearest handful of gold, which he began to stow away in his pocket with an alacrity which convinced Betty that he was entirely unhurt. He continued eagerly picking up what lay nearest to him, until, presently glancing up, he met Muriel's pained gaze, which made him pause and pass his fingers through his grey beard musingly. "You are astonished to see a poor man like me handling all this gold, girl, are you? It does not belong to me—not a penny of it; all owing to sharks in the City—every sixpence. I was just taking a look into the cabinet to see if there was enough to pay, when down it fell. Dear me! what a destruction of property! But

take care, Betty, my good woman. Be honest now, and help me to gather up the money. It isn't my own, you know; but you shall have a sovereign—a whole yellow piece—for yourself, or perhaps half a one, Betty; for you see I'm a poor man, and must not be extravagant."

"Na, 'deed, sir, I dinna see ony sic thing," snorted Betty as she stumped about, pitching the gold with a contemptuous fling into a big empty bag she had got hold of. "An' it ill beseems ye to be tellin' sic lees, Maister Morgan, when the Almighty has jist pluckit ye out o' the verra jaws o' death," added Betty wrathfully, while Muriel's pale cheek flushed, but she uttered no word.

"Come, now, Betty, don't lose your temper," resumed Mr. Josiah in a peace-making tone. Yes, you shall have a whole sovereign," he added, glancing at the one he held in his withered palm as he held it out to her.

"Na', na', Maister Morgan. I wouldna put a finger on yer hoarded gains," replied Betty, crossing her hands behind her back as she glanced at him with a flash in her honest eyes. "An' gin I, wha am but a hirelin', micht gie ye a bit o' advice; dinna ye stow awa' yer treesure i' that muckle cabinet. For, 'deed, it's been waur wi' you than the Buik says. Thieves an' moths are ill eneuch, but to be buried under 't beats a'. An' 'deed that's fat ye've been, hert an' soul, this mony a lang year, Maister Morgan; jist as sair hadden doon wi' yer gear as yer puir auld legs were the day," wound up Betty with tears of excitement streaming down her face.

"You bold, insolent, ungrateful woman!" shouted Mr. Josiah, clenching his fist; but in a moment he checked himself, and resumed his whining tone. "Don't be hard on me, Betty. I'm a poor, poor man. Yes, yes, gather up these things carefully and honestly. The gold isn't mine, and it's melting, melting away besides."

"Weel, then, jist ye tak' it awa to the body that echts it. I'll rin for a cab this verra minute," suggested Betty, looking up from her stooping posture, with a twinkle in her eye.

"Oh, yes, yes! that's the thing to do," cried Muriel, springing eagerly forward, and looking pleadingly up in her grandfather's face. "You will be much happier when you get rid of it all," she added, a gleam of hope coming into her sad heart.

"Don't be a fool, girl," said Mr. Josiah, peevishly shaking her hand off his arm. "Ungrateful child that you are, after my trying to save a little for you, to turn against me like this. I tell you the little I have is melting away fast, fast; and just think what ruin this is!" And with an angry, helpless consciousness of being balked, the wretched old man seated himself among his treasures and began to weep. A look of the intensest forlornness and pain crossed Muriel's face as she stood glancing at the grey bent head. All shreds of delusion were now wrenched from her thoughts on this subject. Her father's father, her only prop and stay, was the abject slave of this terrible lust of avarice. Truth, honour, natural affection, all seemed to have fled before it. Even in Betty's eyes he appeared worthy of only contempt. This gold, and probably much more, was all his own, and yet he had grudged himself the barest necessaries of life. All the world probably knew it, though she had only arrived at the bitter knowledge now. This was why her cousin Louisa always spoke so tauntingly of him; and even kind Uncle Richard shook his head over "Josiah's ways." That they did not sympathize with him in his heavy losses had only tended hitherto to produce in her a stronger feeling of love and loyalty to the bent, threadbare old man who had been the guardian of her lonely childhood. But now her eyes travelled over the dingy room strewn with its strange hoardings of many a blighted year, with the unhappy hoarder cowering in their midst. Then came crowding into her mind bitter memories of incidents in which her grandfather must have grossly deceived her about his property, until Muriel's pure young soul for a moment seemed to recoil with a shrinking too strong for mastery, and she stood tearlessly gazing at the crouching, wailing Mr. Josiah.

"Puir crater, puir crater, may God forgie ye!" broke in Betty's voice. It seemed as if at the sound of the compassionate words Muriel's heart began to beat warm and fast again. Springing to her grandfather's side, she clasped his grey, bent head in her arms, and, as if he must have divined what she was thinking, said in a tone of self-reproach, "Forgive me for my hard thoughts, dearest grandpapa. Betty is right; God will forgive. He will help you to use all this money, and will pardon the past." And Muriel bent her fair head, and lifted up her overwhelmed heart to her Father in heaven. She knew now what her future part must be. She could never any more lean on her grandfather with any remnant of the trusting faith of childhood. She must henceforth be the prop and the helper, she said to herself

when at last she looked up with calm, steadfast gaze to face the new path which had suddenly disclosed its dreary vista. Mr. Josiah had now so far recovered his composure, and was looking furtively round to see what Betty was about. "Come, grandpapa, you must be so tired and hungry. Let us go and have dinner," suggested Muriel in a cheerful tone.

But this, Mr. Josiah would not be persuaded to do, and finally had his frugal meal served up to him where he sat. When Muriel rejoined him he had fallen into a doze, crouching among his treasures with

"Na', na', Maister Morgan, I wouldna put a finger on your hoarded gains.

the marks of his terrible slavery written on his shrivelled, suspicious face, even in sleep. There was no scorn, however, only pity, in Muriel's meditations, which were presently interrupted by Betty, who came back to her task with her face lighted up with some seemingly pleasurable idea.

"Eh, Miss Murral, I've just been thinkin' it was Providence, its verra ain sel', that's dung down that muckle cabinet," she said cheerily. "It's jist been minin' me o' fat we read i' the Auld Testamen' about that terrible crater, Dagon, the Philistines held sic a traffic wi'. Do ye no min' hoo it fell on its face—jist for a' the earth like thae cabinet—an' hoo the chiels set it up again,

an' doon it tum'led again, an' gied them a heap o' trouble? The maister mauna set up his Dagon again, or I'll warrant he'll anger the Almichty mair nor he's done wi' his misert ways."

"Yes, Betty. And don't you remember it was the presence of the ark of God that made the idol fall, and the Philistines couldn't get it to stand again in their temple as long as the ark was there?"

"An' did ye raelly think I had forgot that, Miss Murral—the best part o't a', I was thinkin', as I came up the stair? 'Deed, missy, when ye were sittin' there wi' your e'en shut, I'm thinkin', ye were gey near til the ark yersel'! For dinna ye min' it says intil the Epistle to the Hebrews that the Lord Himsel' is the ark? Ye mauna grow weary speerin' at the Almichty that He would come an' be the death o' this muckle Dagon," added Betty, with a contemptuous toss to those valuables which lay nearest. "Jist to think o' they gran' silks an' saatins, an' bonnie brooches an' things, an' a' the gold forby lyin' useless here, an' you, his ain flesh an' blood, scrimpit as gin ye were a beggar!"

"Hush, Betty; you forget that he has stinted himself even more than anybody. And you've had hard times of it, good, kind Betty; but I hope there will be better days for you now. You are right, Betty, it is the ark of God that made Dagon fall; and you will ask God to help poor grandpapa to get rid of his idol, won't you?" said Muriel softly, as she glanced up into the faithful servant's face and laid her fragile fingers in the toil-stained palm.

THE COMFORT THAT COMES INTO THE WORLD WITH CHILDREN.

By ALEXANDER RALEIGH, D.D.

"And he called his name Noah, saying, This same shall comfort us concerning our work and toil of our hands, because of the ground which the Lord hath cursed."—GENESIS v. 29.

NOAH means rest, or comfort; and his parents, as we see, gave him this name, expecting by his means in some way, or probably in more ways than one, the fulfilment to them of the happy meanings of the name he bore. We cannot really say, in the absence of any information in the Book, how definite their expectation was regarding their son. Perhaps they hardly themselves knew exactly what they were expecting. They were sure, however, and not by parental instinct merely, but evidently as the result of some divine intimation given them concerning this child, that he would be a comforting helper. He would help them in their labours on the stubborn soil; he would help them in their resistance to the rapidly increasing violence of society around them. It is thought they had some hope or idea that he might even prove to be Messiah.

Following the history of this child, we find that he *was* noted for improvements in husbandry; that he was the discoverer or the inventor of wine; that he was a preacher of righteousness in a very unrighteous and lawless time; that he was a true prophet, although unheeded, as most true prophets are; that he was a shipbuilder on a gigantic scale; that he thus became a preserver of his family, and, in them, of the whole human race; and that he was manifestly, in some of these respects, a forerunner, a foreteller, and a type of Christ, the true Noah, the giver of rest and consolation to troubled and weary souls.

Now this passage, although in itself no more than a mere glimpse into an old, old world—no more, indeed, than a scene from the family life of that old world—yet, either expressly or by implication, tells us and teaches us a good deal, if only we are wise enough to find it.

I. *The hardness and difficulty of life.*—This our human life is full of hardship. Put in familiar phrase, this world is a hard place to live in. It was then; it is now. I am not asking *your* opinion, young people, cherishing your bright hopes, which I would on no account darken, and with your unconquerable impulses towards exertion and enterprise, which I would not suppress or daunt. I do not say you may not have an opinion on the point; you will ask leave of no one in the matter. All I say is, you have not got the materials for a full and intelligent judgment. By-and-by you will know better. Observe these words we are speaking on, are words of parents. Father and mother speak them—not son and daughter, not young man or maiden, boy or girl. They are the words chiefly of Lamech; and rather remarkable words they are as coming from a man bearing *that* name, for Lamech means "powerful." He seems to have been

a strong, robust man—like the evil Lamech in this (for there were two of the same name), but unlike him, happily, in temper and disposition. That Lamech sang to his wives of his own crimes and excesses. This Lamech also is a poetic singer, and mournful enough is the strain when he speaks of hard toil, and sterile ground, and divine curse. But the strain of comfort, also divine, takes the lead in the little poem, or poetic outburst. But now isn't it strange, or at any rate worthy of note, that a man of this name should have to sing such a song? and should have to sing it in the prime of his life? He has hardly reached his prime; but the hundred and eighty and two years of his life have at least brought him into the view of unexpected difficulties, and into contact with dangers and hardships quite unknown to him in youth. Not that we can regard him as a vanquished man, or perhaps as even discouraged greatly in the depths of his nature; but evidently he has, in some things, been disappointed. He is weary now, at times, strong man as he is. The truth begins to come home to him with great force, that we cannot fight this battle of life single-handed, that even strong men cannot, that no man can. At any rate, for himself, he is not ashamed to confess that he now needs "comfort;" and when the child comes to him he accepts him as a divine gift, as a commissioned and competent, as he is a thrice-welcome, messenger of comfort from God. As though he said to his wife and to his friends, "We have been feeling greatly of late the strain of life. Our testimony to God and truth has not been of much account among evil and violent men. We have not been getting much from the ground. Our eyes have been sometimes dark, and our hearts growing heavy. But now 'this same shall comfort us concerning our work and toil of our hands.'"

Is it not still so? Is it not ever thus? This world is a place in which, somehow, the strongest men grow weary—in which men of the happiest temperament come to be in need of relief, and ease, and all that is implied in "comfort." The soil of this world, so to say, is yet stubborn and hard; the weeds in it are many, and they have their roots far down. The seasons are uncertain, the harvest is sometimes scant. To put the thing without figure: to live well in this world and among men, and continuously well, speaking, acting, enduring, in success, in misfortune, through days and times bright and dark, in some measure of calmness and constancy—all this is, to use a familiar phrase, "hard work." It is noble and hopeful work, beyond all other, but it is hard; and the strongest Lamech anywhere to be found in the world, whether toiling in the fields, or trading in the cities, or travelling by the highways, or speaking in the assemblies, or living quietly but strenuously in any of its family circles, need not be ashamed to acknowledge that now and again, "comfort," as it is not unneeded, would not be unwelcome.

II. *The comfort that comes into the world with children.*—"*This* same shall comfort us."

Days are dark, and limbs are weary, and hearts are heavy, and the family lamp seems almost going out, for hope has not been of late to trim it, when—the wailing voice of a little stranger is heard who comes, at least to outward appearance, not with relief and largess, but in sheer helplessness, and with demand for constant service, and yet is hailed as a very deliverer, and welcomed as a comforter—"This same shall comfort us." In thousands of homes, all over the world, every day, fathers and mothers are saying this in substance. They are feeling it in their hearts, and that is saying it in substance. Strange enough, in one way, does it not seem that some fathers and mothers should feel so? Even when they are poor, or in precarious circumstances, and have hard work, and many children already, the last arrival is still accepted with thankfulness, and greeted with hopeful welcome. These words of Lamech—we may say they are the permanent inscription in the horoscope which parents, everywhere and always, see over the cradle of the latest born. In the monarch's palace, while guns boom welcome; in the merchant's city home, where careful feet walk over thickly-carpeted floors; in the workman's street, groups of faces in neighbouring doors showing true, if homely, sympathy; in the country cottage, from which the doctor is driving away in his gig with a cheerful face; in the Gipsy's wayside tent, the swarthy kindred scattered about the neighbourhood, or lying under clumps of trees on the warm earth—"This same shall comfort us," flames out, now and again, in golden light; and then, for the time, "sorrow and sighing flee away," while "joy and gladness" take possession of the house.

Thus we see the weakest and most helpless creature in the world, which certainly a newborn child is, become almost the mightiest. "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings God ordains strength." Giant Lamech, toil-

worn, disappointed, weary with living, bows down at the crib of a sleeping infant, who, although asleep and helpless, takes up the significance of his father's name, just when his father seems losing it, and the best meanings and purposes of his father's life, becomes a Lamech in moral influence and helpfulness to others. "This same shall comfort us." We sometimes hear the wish expressed, that children who are being nourished and brought up by their parents at great pains, and through many difficulties, may live to repay them when the parents are old and helpless in their turn. No doubt it is a beautiful sight to see the second childhood nourished and soothed by those who express their thankfulness in this way for the care that was lavished on them as infants and children. But this is a payment which is far from certain. A great deal will happen before the settling day. The parents may not live to receive the attentions; or the children may not live to give them; or a hundred things may arise to mix and complicate the issues. It will be wise, therefore, to secure the surer recompense, if there be one. No doubt there is, to all at least who are large-minded, and open-hearted, and unselfish. Payment for toil, and care, and never-ending watchfulness? It is here; it is in the house; it is in the hand. The living, growing children are themselves the payment for the care and trouble they bring. Strength, comfort, hopefulness, come with them. The very solicitude we cannot help feeling, sometimes almost to painfulness, is part of the payment; for it likens us to God, and it aids us to be ourselves children in His larger family. "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him;" or, looked at from the other side, and in its deeper aspect, we might render that text, "Like as the Lord pitieth them that fear Him, so a father pitieth his children," and cannot but hope bright things concerning them, cannot but drink in "comfort" in beholding them.

For myself, I cannot help finding almost a system of theology, at any rate a clear, bright prophecy of God concerning the future, in this invincible hopefulness of the parental heart. But stay: here is a statistician, and he has something to say. He says it pitilessly, in a hard scientific way, yet not untruly from his own point of view, and as far as he sees. He says this: "I would not, intentionally, hurt your feelings; but, really, this is all a matter of calculation. Your prophecies, auspices, hopes, they may be pleasant enough to those who indulge them, but they can have little or no influence on the events. A certain number of those who, when they are infants, excite those feelings in parental and other breasts, yet do turn out badly. They are not, in the deep sense, a comfort to almost any one; bring discomfort and distress to many. Some few come to the saddest ends. Many, stopping short of that, yet fail in life generally; and very few are helpers and comforters of their kindred, through and through, by great and good living. It is for you to estimate the probabilities for yourselves, and then say whether you are justified in keeping that fanciful inscription over your child's cot, 'This same shall comfort us.' You cannot certainly know that the very opposite of that may not turn out to be the truth. It would be as appropriate, therefore, to write in imagination, 'This same shall grieve us,' 'This same shall disappoint us,' or, 'This same shall ruin us,' or, worse than all, 'This same shall shame us, and draw burning tears from our eyes, and heavy sighs from our lips.'" Something like this might be said, and said honestly enough from the hard, scientific ground. The doctrine of mathematical probability settles the proportions, almost exactly, for the whole, and there is room for contingency only in regard to the individuals. One has even heard a strain not unlike this in the pulpit at times, seriously, religiously put and accompanied with appropriate warning and instruction. Nor can it be said that teaching of this kind has not its proper place, if we are to be honest and upright all round. True? It is as true as winter, as true as night, as true as the law of gravitation. But now, what is the whole result, in the parental heart of mankind? What is the result of the knowledge of all this, I mean, on the sympathies and emotions of those who are chiefly concerned? All this *is* known by fathers and mothers everywhere. Few of them, perhaps, trouble themselves with any philosophic views or calculations about the facts; but the facts themselves are as clear as human history, and as open to view as human life. Now surely it is an interesting, it is even a scientific question, what practical effect this knowledge of the moral averages and probabilities in human life has upon the parents of newborn children as they welcome them into the world, or of children growing up under their hand and care. Would the putting of this darker view, even strongly, before any father or mother, at all sensibly affect the feeling of uncalculating hopefulness and invincible love with which they would bend over the bed of

their sleeping infant, saying in their hearts, "Some way or other, this same shall comfort us?" Not in the very least. There is an unfathomable fountain of hopefulness in the human breast, and the springing of it cannot be repressed. It is not a partial or chance impulse. It is universal, it is continuous, and is therefore something to be estimated and appraised in any view of human nature which professes to be scientific. The really scientific view must embrace *all* the known facts; and this is one of them that parents *will* hope good of their children as they come to them, and never can be persuaded that they ought not to welcome them into the world with song and thankfulness. If other impulses and affections are divine, this, too, must be, and, some way, must have great meaning and use in the education of humanity, and in the economy of the world. Can we be wrong in thinking that at least part of the meaning must be this—that by-and-by the great stream of human life in this world is destined to run clearer; that, in an increasing number of instances, this prophecy of every true parental heart will be fulfilled; Lamechs will bend over every cradle; Noahs will be born in every house; and at the length, the world, like a wayward, wandering child, shall return and find "comfort," after all its weary "work," and the long "toil of its hands," in the fatherhood and motherhood of God?

What is thus true of parent and child may be transferred to a far wider scene, and applied to the successive generations of men. "One generation passeth away, and another cometh." This is the unchanging order of God for the whole terrestrial life of man. The generations which are farthest on have much to say to the generations which are growing about them and following closely. The utterances are not all of one kind. They are diverse; they are even discordant. Distrust, displeasure, impatience, apprehension, blame, even denunciation, may be heard spoken by the lips of the retiring generation to and concerning those which are immediately succeeding. But I seem to hear this old tone that welcomed Noah into the world as clearer and louder than them all. We see the generation that has now almost gone, that is visible to us in only a few remaining representatives, standing as in shadow, and speaking to us only by symbol and not by voice—by bent forms, by withered cheeks, by grey hairs. They say, "We are weary now with long travail and hard work; but you, our strong sons and daughters, who are filling the whole field of life we are leaving, you comfort us, you console our disappointments, you soothe the sorrow of our going away." While we, in our turn, the seemingly strong sons and daughters of those who are now nearly all away, conscious of our own disappointments, feeling our own wounds, and griefs, and failures, look to the fresh spring world that is growing about us, and to the younger world yet that is being born, saying, "These same shall comfort us concerning our work and toil of our hands."

And so the tale runs on, through the generations and through the families, "because of the ground which the Lord hath cursed," because of the hard conditions of this human life. Observe it well, however, there is no curse on the labour of the tillers of the ground. There is no curse, but all blessing, on the endeavours we make to master the circumstances of our own lives, and turn them to the best uses. Yet, on the other hand, it cannot be denied that everywhere in life there is "thorn and thistle," consuming heats by day, cutting frosts by night, seed rotting in the ground, sheaves carried off by floods, hard stubborn soils, some of them needing almost overwork, especially for the growing of the best things; the loamy softness of Eden all gone from them, and the nourishing warmth, and the dewy fragrance; or may we say never come to them? for we must remember that Eden was better than the outlying world. "The gold of that land was good, there was bdellium and the onyx stone." The rough world beyond was for the discipline, the education, the victory, of those driven out from the privileged condition in the garden. Trust, and toil, and obedience will bring men back again. But, meantime, there is no evading the "curse" which is here said to be in "the ground." This curse is something which never can be exactly measured and weighed. It may be largely negative—simply not blessing. But this will not make much difference of practical result. We need not aim to be more definite than God Himself is. He speaks of the curse, and we feel it. We feel it without and within. It is in the ground; it is in the air. Still more is it in the disloyal conscience, in the mean disposition, in the selfish breast. And the thing is, not to talk about it very much, discussing it, and defining it, and deepening it by our quarrels over it, but to match ourselves against it with all our strengths, renewing them from the fountains of the strength that is "everlasting." Toil-worn sorrow-laden brother, be sure of

this, that whatever the curse be, heaven has an alchemy which evermore changes curse into blessing, and desert into the garden of the Lord. The golden age shall come back. The breezes of Eden shall fan and freshen the cheeks of weary toilers of land and sea. One generation shall speak to another with still lessening apprehension as the ages pass, and with still rising hope and confidence, saying, "This same shall comfort us," until the voice from heaven shall say, "It is done. Behold, I make all things new."

III. *The security we have for all this in the great fact of our redemption.*—The foregoing train of reflection is interesting, not alone because it is pleasant, and because it is welcome to the benevolent affections and the hopeful tendencies of human nature, but because it really has an argument in it—an argument which grounds itself ultimately on the wisdom, and veracity, and sincerity of God. In this way: God is true—true in all His works, and words, and ways; true, therefore, in human nature, the chief product in this world of His power and Spirit. The organic powers, and affections, and instincts of human nature are from Him. And when we see the disposition we are speaking of reproduced, or continued rather, from age to age and in every country, in the world's parental heart, the only conclusion we can reach is that, after all this fatherly and motherly hoping and believing, there must be some corresponding realisation coming.

"Then human creatures may expect to have whatever they choose to desire and hope for!" No, no; be fair, be serious, be glad that so much light is shining in the dark, even from human nature itself, and that that light is not falling into dusk, but seems flushing towards dawn.

Yet I freely confess that the argument would be inconclusive and uncertain still without some clearer and firmer support. It would, in fact, be hardly more than a religious philosophy; and a religious philosophy, although engaged about the highest themes and interests, must yet take its chance with other philosophies, and is apt enough, in particular points, to come to grief. We can imagine some thoughtful person saying, "I am not disinclined to what you are now advancing; indeed, I could believe it if you were able to confirm it by anything like realisation in living instances; and still more, if you could bring one, if it should be only one, really complete instance of personal fulfilment; if, amid the myriad births in human homes, there were born one perfect 'Noah'—one rest-giver to all the weary about him, one comfort-bringer to all the sad and sorrowing, one strong soil-subduer to cheer the faithful worker, one calm master of all the confused elements and aspects of this tumultuous and ever-changing life—then we might hope that this parental prophecy, which never dies out of the human heart, is going some time to be fulfilled."

This is exactly what we can do. We need the substantiation of fact, and we have it. Our Noah has been born: true rest-giver, strong burden-bearer, grandest worker, gentlest comforter, surest helper, faithfullest friend, all-pitying and all-sufficing Saviour! Now we have the word. If He were not Jesus—Saviour from first to last—He could be none of those other things. Noah was a preacher of righteousness; but Jesus brings and gives righteousness, infusing it into every believing heart. Noah was a preserver of the world in his own family from a temporary flood; but Jesus makes this world itself the ark which He commands, sailing it through "the great and wide seas" of space and time, in safety. Noah was a successful cultivator of the soil, an improver of husbandry; but Jesus feeds His disciples with bread from heaven—is Himself the Bread of Life, Himself the vine which holds all human strength and sweetness, and all divine purity and consolation. It is He who says, "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Is it wonderful that there should be always groups and gatherings of the weary around Him, and a laying down of the burdens of toil and care at His feet? Will it not be strange and sad if our burdens, whatever they be, are not cast down among the others, if our weary souls are not refreshed with the Saviour's rest? It will be ours according to His own sure promise, if only we seek it in the right way—viz. by "coming" to Him, not in passive helplessness merely to be healed and soothed, and almost sent to sleep, but with all our active powers to be enlisted and happily engaged in His service. This is the ultimate comfort, the full, abiding rest—not only that we come by grace into a state of safety, and into the enjoyment of a sense of God's forgiving love, but that we find full employment for our best powers, and that we have them continually refreshed and strengthened in the service of God and man. "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

TWO HYMNS.*

By ELLEN LAKSHMI GOREH.

I.—MY GUARDIAN.

"I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety!"

I LAY me down in peace
Beneath Thy wing,
And safely sleep.
Thy watch can never cease,
For Thou, O King,
My soul wilt keep!

My sins are all forgiven,
So now I see
Thy Presence bright.
A day's march nearer heaven
And nearer Thee
I am this night.

For all the tenderness
Which Thou hast shown
To me this day,
For strength in feebleness,
To Thee alone
My thanks I pay.

Thy holy angels stand
As guards above
My lowly bed;
And Thine own gracious hand,
Thy hand of love,
Is 'neath my head.

What if, before the morn,
Thou bid'st me rise
And come to Thee?
Then homeward swiftly borne,
Beyond the skies,
My soul shall be.

Or if it be Thy will
That I should see
Another day,
O let Thy Presence still
Remain with me,
And be my stay!

II.—MY MOTTO.

"Onward! Upward! Homeward!"

ONWARD! upward! homeward!
Christians, let us press!
Resting not one moment
In this wilderness.
Look we ever upward
To our home above;
Trust we in our Father
And His changeless love.
Onward! upward! homeward!
Press we evermore;
He will not forsake us
Till our life is o'er.

Onward! upward! homeward!
Christians, let us press!
Fighting bravely, nobly,
In this wilderness.
Stronger is our Captain
Than the strongest foe;
With glad shouts of triumph
To the war we go.
Onward! upward! homeward!
Press we evermore;
Jesus will not leave us
Till the strife is o'er.

Onward! upward! homeward!
Quicken we our pace!
Let us not grow weary,
Short our earthly race.
See! the goal is yonder;
Lift we up our eyes!
Ours the crown of glory,
Ours the heavenly prize.
Onward! upward! homeward!
Press we evermore;
Guided by the Spirit,
Till our race is o'er.

Onward! Upward! Homeward!
Jesus! Heaven! Home!
This shall be our watch-word
While on earth we roam.
Onward! Upward! Homeward!
This our joyful song;
To the Lord Jehovah,
Christians, we belong!
Onward! upward! homeward!
Evermore we sing;
With the Triune Presence
Of our mighty King.

* [We have especial pleasure in publishing these hymns, because they are written by a young Brahmin lady, and, therefore, afford an illustration how a spiritual knowledge of Christ is followed by the same peaceful, hopeful, loving tribute to Him in the Indian as in the European mind. In Him there is neither Indian nor European, both are one in Christ Jesus.—Ed.]

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS ON THE HILLS OF GALILEE.

By W. C. PROCTER.

V.—THE WILL AND THE WAY, OR THE PARALYTIC AND HIS FRIENDS.

ONCE more Jesus was in Capernaum; and the excitement caused by His appearance had grown by all the reports received of His circuit through the villages of Galilee. As soon as His presence was known the house in which He stayed was besieged; and, if we read the story aright, it was now not so much a desire for the exhibition of His healing gifts as a hunger for "the word" that moved the people. There had been much pressure on the previous occasion, but it was caused by a throng of people coming and going, anxious for the help of the Good Physician, rather than by an assembly waiting to hear the Great Teacher. Then, the court-yard of the house was ample enough to hold all who were gathered at one time. But now, says St. Mark, "there was no longer room to receive them, no, not so much as about the door; and He was speaking to them the word."* Let us try to understand the circumstances. It is true that in default of precise information we have to bring imagination to bear. But within certain limits that can do no harm. Even if we make mistakes in detail, yet we may in this way be brought into closer sympathy with the feeling and temper of the time. We cannot get an exact plan of the house in Capernaum; but if we know generally what it was like, and to what uses different parts of such a house were put, we shall better appreciate the faithful pertinacity of the palsied man's friends, with whose conduct we are chiefly concerned now.

We may well believe that the Lord, whom all agreed to regard as a great Prophet, would be received in one of the larger houses of the town. Such houses consisted of several apartments and offices, ranged round an inner court. Entrance was gained from the street by a single great gate, opening upon a covered passage beneath the front range of building. There were few if any external windows; all the light being admitted from the courtyard. On one side of this court, either on the first or second story, there was a large room, sometimes entirely open to the yard; and this room was the chief scene of all hospitalities. In such a room at Jerusalem the last solemn meal of Jesus and His disciples was taken. And probably in the same apartment, opening on to a court where an eager multitude was assembled, the Christian Church was born. The roofs of such houses were flat; and as they were used for drying flax, or other purposes of industry, as well as for sleeping-places in the heat of summer, direct access to them was given by a flight of steps.

We suppose, then, that a large congregation was gathered in the court, and that it was increased by new-comers until there was hardly standing room. The entrance passage was filled, and there were many outside, unable to get in at all. The preacher stood most probably in the room described above, so as to be free from the pressure of the crowd, while He was well within hearing. And He was speaking to them "the word." Had the message that He brought already acquired this emphatic name? or is it a later habit formed in the Primitive Church that leads the evangelist to use this peculiar phrase? We cannot tell certainly. But it is easy to conceive that a style of teaching so different as that of Jesus from anything they heard before would appear to the simple people pre-eminently "the word." The instruction of the scribes, being a record of dead thoughts, was "the tradition of the elders," or the "Talmud," that is "the learning." But the preaching of Jesus was a divine fact of the present time; it sprang from His heart like a stream from an exhaustless fountain; it satisfied the daily needs of a living generation. It was neither tradition, nor erudition: it was "the word." And so they listened, as parched flowers in a hot, still, summer seem to listen for the rain.

Then there came sounds of disturbance from the gate, words of entreaty, altercation, oscillations of pressure from behind. There was a sick man, borne on a mattress by four relatives or friends, anxious for instant admission. Could they not wait until the Master was at leisure? Could they not at least allow the discourse to come to an end? What their reasons were we cannot tell, but they were impatient of the least delay. Perhaps the patient was in great suffering or in critical danger. Perhaps, remembering how suddenly the Master had departed before, they feared lest they should lose their chance. Perhaps they were only unreasonable. But the sick man would hardly have complained of their persistency, and un-

* This is the literal translation.

Oriental House-tops.

reasonable determination in the cause of another is not so very common an offence but that it may well be pardoned. But what shall we say of the people who refused to make way for the sufferer? At the outskirts of the crowd they could probably hear nothing, and might without any loss have made way for those who were actuated by more urgent motives than a vague curiosity. We may hope that they had always hitherto stood at the outskirts of the crowd, and had not heard the lessons of self-forgetful courtesy taught by Jesus. For if they *had* heard, their conduct only showed how little they had profited. And it is always disappointing when crowds assembled by religious excitement prove themselves to be actuated only by the same instinct for "taking care of number one," which may be natural at a theatre or spectacle. When people have, by dint of waiting and pushing and squeezing, got themselves a good place to see the Lord Mayor's show, we cannot be surprised, and scarcely angry, if they are jealous of any who attempt to share the advantages of their position, and refuse to make way even for travellers from a distance, who may never have another chance. But the case is very different when the object of interest, instead of a vulgar show, is the truth that brings salvation. We might well expect that those who have already profited by the words of a great preacher should be more anxious about the welfare of those who have not heard than about a repetition of their own pleasure. They have drunk in with delight from eloquent lips the lesson that, in the spirit of Him who came not to be ministered unto but to minister, we should every one of us seek, not to please ourselves, but rather to please our neighbour for his edification. But if at the next service they should be excluded from their own pew by early strangers anxious to hear for the first time, the temper they display shows that it is not the service of God, nor even their own spiritual profit they are thinking of, but only the pleasurable excitement they have felt. At the recent visit of Messrs. Moody and Sankey to London, according to a report in the papers, a dense crowd gathered to hear them in one of the theatres. Indeed "there was no room to receive them, not so much as about the door." Meantime a train laden with country people from a district which Mr. Moody could not visit arrived, and the travellers made their way to the theatre, where of course they could find no room. On the circumstances being represented, Mr. Moody requested that all who had heard him previously, or would have the opportunity of doing so again, would retire and make room for those who were less favourably circumstanced. It is certain that a large number of regular hearers were present. But notwithstanding every entreaty, no one moved; and so far as we know the disappointed excursionists lost the only opportunity they were likely to enjoy. Such an occurrence awakens uncomfortable reflections as to the superficiality of much of the public excitement

on such occasions; and all who have experience of crowded services well know that it is by no means exceptional. Surely a real appreciation of the means of grace should show itself in a disposition to sacrifice even our spiritual pleasures for the sake of others. What an admirable example, for instance, and how marked a contrast to the sort of selfishness just noted, is presented by Mr. Spurgeon's congregation, who have so readily complied with the request of their minister occasionally to vacate their seats entirely, to make room for those who are ordinarily unable to gain admission.

But the friends of the poor paralytic in Capernaum appear to have been made of too sturdy a stuff to be easily balked of their benevolent purpose. We can imagine them turning over in their minds various expedients for surmounting the difficulty, the only thing settled being that retreat was out of the question. Now in this they are a type of faithful friendship. In our own cause it is comparatively easy to be persistent. Pain and want have a sharp sting, and any endurance of exertion is felt to be preferable to the prick of such a spur. Of course there are poor weaklings who even in such circumstances will only bemoan the pain that resolute effort would remove. But such facility of surrender is less common in our own cause than in that of others. Hence the proverb, "If you want your business done, go; if not, send." And few, indeed, are those who have friends upon whom they can reckon to strike the word "impossible" out of their vocabulary in the maintenance of another man's interests. But the paralytic was more fortunate than usual. If his trusty bearers could not get through the door, they would try some other way; and the only expedient that suggested itself was that of mounting the roof. Happily no ladder was needed for this purpose; for, as we have already noted, Eastern houses often have a flight of external steps giving access to the flat top. If these steps were within the court, we must suppose that the external crowd so far yielded as to enable the bearers to reach them, though they could not pierce the denser throng nearer to the presence of Jesus. But if the steps were outside, their progress was all the easier. Thus the roof was gained. But then a new difficulty presented itself. The Lord was standing, not in the courtyard, nor merely under an awning, as some commentators will have it, but within one of the rooms that opened on the court; and, as the narrative seems to imply, on the upper floor; because He was immediately beneath the roof of the house. No inner staircase gave access to this room, and there was no possible way of reaching it except by "breaking up" the roof, as St. Mark has it, and lowering their burden through the aperture. Such rough handling of a neighbour's property jars upon our modern notions. But the bearers of the sick man, having gone so far, were in no mood to stand on questions of propriety. We may hope that they did no more damage than they could easily repair. But we are principally concerned with their persistency. "Where there's a will there's a way." They had the will; and if they could not find a way they would make one.

Now in this determination they showed a characteristic, the importance of which can hardly be too much impressed upon young people entering on the business of life. What with one set of men prove insuperable obstacles, are by another regarded only as incentives to exertion. And this distinction makes all the difference in the world to the practical value of each class. Very early in life is this difference perceptible. Here is a shopkeeper, who gives to each of two young boys, just apprenticed, a piece of material to get matched, mentioning at the same time the warehouses where they will probably succeed. One boy goes to the places named, and being unsuccessful returns at once. It never occurs to him to make any further inquiry. He was told to go into this street and into that. He has done it. What more would you have of him? If the master did not know where the cloth was to be had, is that the boy's fault? It is not his mission to command success, but only to go mechanically the distance prescribed for his errand, and to come back when he finds it to be in vain. The other boy takes a different view. He thinks only of getting the material matched, and when he fails at the places named by the master he is ashamed to go back unsuccessful. He finds an acquaintance in one of the warehouses, and consults him on the difficulty. He is recommended to go to a place at some distance, doing a special trade. He fails here also; but casting his eye about, he sees amongst some waste, ready to be swept from the counter, a strip of material precisely the texture and colour that he wants. Pouncing upon it, he asks when the last of this was sold. He is told that a remnant has just been bought by a "fent" dealer at the other side of the town. He hurries away to find that the fragment has gone to a small shopkeeper in a suburban

village. Thither too he betakes himself by train or omnibus, and at length he returns in triumph, satisfied that his success will be a sufficient excuse for his long absence. Such a day as that may decide the fate of the two boys for life. The one is haunted by impossibilities; the other hardly believes in the existence of such a thing. The one is satisfied when he has made the exertion required of him; the other is satisfied only when he has got the thing that was wanted. Throughout the whole range of human duties the same distinction is apparent. One military commander fails because, having made the regulation arrangements against the enemy, he cannot conceive himself to be responsible if the fates are against him. Another succeeds because he has taken so many unusual precautions against all possible kinds of mischance, that his opponent must almost have wrought a miracle to get the better of him. One Christian minister fails because, having practised all the arts of oratory and pastoral visitation taught him at the theological college, he is quite sure that nothing more can be done, and that it is entirely the fault of the people if he is not successful. Another succeeds because, having broken down at first, he makes a conscientious study of the causes of failure, and resolves to adapt his mode of working, not to preconceived theories, but to the actual needs of his parish. When one plan fails he tries another. He does not grumble that the constitution of the world is wrong. He accepts the existing state of things as prescribing the conditions under which he must work; but he never will regard them as prescribing failure; and hence, after long perseverance, he is encouraged by tokens of a divine blessing. There are many labourers discouraged in bringing souls to Christ, who might very well take a lesson from these bearers of the palsied man, who when the door failed them betook themselves to the roof, and when the stairs failed them broke up the roof, and let their suffering burden down by cords.

But were they not afraid that such determined intrusion of their needs would be displeasing to the Master? If the truth were known, probably they did not think much of this question at all. They were too much taken up with the one thing to be done. But also we may be sure that they were encouraged in their presumption by all that they had heard of the Lord's beneficent circuit through Galilee. His sacred solitude had been intruded upon, and His rest had been broken by cries of pain and the clamour of the needy. Demoniacs and lunatics had haunted His path; the palsied trembled around Him. But He never showed impatience or weariness. Of all who came to Him not one had been cast out. And more than all, that story of His *touching* the leper must have encouraged the meanest and vilest to presume upon His compassion. The leper should have warned the Lord and His disciples off, with the dismal cry "Unclean, unclean!" Instead of that, He drew near, and bowed in suppliant appeal for pity. And instead of rebuking him, Jesus had spoken kind words. Nay, as if speech could not express compassion enough, Jesus put forth a brotherly hand and touched him. The law said that such an act rendered any one unclean, however free he might be from disease. But Jesus in the fulness of His purity was fearless of ceremonial fictions. And could the bearers fear such a man, even if they should be a little overbold? No, they were confident that he would think only of the sufferer, not of himself, or of their intrusion. And so they let their burden down.

All three Gospels which give this narrative agree that the Lord did not see any presumption at all in the act of these men, but only faith. "And Jesus, seeing their faith, said unto the sick of the palsy, Son, be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee." How was their faith shown? By determination to get in, notwithstanding all opposition. By the earnestness which would take no denial. By their ascent on to the roof when the door failed them. By their unhesitating recourse to any and every expedient needful to attain their end. Now, there is something very encouraging in this idea of faith, as shown by earnestness of action and loyal determination. For sometimes we are puzzled in these days to know what faith is, and what are the opinions most conducive to it. But the whole impression made upon us by this narrative is, that the Master himself saw faith rather in earnestness of character than in correctness of belief. The very audacity of the conduct of these bearers seemed to him a token of self-forgetful devotion, and in that devotion he saw faith. And their faith availed for their suffering burden. For though commentators may be right in saying that the expression "their faith" includes that of the palsied man himself, yet our plain reading assures us that it was the bold action of the bearers, rather

than the aspect of the man himself, that moved the heart of Christ to bless. With the discussion raised by the Pharisees on the forgiveness of sins we are not concerned now, for our object has been rather to point the lessons derivable from the conduct of the palsied man's friends,—an aspect of the narrative which does not commonly receive attention. They have left us a homely but practical and telling comment on the truth that "Where there's a will there's a way." And the words of Christ teach us that such loyal earnestness of soul is of the very essence of faith.

LITTLE RAINBOW.

A Story of Navvy Life.

By Mrs. C. GARNETT.

CHAPTER I.—LITTLE RAINBOW.

IT was a dark winter evening. The stars glittered brightly over a navvy settlement formed by three rows of brick huts, built on a slope that formed one side of a valley to be one day filled with water and become a reservoir. Above where the huts stood, the slope rose into hills covered with woods, and just amongst the nearest trees peeped out the square wooden building which was used as a church.

The settlement was very quiet, for it was Saturday night. Most of the navvies had walked to the neighbouring town to buy provisions. Many of the women were, however, at home, and the Clothing-Club Collector passed from hut to hut, gathering in the weekly subscriptions. She had gone to half of them, when, knocking at a door and being told to "come in," she entered. The room was very clean and was lighted by a bright fire. Near it sat a boy known as Banker—so named because he worked on the embankment, and was proud of his position. He was a Sunday scholar, and the collector knew him; but she did not recognise another boy who was rolling about on the hearth. Both the little fellows were shouting with laughter. The unknown held a sleek white puppy. He very carefully turned the dog on its back, gathered its feet in a bunch in his hand, and then suddenly let them go. The puppy turned over with a somerset, much to its own and the boys' delight, and joined its small bark to their shouts and the collector's laughter. The boy on the hearth was as droll-looking as his playmate. He might be twelve years old, rather thin and small. His head was large—too large it looked, being covered by a tangled mass of light curls, which fitted tightly into one another. This curly mass rose erect an inch-and-a-half above a round forehead. He possessed merry blue eyes, a turned-up nose, a wide mouth, and two hard, red little cheeks.

"Well," said the visitor, "you are a funny boy! what is your name?"

"Little Rainbow."

"Your right name?"

"Albert Edward Coe."

"Where is your father?"

"Dead!" accompanied by a laugh and a roll over to catch the puppy.

"Your mother?" He took no notice of the question, but addressed the dog, who was barking and frisking round his head. "Come here, ye little beggar; now I've gotten ye I'll make ye lie still this time."

"Where is your mother?"

"Runned away."

"Just lately?"

"No, when I were a little babby. Old missus took me then. Sit up, ye beggar—on ye tail; do ye hear?"

"Where is the old missus?"

"Dead," and another somerset from the puppy.

"Now, Rainbow, leave the little dog alone a minute, and answer my questions properly. Who took you when the old woman died?"

The boy knelt up and looked as serious as his droll face could do, and spoke out. "Well, when t' old missus deed, her husband t' old master kep' me till *he* deed, an' then, Rainbow took me."

"Who is he?"

"He was t' old master's son, an' one of t' neighbours sent him word as how his faither were going to dee. So he cum round to see him like, and t' old man deed t' week after, an' Rainbow took me on t' tramp wi' him."

"Is he kind to you?"

"Yes, when he doesn't get a glass too much."

"Will you come to school to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"Can you read?"

"Yes, a bit."

With a request to give a sample of his ability he readily complied, and read nicely,

which made Banker observe, "He'd do for our class; I'll fetch thee, Rainbow, in th' morning, an' we'll ring t' school bell together."

"All right," said Rainbow; "now let's teach this here beggar to jump ower a stick."

Thus the collector made the acquaintance of little Rainbow, one of those foundlings frequently met with in a navvy's hut.

CHAPTER II.—"MUST BE DOING."

THE teachers were gathered in the schoolroom the next morning, and were standing warming their hands and feet after their four miles' walk, when they beheld Banker and his new friend flying down the slope from the huts to ring the bell. Four or five other boys were running after them. The two friends, however, arrived at the goal first. Banker seized the rope, and Rainbow, tumbling head over heels through the doorway, turned and made a face of derision at the boys behind. Even the superintendent could not restrain a smile, for surely never did scholar enter a Sabbath school in such a style before. Presently men, lads, and children flocked in, and the room filled.

The superintendent placed his new and comical scholar in the same class as Banker, and prayers commenced. The hymn-tune was a lively one, and the new scholar, evidently enjoying it himself, wished his class-mates to enjoy too, exclaiming before the final verse aloud, "Now lads, this is the last un! *Tune up!*"

In the afternoon he made his appearance again, and conducted himself in the same unique fashion. When the steady hum of voices had filled the room, and the teachers were all absorbed in their work, a sudden silence was caused by an unusual noise in one class. The voice of its teacher was heard—"I'll *make* you behave, Banker, so be quiet, at once."

"It isn't me, it's Rainbow."

In an instant, Rainbow, springing up and standing in the middle of the square formed by the class, threw himself into a fighting attitude, doubling his fists and holding up his curly head. Then turning nimbly round on his heels, and so facing the three sides of the class in turn, he cried out, "I'm cock o' this dock; an' whoiver says I isn't, I'll let him see!" after which he quietly resumed his seat, followed by a burst of merriment from the class-mates over whom he had claimed pre-eminence.

The teacher's patience, though sorely tried, did not fail. He pitied more than blamed the lad, and soon grew very fond of him. There was such an exuberance of life in the child that, as he soberly remarked, "Yer see I *must* be doing somefing; I don't *want* to be bad, but I *must* be doing." His activity was as kind as it was comical. He would run with messages or fetch water for a neighbour, or drive the pigs back into their styes, and also race the hens about, frighten the cats up the trees, and then pelt them with stones till they came down again. He would nurse the babies or fight the bigger children without the least personal choice in his employment.

CHAPTER III.—"BY A WAY THEY KNEW NOT."

BEING December when he came to the settlement, at first no work was found for him. His protector, Big Ray, however, settled down, and so the boy stayed on.

One Sunday morning, before the rest of the teachers had assembled, a solitary one stood waiting by the schoolroom stove;—outside, the ground was deeply covered with hard frozen snow, the air was keen, and the trees of the wood seemed to be delicately carved in ivory. Suddenly the door opened, and Little Rainbow appeared on the threshold. He made a touching picture as he stood holding the handle of the door. His elbows peeped out from his jacket sleeves, so did his bare knees through his rags of trousers. He had on a pair of old boots which were too large for him, and these three articles composed his dress. He was perfectly innocent of shirt or collar, waistcoat, stockings, or cap. His wrists, hands, and ankles were purple and mottled by the cold, but his cheeks shone with friction and soap, and his blue eyes were lighted up and his wide mouth was extended with his usual smile.

"Rainbow," said the teacher, "are you not very cold?"

"Yes, raver," dancing first on one foot and then on the other.

"Well, you know, it is the party next week, and I should like to give you something on the Christmas tree; what would you like the best?"

The latent smile became a broad grin. "Somefing to blow."

"To blow!"

"Ay, to make music, ye know."

"But would you not like some clothes to keep you warm? What do you want most?"

His face became very solemn; he puckered up his mouth as if about to whistle, and raising his eyes to the ceiling, slowly looked round the schoolroom, as though there

trying to discover if his wardrobe really lacked any article. At length the blue eyes dropped to the teacher's face, and he answered briskly, as though at last he had got it, "Stockings, fur one fing."

"And shoes too, I think."

"Nay, fank yer. Big Ray is going to get me a pair, next week, but he can't afford anyfing else jus' yet." So it was settled that that teacher was to provide the stockings. In the after-dinner talk amongst the rest, one of the other teachers said a lady cousin of hers would perhaps give some cast-off clothes of her little boy's, to cover Little Rainbow. And sure enough, during the following week the kind lady sent a bundle. It contained three shirts, two flannel vests, and a suit of boy's cloth clothes, as her little son was preparing for Eton. The teachers often afterwards laughed at the little fellow's appearance. The clothes fitted perfectly, and he looked quite the little gentleman—at his back. When he turned round one fancied he had picked up his head in a hurry, and that it did not belong to him. The gentlemanly body and the fun-loving face and wild head of curls were so strange a contrast.

"I tell yer what I fink," said Rainbow, when he came to show himself, the afternoon before the Christmas party, to his teacher friends. "I fink it were a rare good job fur me when Big Ray lighted on this here dock."

This was the acknowledgment which he made for his new clothes; but little did he then think what depth of meaning he would one day put into these expressions of joy, how God was leading him by a way he knew not when he "lighted on this here dock." The next day the long-looked for party took place. There was to be a Christmas tree. The children were not permitted in the schoolroom until it was arranged and the tea was ready. So Rainbow and Banker, with a few of their comrades, spent two hours in dodging round, peeping in at the windows, and in a snow-ball match and in throwing stones at the bell which hung outside the door. This was a great success, as it caused a false alarm of tea-time to the children who were being dressed in the huts, and who were not yet half ready. Happy indeed were the lads when the wail of a distressed little girl reached their ears. At length five o'clock came. Most soberly Rainbow entered the room. The blaze of light subdued his spirits. He gazed on the great glittering tree and gaily-decorated roof and walls with awe. Never before had such a sight filled those round, wondering eyes.

Banker saw his advantage, and patronised him by giving information on the subject of "what we do at Christmas," ending with "Now sit ye down, hold yer mug fast, an' do as I tell ye."

This arrogance roused the old spirit in Little Rainbow, and he quickly rejoined,—

"If I do as ye tell me, I's sure to be wrong; so fank ye, Banker, all the same, but I'll mind myself."

The clergyman, now that the room was quite full, gave out the grace, and all stood up to sing it. Little Rainbow seized this early opportunity to show how excellent his company manners were. Rolling his blue eyes upwards, he opened his mouth wide, and shouted the verse with such extreme good will that his class-mates relapsed into giggles. When seated again he requested to know "what they were larfing at?"

However, all declined to reply, knowing that if he could not sing so well as some of themselves he could hit harder. Thoroughly did he enjoy the evening, especially the moment when he received the gift from the tree—a mouth-organ. The remarkable way in which he wrinkled up his forehead and glared with his eyes as he blew it caused immense satisfaction. The audacious manner, too, in which, after the tree was removed and the snapdragon brought in, he seized the raisins and thrust them all blazing into his mouth caused the other children to regard him with admiration as a fire-eater. Indeed, the evening was a new world to him, and to the last word of the service of song which terminated the proceedings he was filled with delight. The teachers pointed out his happy face to one another as the brightest in the room. It had cause to be so, as this was the child's first Christmas party. Alas! at the next Christmas party that joyful little countenance, surmounted by its tangled mass of curls, was missing.

CHAPTER IV.—RAINBOW'S FIRST PICTURE-BOOK.

The week following a thaw set in and employment was found for Rainbow. His work was to stand holding a pointed piece of wood to be used as a drag. This he was to place in the first wheel of the passing puddle waggon. These puddle waggons ran down an incline when empty, and had to be dragged up it by a traction engine when full.

Rainbow was very proud of earning his own living. He did not feel himself, however, a real navvy until at the end of another three weeks. Then his friend, Big Rainbow,

having saved the needful sum, walked with him into the neighbouring town one Saturday afternoon, there to equip the boy in a full suit of navvy clothes. The dress consisted of coat, trousers, and waistcoat, all of white double canvas. The coat was large and stiff, and had four pockets. A red and white neckerchief and a wide-awake hat completed the outfit.

"Oh, Big Ray, you are a rare good chap!" said the little fellow, shaking hands with his friend, who looked down on him with kind smiling eyes. "I say, we needn't take these fings home with us, need us?" kicking his old rags as he spoke.

"No; I should say you'll never want 'em again."

The child was turning to leave the shop, but, glancing at his patron's legs, cried, "Stop a bit," and bending down, turned up the bottoms of his trouser legs, like Big Ray's. "Now I's ready—come along, Ray. "Out he marched with his hands in the stiff coat pockets.

A group of powerful navvies, carrying bundles of meat or whole hams in bags over their shoulders, were standing smoking and gossiping at the corner of the street. They did not see the queer little figure who was swaggering up to them, till little Rainbow struck the tallest—Long Slen—a sharp slap in the middle of his back, not being able to reach his shoulder, accompanying the action with the joyfully-spoken words,—

"Well, mate, how are ye?"

"Bless me! is that *you*, Little Ray? Why yer a real navvy. Upon my word!"

"Well, I raver fink I am."

"What have ye got in them pockets?" said another; "try if this will fit in."

"Ay," said a second, "and he's a school scholar too! Here, Ray," and "Here," and "Here," said the others, all round. Some gave sixpence, some two or three pence, till he possessed four shillings and twopence.

Feeling immensely rich and immensely important, he dug his small hands still deeper into his pockets, and wandered whistling up the town. Presently he came to a bookseller's shop. In the windows were displayed many prints and gaily-bound volumes. Some of the books were opened to display their illustrations. Rainbow stopped to look, and one book fixed his attention. It was placed in the centre of the window. The opened page was adorned by a highly-coloured print representing the offering up of Isaac. The boy was excited. What could it mean? Why was that old man holding up that large knife? And the young man—was he dead? or was the old man going to kill him? Rainbow was in distress. He looked round to see if any person he knew was passing, from whom he might gain information. Just then Long Slen came up.

"I say, mate," cried the child, "what is this pictur about?"

Slen stooped down and looked. "That old man's name was Abraham, and the young un's Isaac."

"Is t' old man going to kill him?"

"He was; but t' angel there stopped him."

"I say, Slen, what do they call that book?"

"A Bible. Have you never seen one afore?"

"Yes, at school, but they aren't bonnie, like that."

"But did ye never see one at yer home?"

"Yes; t' old master had one, an' he used to make pipe-lights on it."

"Did he never read it to ye?"

"No; he allus read t' *Police News*. Have *you* got a Bible, Slen?"

"Yes."

"Do ye read it?"

"Yes, young 'un."

"Has yourn picturs in?"

"No."

"What do ye read it fur, then?"

"'Cause I like it." And Slen passed on.

Little Rainbow stood and looked longingly at the book, and then reflectively sauntered up the street, at the same time feeling the four-and-twopence in his pocket. Suddenly he ceased to whistle, and, as though having suddenly made up his mind to something, he walked quickly back and into the shop.

"I say, master," he said, "what's the price o' that Bible in t' middle of yer winder—that wi' t' pictur?"

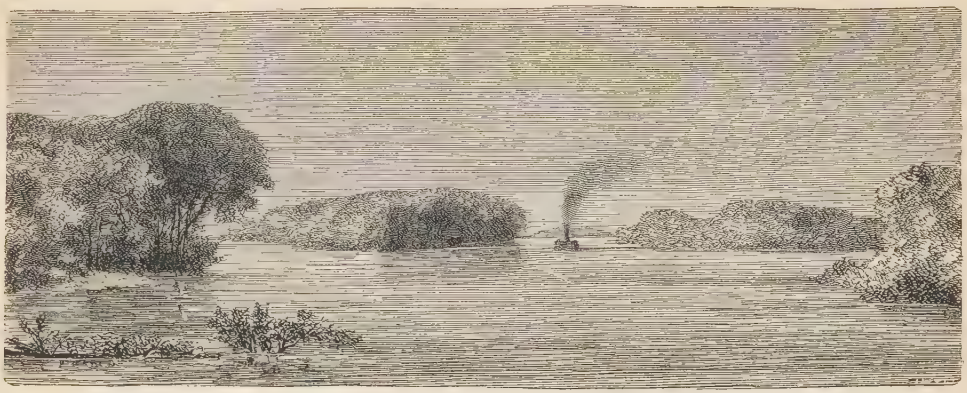
"Three-and-sixpence. Would you like to see it?"

"Is there any more picturs in?"

"Yes, plenty. Look here. Adam and Eve. Noah and the beasts. David playing a harp. Daniel in the lions' den"——

"Stop, master; let's look," interrupted the child: "I fink I'll have it!" The lions were irresistible. He handed over the money, placed the parcel in one of his large pockets, and set off home, stopping, however, at a goodie shop on the way, where he expended his remaining cash.

(*To be continued.*)



On the Danube.

HUNGARY AND ITS CAPITAL.

By the Rev. W. G. BLAIKIE, D.D., LL.D.

FROM Vienna to Pest, the capitals of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, the Danube furnishes the most attractive, though not the quickest route. There is some splendid scenery on its banks, especially at three parts of the route — near Presburg, Gran, and Pest itself. Unfortunately the morning of the 25th of August was deliberately and persistently rainy, and for more than half the day the banks of the river were almost invisible, and the mountains wholly so. We had to take on credit even the two great islands below Presburg, the Grosse and Kleine Schütte, the former above fifty miles long and thirty broad, with no fewer than a hundred villages. A wet day on board a crowded foreign steamer with nothing to see is somewhat deplorable. But it was the first check, in point of weather, we had met with for several weeks, and on every proper principle one was bound to take the disappointment cheerfully, and think gratefully of all the bright days that had gone before. There was an English party on board, medical gentlemen on their way to Belgrade, drawn by the physician's instinct to do what they could for the sick and wounded in Servia. But persistent rain chills every one, and makes the hours go slowly. Herds of cattle lounging lazily on the plains, groups of mills with their wheels moving lazily in the water, women doing their washing not very actively at convenient projections along the banks, were the chief objects of animated nature as we passed along. As the afternoon began to fall, a thunder-storm seemed to set off in pursuit of us. Our steamer splashed fast down the river, and the storm could hardly make up with us. When at last it overtook us, it favoured us with its company for an unconscionably long time. At last it got to the front, but our hopes of a bright evening were doomed to disappointment, and though the rain ceased and the mountains came out there was a sullenness over the landscape that did not leave the most agreeable remembrance of the imperial Donau.

Of all that we did see on the Danube, Gran and its neighbourhood was by far the most striking. Rising in front of us, in a commanding position, and all the more imposing because looming through the cloudy atmosphere, appeared a vast church, surmounted by a great dome, resembling St. Peter's at Rome. A gigantic cathedral in a highland gorge, with precipitous mountains all round, seemed a mistake, at all events a mystery. What can an ignorant foreigner do in such circumstances but consult his Bœdeker, and find that Gran is the see of the Primate of Hungary; that it was founded by St. Stephen, the first Christian king of the country, in A.D. 1001, when the world was believed to be coming to an end; and that this cathedral, begun in 1821, was built by Cardinal Rudnay? By-and-by, at the base of the hill, we see the arch-episcopal palace, and then, on the other side, the town of Gran—a great mass of, apparently, thatched cottages, the homes of twelve thousand people. In this part of its course the Danube, hitherto scattered over numberless channels, has gathered its waters into a single stream, and between Gran and Waitzen it sweeps

majestically past cliffs and crags of all shapes and sizes. Darkness came on us before we reached the Hungarian capital. But the darkness was not too deep to prevent a clever Hungarian porter on the quay from recognising our nationality. "Carry your luggage, sir?" was too home-like an offer to be resisted; and the instinct that detected our native land led him to surmise that we must be bound for the Queen of England Hotel. The man, we afterwards learned, had been some way connected with the Scotch mission to the Jews at Pest; but we cannot remember whether he was a Jew or a Gentile.

Next morning was charmingly bright and clear, for the storm had done its work, and the view of the Danube, with the twin cities of Ofen and Pest on either side, was splendid. For one who has lived in Edinburgh for the third part of a century, it is not easy to allow that any other town can surpass its beauty; and yet we must admit that this Buda-Pest, as the Hungarians now call it, has fair grounds to claim the palm. Pest, on the

The Cathedral of Gran.

southern and flatter bank, is comparatively a modern city. With broad and spacious streets, laid out with much regularity, and tall, massive buildings, it presents much of that fair, orderly appearance which impresses one in the new town of Edinburgh. On the opposite side of the river, over the sloping hills, spreads the old town of Ofen, or Buda, with its fort on one height and its palace on another, the town for the most part consisting of streets of cottages, like a country village grown to a city. Away in the distance are the mountains, folding it in their protecting embrace. Not a few of the features of Edinburgh are there; but there is also—what Edinburgh wants—the broad river between, spanned by its suspension and other bridges, alive with fleets of boats and steamers, and reflecting brightly the blue canopy above. It is a sight to fill the eye and the heart, not to be easily forgotten—a sight that once seen raises the strong desire to feast the eyes with it again and again.

So, then, we were in the capital of the ancient kingdom of the Magyars. Our mind went back to historical days that have made the name of Hungary memorable. Some centuries ago the Hungarians were

conspicuous for the persevering gallantry with which they fought two great and long-continued battles—the battle with the Turk, and the battle with Rome. For a long time they were the great barrier between the Turks and the middle and west of Europe. What we owe to them for hemming in the barbarian within the limits of Turkey, let recent atrocities bear witness. But while the Hungarians were doing this great service for Europe, they were getting the very opposite of a due acknowledgment. They were exposed to a Jesuit invasion from the other side, backed by all the power and resources of the Austrian Empire, that sought to sweep away the Protestantism of the nation. Nowhere was the Reformed faith more terribly tried than in the whole dominions of Austria, once two-thirds Protestant, now, with the exception of Hungary, almost wholly Popish. It was to the resolute resistance of the Hungarians, as we shall show in another paper, that the preservation of a Protestant Church, still numbering three millions of people, was due. A nation that achieved such a result is surely entitled to our warmest gratitude. For ourselves we have long thought that the Hungarian Protestant Church may be destined yet to achieve still greater things for the east of Europe. If a current of fresh spiritual life should flow into it, as it flowed in former times, one can set no limit to the stream of blessings that might go forth from it over all the East.

More recently, in the great commotions of 1848-49, the name of Hungary shone with remarkable lustre. For ages the country had been deprived by Austria of its constitutional rights, and treated with great perfidy. It took the opportunity to reassert its ancient demands, and there came to the front a very noble band of men to give effect to the claim. We well remember the enthusiasm of the great mass of the British people in support of Hungary. The names of Kossuth, Bem, Georgey, Dembinski, Bathyani, and many others, became household words, and the conviction was strong that they were engaged in a patriotic struggle for the good of their country. It is true some among us had a different impression, and we well remember our blood being raised to the boiling point by an English religious newspaper that compared the Hungarian movement to the Irish rebellion, and declared the leaders of it to be mere interested demagogues. We have often surmised that the indignation that was roused in Great Britain at that time against Russia for coming to the help of Austria, and crushing the Hungarian movement, amid revolting outrages of every kind, was the great means of impelling this country into the Crimean war. That the Hungarians were right in making the stand they did against Austria, subsequent events have clearly proved. And for ourselves, when we came to know some of the men that had supported Kossuth, and had spent years in dreary imprisonment after the movement was suppressed, we could not but feel that they were of the excellent of the earth, men of that high character which every government ought to cherish with pride, and whom it should deem it the greatest calamity to be called to oppose and put down.

We had another interesting recollection of Pest. It was the scene of a remarkable mission to the Jews, founded under very providential circumstances, not much less than forty years ago. A deputation had gone forth from the Church of Scotland to inquire into the condition of the Jews in the various countries of their dispersion, with the view of establishing missionary operations among them. A member of that deputation, who happened to be a near relative of the present writer, was seized with dangerous illness on his homeward journey, and was laid up at Pest. This fact becoming known to the wife of the Viceroy of Hungary, the Archduchess Maria Dorothea, she sought him out, and showed him remarkable kindness. She came herself to the Königin von England Hotel, where he was lodging, made every arrangement for his comfort, and, as it seemed, was the means of saving his life. The good woman, who was a Protestant and a member of the royal family of Würtemberg, and who had been drawn to God by the death of her son, a youth of extraordinary amiableness and full of Christian promise, had been long praying that God would send her some one to guide her in her desire to promote the Christian good of Hungary. It seemed to her that the detention of Dr. Keith at Pest was the answer to her prayer. She not only encouraged the formation of a Jewish mission, but desired that it might be in friendly connection with the Reformed Church of Hungary, with a view to the good of both.

There was a dash of romance in the whole circumstances of the case. We quote the words of one who knew them well:—

"Looking out from her palace windows on the scene below, the city of Pesth, with its 130,000 inhabitants, and the vast Hungarian plains stretching away in the distance behind it, she thought of her own desolateness and the still greater desolation of

the land, and poured out her heart before the Lord. Sometimes her desires became so intense that, stretching out her arms towards heaven, she prayed almost in an agony of spirit that He would send at least one messenger of the Cross to Hungary. She thus continued waiting on God for about the space of seven years, and the year 1839 had now commenced. It was at this time that the following strange event happened to her. For a fortnight, night after night, without exception, she awoke suddenly, at the same hour, with a strong and irrepressible conviction that something was to happen to her. This feeling uniformly continued for a wakeful and most anxious hour, and when it passed away, she had her undisturbed and usual rest. Recurring thus regularly and uniformly, the impression was more and more deepened in her mind, and she thought in vain what it could presage, except it were the death of her mother, which she thought would affect her most. Thus day after day, on the arrival of the post, she looked for tidings of her mother's death, but no such tidings came. At length she was one day waited on by Miss Pardoe, the English authoress, who brought her the news that a Scotch clergyman, Dr. Keith, was lying dangerously ill at the Queen of England Hotel at Pesth. Instantly, as she expressed it, she thought within herself, 'This is what was to happen to me.' As soon as the Archduchess heard of Dr. Keith's illness she came and, like the good Samaritan, ministered to him with her own hand, supplying his wants and nursing him with the tenderest solicitude during his protracted sufferings."

The mission formed at Pest was a notable one. Professor John Duncan, whose name is now so well known as a Christian philosopher of the rarest gifts, was placed at the head of it. His influence was wonderful. His lectures on the Lord's Prayer and similar subjects were attended by men of all sorts—by Liberals and Catholics, even by dignitaries of the Church of Rome, who appreciated the spirit that led him to dwell on great cardinal truths, and to avoid the form of controversy. And the worthy man used to say he had more in common with devout Catholics than with rationalist Protestants. A friend in Pest, the Rev. R. O. Allan, who was connected with the mission in Dr. Duncan's time, and after long service in another part of the world has recently returned to labour there again, informed us, that among others who were greatly impressed with these lectures was a priest who is now an archbishop—Haynault, Archbishop of Kaloska—and who lately expressed to him anew the great regard he had for Dr. Duncan.

The spiritual fruits of the mission were very remarkable. One of the most memorable was the conversion of a whole Jewish family, the father of which was perhaps the most learned Jew in Hungary, and held in universal repute for uprightness. He was a sort of Gamaliel in the nation, and the bosom friend of the chief rabbi. He had founded a normal school in Pest, which became a model for the rest of Hungary. Father, mother, two sons, and three daughters were all converted. At his baptism the father delivered an address, in which he bore strong testimony to the gospel, and proclaimed the experience of his own soul. About twenty persons were added to the church in a few months, who appeared to be powerfully moved by the Spirit of God. A school was opened at the bedside of a sick convert, which prospered wonderfully and made a deep impression. The influence of the mission was remarkable on many Hungarian pastors. And when colporteurs and evangelists went out over the country, extending and deepening the impression, it seemed as if a new chapter were going to be added to the Acts of the Apostles.

But evil times fell on the mission. In 1852, during the Jesuit reaction, the Scotch missionaries were banished from the country. But still the school went on, with three or four hundred Jewish scholars. By-and-by the sentence of banishment was removed. But the mission can hardly he said to have recovered its early prosperity; the school, however, is carried on with undiminished energy, and various evangelistic agencies are prosecuted with a fair measure of success.

Hungary, it is well known, though ruled by the Emperor of Austria, is a separate kingdom, with an ancient constitution and independent jurisdiction. The emperor is crowned at Pest as King of Hungary, and when that ceremony takes place he takes his stand on a mound of earth gathered from all parts of the kingdom, and thereafter riding round the hillock, he points the sword of St. Stephen to the four points of the compass in token of his determination to defend Hungary from all assaults. For a long time the Austrian court laboured hard to deprive Hungary of its ancient privileges, and compel it to become an ordinary part of the empire. How gallantly the Hungarians resisted this policy is matter of history. It may be doubted, however, whether their resistance would have come to much but for the battle of Sadowa. It appeared at that time to Count Beust and other advisers of the emperor that in order to preserve the empire it was necessary to make the concessions which the Hungarians demanded. Since that time the old claims of the kingdom have been implemented, and matters have gone on comparatively smoothly. Perhaps in some things the patriotic spirit is carried too far. One of the points for which the Hungarians contended was the use of their native language in schools, courts of

law, and similar places. The German had been so much patronised that the Hungarian was in danger of being elbowed out. Since the recent changes the tables have been so completely turned that the danger is now on the side of the German. It may be doubted whether it is wise to shelve the German, when its literature is so much richer than the Hungarian; but after all, to a true nation, its "mother tongue" must always be very dear.

We have said that the Protestant Church of Hungary contains three millions of the people. We should rather say, the Protestant Churches; for unfortunately the distinction of Reformed and Lutheran has not passed away. Above two millions of people are of the Reformed Church, and somewhat under a million of the Lutheran. Our mission led us chiefly into contact with the Reformed. The Reformed Church, while governed by presbyters, has an order of superintendents, or perpetual moderators, who are chiefly the organs of communication on official matters. There are five superintendencies, and as many universities for the Reformed Church.

The Hungarian temperament is full of vivacity and elasticity, but not of frivolity. Even the poorest classes are remarkable for courtesy, and the chivalry of the national character is proverbial. Of their kindness to strangers we shall have occasion to speak in another paper, when we tell of our visit to Debreczen, where we got more into the heart of the Hungarians. But like other sprightly and buoyant races, they do not seem to have much turn for the more plodding and prosaic pursuits. They have not learned yet to manufacture. One would expect that in a country so full of cattle, woollen and other manufactures would be at least as common as in Yorkshire or Roxburghshire, but neither in this direction nor in other directions of the like kind has the Hungarian genius as yet developed. One sees from the very streets that there is a lack of suitable employment for women, inasmuch as they are often found doing the work of common labourers. Masons, for example, are served by women. Girls of slim build may be seen carrying the hod barefoot, and mixing the lime. Yet it may be doubted whether this is a whit more unseemly than what one may constantly see in East Lothian and other agricultural regions, where the filling of the manure cart, and the spreading of the manure upon the ground, is performed by members of the weaker sex. We well remember the surprise and horror of a foreigner when he saw a gang of girls so employed in the neighbourhood of North Berwick, and his difficulty in believing the testimony of his own eyes that such a practice should prevail in a civilised country. For ourselves, the remembrance of this incident compelled us to put a very charitable construction on the barefooted hod-women of Pest.

A few words now respecting some little bits of Christian work which came under our notice. We have referred to the Jewish School of the Scotch Free Church Mission. There is a commodious and substantial building for this institution, affording accommodation for four hundred scholars. It was vacation time when we were there, and we saw nothing of the work; but the efficiency and popularity which have marked the school for more than a generation appear to be undiminished, and after we left Pest we were glad to hear from our friend Mr. Allan, the superintendent, that when it was re-opened quite a rush of children sought its benefits. What we saw of some of the teachers impressed us very favourably, and there is good cause to believe that it is a great centre of Christian light and influence. There are other institutions affiliated to the school. There is a German church, one intention of which was to supply the elements of Christian fellowship to Jews converted to Christianity through the mission. Most of the Jews are Germans, and therefore not at home in the Hungarian church. This part of the institution was not in so close accord as is desirable with the rest, nor did it seem to be fulfilling its original intention in a very marked degree. But we were led to understand that it was for the benefit of the mission to have, through this congregation, a connection with the Reformed Church of Hungary.

A medical missionary was also connected with the mission, and a hospital. The hospital is a little out of town, and consists of a delightful roomy villa, admirably suited for the purpose. It was indeed a wonder that the mission should have got possession of so excellent and well-situated a mansion. There was a chain of providences in the matter, all the links of which we cannot now recall. But the villa seemed as if it had been constructed expressly for a hospital. In the time of the "Seven Weeks' War" it had proved highly serviceable when the wounded were brought from the plains of Bohemia, and the military hospitals were found all too small. The hospital numbered among its inmates wounded soldiers both of the Aus-

trian and Prussian armies, and many touching incidents took place of gratitude for kindness experienced, health restored, and instruction received in the truths of the gospel. The citizens of Pest had a grateful remembrance of it, and the Protestant Hospital established itself in the confidence of the community. The Kaiserswerth sisters, who act as nurses, are skilled to minister both to body and soul.

The hospital is not only a place of refuge for the sick, but a rendezvous for the teachers and other helpers of the missions, a place to come to on holidays or Saturday afternoons and enjoy repose and fellowship. The garden affords scope both for sauntering and for working; and when we saw two of the female teachers, meeting for the first time after their holidays, like to devour each other with salutations, and pouring their hearts out to one another under the leafy shade of the walks, we could understand how much the place is enjoyed, not by the sick only, but by the healthy too.

Let us look in now at the depôt of the Tract and Book Society. Good Mr. Victor, the manager, is in a little bit of excitement, having got instructions from his directors to proceed to Servia and do his best to minister to the sick and wounded. The following morning he was to be off for the seat of war. He had spent some time in Servia before, and therefore knew the country and the people. Of one thing he could speak decidedly, the use of the Bible in many of the Servian schools. His heart went with his mission, though its dangers and difficulties were of no ordinary kind. As warmly as we could express it, we wished him all encouragement and reward. We know from subsequent notices that he was able to render considerable help amid the awful events that followed.

But in this Tract and Book Depôt the most interesting thing is the translations into Hungarian. And here we very cordially acknowledge the services of the Rev. Rudolph Koenig, also of the Scotch Mission to the Jews. Mr. Koenig has devoted much attention to the promotion of native religious literature. Strange to say, the native Hungarian literature was quite destitute of religious books. By means of translations from English and other languages Mr. Koenig has been labouring to supply the want. The work, begun in connection with the Scotch mission, is now attached to the London Tract Society's operations. When we speak of native Hungarian literature, we mean literature in Hungarian and in Slavonian. A large section of the people are Slavonians, but few of these are of the Reformed Church. We have before us the report of the society's work for 1875, and most interesting are the notes of the colporteurs of their work throughout the country.

The gospel had been stamped out among the Hungarians, as far as the Romish Church and the government could do it; and where they could not stamp it out they have discouraged it in all possible ways, as if their great business had been to keep from the people the bread that came down from heaven.

HOW TO LIVE TOGETHER.

By Mrs. FRANCIS G. FAITHFUL.

IT is a heart-stirring thing to stand in a great school-hall and to listen to *Dulce domum* given forth jubilantly from hundreds of vigorous young lungs; and yet sometimes a misgiving will creep in as to whether, to some at least even of those light-hearted lads, *Dulce domum* may not carry a cruel irony.

Truly home should be sweet, seeing that there dwell together husbands and wives who have elected of their own free will to walk hand-in-hand through life; parents and the children to whom they have given birth and nurture; brothers and sisters who have slept under one roof, and sat at one board from babyhood. And truly home may be sweet—so sweet that, long after it has passed away, its tender memories, its dead joys will live in loving hearts, and a stray relic, a scrap of faded chintz, a cracked vase, will be treasured with fond care by some lonely old woman of fourscore.

But who can say that it is always so? Who cannot call to mind many a home rich in comfort—rich, it may be, in the far better gift of love—but poor in pleasantness and peace, by reason of ungracious doings, sharp words, cold looks?

Our thoughts travel back to a long well-spread table, round which we once saw gathered a goodly band of boys and girls just home from school. They had been glad enough to come. They had just been telling

how regularly they had marked off one by one the flying days of the half year; and yet now, when the father's voice was heard sharply taxing the mother with "another thing neglected, as usual," and she with heightened colour retorted that he was "always unreasonable," the gay talk of the young ones died away, and in our heart we re-echoed Solomon's saying as to the dinner of herbs.

And yet those angry looks and words were not born of ungovernable tempers or of selfish tyranny. These demons are, we hope and believe, happily rare—happily, for to exorcise them is a task worthy of Hercules. Nor did the discord spring from the unreasonable impatience and fretfulness too common in us all when sick or sorry. No; it had its source in better impulses, warped and mistaken, as even the best impulses are apt to be. It seems a paradox, and yet it is undoubtedly true, that the faults of those nearest and dearest to us not only grieve us more keenly than the faults of our acquaintance, but also arouse in us, for the time at least, a livelier indignation. Nor is this really strange. The failings of the world at large touch us chiefly in so far as they inflict suffering or injury on ourselves or others. But the failings of those we love do this, and much more than this. They distort the ideal we would fain cherish in our minds—an ideal which, though it may not create our love, is the source of all our satisfaction in it. We cannot rest while disapproval or contempt are jarring ever so slightly with our deep affection. We cannot carelessly dismiss the grievance with an unspoken stricture and forget it. We long to reform, or at least to testify, to give vent to our pain, to extort either an avowal of error which may condone the offence, or an explanation which may justify it; and just because we are so anxious we cannot always seek temperately for the relief we need. Hamlet's people might, "dipping all his faults in their affections, convert his gybes to graces," but it is not so that our affections mostly work.

And is it wrong, then, that we should desire to see our beloved without flaw? that we should seek to shape them altogether to our mind? Not wrong, but only unwise, because our desire is beyond hope, and must entail on us the sharp sting of certain disappointment. Let us by all means do what we can to help them, as we would be helped ourselves, to live more worthily; but let us—for we had far better—face the truth and recognise clearly that in none of mortal mould can we find combined all excellences. It is well-nigh impossible to find in the enthusiast the equable and placid temper which belongs naturally to a calm nature. It is rare to find in the woman highly endowed with social gifts strong domestic tastes, or in the philosopher pondering over some deep problem that minute attention to the small amenities of life which comes instinctively to those moving constantly, and with disengaged minds, in general society. Why, then, should we not treat a human character as we treat a human face? We may roam the world over before we find one faultless in form and colouring; yet we do not protest when in the loveliest some defect grows visible to our scrutinising gaze.

And so, granted that we find in those among whom our lot is cast something in which we can take delight and pride, something which commands our love, let us accept as cheerfully as we may the attendant conditions. Let us expect to see him who charms us by his vivid fancies, his bright sallies of wit, from time to time unnerved and wayward; to see her, whose gentleness and sound judgment soothe our harassed spirit, sometimes too phlegmatic and prosaic; to see the student forget to hand a chair, and the brilliant talker weary of the unbroken monotony of his own fireside.

For so it will be, strive against it as we may; and if we are discontentedly demanding of each the one thing he lacks, if we are restlessly chafing over the one blemish in our fair picture instead of judging it as a whole, we are a torment, and it may be worse, to ourselves and to the beings for whose happiness we daily pray.

Lucilia had bitter cause to rue in that "she brooked it not" when, as she "ran to greet him with a kiss, the master took small notice or austerely," and many others might well mourn over the lost sunshine of their homes, clouded by their own fruitless murmurings at the carelessness or over-caution, the gravity or the frivolity, the hundred and one possible shortcomings of husband or wife, parent or child.

Surely David Copperfield was right when, after his long mental conflict, he resolved, since he could not adapt Dora to himself, "to adapt himself to her, to share with her what he could, and be happy."

We turn from that touching vision of the young husband toiling silently at his work, and his child-wife sitting beside him far into the night, knowing that his deeper thoughts must ever be a closed book to her, yet proud

and happy if she might but hold his pens; and we think pitifully of Mrs. Furnival in "Orley Farm," a drag on the ambitious lawyer who had floated up above her homely life, and yearning vainly amid the luxuries with which he had surrounded her for the old days when they were young together, and when in his dingy chambers she mended his socks and was sufficient to him. It was his doing rather than hers that they had drifted so far apart, and yet she would have been a wiser woman and a happier wife if she had accepted her fate.

So much for the defects to which all flesh is heir. But it may sometimes happen that the trial comes through no defect in one or other, but simply through those diversities of temperament without which this world of ours would lose much of its zest and interest. At least so we all say, though it is hard sometimes to be true to our creed. It is very hard for the man or woman of profound and concentrated affections to share or fully realise the widely diffused interests of more genial and open-hearted characters—nay, perhaps it is well that they cannot, for they would either be worn out by the great strain on their own keener emotions, or those emotions would be blunted by too constant exercise. It is only when our objects of love are few that it is possible to lavish on them a deep and continuous intensity of feeling. But when we lavish it we are too prone to require it again from beings all unlike ourselves.

We knew a mother long ago who had watched through weary months and weeks for her only son's return from sea. No hands but hers were allowed to set his rooms in order, no thought but of his comfort filled her mind. She only yearned "to compass him with sweet observances." He came, and ere he had been three days with her she found him claimed by one friend and another, here for a picnic or a dance, there for a day's fishing in the tarn or shooting on the hills; and as she packed his travelling-bag, or watched him down the garden shouldering his gun or rod, her salt tears would drop, and she would say, sighing bitterly, that it was hard—he was all the world to her, and she but one of many to him. And it *was* hard. Her pang was doubtless sharp; yet she had no right to murmur. She and her boy were both as nature fashioned them, and the blithe and gracious ways that made him welcome everywhere had of old brought her too many a thrill of pride and pleasure. She would have done well if she had nursed that pride and pleasure now for her own sake and for his—if she had, at any cost, kept back the complaints that came crowding to her lips. They could never draw him closer to her; they might, and they did, drive him speedily away.

But we may go farther still. We may say truly that even the great efforts and discoveries that shed lasting lustre on a man's name may sorely tax the patience and forbearance of those who dwell beneath his roof. Arkwright's wife passionately destroying the models which were bringing her to want might plead much in her own excuse. Yet, when his enduring anger had exiled her from his hearth, she may have wished that she had learnt to look on those mysterious contrivances with his eyes rather than her own, and had held her hand. Who would not own it better to follow in the steps of Mrs. Edward, saving up her hard-earned pence to get her naturalist husband bottles for his "beasts," and shot for his gun, and good-humouredly permitting his strange nightly wandering, "Weel, he took such an interest in beasts that I didna complain"?

Ay! the conclusion of the whole matter may be summed up in one word—tolerance. Not the tolerance that says, "I will try to endure you," but the far wider tolerance that says inwardly, frankly, and heartily, "I honour your perfect truth, and I will not resent your bluntness; I glory in your genius, and so I will make no moan when you are blind and deaf to the petty businesses of this work-a-day world. I share your hard-won success, and I cannot wonder if, in struggling towards it, you have lost something of your old gaiety and gentleness. I know that your heart is mine, and I do not grudge some of your thoughts to others."

PASSING AWAY.

FRIEND after friend is missing from our side,
But whither are they gone?
In tenderness, in love, we watch them all
Fade one by one.
We mourn, we weep, in agony we say,
"Abide with us!" yet as we speak they pass away,
And whispering say,
"The hand that made us beckoneth, and hence we pass away."

The fragrant flowers we tend—how short their span!—
The gently-cooing dove,
And birds that warble to the summer night
Their songs of love,—
They pine, they die; we crave for one more lay—
"Sweet minstrels! yet a little while, nor pass away!"
"Our parting lay,
Farewell; we've lived our little lives and now we pass away."

The kindly outspread trees that shelter us,
Hardy and tempest-tried,
And through the lapse of ages looking up
With regal pride;
We ask these forest kings, "Must *ye* decay?
And comes there yet a time when *ye* must pass away?"
"Yes, sure decay
Will smite our long-enduring race; we all shall pass away."

Broad, brimming River! ever hurrying
Thine onward, rapid course,
Yet never gone, for inexhaustible
Thy constant source;
So true thy ebb and flow, what power could stay
The rolling of *thy* waves? *Thou* wilt not pass away?
"No power can stay,
Save one, and when He bids I too shall pass away."

Huge, towering height of strength, with rugged peak
Upreaching to the sky,
Stern and unscathed by howling storms and blasts,
Thou canst not die?
Firm thy foundation, though thy head be grey,
Clad in perpetual youth, *thou* canst not pass away?
"Yea! hoary grey,
In token of the time to come when I shall pass away."

Vast Ocean! fathomless! in thy great depths
What hidden mystery!
And gathered in the portals of thy home
What treasures lie!
Time-hardened thou! There cannot come the day
When thy dread force and majesty shall pass away?
"Yea, one great day,
My secrets then disclosed, I yield my dead and pass away."

"Huge, towering height of strength, with rugged peak
Upreaching to the sky."

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Pure Stars, embosomed in ethereal blue,
Countless and manifold!
And shining with a fervour more intense
Than jets of gold;—
Sweet shimmering Stars of eventide! I pray
Ye tell me that *your* lustre will not pass away.
"In vain ye pray;
A few more seasons come and gone, and we shall pass away."

Peace-breathing Moon! in thy transcendant glance
What tender passions dwell!
And in the vastness of thy solitude
What witching spell!
Fair queen of night, chaste rival of the day,
Surely *thy* wealth of beauty cannot pass away?
"E'en as the day
That vanisheth beyond recall, I too shall pass away."

Bright Sun! whose ardent life-inspiring beams
With matchless glory shine,
Sure no untimely blast could rise to quench
Thy light divine?
Thy kingdom—will it not endure for aye?
Or must *thou* also in thy splendour pass away?
"No, not for aye;
Each fleeting moment speeds the time when I shall pass away."

The precious links that form the chain of time,
How speedily they flee!
And is it possible that Time itself
Can cease to be?
Art thou too, mutable?. Must *thou* obey
The universal mandate?—must *thou* pass away?
"Glad to obey;
When all creation breathes her last, then I shall pass away."

Ah! but beyond all fleeting, changeful worlds,
I know a fairer clime,
Where one unbroken period of bliss
Eclipses time.
Vast and incomprehensible *thy* sway,
Eternity! *Thou* wilt not—*canst* not—pass away?
"Relax *my* sway!
No; everlastingly *I* stand! I *cannot* pass away!"

Eye hath not seen that far-off spirit world
Where flowers unfading bloom,
Nor heart of man conceived the joys that lie
Beyond the tomb.
Ye ransomed host! do ye not ever pray
Lest scenes so beautiful should change and pass away?
"No need to *pray*.
Praise claims our worship; for we *know* they will not pass away."

Within those jasper walls there needeth not
Nor sun, nor moon, nor star;
The glory of the Lamb illuminates
That land afar.

No darkening cloud will e'er obscure *thy* ray;
Boundless, immortal Light! *thou* wilt not pass away?
"Quenchless my ray;
Undimmed by looming shades of night, it passeth not away."

No mournful partings from beloved friends,
No sorrowful good-bye;
No pain to soothe, no aching heart to bind,
No tear to dry.
Tell me, oh glad Jerusalem! that they
Who reach thy heavenly, happy home, ne'er pass away.
"Blessed are they
Who dwell within my golden courts; they shall not pass away."

Great God! what joy, what transport to behold
The glory of thy face!
Incomparable bliss to see thy smile,
To taste thy grace!
Spirit divine! oh answer me, I pray!
I crave—I long again to hear thee say
Thy depth of loving-kindness will not pass away!
"For ever and for aye,
Steadfast and sure
My words endure;
Again I tell thee, Nay,
The fulness of *my* pardoning love will *never* pass away."

ELLIS LEE.

PLEASANT MEMORIES OF UNPLEASANT PLACES.

By the RIVERSIDE VISITOR.

V.—THE REJOICINGS OF THE POOR.

IT is generally in connection with domestic or social "events" that the poor have their rejoicings; such events, for instance, as a marriage, a christening, the return of a husband from a long voyage, or the coming round of Christmas-tide, the festive season *par excellence*. This latter is a time wherein the poor as well as the rich are specially given to making merry. It is regarded as a time for "playing"—that is, being off work—for faring sumptuously on plum pudding and the roast beef of old England, and in a general way living "high;" a time for family reunion, and for the forgetting and forgiving of family jars—things that will sometimes occur even in the best-regulated families; a time for brightening up the living room so far as the expenditure of a few pence in evergreens and coloured paper will allow of its being done; for sight-seeing, for visiting and receiving visits, wearing a smiling face, and heartily exchanging "compliments of the season" with all and sundry who may come in their way. The rejoicings of the poor at this season are open, somewhat prolonged, and quite hearty enough to give a colourable justification to the adverse criticism sometimes made upon them, to the effect that they are of a boisterous or even uproarious character. A graver charge than this, and one more frequently put forward, is that these Christmas rejoicings of the poor are an evidence of recklessness and unthrift. That there are individual cases in which such is really the case is, as we know, but "ower true," but such a charge in regard to the poor as a body merely goes to prove that those making it have only that little knowledge which is a dangerous thing. As a matter of simple uncircumstantial contrast with their ordinary ways of life and ordinary means, the Christmas doings of the poor certainly appear extravagant; but in this case the proverbial saying holds good that appearances are deceitful. As a rule the good things with which the poor supply themselves in the festive season are really due to them under the law of natural compensation; they are

the legitimate fruits of weeks, and even months, of previous "pinching." "Saving up for Christmas" is one of the special institutions of the poor, and one of the most strictly observed. When about the beginning of October, Prunes, of the Golden Canister, and Miller, the enterprising baker, hoist their banners, announcing in letters and notes of exclamation that even she who runs may read, that "Our Christmas Grocery Club" and "Our Christmas Cake Club" have commenced—when these trade banners are unfurled, their appeal is solely to the poor; these clubs being one of the special and favourite means among the poor for "saving up for Christmas." These clubs are by no means the most profitable method of saving, seeing that they place the members very much at the mercy of a single tradesman, and deprive them of the benefits resulting from the competition of the open market. Still, they have their special use, forming as they do an acceptable means to the required end, for weaker sisters conscious of their own weakness. Here, again, the practical philosophy of the poor comes in. These weaker vessels have, to some extent, at any rate, mastered the lesson, "Know thyself." They know and feel that under any special stress they could not rely upon themselves to abstain from laying hands on any little hoard that might be comeatable. So, to protect themselves against themselves, and make sure of the Christmas pudding and Christmas cake, they join the clubs, paying their threepence or sixpence, or even more, per week, and consoling themselves with the reflection that for them this is the only method of attaining their object, and that "you don't feel it in this way." Others, of a more resolute mind, act as their own bankers, though even some of these stronger-minded ones adopt the plan of depositing their savings in a money-box that needs to be broken open before its contents can be recovered, the idea being that the necessity for forcing the box will "give pause" to any who in a moment of pressure might be tempted to prematurely appropriate the Christmas savings were they too handy. There is Christmas clubbing also upon co-operative principles. Thus, Mr. Bill Brown is a fireman on a steamer trading between London and a leading Spanish port, and can get a basket of eggs or a box of fruit cheap at "the other end," as he invariably terms his foreign port. Wholesale quantities, however, are more than the resources of his purse can meet, or the arrangements of his household require, but any required number of neighbours are always to be found eager to join him in the transaction, since they know that after allowing him a little profit for his trouble, the goods will still "come out" very cheap as compared with ordinary retail prices. In the same way men running to other ports will at Christmas, time and tide favouring, bring rabbits, poultry, and other good things of that kind for themselves and more intimate neighbours. The joint-stock method is likewise extended to the cooking of the special Christmas cheer, or, at any rate, such parts of it as can be prepared before the day. For example, Mrs. Jones will heat her oven for the baking of Mrs. Smith's mince pies, as well as of her own, while Mrs. Smith returns the compliment by lighting her copper fire for the boiling of both their plum puddings, a saving of fuel being effected by the arrangement. There is also a good deal of "mutual accommodation" going on in the way of general borrowing and lending of utensils and sundries to meet the domestic strain that the Christmas rejoicings involve. Those, however, who obtain any considerable portion of their Christmas fare through sea-going friends are, of course, a fortunate few. For the Christmas dinner—joint, or goose, or turkey—the great majority have to go into the open market, and this, though last, is certainly not least among the special purchases of the season. It makes the biggest hole in the Christmas savings, and is a matter not to be entered upon lightly. It requires judgment, tact, a nice balancing of probabilities, and a careful and continuous feeling, so to speak, of the market pulse. The prime pieces and picked birds are out of the question for the class of purchasers we are speaking of, and ordinary ruling prices are to them only a standard of relativity as to lowest prices. Their business is to "speculate for the fall," and try to catch the Christmas market at its lowest point, and to this end a good deal of "judgematical" observation is necessary. The "shows" of the local butchers and poulterers have first to be critically examined, and the keener judges among the housewives, after doing their rounds on the opening nights of the shows, will tell you to a carcase or two, or a few heads of poultry, how much less or more of stock than last year the leading tradesmen are showing. The most favourable conjunction of circumstances that can befall is a slow market, muggy weather, and Christmas Day either a Saturday or Monday. It is held that in such a case the butcher or

poulterer must clear out ere midnight on Christmas-eve at such prices as he can get; that they have only a choice of what they consider evils, namely, selling cheap or losing their perishable stock altogether, through its going off—in the undesirable sense of becoming unfit for human food—before they can open shop again.

When at last all the saving and pinching and planning are over; when the dinner, successfully cooked, is fairly on the table, and the thanks-offering, in the shape of a good plateful for some "lone" or unfortunate neighbour, set aside; when the proverbial good cheer of the day is before the household in its most palpable forms, then the hearts of the poor rejoice abundantly and unreservedly. The children gloat over the good things provided for them as only children can, and if on such a festive occasion they chance to eat more than is good for them, the offence may well be forgiven them were it only on the ground that at ordinary times many of them are often unable to get as much food as is good for them. Even the adults enjoy the Christmas dinner with a gusto that those who fare sumptuously every day might envy, but could scarcely hope to realise. But the pleasures of the table, though highly considered, are by no means the only ones that characterize the Christmas rejoicings of the poor. They regard the season, as all should regard it, as a season of peace on earth and good-will towards men. Old quarrels are at this time forgotten or made up; old friends remembered and sought out, and new friends, made. Friends, neighbours, and acquaintances who, during the year drawing to a close, have passed to that bourne from whence no travellers return, are solemnly and tenderly recalled to memory; nor are those who are parted only by earthly distances forgotten. In households where the husband and father, or it may be a son, "follow the sea," and is away on Christmas Day, it is arranged that on that day, and as near as may be at a given hour, there shall be special and prayerful remembrance of the absent; that "the dear one far away," and "the loved ones at home," shall be mutually toasted; be for the moment re-united in spirit, though widely separated in the flesh. This is ever a solemn feature in the programme of the proceedings of the day; and sometimes knowledge which comes later makes it a very sad one. It not unfrequently happens that ere the Christmas day has come the dear one far away has passed, far, far away indeed; has passed beyond the boundaries of the earthly life, and been laid to his last rest in some strange land, or found a vast and wandering grave in the restless ocean. One pitiful case of this kind came under our own notice quite recently. The son of a poor journeyman carpenter in our district, having shown marked ability in his school work, was on becoming of suitable age taken on as a pupil teacher in the school. As a teacher he continued to work equally well, so well indeed that his being able to take a Queen's scholarship for one of the public training colleges, on the expiration of his apprenticeship, came to be regarded as a certainty. The taking up of such a scholarship involves an expenditure which, though small in relation to the manifold advantages accruing, would be very considerable in relation to the means of a man in the position of this boy's father. Knowing this, those interested in the youth thought it well to speak to the father in good time. The poor father, father-like, was proud to hear such a good account of his boy, and resolved that he should not miss a chance in life if he could help it. Accordingly, with a view to "putting a little money together," he gave up his work on shore and took the birth of ship's carpenter on board a vessel going on a long voyage and paying high wages—for the reason, alas, that the climate to which she was bound was an unhealthy one. The ship set sail in the early part of the year, and as Chirstmas was approaching it was calculated that she might possibly be home by the day. She did not arrive however, but the absent one was duly and lovingly remembered. One morning in the latter part of January following, the boy with a face all aglow with joy and excitement, asked for a day's leave from school, stating that his father's ship was coming in. The leave was of course granted, and the master, seeing him depart so joyously was naturally surprised and concerned to find him return to school the next day looking a very picture of despair. Then the story came out. In the morning paper he had seen the announcement of the ship's arrival at Gravesend on the previous evening, and being sufficiently acquainted with such affairs to know she would come up to dock by the following morning's tide, he had determined to go and meet her. He was in time to jump aboard as she came alongside and rushing up to the second mate, who was on deck at the time, asked eagerly, "Where is Mr. ——?" "Why do you want to know?" asked the mate. "I am his son," was the

answer; hearing which the stout seaman turned his head away, and by signs rather than words directed him to the chief mate. The boy was too excited to notice the other's emotion, or at any rate to construe it aright, and he passed on to the first mate with unabated eagerness of spirit. His face probably showed how terrible a blow the evidently undreamed-of truth would be to him, and this officer also shrank from the sad task of enlightening him, passing him on in turn to the captain. The latter, with all the kindness and gentleness that one expects—and rarely expects in vain—from a British seaman, broke the tidings of death. "His son!" he said, repeating the boy's word; "then, my poor boy, I am sorry for you! You have lost a good father; he died on the run home, and was buried at sea." When the youth was sufficiently recovered to listen further, he was acquainted with the details of the sad occurrence; and within the hour he who had stepped on deck with a spirit overflowing with joyful anticipation left it feeling utterly heart-broken. His story has become known to some who can sympathize with such a story, and we believe that when the time of need arrives his career will not be allowed to be marred for want of the necessary assistance.

Such an incident as the one we have here briefly related may perhaps appear somewhat out of place in a paper on the subject of rejoicings, and yet it can scarcely be altogether so, for in life we find that the deepest and truest gladness has often some strain of sadness mingling with it.

With the Christmas dinner the Christmas rejoicings may be said to reach their highest point, but they are by no means at an end. The feast of reason and the flow of soul—to put it poetically—sets in after dinner. There may be no wine to moisten the after-dinner talk, but there will be walnuts, with probably a few oranges, raisins, and apples to boot, over which to linger while the merry jest and merry laugh go round. Nor is the laughter any the less hearty or pleasant for that it is in all likelihood excited by very small and very stock witticisms, and arises in a great measure from sheer geniality and a determination to please and be pleased. At night there is generally a little carol singing, and as a final enjoyment there is sitting up late, followed by the corresponding luxury of lying late abed next morning. The Christmas baked meats coldly—but substantially, and by comparison with ordinary fare, luxuriantly—furnish forth the Boxing-day table, thus leaving the female as well as the male portion of the household free for the day. The correct thing on this day is to take your walks abroad, weather permitting, and so fall in with friends who are doing likewise, and compare notes with them as to the rejoicings of the previous day. Then comes sight-seeing, and perhaps a visit to a theatre by way of a wind-up. With many of the working classes the following day is also a holiday, but, among the more providently inclined at any rate, it is practically regarded as a day for "tapering off" the holiday spirit and preparing mind and body for a return to the work-a-day world on the morrow, rather than as a holiday in the full and free sense of the word.

Christmas is the leading and the one *fixed* season of rejoicing in the year, but minor and incidental times of rejoicing are not lacking. One such time is when the ship comes home in a literal, as well as a metaphorical sense—when the sea-going husband and father returns from a long voyage with pay and presents in hand. During his absence the family will, even at the best, have been having pretty hard times of it, but they only regard this as an additional reason and justification for all hands indulging in a bit of a "flare up" when the ship comes home; and "Jack" is always fully agreeable. The night of his arrival will probably be celebrated by a beef-steak supper—modern Poverty's form of a fatted-calf banquet—and for the two or three days next following "relishes" of a more or less substantial order are treated as things that well become the family table. But the little friendly supper, by which the return is, so to speak, officially celebrated, is the great thing. A banquet of which the chief feature is a leg of mutton and trimmings, or a dish of tripe and onions, is prepared, and friends bidden to the feast. As human nature is broadly the same in rich and poor, it need scarcely be said that Jack ashore is never lacking for friends, and on the occasions of these suppers the resources of the household are strained to the utmost extent, as are also its borrowing powers in the matter of crockery, glass, knives and forks, chairs, and the like. Somehow or other, however, ends are made to meet in these respects, and the feast goes merrily on. Jack is of course the hero of it, not only as the founder of it, but also because, as a seafaring man, he can tell of moving accidents and hair-breadth escapes; of storm and stress and peril on the mighty deep; can speak too of adventures and misadventures

on shore, and describe those wonderful creatures the "furreners," together with their strange manners and customs. The modern Jack Tar would scarcely venture to assert that he had met

> "The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders;"

but we have good reason for suspecting that on these festive occasions he draws largely upon his imagination for his facts, his object being rather to astonish and entertain than prosaically instruct; and it is in a considerable measure owing to this sort of thing that the ignorant poor are so fearfully and wonderfully misinformed concerning the unfortunate "furrener."

After the feasting feature of the rejoicing comes the "outing" phase of it. While he is still flush of money father will give mother and the children a treat in the shape of a day's out. On this head there is a wide range of choice, but it is rather curious to note that your domesticated sailor is something like the hotel waiter who, having holiday for a day, spent it in assisting a friend to wait at table in another hotel. If he is at home in the river-trip season, the sailor generally selects a trip to Gravesend or Sheerness as his form of outing. In one form or another, the rejoicing when the ship comes home will perhaps be spread over a week, which can scarcely be said to be too much of a good thing after an absence that has probably spread over a year or more.

Another occasion of special rejoicing among the poor is the bringing home of the first full week's wages, on getting into regular employment again after a long spell out of work. There will be a hot supper on the Saturday night, with extras to the Sunday dinner and tea. In connection with this occasion there is also a stock witticism of the "practical" school, which consists in the man strewing his wages upon the floor and rolling over it, at the same time calling upon lookers-on to remark that he is rolling in his riches. At this early stage of a return of better times, rejoicings involving expenditure are perhaps suggestive of a tendency to improvidence, but to those who, like ourselves, have opportunities of knowing how much has been suffered in the preceding hard times, and how uncomplainingly the suffering has been borne, the reactionary rejoicing seems very excusable for the once. And for the decent and honestly-inclined poor—and they are the vast majority—it can be only for the once, for the one pay, the one week's end. There will be enough and to spare of "stern reality" to follow, even though the bread-winner continue in work. There are clothes to be redeemed from the limbo of the pawn-shop, furniture that has been sold outright to be replaced, arrears of rent, shop accounts and the like to be wiped out.

To outsiders a more fully justifiable occasion whereon to found a little feasting and rejoicing is that afforded by the son of a family having completed his term of apprenticeship, and formally taking rank not only as a man, but as an artisan also. We are speaking now of classes below the artisan class; and for a labourer to have given his son a trade by means of a legal apprenticeship is no small feather in his cap. It is a thing of which he and his wife may well feel proud, a thing that as a rule tells of material and long-continued self-sacrifice upon their part. What good cause the son has for rejoicing is of course evident. It is his shopmates who are bidden to the feast on this occasion, which is one of the very few upon which there is anything in the shape of set speechmaking at a poor man's board.

A ladies' quarrel is not, of course, a thing to rejoice over, but as good comes out of evil, so the "making up" of such a quarrel is frequently made the occasion of a little festive rejoicing upon the part of the principals to the quarrel, and the leading spirits among their respective partisans. It is found that a nice little tea, with "extras," greatly facilitates the requisite forgiving and forgetting of real or supposed injuries and those processes of reasoning by which the late foes are rapidly brought to see that of all women else they most dearly love each other.

One other occasion of rejoicing (?) among the poor we will just allude to, in order to avoid any charge of altogether shirking it. We mention it lastly because we like it leastly, and are firmly persuaded that it would be more honoured in the breach than the observance. It is the occasion of the annual return from the "hopping." In many instances these rejoicings take the form of a day or two's ease and good living, as some compensation for the inconveniences and even hardships which are undoubtedly incidental to a hop-picking expedition. This can be done and still leave the bulk of the money brought back to be expended in winter clothing or in some other equally commendable manner. But in a still greater number of instances, in the majority, in fact, the money brought back from hopping is spent,

not in good, but in riotous living, in forms that "melt" the money or the greater part of it, leaving nothing to show for it, and that as largely "knock down" the stock of health derived from the pure and invigorating air of the hop-gardens.

On the whole, however, the rejoicings of the poor are as innocent as they are hearty, and, whatever stern political economists might be prepared to argue to the contrary, they are as profitable as they are innocent. If the poor were to wait till the strict laws of political economy fully justified them in indulging in their occasional festivities, they might wait till the end of the chapter—and wait in vain. It is a poor heart that never rejoices, and were it not for their times of rejoicing—sufficiently few and far between in all conscience, as relates to them individually—the poor would indeed be sad of heart. Their rejoicings help to brace them to bear their sorrowings as bravely as they do bear them. It is well that they should be able to rejoice amid surroundings that to many would seem to put rejoicing out of the question, well that they should for a brief space be able to forget alike troubles just past and the continuing struggle with poverty and its evils still immediately awaiting them. They feel in effect and act up to their feeling, that

> "Enough is the present tense of toil;
> For this world is to all a stiffish soil,
> And the mind flies back with a glad recoil
> From the debts not due till to-morrow."

Their rejoicings are but drops of sweetness in cups of life having many a bitter drop in them, and to those who are among the poor without being fully of them, these same rejoicings afford many a pleasant recollection of unpleasant places.

FLOWERS.

"Consider the lilies, how they grow: they toil not, they spin not; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."—Luke xii. 27.

NOW, I dare say some of you, when you saw these flowers and read the words at the head of this paper, said to yourselves, "Well, I verily believe this sermon is going to be all about flowers." And you are quite right. That is just what it is going to be about, and nothing else.

Our Saviour said, "Consider the lilies." There are a great many lessons to be learnt from them—so many, that it would be quite impossible to name one half of them in a whole afternoon; but I do hope we may learn one or two lessons, just now, which we shall remember, and which may, with God's blessing, do us good.

The lesson our Saviour wanted His disciples to learn from flowers just then was contentment and trust. They were too much inclined to be worrying themselves about the future. And Jesus said that God thinks a lily is more beautiful, much more beautiful, than were even the splendid robes and crowns of the great king Solomon when he was in all his glory.

The particular lesson I am going to try to teach you just now is, how very much God loves flowers, and how children, yes, the very smallest child can grow them for Him, and give them to Him.

I suppose there are no little children who do not love flowers. I hope there is no little boy, and I am sure there is no little girl.

Now, do you know that your heart is like a garden, and that Jesus Christ has spoken of Himself as the husbandman, or the gardener?

It is in your hearts, then, that you are to grow the flowers that the great God most loves, and that He wants you to give Him.

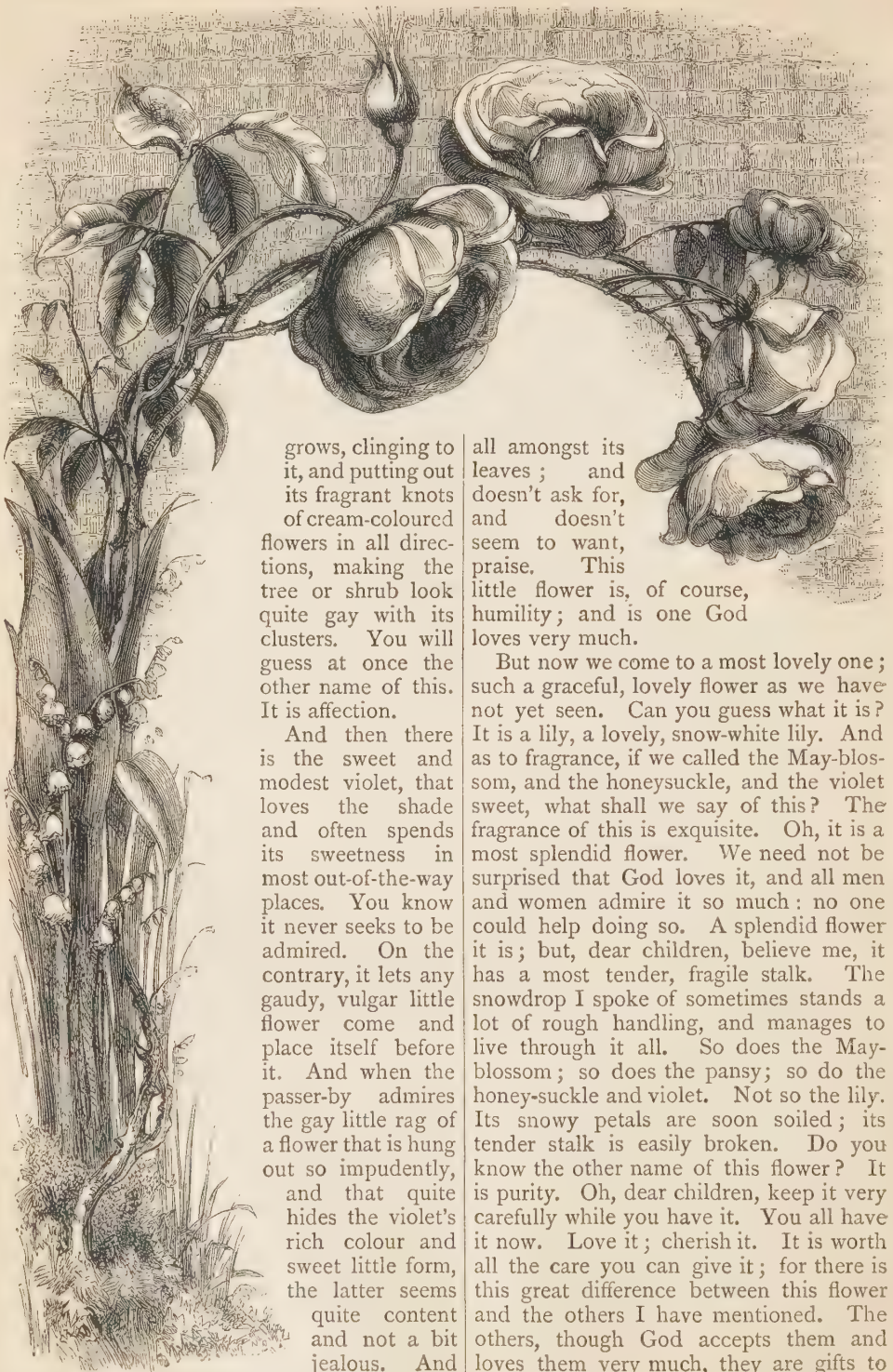
Oh! but you may say, "They are not real flowers, then, at all!" Yes, but I say they are real, and I am going to tell you some of their names.

First of all, you must grow the little snowdrop, that puts out its drooping, milk-white head when the cold winds are still blowing and the snow lies yet upon the ground. That is a most important flower, and one that God always looks out for; and when it grows in the heart it is called faith—faith in God.

And then there must be the pink May blossom, with its sweet and delicate scent; the pretty blossom that tells of winter having gone and summer soon to come. The other name of this little flower is hope.

The pansy too: we must not forget the pansy, with its upright stalk, and its bright open face that always seems to be on the look-out for the sunshine. The other name of a pansy, you know, is heart's-ease, and when it grows in the heart of boy or girl, or man or woman, it is called cheerfulness or contentment.

Then comes the honeysuckle or woodbine, that twines itself around the tree by which it



grows, clinging to it, and putting out its fragrant knots of cream-coloured flowers in all directions, making the tree or shrub look quite gay with its clusters. You will guess at once the other name of this. It is affection.

And then there is the sweet and modest violet, that loves the shade and often spends its sweetness in most out-of-the-way places. You know it never seeks to be admired. On the contrary, it lets any gaudy, vulgar little flower come and place itself before it. And when the passer-by admires the gay little rag of a flower that is hung out so impudently, and that quite hides the violet's rich colour and sweet little form, the latter seems quite content and not a bit jealous. And even when brought to light, even then it only nestles down its purple head all amongst its leaves; and doesn't ask for, and doesn't seem to want, praise. This little flower is, of course, humility; and is one God loves very much.

But now we come to a most lovely one; such a graceful, lovely flower as we have not yet seen. Can you guess what it is? It is a lily, a lovely, snow-white lily. And as to fragrance, if we called the May-blossom, and the honeysuckle, and the violet sweet, what shall we say of this? The fragrance of this is exquisite. Oh, it is a most splendid flower. We need not be surprised that God loves it, and all men and women admire it so much: no one could help doing so. A splendid flower it is; but, dear children, believe me, it has a most tender, fragile stalk. The snowdrop I spoke of sometimes stands a lot of rough handling, and manages to live through it all. So does the May-blossom; so does the pansy; so do the honey-suckle and violet. Not so the lily. Its snowy petals are soon soiled; its tender stalk is easily broken. Do you know the other name of this flower? It is purity. Oh, dear children, keep it very carefully while you have it. You all have it now. Love it; cherish it. It is worth all the care you can give it; for there is this great difference between this flower and the others I have mentioned. The others, though God accepts them and loves them very much, they are gifts to be presented to Him here in this world rather than in heaven. The snow-drop,

or faith, grows only in the cold weather, and belongs entirely to this world. The May blossom, too, only lives in spring; when the summer comes other flowers take its place; it does not exist in heaven. But the lily God wants us, particularly, to take with us when we go to heaven. It is a heavenly flower, and only grows here under the greatest care. And now, dear children, pay attention to what I am going to say to you, because I want you particularly to mark every word. Every time you think an impure thought, every time you say, or listen to, a filthy word, every time you read a disgusting story, you soil the fairness of that lily, and weaken its tender stalk; and if ever you break the stalk you will have lost one of the fairest flowers that you can possibly have in this world; and if you ever should lose it—but I do not like to think of what misery you would then have. Many a poor girl who was once as good and innocent as any of you has been driven to actual despair by the loss of that sweet flower. Yes, and has died, poor creature, died by her own hands too. Only the other day, and since I selected flowers as the subject for our talk, I read an account of one poor miserable girl who had lost her precious flower. She was miserable, heart-broken. She did try to live without it, and to turn over a new leaf, and to be a good girl again and to serve God; but then her terrible loss came over her, again and again, and she felt so wretched, and went down to a river, and with the one deep longing to be anywhere, anywhere out of the world, she ended her wretched life.

But we have not yet got to the queen of flowers. I have reserved this till last because it is the queen; and well it deserves the title. Of course I can only be speaking of the rose, which, when it grows in our hearts, is called love or charity (for both words mean exactly the same).

But perhaps you will say, "Is it possible the rose can be queen when so much has been said of the lily?" Yes, dear children, the rose is queen, after all that has been said of the lily. Now, if you were to take me into a beautiful garden and show me a rose and lily, one after the other, and ask me which is the more lovely, I should tell you plainly that I could not quite tell; each is so lovely in its own way that I would rather not compare them. But even after this, when I was speaking of the rose again, I should not hesitate to call it the queen of flowers. And so with these two lovely flowers that you are to cultivate in your heart—love and purity. I should not like to compare them and say that love is more beautiful than purity, and yet I have no hesitation in saying that love is the queen notwithstanding. But I can give you a good reason why we may say that the rose, or love, is the queen of all the flowers I have yet mentioned. It is this: Because it is possible to get to heaven without taking the other flowers with us—many have got there even without taking the lily; but it is quite impossible to get there without the rose. That is the reason. If the rose does not grow in the heart, God does not rejoice over it; but if the rose does grow there, however small it be, even if there be only a very little bud, then God delights in it. God loves to be loved, and children's love is as delightful to Him as any other love.

You have all heard of Mary Magdalene. Well, she had broken *her* lily, and she came to our Lord Jesus with it broken. But the rose she brought was such a beautiful one, so very perfect, leaf within leaf right to its very centre, and each of such an exquisite blush, and the whole of such wonderful fragrance; and from every petal hung a dew-drop, and every dew-drop a tear; and altogether it was of such a rich splendour that our Blessed Saviour accepted it at once, and forgave her her broken lily, and never even mentioned it. Now, I dare say in His Heart of Hearts He was very sorry about the lily; I do not think He could help being; but He did not say so, because He saw that she was sorry too, and so He did not mention it; for He was so gentle and merciful, He did not wish to distress her any more.

But what is more, if the rose grows and is a noble flower, all other flowers grow too. Broken lilies shoot up again, and violets and May blossom, and honeysuckle and pansies, indeed, all lovely flowers, grow best near the rose. Love to God keeps every good thing in the heart.

And now, dear children, I have finished about flowers for to-day; and let this be my last word: Remember that your heart is a garden, and that they are real flowers you can grow there—flowers for God, flowers that God loves more even than the beautiful lilies of which Jesus spoke.

Think of what I have said, then, dear children, and ask God to teach you how to take care of and cultivate your flowers, and especially these three—the little snow-drop, which is faith, or trust in God; the snow-white lily with the tender stalk, which is purity; and the rose, or love, which is the queen of all the flowers. JOHN CROFTS.

HONOURABLE WOMEN.

By Miss CHESSAR.

IV.—ESTHER.

THE story of Esther is that of one who "out of weakness was made strong." A woman, one of a captive and exiled race, she was yet made a deliverer of her people in a time of their greatest need.

The opening scene in the book called by the name of Esther introduces us to one of the most gorgeous feasts of a splendid and luxurious court. Ahasuerus the king, probably the monarch known in profane history as Xerxes, reigned "from India even unto Ethiopia, over an hundred and seven and twenty provinces;" and in the third year of his reign he made to all the princes and nobles of Media and Persia a great festival which lasted for a hundred and eighty days. Six months of splendid display were brought to an end by a feast of seven days' duration, to which the whole population of Shushan were invited as guests. The men feasted, and drank wine out of golden vessels, "in the court of the garden of the king's palace," probably one of the great pillared vestibules of the palace which looked out upon and opened into gardens full of umbrageous trees, like those which even now are the delight of Eastern peoples. Divans with cushions for the guests were spread on the floors of coloured marble, while hangings of white, green, and violet fastened by silver rings to marble pillars, added gorgeousness to the scene. For the women there was made a feast in the house of the women, and over this Vashti, the queen, presided. The refusal of Vashti to appear before the company at the command of her lord, and her subsequent degradation, in order that the authority of husbands should not be brought into contempt, are well known.

The manner in which Esther came to be one of the king's household is noteworthy. Ahasuerus is said to have remembered Vashti; and to drive away the thought of her his attendants suggested that all the most beautiful young maidens of the country should be brought to Shushan, and that the one who pleased the king most should be promoted to the place which Vashti had held. Tyrannical and revolting as seems to us this collection and enforced shutting up in the king's harem of the most beautiful girls of a whole country, to the people of Xerxes' day there was nothing to be surprised or amazed at. There was in any case the certainty of provision being made for these young women, and there was the possibility that one would be raised to a position in which she might use, as seemed good to her, the influence which she gained over a monarch whose will was his sole law. The whole of Eastern history abounds with instances of the way in which harem intrigues influenced (as they now do in Turkey, in Persia, in China, and elsewhere) the well-being and the destinies of nations. No reluctance on the part of either Mordecai or Esther was shown; the one thing which Esther, when she entered the palace, was charged to keep secret was that she was a Jewess. Possibly Mordecai, anxious to secure certain protection for his beloved cousin, had himself taken her to the care of Hegai, keeper of the women. Many maidens were gathered to Shushan, we learn, and Esther also "was brought" there. As soon as Esther's destiny was thus decided for her she took at once her place, and instantly began to evince the sweetness of her disposition. The maiden pleased Hegai, and she obtained kindness from him; he appointed seven attendants for her, and gave to her and them the best places in the house.

It was not only in the sight of Hegai that Esther found favour; all who looked upon her admired and loved her; and when she, in her turn, was brought into the royal house of Ahasuerus, he too loved her "above all the women," and "set the royal crown upon her head, and made her queen instead of Vashti." Probably what is indicated by this is that Esther became the favoured secondary wife of the monarch. His principal wife, like Pharaoh's daughter, who became the wife of Solomon, was a princess or a lady of high Persian lineage; not, therefore, of necessity, however, the most favoured, or most influential person about the court. Vashti first, and Esther afterwards, held the position of real power. Her position was distinctly recognised; and at the feast given in her honour gifts were made and pardons extended by the king.

But her accession to power did not cause Esther to forget Mordecai. Through her influence, doubtless, he was placed in office, as one of those who "sat in the king's gate;"

and he had constant communication with her, for we learn that she did his commandment "like as when she was brought up with him." He had been to her as a father, and as the counsels of a father were his words to her. In Esther's position, shut up as she was from the world, Mordecai's advice must have been of the greatest value; and there was no question here of interference between husband and wife, for the relations of Ahasuerus and Esther were unlike any that we call by these names. The tender love and devotion of the two cousins is very admirable; the elder still affording what help he can give, the younger looking to him and doing his bidding. Far more lovely is this than what we too often see among us now—the younger anxious for nothing so much as to be independent; the elder, fearful of exerting influence and authority, almost even in childhood.

That Mordecai was a faithful servant to the king he was able to show by revealing to Esther a plot made against Ahasuerus by two of his officers. With this, Esther, in Mordecai's name, acquainted the king; and Bigthana and Teresh were hanged in punishment of their treason. At the time, fortunately for him, no reward was given to Mordecai; the hour for that was yet to come, and when the awarded honour was paid it was such a one as would never have occurred to him to seek for himself.

Haman, the son of Hammedatha the Agagite, was high in favour with the king. All the servants of the king that were in the king's gate were called upon to bow before him and to do him reverence. Mordecai alone bowed not. Possibly he may have thought that the reverence bestowed on Haman savoured of idolatry; more probably he, as a Jew, refused to bow before an Amalekite. Whatever the cause, the effect was that Haman's wrath was aroused: he vowed vengeance, not on Mordecai alone—of that "he thought scorn"—but all the Jews should experience the weight of his anger; and Mordecai should feel that he, in his foolish defiance of Haman, had brought destruction upon his people. To work out his vengeance, Haman would spare no pains in his power. Lots were cast to ascertain the day propitious to his scheme, and the lot showed that the twelfth month was the one which he should choose. This gave him nearly a whole year, and this time he meant to employ well. To the king he went and represented that throughout all the provinces of the kingdom a people existed following laws of their own, and disobedient to the general laws of the realm. Therefore he suggested that they should be destroyed, and offered ten thousand talents of silver for the incidental expenses. What mattered it to Ahasuerus, lord of all from India to Ethiopia, that some of the many thousands of his subjects should perish? His immediate favourite, Haman, was pleased, and that was enough. So while letters went out to every ruler in the whole of the mighty empire, carrying death to thousands of innocent men, women, and children, "the king and Haman sat down to drink," while "the city Shushan was perplexed."

Not alone in Shushan, the city, did perplexity reign; it extended to the palace; for Mordecai, with rent clothes, covered in sackcloth and ashes, came before the king's gate, crying with a loud and bitter cry. Weeping and wailing, fasting and lying in sackcloth and ashes, were all the Jews. The relationship of Mordecai to Esther must have been known in the palace, for as soon as he was perceived in all his mourning Esther's attendants instantly made her acquainted with his pitiable condition. She, not understanding the cause, first sent him fresh raiment, and then, when he would not accept this, she sent Hatach, her attendant, to know what it was that grieved him so much. Too soon came the message—all the Jews were to die, a copy of the decree was sent, and a charge that she should ask from the king the lives of the people. It was a desire which put Esther in a great strait. She would do Mordecai's bidding; but no one, uncalled for, dared enter the presence of the king, unless on seeing the person the king should stretch out his golden sceptre in token of forgiveness of the intrusion; and, said Esther, "I have not been called to come in unto the king these thirty days." Thirty days was so long a time that Esther might well fear that the remembrance of her charms was fading from the mind of the capricious monarch. Some persons think that perhaps this long enforced absence was brought about by the contrivance of Haman, who dreaded Esther's influence. But the matter is pressing, and Mordecai urges upon Esther immediate action. He tells her that she herself is concerned; that, if she does not accept the post of advocate for her people, deliverance will come from some other quarter; and he urges her to consider whether her elevation to her present position may not have been a providential arrangement to meet the exigency which had now arisen.

"Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" Esther's answer shows to what a pitch this appeal had strung her mind. She asks him to fast and pray, with all the other Jews, for three days. "I also and my maidens will fast likewise; and so will I go in unto the king, which is not according to the law; and if I perish, I perish." A true woman heart! Weak to thrust herself forward, yet was Esther strong to do her duty when that duty was clearly put before her. The natural fear of giving offence and of enduring rebuff, perhaps even of meeting death, was strong within her; but duty's call was more potent than her shrinking of heart. The feeling which moved Esther to do her duty on this occasion was that which has in all ages inspired martyrs, and all those whose strong spirits have had to struggle with weakness of the flesh. Gladly would she have avoided the trial, had it been possible; but it was not, and, strengthened by prayer, she went forward to do her painful duty.

On the third day, Esther prepared herself for the momentous interview. With instinctive woman's wit, she made herself as attractive in her adornments as was possible; "she put on her royal apparel" before presenting herself to the king. It was a great occasion which called her forth, and she let nothing pass which would make her acceptable in the eyes of the monarch. So she went and "stood in the inner court of the king's house." The king was sitting on his throne, probably judging and giving audience, as is the fashion of Eastern monarchs; but, so soon as Esther appeared, he saw her. Her beauty and grace and the splendour of her raiment were apparent, his love for her sprang up, "she obtained favour in his sight," and he "held out to her the golden sceptre that was in his hand." The apocryphal account of Esther says that she fainted—and, though the Scripture does not tell us so, it is not difficult to imagine how strong the revulsion of her overwrought feeling was. Obeying the impulse of graciousness which came upon him, Ahasuerus promised to grant her request, whatever it might be, to the half of his kingdom. So simple a matter as to accept an invitation to a banquet was a favour easy to grant. Probably Esther, who was acquainted with the tastes and habits of her lord, knew that, when his heart was warm with wine, he would be more likely to listen to her serious request. With him she invited Haman, his favourite, and the self-control which she must have exercised in doing this was considerable. But she knew the persons with whom she had to deal. A precipitate announcement of her great desire might have led to its immediate rejection; and, in the management of the temper of the king, in the due exercise of her womanly tact, she knew that her chance of success lay. The stake for which she played was so high that she dared not risk the chance of failure.

To the gorgeous banquet, then, passed the king and Haman—the latter elated beyond measure at this proof of the king's favour—a favour whose greatness is to be fully appreciated only when it is remembered how jealously women, especially women of rank, are secluded in the East. One bitter drop there was in Haman's cup. Mordecai "stood not up, nor moved for him," as he passed through the gate of the palace. To his wife and his friends he recounted all his glory and greatness; "yet," said he, "all this availeth me nothing so long as I see Mordecai, the Jew, sitting at the king's gate." How many of us, in one form or another, have a Mordecai—a person, a circumstance, a condition of things—whose presence turns to gall and bitterness all the good things of this world. Some have the sense and grace to shut their eyes to the existence of this "little rift within the lute"—to ignore the drawback steadily, and determine that its existence shall not spoil their life; and the effort thus made always carries in its train a measure of success. But there are others who, like Haman, have their whole lives embittered by one spot on the brightness of their possessions, and whose life is thus in the end ruined.

So far did Haman carry his hatred that, following his wife's advice, he caused to be made a gallows fifty cubits high, on which, on the morrow, at his request, the king would allow him to hang Mordecai. Before even that morrow was well advanced, a fresh mortification was in store for him. The sleepless hours of Ahasuerus were amused with the reading of the rolls in which were chronicled the events of his reign. Mordecai's faithfulness in the matter of the conspiracy of Bigthana and Teresh was recorded; but in response to his questions, the king learnt that no reward had been given to Mordecai. In answer to his demand as to what person was in waiting in the court, he learnt that Haman was there—Haman who had come thus early in order to ask for permission to hang Mordecai. The sudden summons to the royal presence, and the question as to what should be done to the man whom the

king delighted to honour, suggested to Haman only honour to be paid to himself. The man's vanity was soothed, so that for the moment he forgot his purpose against Mordecai, and he named such honour as he himself desired to receive—the royal horse to ride, the king's apparel, and the crown to wear—the attendance of one of the greatest nobles of the court to proclaim loudly in all the streets, "Thus shall it be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honour." What a fall was there, what bitterness of mortification, when Haman learnt that all this he himself had to execute for Mordecai! No wonder, when all was done, and Mordecai had quietly gone again to his usual place in the king's gate, that Haman "hasted to his house, mourning, and having his head covered." His friends and his wife, with a fatalism which was in this case prophetic, saw in this circumstance a foreboding of Haman's ultimate downfall.

But to Esther's second banquet Haman was bound to go—with feelings changed, indeed, from those that had animated him on the previous occasion. This time, Esther's grief found voice, and his overthrow was complete. Once more the king asks Esther what she desires, and then she tells him. But with what tact does she put the matter! The king's preference for her was shown by his acceptance of her invitation to the banquet; of that she was assured; so she puts her petition forward as a personal matter. "If I have found favour in thy sight, O king, and if it please the king, let my life be given me at my petition, and my people at my request; for we are sold, I and my people, to be destroyed, to be slain, and to perish." The destruction of her people will be a loss to the kingdom, too, greater than would have been the loss had they been made slaves, though that would have been loss of a serious kind. The peril of Esther was that which most affected the mind of Ahasuerus, "Who is he and where is he," demands the king, "that durst presume in his heart to do so?" And Esther said, "The adversary and enemy is this wicked Haman." In his wrath, the king goes out into the garden; Haman in his agony of fear stands up, and then falls on the couch where Esther was reposing. Finding him thus, when he returns from the garden, the king's anger is infinitely increased; fierce words escape from him; the officious attendants see but too clearly that Haman's day is past, and Haman with his face covered as if he were already dead, is hurried out from the king's presence to be hanged, at the suggestion of one of the officers, on the gallows which he himself had prepared for Mordecai.

Esther's work was but begun. To her was given Haman's house; to Mordecai was given the king's ring which had been taken from Haman, and Mordecai was now established in the place of the king's favourite. But personal greatness and prosperity could not satisfy the hearts of Esther and Mordecai, so long as the sword still hung over the heads of their people. Once more did Esther venture into the king's presence; again did he hold out to her his golden sceptre; but this time there came no invitation to a banquet, but an impassioned appeal for the safety of her people. The law of the Medes and Persians, the expression of the king's will, could not be withdrawn; and that already, with Haman's message, had sped through all the broad territories of Ahasuerus. All that could be done was that a second decree should be issued, allowing the Jews to defend themselves. So great was the relief of mind afforded to the Jews, that, even though they knew they should be assaulted by their enemies, they were happy; defence and attack were in their hands, and so, wherever the news came, "the Jews had joy and gladness, a feast and a good day."

Nothing is known of how Esther spent the remainder of her years. Her good works are held in yearly remembrance by her people. Such honour did she attain to, who sought for herself no honour, by reliance on prayer, and the overcoming of natural weakness when duty had to be performed.

AMERICA AND HER FREEDMEN.

IN the year 1843 a young man, the son of a Kentuckian slaveholder, ventured to question the right of a Christian to hold slaves. He had been educated for the Church, and a distinguished career seemed to await him. Nothing but obloquy and loss was likely to result to him from the adoption of such views. Nevertheless he persisted in the course he had marked out for himself. His father at first refused him the house, and finally disinherited him. The public influence in Kentucky was against him, and when, coincidently with his father's alienation from him, his consequent sorrow, and yet more sacred

devotion of himself to the cause of the slave, he heard of the efforts that the Tappans and their friends were making in the North to found a missionary society chiefly to aid and to teach the bondmen, he gladly cast in his lot with theirs. The American Missionary Society, whose remarkable progress we now mean to trace, was the result of the association. It was founded in 1846, and shortly after its foundation John G. Fee, the disinherited, became its leading agent. He travelled from end to end of the country, ceaselessly active in his endeavours to stir up others to an interest in the good cause. He wisely adopted the colportage plan, and found proper agents; and was certainly one of the main instruments in making this society the great influence it has become. That we are right in naming it "a great influence" will be manifest by a very brief glance at the facts.

When the American Missionary Society was founded the slaveholding interests were powerful enough to modify political action in all directions. The slaveholders seemed to have agents everywhere, and to exercise a sort of ubiquitous revenge. It was no pleasant matter to be an anti-slavery man in the United States then: life itself was sometimes endangered. The stores of the Tappans were several times mobbed, and the men themselves assaulted. Daniel Worth and Gerrit Smith fared hardly better, and John Brown, an early friend of the society, became a martyr to the cause. And when at length, after great struggles, apparently resultless, public opinion had ripened to such a degree that it seemed as if the federal Government was about to curtail the slaveholding power, the slaveholders themselves arose, as if by an irony of Providence, only to precipitate the downfall of their system amidst unprecedented bloodshed. Two millions of men fell in that grievous war: by it four and a half millions of men and women, who had been doomed to a worse than Egyptian bondage—bought and sold like cattle in the market-place—were set free. Many shook their heads over the efforts that were made in behalf of these enfranchised negroes. They had no power to govern themselves, it was urged; motives of self-respect were lacking to them. But the Negro, if he has his peculiar weaknesses, has also his peculiar strength, both physical and moral, and this the prophets of evil did not fully realise. That their direful prophecies have not been fulfilled, but wholly falsified by the event, is owing in great measure to the society best known in England as the "Freedman's Aid Society," that being the name given to its branch or auxiliary in our country, under the presidency of Lord Shaftesbury. From the first, attempts had been made by the society to teach the negroes, and to establish schools for them and their children amidst unnameable difficulties. Regular day-schools for freedmen had been started at several points, the first being that at Hampton in Virginia, by the Rev. L. C. Lockwood, in 1861. Its first mistress was a coloured woman, the daughter of a white father by a mulatto mother; and though she herself had scarcely a trace of colour, and was free-born, she had experienced to the full the fatal prejudice which had excluded such even as she was from the white schools. For never was a cruel prejudice more cruelly enforced than this. No ex-slave or child of a slave-mother is allowed to enter any school where white children are taught. Dr. White, the secretary of the Freedman's Aid Society in this country, tells us that he has seen the children of slave-mothers with fair skin, light hair, and blue eyes, yet these were hopelessly shut out from the white schools, and doomed to the degradation of an alien race. And so this first coloured school is historical. Almost on the very spot where it stood, two hundred and forty years before, the first slave-ship entered and planted the seed of that baleful harvest; and that woman, the representative of both races, "though by the bitter logic of slavery classed with the oppressed, will be remembered as the teacher of the first coloured school in the slave States that had legal authority and the protection of the national guns."

Soon the capacities of the negroes for education were demonstrated after emancipation had been decreed. The patient Christian character which in slavery had been formed in many of them presented a favourable soil on which to work. They were eager to learn to read chiefly in order that the Scriptures might be opened to them, and soon the more favoured intellectually began to be exercised by thought of efforts for the more ignorant of their brethren. The business of the society since then has rather been to direct and to utilise a great enthusiasm than to stir it. Schools and colleges have arisen over the land, and the details of their work are not more interesting than some of the characteristic stories told of those who, by reason of age, cannot hope to be personally much benefited by these institutions. Dr. White

tells that one will often see aged men and women bending over the Primer with young children, studying till late at night by the light of the pine-knots of the country, because they are too poor to have any other light. One woman, eighty years of age, worked for her board and went to school. When she had mastered the alphabet she said, in the peculiar dialect of her people, "Now let me spell de name of Jesus, for it 'pears like all will be easier when I learn to spell de blessed name." And it seems quite true, as Dr. White says, that in the educated negro we have promise of a new type of Christian character—strong in intuition, simple, and full of a large-hearted practicality and hopeful faith. One anecdote he tells will illustrate the promise of this :—

In one of their churches, the poor old minister, who had been a slave, and could not read, wanted some deacons to aid him in his work. Two were found. Then this man said, "If any one knows de reason why dese bredderen may not be consecrated to dis office, he shall tell of dat, and now object." An old slave man rose to say, "I has to object." "What for dus you object?" says the minister. "Dem can't read," was the reply. "Well," the minister continued, "can you read?" "No; but I wants to be led by dem dat knows more dan I." The minister replied, "None of de members knows to read; dese is de best wes got, and we must ask de Lord to bless dem, dat dey may help to lead de people to a higher and better life." So the two knelt before him, and this old sable servant of God laid a hand on the head of each, kneeled down, and lifted his eyes to heaven, while the tears were on his cheeks, and said, "Massa Jesus, you knows wes just come out of de house of bondage, dat wes a poor, ignorant, feeble portion of de children of Adam, dat wes got no edication, but we wants to do what we can for de people, and for de glory of de Lord. O dear King of de kings! now help dese wes chosen for de office of deacons in dis church. You knows dat dey can't read de blessed book, but, Massa, *deys de best wes got*, and, derefore, we *consecrates dem* to dis office, and to de God ob de people."

What an appeal is in this for sympathy and aid from those to whom God has given so many gifts richly to enjoy! There are thousands of these people we hear of, who are equally anxious to be prepared to do all in their power for their own race, and for the cause of the Master. Some of the pupils in the schools of the society have reached the place of study, coming thinly clad and barefooted across the frozen ground, day after day, in the bleak season of the year. Often the tears will be on their cheeks from actual suffering. Another anecdote bearing this out is so touching that we must quote it:—

Three young men, anxious to be prepared for their great life-work among their own people, walked four hundred miles, in the heat of the summer, to one of the colleges for coloured students, and asked to be permitted to enter for a course of study. The president had to tell them, with tears in his eyes, that he could not receive them, as there were more already in the college than could be supported on the money given for that purpose. They went away and consulted together, and after a little came back. Then one of them said, "Take *this one in*, and let him be educated, for he has the gifts, and we will go out and work on the plantations to raise the money to pay for it." But three gentlemen having heard of the case, asked what would be needed for them, and when told, they furnished the money.

The manner in which the Fisk University has been built and endowed, and the noble efforts of the Jubilee Singers generally, are evidences known to the whole world of the desire of the educated negroes to benefit their race. Schools and colleges of the highest class are now springing up throughout the length and breadth of the States, and the influence of this education is already evident, socially, in the many men of colour who now fill situations of trust and honour in America. The society has now at work over 60 missionaries, 200 teachers, and 24 matrons; there are 56 churches in the South, 2 among the Indians, and 7 in the foreign field; it has 3,601 church members in the South, and about 600 elsewhere; it has 32 schools in the South, 7 chartered institutions, and 17 other institutions; and it has altogether nearly 10,000 pupils, while of pupils in the South now taught by former pupils, there are 64,000. There are nearly 5,000 in the upper grades, from what is designated normal, up through collegiate preparatory, collegiate and law, to theological.

It is clear that to carry on such a work as this a very perfect machinery is required. We read in the last report, "It is estimated that from Great Britain more than £200,000 has been contributed, in money and clothing, through various channels, for the freedmen." It is pleasant to read such words.

This society, with the distinct purpose

"The President had to tell them that he could not receive them."

of making the African a means to raise his race, has in view an extension of its field by settlements at places where it would be most hazardous for white men to attempt it. At various points of entrance to the great African field, the white missionary seems almost to succumb inevitably to the climate within a few years. The experience at Sierra Leone, for one place, attests this. There the Church Missionary Society lost thirty missionaries in twelve years; the Wesleyan Society buried forty in the same period; and ten out of seventeen missionaries of the Basle Society died within two years of entering on their work. The American Board, the Presbyterian and Baptist Societies, have all suffered severely in Africa. Hence the value of the work which the American Missionary Society has done, and is doing. Its aim is to send Africans to Africans—to train them to true knowledge, aptness in handicrafts as well as in learning, and to make them *the* missionaries to their own race. Dr. Moffat, than whom it would be hard to find a better authority, said some time ago at a public meeting in London, "It is utterly useless, humanly speaking, for us alone to attempt to evangelize Africa; but in the trained members of the African race we may look for glorious results." It is due to the American Missionary Society to acknowledge that it was amongst the first to give practical application to this idea. Every school and mission sustained in the South not only attests the capacity of the Freedmen for fair intellectual acquirements, but is prophetic of the importance that this people may become to Africa as teachers and missionaries.

By way of a closing word, we may cite from a not friendly authority, who says in a recent number of the *New York Nation*, "I write from the feeling that, like myself, the majority of the Republican rank and file at the North have been taking too hopeless a view of Southern problems. I write from that portion of South Carolina which has the largest preponderance of negroes. The extent to which these negroes, of all ages, have learned to read and write, and their eagerness to acquire the rudiments of knowledge, together with their industry, docility, and their political sagacity, are no less gratifying than surprising. . . . . Under the patronage of the American Missionary Association, normal schools of a high grade, and largely attended, are maintained at numerous centres. There is great progress in the coloured churches, and they are founding theological schools of their own."

H. A. PAGE.

LAPSED, BUT NOT LOST.

A Story of Roman Carthage.

By the AUTHOR of "The Schönberg-Cotta Family."

CHAPTER I.

THE last rays of the sun, flame to the last, were burning on the rich and populous shores of the Bay of Carthage, touching to a fiery point the white temples which crowned the low heights, glowing along the upland cornfields, which were the granary of Rome, capriciously distinguishing here and there the red stem of a pine on the slopes, or the sail of one or another of the countless merchant ships which crowded the harbour.

The hum of the great city,—great even in this its autumnal crop of later Roman growth, yet not reaching to the brim of its ancient Punic glory—rose to the point above the sea where the young maiden, Viola, was sitting, watching, under the shadow of a group of cypresses, the path among the vines and olives which led up from the city two or three miles away.

No sound of vesper-bells came to her; the Christian Church, which was noiselessly pursuing her path of conquest, and even venturing in some places to greet the eye with sacred buildings of some stateliness, did not venture to appeal to the ear, and had not, indeed, yet found her own voice, in the music of church bells. And the call of the Arabian prophet to prayer was not yet to be heard for four centuries. The level of secular sound was pierced by no call to prayer, and the level of the city roofs was broken by no aspiring spire or minaret.

The cry of the sailors weighing anchor, the song of the day labourer returning from his work, the chant of the solitary boatman, as he rounded the point on which she sate, the far-off hum of the busy swarms of Carthage, were all the sounds that reached her. That hum was louder than usual, and there was anxiety in the watching eyes. It had been a great festival-day at Carthage and throughout the empire.

Rome that day was keeping her thousandth birthday—Rome, who had made the whole world so marvellously one, unaware as yet how, in infusing herself into the world, she had lost her own identity; how, in enforcing this external unity she had melted down the very bone and sinew of the nations, and reduced them to a gelatinous mass, which, when once the mould of her strong institutions was broken by the new races of the north, would cease to have any coherence, so that men would wonder blindly what had caused this marvellous unity to seem to be.

The secular games were that day beginning, in every city throughout the Empire, to celebrate the foundation of the city, the city of Romulus, the city of Brutus, of Cæsar, of Cicero, the city of Scipio the conqueror of Punic Carthage, the city whose name ruled the world, which nevertheless had herself been ruled for thirty years by none of Roman origin, but by a dissolute Syrian, who desecrated her most sacred shrines; by another Syrian who held all races and religions equal; by a barbarous Thracian, and an Arabian.

Yet most obviously one Power, called Rome, still reigned, made roads, and kept them safe from Bordeaux to Phrygia, imposed taxes and had them paid, whoever was ruined and whoever was enriched by them, and now this day celebrated its own mythical thousandth birthday in the Coliseum of conquered Carthage, in the Amphitheatres at Smyrna, at Trèves, at Richborough—celebrated it by setting men and beasts to tear each other to pieces in the arena.

The maiden Viola sat and watched, anxiously trying to disentangle and interpret the various dim sounds that reached her, until the tones of a clear tenor voice rang along the upland path, and the watching face broke into a radiance of welcome as she gathered her veil around her and hastened a few steps down the slope to meet the brother she was waiting for.

"Valerian, you are late," she said. "There have been sounds as of a tumult in the city, and I know these great festivals are said to be perilous to us, and I was afraid something evil was happening. But they died away half an hour since."

"There has been a great celebration in the Amphitheatre," he said, "and there were some famous athletes from Rome, and fresh lions just brought from Numidia. The contest was keen, they say, and all the city went to see it."

"All the city, Valerian!" she said, veiling her eyes with a shudder. "Surely none of *us*—none of ours?"

"I cannot say none," he replied. "You

see families are mixed in these days, and a Christian wife may have to purchase from a heathen husband her freedom to attend our mysteries and visit our sick by accompanying him to the theatres. It is not all so simple as you think, little sister, here in our quiet farm."

"But the Amphitheatre!" she said. "That arena where the wild beasts have rent and torn our very own—the disciples of our Christ—our own sweet martyrs, Perpetua and Felicitas, whose birthdays we celebrate to-morrow in the Catacombs. Surely none of us would be found there?"

"None like thee, beloved," he said, fondly touching the long dark hair which escaped from the fillet. "To thee Vivia Perpetua and Felicitas are like thine own sisters, fresh in perpetual youth."

"As they *are*, Valerian," she said softly.

"As they are," he replied. "But to many, even of us, it seems as an old tale, and the half-century which separates us from them seems a gulf which cannot be passed. The heathen have grown gentler, they say, since then. The faith has penetrated with its tender light many a home which does not know its source. It is more than thirty years since there has been anything worthy to be called a persecution."

"Still," she said, "there is the arena, and the savage wild beasts rend men there to amuse more savage men and women. And our grandmother said this morning, who knows when the old rage may burst out again?"

The young man smiled with a little gentle scorn. "Grandmothers naturally see perils in every twilight shadow," he said.

"But our grandmother remembers seeing Perpetua and Felicitas and the rest martyred," she replied. "It was that which made her a Christian, and she says it is a great crime for any Christian to visit the gladiatorial shows."

"If we had seen such horrors we might probably dread their renewal as she does," he said, "and judge severely those who frequent them."

"But the Church forbids. Tertullian used the strongest denunciations, our own Tertullian who you say has such eloquence and zeal."

"Tertullian was a great man, but he was an austere man," was the reply, "and he was a Montanist, and is scarcely to be followed in all things."

"Valerian! brother!" she exclaimed, "you are not defending—most surely you would never attend the games?"

He was leaning against the stem of a stone pine as she spoke, his dark eyes ranging dreamily over the city and the bay.

But at her question he seemed to arouse himself from a dream, and looking down into her eager inquiring face, he said, with a quiet depth of tone different from anything in his voice before, but scarcely as if in response to her, rather as if withdrawn from her into a soliloquy—

"No, I shall not be present at the games. I was but continuing a debate in my own mind. The gladiatorial games are barbarous. Not Christianity only—the human soul, the soul which Tertullian calls naturally Christian, protests against them. Not the Church only; beautiful wise old Athens would none of them. But you know not, here in your soft seclusion among the oranges, and roses, and figs, and vines near the sacred Catacombs, how hard it is to press on side by side with men like one's self in every path of thought and life, and then suddenly to come to some barrier which to them is a dream or an insane delusion, and to us is more solid than an imperial decree, and to have to separate and go the solitary way despised and misunderstood."

"But Valerian," she said, "it is the King's way and a glorious way. And you might make some of them come with you; even one would be much!"

"It all seems to you so simple," he said, "here among your hymns and your gardens, and with every one around you believing the same. But there, in the city, are wise and good and learned who think our sacred histories as much a fable as Virgil's story of Æneas landing on these hills where we stand, and stretching out longing arms to his goddess-mother, made known to him by her majestic tread, and vanishing when he began to recognise her. And there in the city, on the other hand, are religions to whose hoary antiquity ours is but of yesterday. See! the last gleam of the sunset is crimsoning the Temple of Cœlestis, the Astarte worshipped here by multitudes of Carthaginians when Rome was but an eagle's nest on one of her seven hills."

As he spoke two strangers, a man and a woman, passed them in plain and threadbare garments.

Both had a bowed and downcast look, as of people who shrank from observation.

The man might be about sixty years of age; his face was lined with rigid deep lines, the form was bowed, but rather it seemed by want of will to be erect than by the stiffness

of age. His eyes were habitually downcast—never lifted up. When the heavy eyelids were raised, and the glance was forward, it seemed as if the eyes had ceased to be messengers of the soul within, and were no longer anything save sentinels to guard from danger or surprise without. The light of human meaning and communion had passed from them—they had become mere organs of vision.

The woman was younger, and in her eyes there was a depth of appeal. She always seemed looking up, always crouching below every creature she looked at, with a wistful deprecation like a beaten dog. Not long together, however, were those longing, deprecating, appealing eyes ever absent from her companion; though as they rested on him the expression changed to one of tender pained solicitude and care; the appeal passed out of them, apparently from the hopelessness of response; for on her, his eyes never rested.

As they passed Viola made the sign of the cross, to which the woman responded, not, as usual, by repeating it, but by bowing low, and with quivering lips for one moment gazing full into Viola's eyes, with a look which was a prayer, and which Viola instinctively felt to be an entreaty for help of any kind she could give, and to which she instinctively responded by giving her bread and a bunch of raisins from her scrip, and by saying, "The good Lord bless thee and thine!"

The woman received the bread and the benediction with a mute Oriental gesture of reverence, pressing the girl's hand on her own brow, and the two passed on, out of sight.

"Who are these?" asked Valerian; "and how do you know them?"

"I do not know them," Viola said. "I only saw them this morning. They went towards the hill of the Catacombs. I think they have spent the day among the martyrs' tombs. You know it is the eve of the Natalitia of Perpetua and Felicitas."

"What can they have done?" said Valerian. "They look like creatures who have fallen below hope of pity or of rising. And yet she acknowledged the cross."

The brother and sister went down together to the farm in the valley, but as they went Valerian kept recurring to the two strangers.

"Under the cross," he said, "yet without hope! Can they have fallen under the great shadow of Tertullian? Cleansed in baptism, and then fallen, one or both of them, into some great crime, from which there is no fresh stream to lave."

"It is better to listen to Tertullian first than last, brother," said Viola.

"Surely," he said, "if at all. The sternest guides are the most merciful, while the way is yet to tread."

"But, Valerian," she said suddenly, "this was to be a great day with you; your oration?"

He seemed unwilling to enter on the subject.

"I am not afraid how it would be received," she said proudly. "But tell me, I want to hear the echo of the dear praise of thee."

"There was more than enough of that," he said.

"But what of that? As Tertullian said, in the spirit of all he wrote, we do not stoop to stand at that tribunal. What is success to a Christian? What is it but climbing to a pedestal where, after all, you have to stand bowed under a cross? What are pedestals for us but scaffolds?"

"Something has saddened thee to-day," she said.

"Nothing but the old conflict," he replied.

"But," she said, "you spoke but just now as if our grandmother thought too solicitously of the conflict. You spoke of the heathen growing gentler."

"Yes, those of our own rank. But it is that which makes it hard to keep to our discipline. You can strike telling blows against ice, but when the ice has melted into water, and the water is evaporated into enervating moisture, enveloping, softening, relaxing every limb, who can fight against that? When the heathen set the Christ on the cross and mocked Him, it was clear what the loyalty of the faithful meant, but when, like Philip the Arabian, they set Him on a marble pedestal beside Socrates and Apollonius of Tyana, and worship them together in the Lararium, it is not so easy to refuse the kindly acknowledgment and declare that we can accept such divided homage as little as mockery, that He is King and Lord, or nothing. To be called a morose bigot seems harder, at least to me, than to be called a deluded enthusiast."

"Would it be?" she said. "But ah, Valerian! it is the other people we have to think of, is it not? We do not want them to tolerate us. Do we? That matters so little. We want them to worship Him! Think what it must be to have no Holy Eucharist, no hymns, no prayers, no blessed Cross, no Crucified, no living Christ!"

He was silent some minutes.

"It would be a blank beyond all things to thee," he said; then in a low voice, "to thee beloved, surely, and also," he added, as if to himself, "to me—yes, to me. But to the Christians who seek rich marriages with the heathen, who are content that their dearest should worship Venus Urania, or Jove, or nothing, provided they bring as dowry ancestors or vineyards, or troops of slaves; who are as eager as Jews or heathen about the price of their cargoes; to the Christian women who as Tertullian said delight themselves in their jewels, peacocks, monkeys, little Maltese dogs; would the loss of Him leave such a blank, leaving them their rich marriages, their ancestors, their great cargoes, or their little Maltese dogs?"

"Ah, Valerian," she said, "do not let us be hard. The necessity to choose would make them choose right, would show what are the shadows and what is the imperishable substance."

"Certainly," he said gravely, "a decree which called us to the arena to be torn in pieces for the amusement of our fellow-citizens would at all events decide whether the arena was a desirable entertainment for Christians or not."

They had reached a point from which Carthage lay spread before them. Across a wilderness of undulating gardens and cornfields, interspersed with villas and farms, from which the perfume of roses and jessamine and countless flowers came up to them with a heavy wealth of sweetness through the dewy evening air, temple and fortress rose before them, white and shining in the moonlight, with the innumerable moving lights of the city reflected in the bay, and mingling with the lights in the merchant fleets. The planet Venus threw a long trail of golden light across the rippling sea, whilst in the city the lights were streaming in another long trail up to the Temple of Astarte.

"Venus Urania," said Valerian, "there and here! Dea Cœlestis, Queen of heaven:

'Vera incessu patuit Dea.'

See her golden foot-prints on the waves; and there in the torchlight procession to her temple on the height. Twenty years since the Emperor Heliogabalus had the goddess borne to Rome to be espoused to the Sun on the Capitol, and danced in degrading pomp as her priest before her. She saw Tyre rise before an eaglet in the eagle's nest at Rome had been fledged. She saw Carthage rise, and received the adoration of Queen Dido more than two centuries before the Babe lay in the manger at Bethlehem. Helpless she saw Carthage fall under the feet of conquering Rome. And now Rome is here at her feet. And they are adoring her with evil worship still, now that the pure light of the Holy One has been more than two centuries in the world. Is it any wonder that the heathen say 'you are of yesterday and will be gone to-morrow.'"

"'We are of yesterday,' Tertullian said, 'and we fill your palaces,'" Viola quoted in a low voice.

"It is true," he said. "But sometimes, sometimes, I think the combat is far from being over. And I think the attack might come from two sides. The mob who cling blindly to their old superstitions, rooted with hidden roots far down in their dim unrecorded lives, and are always liable to be roused against us in pestilences or public calamities, as atheists and enemies of the gods; and the philosophers whose mild objection to our faith as fanaticism could easily become mildly destructive to us if our faith came as an immovable obstacle in the way of any plan of state of their own."

"And it is all this you have been feeling to-day," she said. "While we in our quiet fields have been dreaming of your oration, and your triumph, you have been in the arena, and have been pricked with delicate shafts of ridicule, and buffeted with angry words and looks from the heathen mob whose path you crossed."

"Buffeted is too severe a word, little sister," he said, rising to the gaiety as habitual to him as its shadow of melancholy; "pricked—yes, pricked with delicate jewelled daggerlets, matronly and maidenly pins, and not at all enjoying my martyrdom."

CHAPTER II.

THE sound of the Christian evening hymn reached the brother and sister as they entered the court.

In a moment they had quieted the welcoming dogs and entered the atrium, and, reverently crossing themselves, added their voices to the family choir. It was the hymn at the lighting of the lamps.

"Joyful light of holy glory,
Of the Immortal Holy Father,
Holy, blessed,
Jesu Christ!
We coming at the setting of the sun,
Beholding the evening light,
Praise Father and Son
And Holy Spirit, God.
Thee it is meet
At all hours to praise

With sacred voices, Son of God,
Thou who givest life,
Therefore the world glorifies Thee."

The household gathered for the evening prayer—slaves, field-labourers, the four brothers and sisters, and the aged grandmother, and scattered afterwards for the evening meal.

Crossing themselves on brow and breast, the brothers and sisters ranged themselves on the couches round the small table, and dipped their bread in the same dish.

The family habits were partly Oriental and partly Roman, modified by the greater freedom which the greater purity of Christian life already began to impart to social customs.

This little household never expanded into entertainments at which the sisters and the grandmother could not have been present, though sometimes, if venerable men—clergymen or officers of state—happened to be there, Viola and her elder sister, Justa, would be among those that served, bearing the cup or the fruit to some specially honoured guest.

This evening the family generally pressed on Valerian for news of the reception of his oration, and of the great secular games in the city.

The eldest brother Clement especially had a paternal eagerness to hear, and extracted from Valerian, by degrees, the fact that the oration had been enthusiastically received, and that honours and offices of the highest had been prophesied for him.

Clement was seven years older than Valerian, and had early "ripened" into manhood and protectiveness by the "sudden frost" of the death of his parents in the great invasion and slaughter by the Numidians, when the two Emperors Gordian were slain in one day.

That had happened ten years before, and all the ten years had been spent by Clement in supplying the place of the lost parents to the younger ones, and rebuilding the ruined fortunes of the house.

Their younger brothers had been killed by the marauders. The eldest sister, Justa, had been left for dead, and had only by tender nursing been won back lamed and enfeebled to a life of weakness and suffering.

Valerian and Viola, children of ten and nine, with the grandmother, had been hidden in the catacombs under the neighbouring hills by a Christian slave.

The intervening ten years of both the brothers had been spent on battle-fields, but in battles of an entirely different kind; and the traces were visible on the frames and faces of both.

Clement had been engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle with nature and the devastations of war. The farm had been the scene of a sharp skirmish; and when the marauders had retreated, and the remnant of fruits and corn and wine which they had left had been demanded by the authorities of the city as a contribution to the fine which had been imposed as the price of their retreat, Clement found himself heir of a half-burned and ruined house among trampled fields and vineyards, and fig-trees scarred and scorched by fire, and the master of the remnant of two families of slaves which had been left behind as useless burdens. All who could fight or work had been slain or led away captive; and there were no arms to help him in his toil but those of two old men and their wives and three grandchildren.

But Clement never lost heart. Reverently and tenderly he gathered from the ruined home the ashes—scarcely more than ashes—of parents and brothers; and for once, by sad necessity abandoning the Christian mode of sepulture, returned to the old Roman customs of his race and placed them in urns.

Priests and deacons came from Carthage and laid the sacred urns on three of the ledges of the ancient Phœnician catacombs under the hills, which the Christians had appropriated to themselves.

Sunday by Sunday he had never failed to have some offering of bread and wine, saved from whatever hunger and poverty, to lay on the Christian altar, commemorative of the blessed departed. And resolutely uncomplaining as any of his mother's ancient Roman house, he set himself to battle for life for the two sisters and the young brother they had left to his charge; an inspiriting tangible contest with tangible foes of nature and circumstance, and an inspiring, visible victory.

The conflict had left its mark in his broad sinewy frame, his strong and knotted hands, his frank, determined sunburnt face, and the quiet command of his eye and voice. Day by day it had also left its records in the clearing of some waste, the rebuilding of some ruin; though it were only a few inches set in order, or a few stones replaced, every night saw something accomplished.

Every room of the homestead, every field of the farm, was to him dear not only as an inheritance but a conquest, a conquest for his beloved, for his dead parents' beloved.

Work had been his delight and pride, the glorious human work of giving law, and so giving freedom and fruitfulness, to nature.

The fields and gardens to which he had by the sweat of his brow brought the waters they thirsted for, seemed to sing and smile for him and his.

That very day they had finished roofing again one of the old Carthaginian tanks on the hill-sides, and after supper he went with Valerian to see the completed work which was so soon in that fiery sun and fertile soil to change a rocky hill-side into an Eden.

As they climbed the terraces, the chief share in the dialogue fell, in a way very unusual between the brothers, to the elder.

To Clement, the world of knowledge and eloquence, in which the work of his hands and the command of his will had enabled Valerian to live, was an unknown territory in which he believed with as simple a reverence as in the unseen spiritual world around and above them both. And to the histories of ancient nations and men, the stories of the acts and works of the heroes, the resonant battles or responsive amen of the thinkers, the sages and philosophers, the creations of the poets, the creators, he listened with unceasing delight as they poured in eloquent talk from the lips of Valerian.

But to-night Valerian was silent, and as they went from field to field and terrace to terrace Clement was drawn into pointing out the steps of his slow work of restoration and repair: here the completing of a broken terrace from the ruins of some old Punic dwelling, there the clearing of a field of stones with which it was walled round, here carefully paved channels to carry off and economise the rains of the sudden storms, or of the continued rainy season, until at last they stood on a corridor within the fine old Carthaginian tank, their steps and voices echoing in the hollow vault at the edge of the deep pool, which would soon be precious as a store of gold to the dry and thirsty land; and Clement pointed out the new repairs with the material and workmanship worthy of the old.

Then they sate down a few minutes on a bank outside, looking down over olives, vines, figs, and corn-fields melted to a dreamy grey in the moonlight.

The external contrast between the brothers was as great as that in their lives.

Clement, of that old Roman type which is like the best English, broad-browed, broad-chested, sinewy, muscular, with frank, steady blue eyes, and a mouth and chin the strength and determination of which the fair beard did not hide, his tread firm and purpose-like as that of a practised mountaineer beginning a long climb, and bent on not wasting a step; Clement, southern in every look and limb, lithe, agile, with a spring and grace in every movement, which seemed to scorn the possibility of fatigue, dark eyes alternately flashing or melancholy, a countenance whose expression in repose you scarcely knew, so brilliant and mobile, and penetrated with life in every feature.

His listening was often more eloquent than what he listened to—so full was the face of quick sympathetic response; and his speech had the fascination of always blending the audience with the subject, and even in its most absorbed aspirations never being content unless the listener was borne upward along the thought which inspired the speaker.

But to-night he leant his head on his hand and was silent.

"Something has saddened thee," Clement said at length; "but for the news that preceded thee, we should have shared little in thy triumph to-day."

"The triumphs are thine, not mine," Valerian replied, "or at least the victories. And who that knows what they mean cares for triumphs? You have really repaired terribly real ravages—really rebuilt real ruins, while I have been learning shadows, fighting with shadows, ambitiously aiming at shadows."

"We are no heathen," replied Clement; "ghosts to us are not shades. The soul, the unseen world, is more real than this transitory world we see. The depression and weariness of victory are on thee. But thou hast overcome."

"What have I overcome?" was the desponding reply. "The whole dear ancestral farm is a series of trophies of your victories. Where are the trophies of mine?"

"You have conquered your place in the world. You are known to be a power worth having on any side. Every career is open to you."

"To me, to *us*, what careers are open?" was the reply. "We cannot be soldiers; at least men think so—Tertullian would have thought so, because of the sacrificing for the emperor. We cannot be sculptors, and that I could be," he added with a sad consciousness of unavailing power, "or every stroke of the chisel on the glorious Greek gods would be like a treacherous blow, nailing the Sacred One afresh to the cross; it is hard for us to be in office without denying our highest allegiance, or to be advocates or rhetoricians

without becoming entangled in the meshes of these evil days."

"Can you *not* be a soldier, a sculptor, a statesman, a rhetorician, an advocate, simply to disentangle the evil meshes of the time, to untwist the demoniacal beauty and plausibility, and false courage from the true? Can you not be a sculptor of divine beauty, a soldier supremely of the King of kings, a pleader for the widow and the fatherless, and eloquent to teach the highest truth?"

"That were to be a priest, Clement; and for the ascetic discipline of the highest life I have not seemed to have a call, at least not anything like a steady bent. The world is so flooded with life. I want to live, to live the fullest possible life; pure, but complete, and complete because pure; but not stunted, renouncing, self-repressed."

"We are baptized," said Clement dubiously. "We have taken up the cross."

"What does all that mean?" was the almost fierce reply. "What do we renounce? what cross weighs on you here in your seclusion? What contest are you engaged in, but the grand old human contest of subduing nature, or rather of liberating nature from her enemies?"

"My battle here does seem becoming a war of liberation," Clement replied. "The ravages of man are repaired at last. And now what we have to do is to set the waters free by imprisoning them for a while in their cool-roofed reservoirs, to do their ministering to the fields, and all the living creatures; to set the true plants and trees free from the false parasites and weeds, and the false luxuriance of their own rank growth, to set the very sunbeams free to fertilise the earth by exposing them to the waters. But is not the Church engaged in just such a war?"

"You are right, brother; you have conquered," Valerian replied. "But believe me, the hardest fights are with the shadows—the unrealities; the shadowy Christians to whom the renounced world still seems the substance, the shadowy philosophers to whom all is alike unknowable, and by whom any firm conviction is smiled at as an innocent dream of unawakened childhood, or resented as a fanaticism on a par with the superstitions of the common people. The reply among the educated men I meet to my pleading for the Faith is not an angry repulse; but an easy smile, a shrug and a contemptuous admission that all these things are conceivable, 'but what can you or we *know?* Who thinks he knows anything certainly, save those who know nothing.'"

"Listen!" he continued. "We have both been engaged in a campaign. But yours has been simple: to liberate the true nature from the false, to set her free by enabling her to be subject to her own true inward laws. Every creature has its foes, has it not, within or without? The vine has insects, mildews, and also its own false luxuriance of leaf instead of true fruitfulness of grapes; the corn, which has no existence except in fruit, which is grain or nothing, is perhaps the happiest. The tares choke it; it withers, but cannot exist wild and degenerate. It is true corn, or ceases to be. And to all these lower creatures of our God you have come as a liberator and a king, restoring them their true liberty in restoring them to His laws. But with me the battle has been inward and not simple. My soul vibrates between the questions—shall I give myself to the nature which God surely made, simply expand into all wealth of thought and utterance and pure human love, take all the gold and purple, human and natural, loving it as simply in sculpture and in palaces, as in fields and gardens, and sunlit heavens? take all beauty as the heritage of the sons of God?—or is the Cross after all the true highest law, as Tertullian thinks; he whom the great Cyprian calls master, and reads daily? Is the free air reached only by the rugged upward path? Are there joys of the Paraclete, is there a strength of the Spirit worth all beside, only to be reached by those who renounce and lead the ascetic life?"

Clement passed his hand with a gesture of perplexity across his brow.

"How can I answer thee? I, whose life has been so simple! For thou knowest, whatever poetical symbols may shine to thee, (and sometimes to me), in this old warfare against Nature, for Nature, with Nature, the inspiration and aim of my daily toil has been simply to replace the lost parents and the lost heritage to thee and thy sisters; to enable thee to pursue thy true calling among the instructed, to give comforts to the dear lame Justa, to make the youth of our little Viola joyous, and to endow her for marriage. I have been no Hercules conquering dragons, only a lay deacon serving tables; and perhaps," he added, "for the heart knows its own temptations, sometimes in danger of getting too fond of the tables I serve, making idol-altars of them."

"Thy life has been simple," Valerian said, "because its inspiration has been love, free because its law has been love. Teach me how, in my world, to make mine like it."

CHAPTER III.

When they reached the house the sisters were resting at the feet of the grandmother as she sate erect, with crossed hands, in the old carved and curved ivory chair.

"The grandmother is telling us once more the story of the martyrs, the martyrs she saw suffer."

"They whose death was birth into new life for me," said the old Roman matron.

"Tell it us, mother," Valerian said. "It is like a deep fountain, cool and clear, in the heart of the hills. And these times are feverish. Let us bathe once more in the old wells."

"You would have the old story once more from the old lips?" she said. "God forbid that they should refuse to bear witness to the blessed, with whom they will soon, by the grace of Christ, be joining, however far below them, in the praises of the King.

"I was young myself, children, younger than our Justa, as young as the young noble matron herself, Vivia Perpetua, and like her I was rejoicing in my first babe, your own mother. And, moreover, I had seen the gracious creature and we had conversed and compared our infants in the fashion of young mothers; hers being a son and mine a daughter. Her father was a pagan and our families had known each other; but her mother was a Christian, and she and her brother catechumens. The intimacy had been shunned of late by my parents. For even in my youth, it was perceived that there was a perilous contagion in the faith.

"There was a peculiar tenderness of family love in that family; that also, we had seen, often came with the Christian doctrine. It shone back even on heathen relations, and I had often observed the pride and delight of Perpetua's father in his daughter and her babe.

"Therefore it touched me much when, at one of our pagan festivals, my father brought home the tidings that the fair young matron, the lady Perpetua, had been rudely dragged before the tribunals, with her young brother, the young slave woman called Felicitas, and two other young men.

"It moved my father much to see the noble young Roman lady dragged forward to be mocked at and insulted by the low, mixed mob of Carthage. 'Her bearing was worthy of her ancestry and of Rome,' he said, 'simple and calm.' No doubt she bore herself as one who has nothing but truth to say, to whom the judgment-seat she stood at, as well as the mob who insulted her, were not her true tribunal, nor her true city—citizen of another city, and always standing before the Invisible Judge.

"Her unhappy heathen father, to whom no higher tribunal was known, trembled and entreated for his child. She trembled at nothing, and was only moved by his tears, as in his tender affection he persevered in his efforts to 'cast her down.' '*Cast her down*,' the blessed one called it, 'knowing herself to be, not as she seemed, abject under the feet of men, but on a height and in a refuge they could not reach.

"'My father,' she said, 'this vessel, be it a pitcher or anything else, can we call it by anything but its right name?' 'Certainly not,' he replied. 'Nor can I,' she said, 'call myself by any other name but that of Christian.' She could not, *could* not, beloved, living in the very heart of the Truth, say anything untrue. A fierce resentment against her obstinacy flashed in his eyes; for her sake almost hating her very self, and he departed.

"From that time I gleaned every fragment of tidings I could of her. I can scarcely now distinguish what I heard from others, from what I learned from the narrative she wrote herself.

"It was this impossibility of untruth which moved me, so easy and so harmless as it seems to dissemble.

"Truth was before her as a great sacred reality, which could be lived in, consciously known and breathed in, and which, being breathed, made falsehood impossible.

"No one around me so thought of truth. Religion was a convenient custom: the stories of the gods fair legends from which no one could attempt to disentangle the false; the opinions of the sages endless debates, in which one logical conclusion was that there was no spirit, and the other that there was no matter; some that our bodies, some that our souls, and many that both, were a shadow and a dream.

"Afterwards, *what this truth is* became the great question to me, what it means to be a Christian? But at first it was simply this, that *truth exists*.

"There was a delay of a few days before the five Christians were placed under strict guard. The clergy of the Church had access to them. I went more than once to see the young mother, and ventured for old kindness' sake to carry her fruit or flowers. And so it happened that I was present at the baptism of the five martyrs in the prison chamber;

the first baptism, beloved, I saw. And I think you have scarcely seen one so moving: laved in the sacred flood, to sit so soon at the sacred table with the Christ Himself; cleansed in precious blood for the shedding of their own; robed in white for the marriage-supper of the Lamb.

"Calm and simple as always, Perpetua said, 'The Spirit prompted me at my baptism to pray for nothing but patience.' The light of it was on her face. 'The waters of baptism,' she said, 'seemed to give powers of endurance to my body.' And after that I saw her no more for many days.

"They were cast into the common dungeon. And brave as she was, the darkness and the heat and the insults weighed the delicately-nurtured lady down.

"Rude words and polluted stifling air tried her, and darkness. She, as much as you or I, had been kept from being soiled by an insulting look, and she shrank and trembled. And before her was the agony and shame of the arena; yet from that she shrank not.

"'O miserable day!' she said, 'from the dreadful heat of the prisoners crowded together, and the insults of the soldiers. I was terrified: for I had never seen such total darkness before. I was torn with anxiety for my infant. Two of our deacons, for money, obtained our removal, a few hours each day, to a more open part of the prison. There each of the captives pursued his usual occupation; but I sate and suckled my infant, who was wasting away with hunger.' Yet in the midst of her own trouble she spoke to her mother and comforted her, and commended the child to her brother.

"Child, woman of rank, mother, daughter, she dreaded the horror of darkness, she shrank from a rude word, she suffered in the sufferings of her parents, she pined with her babe.

"And yet from confessing her Lord she never shrank one instant.

"And His joy overflowed the terror and the suffering, and even the sympathetic sorrow for the sorrow she caused to her beloved.

"Death in her was swallowed up of life. She recovered strength. She was relieved from her toil and trouble for her infant. The prison became to her as a palace. They brought the martyrs the Holy Eucharist in the prison. 'I was happier there,' she said, 'than I could have been anywhere else.'

"Lovely visions came to her at night. She saw a ladder of gold, with a great dragon at its foot. But as they went up the dragon couched like a tamed dog; and at the top was a fair, wide garden. There sate the Good Shepherd amongst His sheep, and He gave her food, and she took it with folded hands, and the Amen of the saints came to her, and she awoke with the music in her heart, and the sweet taste of the heavenly food in her mouth.

"And when she told the dream to her brother, they knew that hope for them in this world there was no more.

"Once more her aged father came to her in the prison. All the anger had gone from his poor worn face. Wasted with grief and anxiety he threw himself at her feet, fondly he kissed her hands; weeping sore, he called her not daughter, but domina, lady, mistress. 'Have compassion,' he said, 'on my grey hairs; have compassion on thy father. If I have brought thee up to the flower of thy age; if I have loved thee beyond all thy brothers, do not expose me to this disgrace. Look on thy mother, thy brother, thy aunt, thy child—who cannot live without thee. Do not ruin us all. For if thou doest thus none of us again will be able to bear ourselves as free citizens.'

"And bitterly she grieved for him. For to his grey hairs, him alone of all her family, her martyrdom brought nothing but shame and anguish, and no compensating joy. She tried to console him by saying, 'What will happen at the tribunal will be what God wills. For we stand not in our own strength but in the power of God.'

"But he went away sorrowing.

"Once more she stood at the tribunal. Her father sought to move her by coming with her babe in his arms, and the heathen tried to move her by what they thought would move her most. They threw down her father and beat the old man with rods. But she could not change nor flinch, though it was harder to her than to be so scourged herself. 'Spare the grey hairs of your father,' they cried, 'spare your babe, offer sacrifice for the welfare of the Emperor.'

"She answered, 'I will not sacrifice.'

"'Art thou a Christian?' said the judge.

"'I am a Christian,' she said.

"Then sentence was passed on them all. They were condemned to be torn by the wild beasts in the arena. And they went back to the prison, content. Old memories of her childhood came back to her there, at the threshold of her Father's house. She dreamed of her little brother who had died of a sore disease at seven years old. She thought she saw him in a dark place, thirsty and helpless, by a fountain of water he was

too little to reach. She prayed for him. And she saw him once again in a second vision, and the fountain welled up and touched him, and there was a cup by it, and he drank it all, and went away content, as children are wont, to play. So she knew he was translated to a happy place.

"The hearts of the gaolers were softened, they suffered the brethren to come and comfort the martyrs.

"With a doubtful mercy, they suffered the poor old father to come and entreat, supplicating her with his worn, wasted form, plucking out his own grey hairs, throwing himself in passionate anguish on the ground, praying for death, speaking words which must have torn any heart.

"By day and by night visions and manifestations of Him they suffered for came to them. Gardens, palaces with walls of light, welcomes there of angels and of old friends. There were visions also of meetings in that place of peace, between brethren who had striven fiercely in controversy on earth. As Perpetua was conversing with them the blessed peace-bringing angels came and reconciled the former combatants.

"Ah, beloved, I have often thought of that! Will not the blessed angels so reconcile many by-and-by?

"Good it were to live as those did, at the threshold of the Home, though it were a prison, and catch something of the reconciling hands and tones even here.

"For in the stress and the peril, as in the perfect light, many a subject of fierce contention melts away. Many who would not listen in ordinary times to the divine words spoken through a woman's lips are fain to drink them in on the steps of the arena, on the steps of the Father's house.

"And then, beloved, the end, the terrible tumult of their death! The unutterable calm, and love, and peace of their death! which fifty years ago I saw, and through which I live to day.

"They endeavoured to clothe them in purple as priests of Saturn and with garlands as priestesses of Ceres.

"But meekly submitting as they did to all personal wrong and pain, to this they would not submit. The King was concerned in this, and they could not yield.

"'We have come here of our own will,' they said, 'that our freedom be not taken from us. We have given our lives not to do this very thing.'

"And the justice God has implanted in the souls of the heathen bore witness for them. They were suffered to come into the arena in their every-day dress.

"It was their last resistance.

"Perpetua and Felicitas, the lady and the slave, were enclosed in nets and tossed by a furious cow. When afterwards they lay wounded on the arena, Perpetua calmly drew her rent robe over her, and clasped up her long loosened tresses; because it became not a martyr, bearing witness for the King of kings, as at a festival, and going to be crowned of Him, to suffer with dishevelled locks, as at a funeral.

"Then she crept to where her fellow-sufferer Felicitas lay, faint, wounded, and dying, and raised her up in her arms, the lady only privileged above the slave in being permitted to serve to the last.

"Mightier and tenderer arms were around them both. Felicitas had said, 'In the arena I shall not suffer alone. *Another* will bear it all with me.' And they found it so.

"For Perpetua herself, all pain and shame seemed lost in ecstasy. For she asked 'when she was to be given to the wild beast,' as if that were all yet to come; she could scarcely be made to believe it was over.

"With her dying breath she tenderly encouraged her young brother to be steadfast to the last. And then she gently guided the sword of the gladiator which finished her life—which began her life, beloved! And began life in we know not how many, and as you know in me. Fifty years ago, and fresh to-day as then!

"For she first revealed to me that truth exists and can be known by us here on earth. And she first revealed to me that there is a relationship closer than that of mother, father, or child, a love which makes all other love unutterably deeper, and yet is itself unutterably deeper than all."

CRITICAL NOTES FOR COMMON READERS ON SOME OF THE WORDS OF JESUS.

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I.—NEW WINE IN OLD BOTTLES.

I. IN the study of the Gospels, it is hardly possible to lay too much stress on the independent character of each Evangelist's work, that thus we may realise the full strength of this fourfold cord of testimony to the truth of all that Jesus did and taught. But there are parts of the Gospel records, especially such as deal with the discourses of our Lord, in which it is necessary, if a complete insight into their meaning is to be gained, that the words of the Evangelists should not be studied separately, but side by side, that they may form the complement one to another.

These writings bear evidence that they are contemporary productions, and mere memoirs such as eye-witnesses of any occurrence or early hearers of any story would put down. The historian who, at a distance from the events about which he writes, can contemplate a series of such memoirs, and give to each its due weight, is able to produce a complete picture of the scenes which he endeavours to describe; but every contemporary writer records only such points as specially strike himself, and each memoir furnishes thus but one point of view. In one such notice we shall learn more of the antecedent circumstances by which any event was accompanied, by another some detail of the action or speech recorded is brought into special prominence, while a third will record for us something which has escaped the notice of both the other observers. And what we are wont to call the discrepancies of such contemporary narratives are in truth a most valuable feature, for they force us to adopt that one explanation by which alone such apparent discords can be reconciled, and so direct us not seldom to the only true meaning of words and actions, which by the aid of only one such record would be but imperfectly appreciated.

The discourse wherein our Lord made use of the parable of new wine in old bottles affords a good illustration of what has just been said. From one Evangelist we learn more of the occasion which led to this discourse, and more special details concerning the interlocutors of Jesus. By another we have one part of the drift of our Lord's remarks brought into greater prominence, while the third records for us a concluding remark, without which we should hardly gather the whole purport of our Lord's teaching on this occasion. And unless we were able to put all the three accounts side by side, though we should learn much from any one, we should not learn all which Jesus intended to convey to the inquirers whom He thus answered.

II. It was in reply to a question concerning fasting that our Lord spake the parable of the new wine in old bottles, and that with which it is so closely connected, concerning the patch of new cloth on an old garment. The interview which led to their utterance took place at the time of one of the Jewish fasts, which had become so multiplied in the days of our Lord, for St. Mark says that the disciples of John and the Pharisees *were fasting* (ἦσαν νηστεύοντες); and it was these men, and, according to St. Matthew, the former in particular, who came to question Jesus. "Why do we and the Pharisees," they inquire, "fast, but thy disciples fast not?" The answer which Christ gave to their inquiry deserves consideration, for it exhibits in one brief instance many of the most characteristic features of His teaching.

It should be noticed at the outset that in the law of Moses there is no mention of fasting anywhere. A fast was observed once a year, we know, from the very earliest times in connection with the solemn services of the day of atonement, but in the institution of that greatest day of humiliation in all the Jewish year, there is no special direction that a *fast* shall be kept. "Ye shall *afflict your souls*" are the words (Lev. xvi. 29, 31), as if in protest from the first against that mortification of the flesh of which in our Lord's day so great a display was made, that the Pharisee in the parable counts it among his merits that he fasts twice in the week.

We shall see as we proceed that Christ wished to accomplish three objects by His reply to the question which was addressed to Him. First, He would teach His interrogators the imperfection, nay, more, the utter lifelessness, of the observances for which they were so ready to cavil. Then He would display, and in some sort offer an excuse for, those characteristics of His own

kingdom at which they were most likely to take offence. And, lastly, He would show them His own sympathy with difficulties which were almost certain to assail those who were thinking of becoming His followers. But had He done all this in direct language He would probably have estranged more than He would have won.

1. We cannot doubt that the disciples of John (and it was these among His questioners whom Jesus most regarded in His answer) were men of earnest religious life, though they appear here in connection with the Pharisees, whose doings our Lord can hardly find language strong enough to condemn. None but devout men would have become followers of such a preacher as the Baptist was. We know that some of Christ's disciples were at first of the number who had attached themselves to John. Now these men had been instructed by the teacher whom they so revered that it was a part of their religious duty to observe the appointed fasting-days of the Jewish church. John was but the herald of the New Testament, and with the preaching of the approach of the kingdom his mission was at end. It was not by him that the laws and doctrines of the new kingdom were to be set forth; he was but to prepare the way, and to point out the Lamb of God, and he seems to have received no more enlightenment than other men concerning the nature of the kingdom which he was divinely directed to proclaim. He enjoined, therefore, on his followers a strict observance of what passed with men for true religion at the time when he appeared; and amongst the rest were included those fasts which the commandments of men had so plentifully added to the lessons of the law. Christ did not desire to give a rude shock to the earnest followers of the Baptist, by proclaiming in direct terms how far the people had strayed from the spirit of the law which they professed to be observing in its most strict interpretation, and so, instead of giving them an answer, he replies to their question by another. "Can the children of the bride-chamber fast while the bridegroom is with them?" At once we see how he has altered the nature of the inquiry. It is no longer a question to be considered whether fasting or feasting be the more lawful. Christ introduces that element of personal control which could never enter into the ordinances which other teachers enjoined. The teachings of the Jewish doctors, and even of the Baptist himself, were but expositions of law and tradition, in the changing of which the expounders could have no authority. But now He is come from whom both feast and fast must draw their sanction. There is in the temple one greater than the temple, one who can give the law its full meaning, and suspend whatever in it has become perverted or effete. His followers, while He is with them, are to derive their rules and form their practice according to His direction. He is the bridegroom, and they are at His feast, and so must take their share in everything which pertains to that festivity. And by the employment of such a figure to describe his ministry, Christ seems to proclaim that His revelation was to have a character of joy and freedom. Indirectly, therefore, even here, He expresses somewhat of the difference between the Jerusalem which now is and is in bondage with her children, and that New Jerusalem which is, in its perfection, above, but which He came down from heaven to reveal to men, and whose character the apostle in after days described as free.

But He does this more emphatically by His first parable, of the patch of new cloth upon an old garment. And here it is that St. Luke's narrative gives us the most complete insight into our Lord's meaning. St. Matthew and St. Mark speak of a patch of new, undressed cloth, but say no word of whence such patch was to be derived. The other Synoptist writes (Luke v. 36), "No man putteth a piece of *a new garment* upon an old," and in these words we have the full force of the teaching. The two dispensations are likened each to a garment, the one new, the other old. The latter may have all the semblance of a robe, but the proper virtues thereof, the warmth, the strength, the durability, the comfort, have all disappeared, and it will be no use to attempt by putting in here a little and there a little from the newer dress to render the old one fit to do good service. It had at first been such a garment as was suited to his wants to whom it was given, but now it had become worthless, and must be cast aside, and no attempt made to patch it, and the new one must be taken in its place.

How fitly such a comparison applied to the Jewish ritual we can see from many a place in the gospel story. The washing of pots and cups, the tithe-paying on the minutest articles, the fasting twice in the week, all speak the same language, and tell of a people who, having received a divine revelation, had forgotten the real treasure in their care for the casket. And this had been their case for generations. The threadbare

robe had long been threadbare. Isaiah long before had published God's indignation against the vain oblations, against the new moons and appointed feasts, which were hateful to Him because they had lost all spiritual significance and were unaccompanied by any endeavour to put away evil and learn to do well. The coat had been good (the law is good if a man use it lawfully), but now was worn out, and religion, even with the most earnest of the Jews, was little but Pharisaic hair-splitting. There could be no restoration on such a basis. The attempt would only more effectually expose the utter lifelessness of what remained, and would prove as futile as to galvanize a corpse and hope thereby to make it live.

2. The old, then, it was hopeless to try and revive; it must be done away. But how could its removal best be effected? There were many points on which those accustomed to the settled and stereotyped life of ceremony, which then passed for the worship of God, would be certain to take offence. Nay, was not this very case an instance in point? Men saw the followers of Jesus neglecting all that the Jewish religious world counted holy; how should they accept the lessons of a teacher whose disciples exhibited such breaches of righteous decorum, and met with no correction? And they saw a great deal more which would touch them in the same way. The sabbath was not revered as they had been accustomed to reverence it. The Master himself was found among companions from whom the righteous Pharisees stood as much aloof as possible. Publicans and sinners seemed to be the chosen associates of the Nazarene teacher. Could men be expected to change their time-honoured adage? Were they not likely to say in this case also, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

Jesus understood this, and knew that in the case of John's disciples there was some fair ground of excuse for the feelings which provoked their question. These were good men according to their light, but were sorely trammelled by the only religious education they had been able to receive. It was, no doubt, with feelings of pain that they observed this great Teacher, to whom their own Master had borne such signal testimony, setting no store by many things which they had been taught to esteem as of great worth. This it was which prompted their inquiry, and we can hardly doubt that a similar uncertainty filled the mind of John himself when he sent his disciples to ask of Jesus, "Art thou He that should come, or do we look for another?" John, like others of his day, was perplexed at the events which were accompanying the ministry of the teacher whose coming and whose high mission he had been directed to proclaim. True, there were works of power displayed wherever He went, but there was no effect produced, and apparently no attempt made to produce an effect, on the professedly religious or the influential members of the Jewish community; there was nothing to be seen in all that Christ did like the founding of that kingdom of which he had been directed to speak, and he himself was languishing in prison. And more than this; all the surroundings of the Nazarene teacher were opposed to the Baptist's manner of life. Jesus was to be found at marriage feasts and banquets, in the houses of publicans, and among the company of those who bore but an evil name in the world, and He was drawing upon himself the dislike and hostility of the persons who alone would appear to the Baptist as those to whom a religious teacher should appeal. In doubt, therefore, he sends from his dungeon the anxious question, "Art thou He?"

The feeling of distress and perplexity which had arisen in the mind of John was such as rises in the breasts of all the most orderly and decorous among men at the time of any great movement of religious reform. It was a common feeling at the time of Wycliffe and his adherents, and perhaps even greater horror still was excited by the enthusiastic zeal of Luther. Who has not read, too, how the world was scandalised with the fervour and excitement of those who in more recent times thronged to listen to the preaching of Wesley and Whitefield? Something of the same kind John and his disciples saw in the crowds who formed the usual audience of Jesus. The publicans and harlots were pressing into the kingdom of God, and the violent were taking it by force. At all which the Baptist grew anxious in his prison, and his disciples were so now when they came to question Jesus.

By his second parable Jesus in some sort apologizes for or excuses this character of His kingdom at which they were all offended. He compares the spirit which animated His followers to new wine, full of generous strength, and charged with active fermentation. We must lay aside, as we read this discourse, all modern ideas of the respective goodness of old wine and new. When Jesus spake, His hearers understood that by new

wine He meant better wine than old. The newest wine was that which the Jew offered as his firstfruits, and the best was ever given to God. Our Lord put the new wine on the same level as the new garment, and the old wine and the old garment are also parallels, and refer to the same thing. And in this His apology Christ says, "No man putteth new wine into old bottles." The active enthusiasm which is needed for the spread of the Christian faith will not bear to be fettered by the restrictions which have grown encased over the Jewish worship, and have formed about it a hard and inflexible layer of ceremonial.

3. And let us note here how insensibly Jesus mixes up the system with the men who clung thereto. Not only are the ritual observances of the Jews likened to old bottles, useless for the purpose of storing wine that was potent and sure to ferment, not only are these declared to be effete and fit only to be utterly discarded, but the men who have been trained in such a school, Christ tells us, will find it very hard, nay, often impossible, to welcome changes such as are needful in great religious reformations, and such as were specially needed when He was in the world. Christ likens these men, as well as their system, to the old bottles, which the new wine was almost sure to burst. Thus does He show His sympathy for the difficulties which these His questioners were feeling, and admits the greatness of such difficulties even while He pleads for the freedom of His own disciples.

The new wine of His doctrine will burst such bottles as these, and while the wine will be spilled, the doctrines preached in vain, the bottles will be marred, the men who cannot accept the new enlightenment will go away offended with the teacher and His lessons. Yet it would not be for the soul's health of them, nor of advantage to the Jewish religious system, that an alliance should be formed whereby men should attempt to make the two systems co-existent. Any endeavour to bring about such a union would end in disaster. Was not the truth of this saying of the Lord's abundantly established in the case of St. Peter? When that Apostle essayed to combine Judaism with Christianity, or to form in some way a scheme of comprehension whereby such offence as Christ sees must come was to be avoided, how sad it is to picture the scene at which St. Paul hints, when he tells us how he rebuked the chief of the apostles to his face because he was to be blamed! The wine was being spilled and the bottles being marred. And may not we trace to the like unwise conduct the failure of many religious endeavours in our own time? Have we not to lament over new wine perversely forced into old bottles, and then bursting through its barriers and flowing wasted away? Not for His own day only was the Lord's apology for the fervour of His followers written. It needs to be repeated through all time. "No man putteth new wine into old bottles."

But the Lord, as we have already seen, can feel for the difficulties of those who cannot understand the nature of the new kingdom. He knows how they are hedged around by the prejudices and idols of early association, and so He concludes His address with words that indicate His full sense of their anxiety and of the reasons for their inquiry. This sentence, which completes the discourse, is preserved for us only by St. Luke. That Evangelist adds to the parable these closing words, "And no man having drunk old wine desireth new, for he says the old is *good*" (χρηστός). This is the correct rendering of the sentence. There is no comparison instituted or implied. No attempt is made by such men as our Lord contemplates to prove whether the new is better or worse than the old. When great changes are presented to those who have become thoroughly imbued with an old economy, they have no desire to test their worth, but turn from them with offence. They need no change. The old is good. The old associations, the old observances, betokened by the old wine, have become a part of the being of such men. To the Jews of our Lord's time their ceremonial was nearly the whole of their religion, and for the basis on which this had been reared they could point back to that law which had come direct from God Himself. They were not trained to notice how that law had been distorted. Instructed by the Scribes and Pharisees who sat in the seat of Moses that the precise ritual on which they laid such stress was the legitimate development of God's own revelation, the religious Jew was not likely to admit any other system into a comparison therewith. He had drunk his old wine, and to that his taste had become familiarised, and he knew that the source from which it had originally been drawn was good, and he was not allowed to think that it might have grown vapid by lapse of time, or be sorely diluted by impure admixture. He wanted, therefore, nothing to do with new teachings. He truly felt that he could say the old is good.

Thus, without directly applying His similes to themselves, does the Lord explain all that they asked, and indeed a great deal more. By parable thus did He teach them, that seeing they should see and yet not perceive the full drift of all that was set before them; and hearing they should hear, but should not fully understand, lest perchance they should at once have rejected His words altogether. As time went on, further study of His teachings would reveal more and more of their meaning; but it was in love to them that at first He thus veiled the full purport from their eyes. Offences were sure to come, but it was not through Christ that the offence should take its rise.

There is one word in the authorized version of this last-quoted verse of St. Luke which has very little authority, and was probably added in late times as a gloss. It is the word "straightway." "No man when he hath drunk old wine *straightway* desireth new." Recognising the full difficulty which those experience who have to break through the shackles of custom and education, but yet knowing that in some cases it had been done, and that men had been enabled to struggle to emancipation, some commentator wrote on his margin εὐθέως ("straightway"), and from the margin it found its way into the verse. And it is only when the earliest manuscript authorities are examined that the word is found to be an unwarranted addition. None would suspect it, for it is surely what Christ meant. Though His dictum is absolute, "Such a man *doth not* desire new," yet it was not of His spirit to pronounce such a change impossible. And being thus so truly of a piece with the drift of the Lord's sentence, the word of the commentator has easily been accepted as the word of Christ. But though criticism must reject this inserted word, the tone of the whole discourse proclaims the keen sympathy of Jesus with all the struggles of earnest though unenlightened minds, and speaks as from Him by whom no bruised reed was ever broken, no smoking flax ever quenched, no door of hope ever closed while men were willing to enter in thereat.

I'M IN THE DARK.

"I'M in the dark!" cried little Josephine,
A saucy maiden of but summers three;
The lamp was out, the grey dawn yet unseen—
"I'm in the dark! I'm in the dark!" said she.

"I'm in the dark!" Yet fear not, little one,
Those are beside thee who for thee would die;
The night, mid-winter deep, will soon be gone,
And the glad day stand in the eastern sky.

Light is thy wish, and in that wish we share—
"Light, light, more light!" "O Lord, that I may see!"
Some, for unholy uses make the prayer,
And some, that they the nearer heaven may be.

Some would uplift the curtain of the year,
And clutch its secrets with irreverent hand,
That barn and press may burst with autumn gear,
Or they among earth's foremost princes stand.

And some would lift the veil of flesh, and see
If all be real on the other side,
If truth be spoken of the One in Three,
Or if the seers of Jewry raved and lied.

And some, more happy, of the night complain,
"It is far spent, and yet there is no day;"
Weary and sad they watch the window-pane—
"When will He come? Oh, why so long away?"

"I'm in the dark!" My darling, so are all,
Save those blest spirits who have fought and won;
Light shines upon them there behind the pall,
Light uncreated, brighter than the sun.

"I'm in the dark!" Ah me, that wild lament
Will one day be the ruined spirits' wail,
When all the lamps of love and grace are spent,
And not one ray to pierce hell's awful veil!

Like thine, my child, our terrors and our cares
Are of mere trifles, sickness, want, and pain.
A holier fear, in answer to our prayers,
Give, Lord, and light to make the highway plain;

Light, as we need it, step by step to tread
The road to us allotted, strait and steep,
The thorny waste with cloud and storm o'erspread,
Then death's drear pass, and heaven's all-crystal keep.

GEORGE S. OUTRAM.

OUR MONTHLY SURVEY.

I.—HOME NOTES.

ENGLISH FEELING ABOUT THE EASTERN QUESTION.

THE outbreak of the war between Russia and Turkey naturally absorbs the attention of Europe, and especially of England. When we last wrote in these pages it was evident that, unless some wholly unlooked-for circumstance intervened, the conflict was inevitable. Each empire seemed to stand with the hand upon the hilt of the sword and the last word had been spoken on either side. Now the sword has been drawn, the conflict has begun, and the world looks on, wondering what the issue will be. It would be idle to ignore the fact that English feeling is by no means unanimous with respect to the struggle thus commenced. Political sympathies almost inevitably affect, at least for a time, the national judgment in questions of this kind. False issues are raised, the mystifications of diplomacy are made use of, the passions of jealousy, fear, and resentment are wrought upon, and, perhaps above all, the general ignorance of facts is made a basis of appeal, so that it is only by slow degrees that the mind of the nation as a whole becomes truly informed upon the real bearing of events, and that the feeling of the country truly reflects England's better self. In view of the differences of opinion which now exist, it is not presumptuous to say that the time of this full enlightenment is not yet come. It is not for us to enter here upon a discussion of the merits of the case as between Russia and Turkey. It may be that the motives of Russia in declaring this war are not altogether pure —that is, free from projects of ambition. But that may be said of the parties to almost any war that was ever waged. Russia no doubt does not enter clean-handed upon her mission of emancipation of the Christian provinces of the Turkish empire. But that any such considerations as these should cause the British people finally to cast in their sympathies on the side of a power which has governed or misgoverned as Turkey has, we cannot for a moment believe. And that a regard for British interests, in the mere material sense of the phrase, should permanently direct the policy of this country when the interests of humanity are concerned, is, happily, equally incredible. That the rule of Turkey, especially over the Christian populations under her charge, has long been a scandal and disgrace to humanity itself cannot be intelligently denied; and there is a point in the history of nations, as of individuals, when to pay heed to promises of reform becomes a cruel weakness and wrong—when the "exaction" of guarantees for good behaviour is the only condition upon which the possession of power can rightly be suffered to continue. It is doubtless only in the last resort that this attitude can be justifiably taken by the European powers towards one of their number. We frankly own that, after the events of last year in Bulgaria, we deeply regret that this stand was not taken towards Turkey months ago by united Europe. But the way did not open, diplomacy was baffled, and the appeal has been made to the dread arbitrament of war. It is a fearful thing for the sword to be flung into the scale. No thoughtful mind can dwell upon the certain horrors and sufferings which follow in the track of war without a shudder, and the possible results of the Eastern conflict baffle even the boldest conjecture. It seems but little that we can say in face of such facts and possibilities as those which now confront us. There is a sense in which the direction of the part which England shall take with respect to them is in the hands of statesmen and diplomatists, but it is also true that that part is determined ultimately by the general feeling and conviction of the people. And the feeling and conviction of the people, if they are to be right and true, must be based upon Divine principles and teachings. One noble voice has appealed to us, with an eloquence rarely rivalled in the history of oratory, and with an earnestness and ardour of sincerity which no worthy political opponent would think of denying, to give our sympathy to the millions of those subject races which have suffered so long and so terribly under Turkish tyranny and cruelty. Mr. Gladstone has addressed the British Parliament in language which has certainly gone to the heart of the nation. He has challenged us to give our sympathy to downtrodden people, many of whom have long struggled to win from their oppressors the precious possessions of justice and liberty. He said in the House of Commons in the course of the prolonged debate to which the present aspect of Eastern affairs has given rise: "There were other days when England was the hope of freedom. Wherever in the world a high aspiration was entertained, or a noble blow was struck, it was to England that the eyes of the oppressed were always turned—to this favourite, this darling home of so much privilege and so much happiness, where the people that had built up a noble edifice for themselves, would, it was well known, be ready to do what in them lay to secure the benefit of the same inestimable boon for others." Mr. Gladstone does not ask England to draw the sword, but he calls upon our statesmen to use their influence, to speak their word, in a manner worthy of our great traditions; and he closed the speech from which we have quoted with the striking and memorable words, words which will probably find a permanent place in history: "The removal of that load of woe and shame is a great and noble prize. It is a prize well worth competing for. It is not yet too late to try to win it. I believe there are men in the Cabinet who would try to win it. It is not yet too late, I say, to become competitors for that prize; but be assured that whether you mean to claim for yourselves a part of the immortal crown of fame which

will be the reward of true labour in that cause, or whether you turn your backs upon that cause and your own duty, I believe, for one, that the knell of Turkish tyranny has sounded. It is about to be destroyed, perhaps not in the way or by the means which we should choose; but come the boon from what hands it may, I believe it will be gladly accepted by Christendom and by the world."

THE MAY MEETINGS.

The tone of the May meetings this year has been, we think, somewhat less jubilant than usual. As we anticipated last month, the incomes of several of the principal societies have been injuriously affected by the state of trade. Commercial depression has, no doubt, been a main cause of the falling off of subscriptions of which the majority of our religious and philanthropic institutions have to complain. It is comparatively easy to give out of our abundance, in the days of our prosperity. It is not so easy when the margin between income and necessary expenditure becomes seriously lessened. At the same time it is certain, so far as we can judge, that the records of missionary labour and philanthropic effort never contained more heart-stirring narratives of devoted labour and of hopeful results than at present. All the best forces of civilisation are working on the side of Christianity. The faithfulness of Christian missionaries, the sacrifices which many of them have made and are making on behalf of the work to which they have given themselves, ought to stimulate those whose easier task it is to provide the expenditure necessary in order to sustain such service. It is true that the work of Christian missions in various parts of the world is no longer enveloped with that air of romance which invested it in the days of our fathers. The first impulses of enthusiasm have abated; the perhaps too eager anticipations of some of those to whom the idea of modern missions came almost like a new revelation of duty, have become toned down by actual experiences. Still, the testimonies continually arriving from all parts of the mission field present a body of evidence of the power of the Gospel to bless universal man of ever-increasing value, the importance of which it is almost impossible to over-estimate. Probably the facts of missionary triumph and influence will in the immediate future secure for themselves a place amongst the evidences of Christianity which has not yet been occupied in anything like an adequate manner. These marvels of the present supply a readier and more palpable array of arguments in support of the Gospel than those historical miracles upon which stress has always and rightly been laid. We have many tokens, too, that the apostolical missionary fervour still burns in the bosom of the Church. It finds expression in the consecration of a never-failing company of men who prove their apostolical succession by their apostolical deeds, and of faithful women, not a few, who belong to that sisterhood of whom St. Paul said, they laboured with him in the Gospel. This supply of missionary labourers and steadfastness in missionary service, may be reckoned among those brighter and more hopeful signs in the Church life of the present day which may be discerned, although amidst many of a different kind, by the thoughtful observer. The steadfast, plodding service of the Church on behalf of Christian missions is in every way to be encouraged and cherished. The fervour of feeling may indeed fluctuate, but the fire should ever be kept burning, and those who are specially appointed to watch over the spiritual interests of the Church should seek diligently to keep the flame alive.

RITUALISM AND THE LAW.

After a very protracted hearing and a long time taken for consideration by the judges, "the Ridsdale Case," as it is commonly called, has been decided upon by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. The Rev. C. J. Ridsdale, the incumbent of St. Peter's Church, Folkestone, has long been notorious for the extravagance of his ritualistic practices. He is one of a considerable number of the clergy who, during recent years, have taken part in the revival of mediæval forms in the worship of the Established Church of England, and who have contrived to bring about a very close resemblance between the public services of the churches in which they minister and those of the Church of Rome. Mr. Ridsdale was proceeded against, in consequence of these practices, under the Public Worship Act; the case was heard in the Court of Arches, before Lord Penzance, and judgment was pronounced on February 3, 1876. Against this judgment, which condemned his proceedings, Mr. Ridsdale appealed to the higher court, whose decision was given on May 12, 1877. There were four points on which the Court had to pronounce judgment, three of them relating to usages in the celebration of the Holy Communion. The first was as to the wearing of special vestments during that service; the second referred to "the Eastward position," the question being whether the clergyman ought to stand with his back towards the people while offering "the consecration prayer;" the third point was whether wafer-bread might be used instead of such bread as is usual to be eaten; and the fourth was as to the legality of having a crucifix on the top of the screen separating the chancel from body of the church. The Court decided that the eucharistic vestments were unlawful; that the "Eastward position" was doubtful, because of some ambiguity in the wording of the rubric in the prayer-book; that the use of wafer-bread was unlawful; and that the crucifix must be removed, because the evidence seemed to show that it was used for superstitious purposes.

Simple-minded and unprofessional persons who read over the elaborate terms of this judgment, and observe the wealth of learning and of legal sagacity which have been lavished upon it, will feel disposed to marvel that after all this lavish expenditure the results attained are so simple. Most of us, too, feel it very difficult to understand the state of the clerical mind which leads men to fight so persistently for

what appear at first sight trivial matters. Even when we remember that the usages referred to are valued chiefly because of their symbolical character, and so as a mode of setting forth certain doctrines, it is not easy to realise the importance attached to them by intelligent Christian men. The fundamental ideas of Christianity must have been miserably dwarfed and degraded, its central truths must have been transformed into strange superstitions, before so much stress could be laid upon these particular forms of appeal to the senses. It is sad to think that such poor fancies should thus have clustered around the simple ordinances of the Christian religion. Those of us who have witnessed the way in which the Lord's Supper is celebrated in ritualistic churches —the paltry and grotesque finery in which the clergy array themselves, the slavish homage paid to the objects which have been invested with an imaginary mystery and sacredness, the abject signs of outward reverence, and all the sham of priestly operation, as though by some secret and magical process virtue could be transfused into the material elements so ostentatiously manipulated—cannot refrain from the conclusion that the outward form has thus been invested with an altogether false importance, the effect of which must be, inevitably in most cases, and almost inevitably in all cases, to obscure and distort, if not altogether to hide, the spiritual truths which are supposed to be presented.

We confess that we cannot be sanguine enough to suppose that this judgment will have any great practical effect. The ritualistic clergy have shown an obstinate contempt and defiance of the law, and, it must be added, in many instances, a pertinacious disposition to shelter themselves under quibbles and evasions, which have gone far to demonstrate the impossibility of satisfactorily regulating the usages of public worship by any formal legal enactment. Perhaps indeed the Church's vitality makes such regulation doubly difficult. The religious life seems to demand variety of expression. However we may account for it, the ritualistic clergy have set themselves in an attitude of antagonism to the law which they do not seem likely to abandon. Mr. Tooth, at Hatcham, has just given another sign that he is not suppressed. His entry into the Church, from the duties connected with which he has been suspended, and celebration of the Lord's supper with a number of his congregation, perhaps is the most offensive exhibition of the contumacious spirit of the ritualistic clergy which has been given; and while such a spirit animates any considerable body of the English clergy we may be sure that troubles, perils, and difficulties, are in store for the Church.

THE HEROISM OF THE WELSH COLLIERS.

The whole country has recently been deeply moved by a circumstance of tragic and heroic interest in South Wales. One of those terrible accidents, unhappily too common in mining districts—the inundation of a colliery—which occurred on the 11th of April, led to a series of events which absorbed the painful interest and also excited the admiration of all classes of the community. The flooding of the Rhonddal mine took place in the evening, just as the men were leaving work. Most of them made their way to the shaft, which was ninety-two yards in depth, but fourteen poor fellows were overtaken by the rushing waters and were imprisoned within the labyrinth of dark and narrow passages which had been hewn out in following the coal seams. The workings were instantly filled with water, and it was only from the fact that at certain points the water was kept back by the compressed air, the escape of which had been prevented by the suddenness and completeness of the deluge, that any chance remained to the unfortunate men of rescue from their perilous position. As soon as it was discovered that some of their comrades were missing a number of the colliers descended the shaft, and at great risk began an exploration. Coal is an exceedingly good conductor of sound; consequently the knockings which the explorers heard soon convinced them that a party of the imprisoned men were on the other side of a seam of coal about a dozen yards in thickness. At once they set to work with desperate energy to cut through the barrier. Their task was accomplished by six o'clock the next morning. But then a terrible shock occurred. At the moment when the blow was given by which the mass of coal was broken through an explosion, like the bursting of a cannon, took place, caused by the rushing of the imprisoned air through the aperture. One of the poor men within was wedged in the opening which had been made and instantly killed, and one of the rescuers was badly wounded. The rest, however, four men, were brought out of their tomb in safety, and the whole party regained the surface. But a harder task yet remained. Knockings were heard proceeding from another part of the mine, testifying that some of those who had been overtaken by the flood were still alive, and certainly in sore need of help. Again a brave company of men essayed the work of rescue. It was impossible, however, to do anything until some of the water was withdrawn from the mine. This work was instantly commenced. Owners, engineers, and others brought their utmost scientific skill to bear on the undertaking, and it may be added, throughout showed, as did also several medical men, the highest courage and self-sacrifice. After some three days of incessant labour the water was so far reduced in quantity by pumping that it was possible to begin cutting away the coal, behind which the imprisoned men were languishing, without food or light and in momentary peril of various kinds. The barrier which had to be cut away was thirty-eight yards in thickness, and at this herculean task companies of colliers, relieving each other at regular intervals, laboured night and day. The work was dangerous as well as severe. When it was nearing completion there was a tremendous explosion of fire-damp, which compelled the bravest to draw back. For a moment it seemed as if no heart were stout enough to dare the peril of any further effort; to go on with the cutting under such circumstances was to ente

the very jaws of death. But a band of gallant men stepped forward, prepared to accept the risk for sake of the lives which they hoped to save. An eye-witness says that the men worked sometimes with blood streaming from their hands. At length, on the ninth day, as now everybody knows, these noble efforts were successful. Five miners were reached and brought forth from their dismal burial place, in the extremest state of exhaustion, but alive, and, as it has turned out, capable of recovery. Four poor fellows seem to have been lost beside the one who was killed in the explosion mentioned. The bodies of two were found in the mine, one crushed by a fallen rock, the other having been caught in the same manner, and afterwards apparently suffocated.

Such is a brief outline of this remarkable story, the principal details of which have been read by all classes in every part of the land with profound interest, and often with dim eyes. The whole country has felt that the presentation of the Albert medal to several of the gallant rescuers, by her Majesty the Queen, was a fitting recognition of courage and devotion never surpassed "at the cannon's mouth." How deeply the hearts of the people of Wales have been stirred we can only partly imagine. The earnest prayers offered during the days of suspense, and the services of thanksgiving when the deliverance was effected, were the fitting manifestations of a people who are peculiarly susceptible of religious emotion and capable of religious faith. The public subscription being raised at the invitation of the Lord Mayor of London for the benefit of the sufferers by this calamity, and as a tribute to the courage which it has called forth, is a fitting way of showing national sympathy. The event reminds us very strikingly of the fact that brave, true hearts often beat beneath very rough exteriors; and for a long time to come many of us, who live far away from the mining districts, and to whom the Welsh collier has been only a name, not always suggesting pleasant associations, —a rough, troublesome, recalcitrant member of the community—will think of these toilers under ground with a sympathy and respect which we had scarcely felt before, but which, it may be, we should feel towards a far larger portion of our race if we knew our fellow-men more perfectly.

AN ECUMENICAL BISHOP OF THE PRIMITIVE SCHOOL.

There has lately gone forth from our shores a venerable minister of the gospel in Glasgow, who has undertaken, at the request of brethren of all denominations, to devote the remainder of his life at home and abroad to the furtherance of the gospel, especially among the English-speaking people in foreign lands, and, as far as in his power, among the non-Christian natives of these countries.

The Rev. A. N. Somerville, Minister of Anderston Free Church, Glasgow, has laboured there for some forty years, fervent, earnest, faithful; a workman that needeth not to be ashamed; one that has turned many to righteousness. The representative, it is understood, of a noble family, whose title he might assume, if his heart lay in that direction, he deliberately prefers a different order of nobility, the order constituted by Christian usefulness, and in that order, the department of those who labour for the good of souls. Of his fitness for this department of usefulness in foreign countries he has already given full proof by his service in India, a couple of years ago, and by his labours in Canada, at a still more recent date. He traversed India, working incessantly, uninjured by its climate, though, or perhaps because, only a water-drinker; and wherever he went, through the blessing of God on his simple preaching, his earnest spirit and his frank, winning way, he was the means of accomplishing a very remarkable measure of good.

Recently, the United Evangelistic Association of Glasgow came to the Presbytery of the Free Church there, and petitioned that body to allow him to give up his ministerial charge in order that he might go into all the world, and as opportunity occurred preach the gospel to every creature. The sight was striking: ministers and laymen of all denominations coming together to make this request on behalf of one whom they honoured, and whom they believed likely, with God's blessing, to become the means of immense good wherever he should go.

Retaining his connection with his own church, Mr. Somerville goes forth as the representative and messenger of a united evangelical Christianity. His first destination, we believe, is Australia. And the one favour he asks of his friends was thus expressed by him before he set out:—

"No doubt I am making preparations, but my chief occupation is endeavouring to get myself associated with as many companies of Christians as possible, in different parts of the country, so that I may go forth sustained and prospered through their sympathy and prayers. A mission like mine should resemble a river—may I not say like the Rhine?—which, in its beneficent course through the lands, drains a basin of 86,000 square miles. The channel of this river receives into it the tribute of the almost incredible number of 12,000 feeders—so many affluents at least, large and small, are said to have been counted. I should like my mission to carry with it the force and the flow of 12,000 intercessions. Were such a mission as my own supported after a fashion like this, what might not one, though, like myself, but a 'reed shaken by the wind,' be enabled to accomplish?"

THE BURIALS BILL.

It is deeply to be regretted that such a subject as that of the burial of the dead should stir the minds of a considerable portion of the community with ecclesiastical and political acrimony, and should remain a point of hot dispute for years. Future historians, we cannot doubt, will regard this struggle as one of the singular blots which deface the records of a century marked in many respects by brilliant progress, and not least by the broadening of religious sympathies among Christian people. Earl Granville proposed in the House of Lords, a few weeks ago, a resolution, referring to a Government Bill on the subject of Burials, which we believe expresses what

is very rapidly becoming the feeling of Englishmen generally, namely, "That no amendment of the law relating to the burial of the dead in England will be satisfactory which does not enable the relatives or friends, having charge of the funeral of any deceased person, to conduct such funeral, in any churchyard in which the deceased had a right of interment, with such Christian and orderly religious observances as to them may seem fit." Looked at apart from all prejudices and suspicions, on the broad grounds of justice and Christian charity, such a proposal surely is simple and reasonable enough, and the only marvel about it is that there should be any necessity for it. The House of Lords, however, rejected Earl Granville's Resolution. What possible evil could come of allowing the accredited representative of any Christian denomination to conduct such a funeral service in a graveyard as would be acceptable and consolatory to mourners at a most painful moment, is indeed hard to understand, and is, we do not hesitate to add, only conceivable to a mind which has somehow been sadly warped. We were glad to observe that at a recent public meeting of a Church of England Society, Lord Shaftesbury referred to the subject. The tone of his lordship's address as a whole was more desponding than, at least in our opinion, it need have been, in its comments on the ecclesiastical and theological position of the country, but these words on the Burials Bill are the outspoken sentiments of a generous and kindly heart. Lord Shaftesbury said:—

"I now come to a point on which there may be some difference of opinion in this room, but as President of this Society I must explain to the clergy and the laity around me the reasons on which I have acted in the part I have taken in reference to it. The question comes in to crown all the mischief, and as it were to complete the state of disunion among Christian men, whom we must all desire to see united in making more vigorous efforts for the spread of religious truth. Observe the long delay in settling the question of religious services at the burial of Nonconformists. Be assured that it will go further to endanger the position of the Church, to agitate men's minds, and to create a bad feeling among various Christian bodies, than almost anything that has ever occurred. Well, now, seeing that such was the state of things, I determined to make an effort to effect a compromise. I did devise a compromise. Of course I entered upon the inheritance that usually falls to the lot of those who mediate. I became obnoxious to both sides. I know it is said in Scripture, "Blessed are the peace-makers." Spiritually that is no doubt true, but terrestrially it is just the reverse. I have generally found that those who interpose in such cases, though they do so with the best intentions, come off very badly indeed in the effort which they make. But why did I make this effort? For this reason: because I thought that there was a hope of reconciliation, and I believe I succeeded so far as to gain the support of a considerable body of Nonconformists in England and Wales. Now, I maintain that I am right when I say it is in vain for a Government, however powerful, to declare that they will support a large body of men in the Church in refusing such a concession to the Nonconformists of England and Wales. It is of no use to argue about the law; it is of no use to adduce a series of logical propositions; it is of no use to express fears that if one demand is granted it may lead to another. Rely upon it that when this question comes to be made a public question—and it will be made a public question whenever the next general election comes on—you will never be able by means of Acts of Parliament and logical arguments to beat back the voice of nature. It is already conceded by the common law — this cannot be denied — that any corpse may be interred in the churchyard; but when the relatives of a deceased Nonconformist come with the body to the churchyard and wish to offer up a word of exhortation or a prayer which would afford comfort to the mourners, the law steps in and says, 'Begone! Nothing of that sort is permitted by the law of the land.' I tell you that the entire sympathies of mankind go along with those who maintain that they shall have a right, while interring a deceased relative to offer up such prayers to Almighty God as may bring consolation to their hearts and may help to soothe their distress. You are striking against the strongest sympathies of human nature in your refusal, and you will never get the mass of the nation to go with you. You are ignoring an appeal to the highest sympathies and feelings of man's nature, to those sympathies and those feelings which unite all men who believe that all men were created by the same God, redeemed by the same Saviour, and are destined to the same immortality."

We are only sorry that it is necessary, as it certainly is, to address language of remonstrance so strong to any portion of the religious community. But we are thankful that such words have been spoken.

II.—GLANCES ABROAD.

ULTRAMONTANISM AND ITS FRUITS IN FRANCE.

Within the last month a stormy and excited debate has taken place in the French Chamber of Deputies which painfully illustrates the temper of at least some of the leaders of the anti-Popish party in France. The debate was provoked by the folly and bigotry of certain bishops of the Papal Church in France. In episcopal pastorals, lately issued, these ecclesiastics had in the strongest language condemned the Italian Government for the course which has been adopted with respect to the Pope, and appealed to faithful members of the Papal Church in France not to rest until the Pope was restored to his temporal dignity and authority. These pastorals were complained of in the Chamber of Deputies as tending to disturb public peace and to interfere with the friendly relations existing between France and Italy, and M. Jules Simon, then Prime Minister of France, was called upon to say what course the Government proposed to take in order to put a stop to such dangerous expressions of feeling. M. Simon gave a cautious and conciliatory reply. He explained that a circular had already been issued to the bishops to prevent a recurrence of such publications as those referred to, and while avowing his own respect for the Papacy he replied at considerable length to the allegations and complaints of the bishops, defending the Italian

Government, and making light of the persecutions said to be endured by the Pope. The feature of the debate was a speech by M. Gambetta, who in strong and even violent language denounced the "clericalism" which he declared to be the enemy of France. The Papal Church in France, he maintained, had become and was becoming increasingly a source of political danger to the country, from the relation in which the Ultramontanists stood with respect to the Pope. M. Gambetta spoke with great eloquence and also with great strength of language. A speaker who followed, and pleaded that some respect should be shown towards Christianity by the radical papers, (let us hope because he was supposed to refer to that set of statements about God and His truth which has been represented to them as "Christianity") was laughed to scorn, and when references were made to certain passages in those papers which insulted and dishonoured the Name which is above every name, they were received with "roars of laughter" and applauded to the echo.

We cannot read such an account without grief and indignation. The incident reveals, we fear, the spirit and attitude of a very considerable section of educated men in France. Their scepticism is not the scepticism of "honest doubt," of minds that are perplexed by the difficulties which stand in the way of faith; it has passed far beyond that stage, and has steeped itself in scornful mockery and atheism. A question of deep importance is, How has this come about? The answer, we think, must be, It is largely a reaction from the bondage of priestly tyranny which, whilst it reserves to itself the right to revile Italy, withholds from others the right to defend her, and does this in the name and interests of their God and their Church. One fearful product of the false and superstitious teachings and customs on which the Papacy has set the seal of its authority, has always been a blank and bitter infidelity. Men see through the false pretences of such a Church—they despise the authority which sanctions them, they scoff at it, and then, as in France, confounding Christianity with the Church, they hate both with a deadly hatred!

BRITISH ANNEXATION IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Intelligence has been received, in a brief form, of an important step taken by the authorities of the British Government in South Africa. The district known as the territory of the Transvaal Republic has been taken possession of and declared subject to the English crown. The details of the reasons for this proceeding have not reached us in full at the time of writing, but a general statement has been made by Lord Carnarvon, the English Colonial Secretary, to the effect that the so-called Republic was in an utter and miserable condition of anarchy, bankruptcy, and ruin, and especially that it was a source of great danger to the entire European population of South Africa. The government was in the hands of Dutch Boers, who not only showed great harshness and incompetence in legislation and administration, but were in a chronic state of disagreement with the native tribes, and it was believed were on the verge of a Caffre war, which would certainly have brought about most disastrous results. Sir Bartle Frere, to whose appointment to the Colonial Governorship of South Africa we lately referred in these columns, has simply announced the fact of the annexation to the English Colonial Office without comment. We shall look with much interest for the arrival of a full statement of the matter. On the face of it the act seems likely to prove a wise and justifiable one. Certainly England has no desire for any further annexation to her empire for the sake of self-aggrandisement; but the development of our national impulse and faculty for colonising has brought with it many inevitable responsibilities and duties. England may be reconciled to this new burden if it can be shown that by undertaking to bear it South Africa may be preserved from a standing menace to its peace and an abiding cause of misery and mischief.

THE MORMON STATE IN AMERICA.

As the population of the United States increases it becomes more and more evident that the institution of Mormonism in Utah is imperilled, and that it must before very long be swept away by processes inevitably occasioned by the public sense of morality. It has lately been proved that a party of Mormons were the real culprits in the case of a dreadful massacre of travellers a few years ago, which at the time was attributed to Indians. The ringleader of the party was executed a little while ago for the crime, in accordance with the sentence of the law. There is very little, if any, doubt that the man was a subordinate and tool of Brigham Young, the Mormon president, and it is said that efforts are being made to trace to the latter other similar crimes. Lately the non-Mormon population of Utah have been giving signs of a restlessness and activity which a few years ago, before the United States authorities had devoted much practical attention to the affairs of the settlement, would have been very summarily repressed by the Mormon leaders. A "mass-meeting" was held in Salt Lake City a few weeks ago, when a resolution was passed calling for an amendment of the Act of Congress by which Utah was constituted a territory. This amendment is to contain a clause providing that "no person living in the practice of bigamy or polygamy shall be permitted to hold any office, or vote at any election, or to act as juror, and that all votes shall be by secret ballot." This is intended to correct some modes of proceeding by which the Mormon population of Utah have hitherto succeeded to a large extent in baffling the intention of the laws framed with reference to the state by the United States legislature. What chance this proposal will have of becoming law we cannot tell; but coming as it does from Utah itself, it is very significant. It is one of many signs that this singular excrescence of Christian civilisation in America is in a fair way of being, although by slow degrees, finally got rid of.

III.—JOTTINGS FROM THE MISSION FIELD.

BEYROUT AS A CENTRE OF CHRISTIAN WORK.

The Rev. Dr. Chambers, in a recently published letter, gives an interesting account of the Protestant missionary agencies established in Beyrout. This place is now by far the first commercial town in Syria; it is also the centre of evangelistic work in that country, and "in a sense, among all the Arabic-speaking populations in Europe, Asia, or Africa." "Either a very wise foresight, or a distinct movement of Providence," adds Dr. Chambers, "led the American brethren called to the work to establish themselves in this city as the base of their operations." Special attention has been devoted to the two great instrumentalities—literature and education—so powerful everywhere when used on behalf of Christian life and truth:—

"The press is a great and growing power in Beyrout. It introduced for the first time the printing of Arabic on the soil where Arabic is spoken; it gave to the world the first complete and worthy version of the Scriptures in Arabic—a version admitted by all competent scholars to be quite unsurpassed in fidelity and elegance by any other in any tongue ancient or modern—a version which opens the treasures of God's Word to no less than sixty millions of the earth's population. Along with this the press is incessantly sending forth the various subsidiary works necessary to the proper study of the Scriptures, and also some of the choicest specimens of uninspired religious composition. The solid beginnings of a Christian literature are thus introduced, and its effects even in the infancy of the enterprise are not to be mistaken. Other presses have been called into being—for the most part in the way of rivalry; but even this is far better than an intellectual torpor comparable only to the desolation of the Dead Sea. It is a great thing to put long-established error on its defence, and rouse a sleeping and besotted community to some sense of the value of truth.

"Hand in hand with the press go regular educational institutions. In these a great work has been accomplished. The beginning was made with girls. The Eastern, and especially Mahommedan view of the female sex, regards learning as for them a needless, if not dangerous, acquisition. Women are either toys or slaves, usually the latter, and such drudgery as they are compelled to perform would not be assisted or alleviated by culture. There was need of actual example to show what could be done by judicious training, and thus lift wives and mothers to their proper place. The Female Seminary at Beyrout has already dissipated a host of prejudices, and sent forth numbers of graduates, each of whom is in her sphere, wherever it may be, a quiet but successful teacher of refinement and grace. For young men a college, after having worked for several years in rented rooms, has removed into a sightly and substantial edifice standing on the high ground south of the city, where it is the most striking object to the visitor approaching from the sea. Here all the modern facilities for instruction have been introduced; a museum and cabinets have been commenced, and the students are conducted through the curriculum common to similar institutions in America. I met one of the graduates acting as medical officer of a steamboat on the Nile. Not far from the college is a similar but smaller building occupied for a medical school. Here again are all the features of such schools in our own country, although of course on a less extensive scale. But the discipline is serious, the examinations are thorough, and a diploma cannot be obtained unless it is deserved. A theological seminary has also been established to train a ministry on the soil of the country.

THE BIBLE IN MADAGASCAR.

We find the following very interesting statement of facts in a speech delivered by the Rev. W. E. Cousins, a missionary to Madagascar, connected with the London Missionary Society:—

"The earliest attempts of the London Missionary Society to reach Madagascar were made in the year 1818. It was not however, until 1820 that our missionaries were stationed in the capital. The first missionary that reached Antananarivo was a Welshman, the Rev. David Jones. He arrived there in October, 1820. Next year, in the month of May, I believe, it was his pleasure to welcome as his colleague his fellow countryman, the Rev. David Griffiths, and to these two men, both Welshmen, and both Davids, is to be attributed the great honour of having prepared for the Malagasi people the first translation of the complete Bible. To understand what is implied in this simple statement you must bear in mind that when these men reached Antananarivo they found no written language and no literature. They had thus to work under immense disadvantages, but they speedily grappled with their task. Early in 1824, less than four years after the arrival of the first of them in the capital, they began to preach in the native language, and even at this time a commencement had been made in the great work of Bible translation. By the end of the year 1828 the whole of the Bible was in manuscript. Then began the work of printing. The first press was put up in Madagascar by the late Mr. Cameron in 1827, and the first printing of the Bible was done in 1828. From an old missionary Report we learn that the work was begun on New Year's Day. This work of printing the Bible went on until 1830, when, in the month of June, I believe, the first translation of the New Testament was presented to the people. Three thousand copies were printed off. Thus, within ten years, those men had mastered the language, had systematized its orthography, had completed the preliminary translation of the whole Bible, and had printed an edition of three thousand copies of the New Testament. No sooner was the printing of the New Testament finished than the printing of the Old Testament was begun. That work proceeded month after month and year by year, and as different portions were completed they were circulated among the people; so that much knowledge of the Old Testament was in the hands of the people before the outbreak of persecution. Now we come to a year for ever memorable in the history of Madagascar—the year 1835. At this time there still remained certain portions of the Old Testament unprinted. These were Ezekiel, Daniel, the minor prophets, and part of the Book of Job. The event that now occurred changed the whole aspect of affairs in Madagascar. On Sunday, March the 1st, 1835, an immense assembly—a *cabara*, as the natives call it—was gathered together, and Christianity was prohibited. The Government had long been jealous of the growth of this new power that they could not understand; and at last they determined that the religion of Jesus Christ should be destroyed and that no native should abandon the old religion of

his forefathers. All who had attended Christian worship were required to accuse themselves—to send in their names to the Government; all who had kept Christian books in their possession were compelled to deliver them up; and this state of things continued for five-and-twenty years. For five-and-twenty years, it was acknowledged that the Malagasie Christian could hold to a copy of God's Word only at the risk of his life; and yet we know that, notwithstanding this, there were many who still dared to retain the precious treasure and to bind it to their hearts. When the missionaries found what serious hindrances their labours were about to meet with, they prosecuted their work of printing, in order, if possible, to complete the translation of the remaining books. They were, however, placed in circumstances of unusual difficulty. They were cut off from all communication with their native converts; and they could procure no native workmen to help them in the task. Mr. Baker, the missionary printer, himself 'composed' the whole, and Mr. Kitchen, one of the missionary artisans, worked off the sheets at the press. With trembling haste did these men go on with the remaining portions of the Bible until, within four months of that great national assembly, of which I spoke just now, they were able to present to those natives who were willing to receive it a complete edition of God's blessed Word in Malagasi. These missionaries were not allowed to remain any longer in Madagascar. The last party of them sorrowfully turned their backs upon the capital in July 1836; but, though the missionaries left, the written Word remained."

From the faithful use of those carefully secreted and greatly valued copies of the Bible, these Christians of Madagascar derived the strength and courage which kept them steadfast through those long dark years of trial, and by this means the life of the Church was kept up until the dawn of a happier day.

WORK IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

Few fields of labour present more trying conditions to the Christian minister than Newfoundland. The excessive cold, the long-continued winter, the dreary fogs, the thinly-scattered population, are a few of the many elements of difficulty which have to be met with there. Long journeys, great exposure, and a multitude of discouragements, test the faith and endurance of the messenger of glad tidings. For several years the Rev. Thomas Hall, a Congregationalist minister, has laboured in Newfoundland with indomitable perseverance and zeal and with much success. He has been especially successful in carrying the Gospel to remote and isolated fishing stations and settlements in which, in many instances, the face of a minister has not been seen for years, and the observances of religion have been almost forgotten. Not confining himself to mere preaching, Mr. Hall has in various ways, by promoting the establishment of post offices, the formation of roads, &c., become a pioneer of civilisation to these poor people, connecting them once more by such means with the life of the great world from which circumstances seemed to have cut them adrift. Mr. Hall has also been remarkably successful in gathering about him a number of fellow-workers, men and women, of a spirit kindred with his own, who seem to have caught his enthusiasm, devotion, and tact. This good work is assisted in some measure by grants from the Congregational Colonial Missionary Society. Our readers will be glad to have their attention drawn to the following communication lately received by that Society from the Rev. G. Harrington, one of Mr. Hall's colleagues :—

"I came to this country at the instance of the Rev. Mr. Hall, of St. John's, to labour as missionary under the 'Newfoundland Home Missionary Society.' After taking a month's tour through different parts of the country to learn the state of the people, and, with the sanction of the Committee, I settled down here. I found the place totally neglected—a great number of poor Protestant families residing along the sea-shore in the different coves and harbours, and in 'tits' in the woods, without a church, chapel, minister, school, or teacher of any religion within twenty miles' distance of the place. There was not a public road, wharf for landing, burying-place for the dead, nor a postal communication. The whole part of the country appeared to be in a very sad state. I got a room to lodge in a poor humble cottage, went round the district, visited all those poor people, and told them of my intention of residing in the place to do them good. They all seemed thankful. I built a nice school-house, provided a teacher, and commenced operations. With aid from friends I built a cottage, in which I reside. Through the Government support I have opened up public roads, built a landing wharf, got a suitable burying-place nicely railed in, got postal communication established, and two post-offices opened in the neighbourhood, and last year I built a second school-house in a remote part of the district. I have now two day-schools and two Sunday-schools at full work, and well attended by poor Protestant children who were never at school before. I make the houses to answer the double purpose of school-houses and chapel, and have a large congregation on every Sunday at both these places to hear the Gospel. The Lord is truly blessing my poor work much. Blessed is His name. But you will be surprised when I tell you that all the stipend I receive for my support since I came here from the 'Newfoundland Home Missionary Society' is only from £40 to £50 British a year. I have to make up the salary of the two school-teachers by voluntary subscriptions as well as I can. Of course the small stipend I receive would not support me, but through the kindness of friends at home, in the old country, and some gentlemen at St. John, who kindly aided me, I have been able to get on. But now, alas! I find that many of my friends at home have passed off the stage of this life, and my kind friend, Colonel Sir S. Hill, the Governor, left last month, his term of office having expired. The Newfoundland Home Missionary Society cannot do more for me, not having the means; I am now, therefore, compelled to lay my case before your Committee. I am trying to do the work which your society seeks to encourage. I think when you consider my pecuniary position you will see that I cannot get along in this country on a less amount than £100 per annum; I therefore respectfully request you to do what you can for me."

This communication speaks for itself. For our own part we feel that it is a brief chapter of modern Christian labour which we may thankfully compare with some chapters in the Acts of the Apostles.

"SUMMER BLOSSOMS."

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LAPSED, BUT NOT LOST.

A Story of Roman Carthage.

By the AUTHOR of "The Schönberg-Cotta Family."

CHAPTER IV.

THE paths through the gardens and vineyards which Valerian and Viola had trodden alone the night before, were made joyous the next morning by the gathering of the whole Church of Carthage to the Natal-Festival of the Martyrs.

From all quarters of Carthage they came; from the villas along the shore, and from the remoter country. Amongst them some slaves; and not a few women of high rank, borne in rich-curtained litters, and men high in office and rank, marked by their broad-bordered robes. But the majority were from the middle-classes, prosperous, industrious tradesmen, skilled artisans, rich freedmen, shipowners, and merchants.

Ancient ancestry, especially if Roman or Latin, had its value. But in an Empire, in which the supreme power had so seldom descended thrice in one family, and which lately had been subject to one barbarian after another, hereditary rank had comparatively little weight. To be a Roman was still something, and, among Romans, to belong to an old patrician house was still something more, and a great legendary Greek ancestry had its charm for educated men; but in a Provincial city like Carthage, too many ancestries, more ancient than Rome herself, had been crumbled down beneath the tyranny of military conquest, for birth to take any stand in comparison with office.

And the honour paid to office in an Empire where the Imperial source of all official rank had been often so basely won and so briefly held, was of the most lowering kind.

The enthusiasm of loyalty did not exist, the enthusiasm of patriotism in the subject nations had been crushed out, and with Romans had been debased into a mere jealous guarding of a privileged name.

In the Church alone both these great inspirations were felt;—in her loyalty to the King Immortal and Invisible, who had created her by dying; in the patriotism to the great Christian nation born of one Father, through whose veins flowed one sacred blood, which thrilled with one sympathetic life, whether in suffering or in thanksgiving, from Phrygia to Lyons, from Egypt to Rome, from Rome to Carthage and Spain.

So the community at Carthage met that morning, not as an isolated colony, but as a portion of a great state, a great Kingdom.

Whether or not in a majority, as Tertullian had asserted of Carthage, they were advancing to be the majority throughout the Empire, by the force of youth in the midst of a world in its decreptitude.

There was no concealment in this festival. The heathen knew why they met.

More than half a century since, before Perpetua died, Tertullian had written his apology rather in the tone of an assault than a defence; had summoned the magistrates before his higher Tribunal, rather than pleaded before theirs.

And to-day there was a freedom and a joyousness about the meetings and greetings which gave the assembly a national as well as a religious character.

That morning, also, there was a recent convert among them from the high places of heathenism—Thascius Cyprian, a man of wealth and standing, convinced late in middle life of the truth of Christianity, bringing to the service of the Church, a finished eloquence and a statesman's training. A hush of welcome greeted him as he passed along, and the "grave joyousness" of his manner, on this his first celebration of the martyrs, threw an additional light on the feast to many.

And yet, as he passed, doubtless his eyes were quietly taking in the pomp of dress, the jewelled necklaces, and sky-blue robes and golden fillets for which he afterwards reprehended Christian women.

The thirty years of peace had, he thought, relaxed the nerve and sinew of Christian life; and it needed such a conversion as his, from the absolute outside of idolatrous heathenism, to make the indelible contrast once more vividly received.

His own dress was marked by no peculiar asceticism. Dearly as he honoured Tertullian, "the master," he did not assume the philosopher's pall which Tertullian thought the befitting dress for a Christian. But he, coming from the unchanged world outside, felt keenly the differences which to many born within the fold, and only knowing the heathen world from outside, seemed faint and all but effaced.

It was a joyous meeting, the happy voices of children nurtured in Christian homes, and young maidens trooping to lay on the sacred graves the garlands with which Tertullian had told them it was a degradation to crown their own brows.

A tender feeling of reverence for the glorious confessors, and of a corporate possession in their passion and their victory, blended with the natural human joy of meeting with any sympathetic purpose. But on none save those who had long passed the prime of life had the terrible shadow of persecution fallen, and scarcely one heart was saddened by a shadow of dread that on that rugged and sanguinary path any then present would ever be called to tread.

The blessed Cross of Redemption itself seemed scarcely farther off than that day of tumult and triumph in the arena of Carthage.

The Cross was commemorated by the Eucharistic Feast, and the martyrdom by garlands and hymns; and both lay deep in the foundations of the Church, and above began to rise the fair and sublime House of God for all nations. Surely the times of fulfilment were drawing near!

The four brothers and sisters came together among the vines to the hill of the catacombs, as bright a group as any there; the brothers first, carrying a basket, with the offering of bread and wine—wine from their own grapes, and bread from their own granaries, and the sisters following with garlands of richly-scented flowers, bells, and cups, and crowns of creamy white and gorgeous crimson and purple, pouring out their perfume in the cool morning air, flowers carefully cultivated to render this homage; and mingled with them, by a fancy of Viola's, bunches of sweet wild blossoms, lest, she said, "Nature's own free offerings and gifts to the poorest—the little children of the woods and fields—should seem to be forbidden to come to Him who paid such honour to their lily kindred in Syria of old."

At length they reached the entrance of the catacombs; and one group after another passed from the glow of the sunshine into the twilight and coolness of the vaulted chambers of the ancient Phœnician dead, now appropriated to Christian burial. There the offerings of bread and wine, taken from their hands, were laid by the deacons on the altar, offerings for the departed and the present, the church visible and invisible, the living, here, below, and the living, with God. And the garlands were heaped on tomb and floor.

The Acts of the Martyrs were read and prayers offered; those pathetic prayers of the old Liturgies which revealed in their details of intercession how rough and perilous still was the path the Church had to tread. "Remember, O Lord, Christians sailing and travelling; our fathers and brethren who are in bonds, captivity, and exile; who are in mines, and under torture and bitter slavery. Have mercy on all who are in prison, or in mines, or on trial, or condemned, or in exile, or crushed by cruel bondage or tribute. Deliver them, O Lord, for thou art our God, who settest the captives free; who raisest up the down-trodden; who givest hope to the hopeless, and help to the helpless; who liftest up the fallen; who givest refuge to the shipwrecked, and vengeance to the oppressed. Pity, relieve, and restore every Christian soul that is afflicted or wandering. But do thou, O Lord, the physician of our souls and bodies, the guardian of all flesh, look down, and by Thy saving power, heal all the diseases of soul and body.

"Send down copious showers on dry and thirsty lands. Gladden and revive the face of the earth, that it may spring forth and rejoice in the raindrops. Make the rivers flow in full stream.

"Have mercy on all creatures; spare the guilty; convert the erring; restore the oppressed; on the disquieted bestow rest; heal the weak; console the afflicted; and perfect the alms of those who work righteousness on account of Thy holy name.

"Sanctify also, O Lord, our souls and bodies and spirits, and touch our understandings, search our consciences, and cast out from us every evil imagination, every impure feeling, every base desire, every unbecoming thought, all envy and vanity and hypocrisy, all lying, all deceit, all wantonness, all wrangling, all indifference, every motive of the flesh and spirit that is not in accordance with Thy holy will. Remember, O Lord, the spirits of all flesh of whom we have made mention, and of whom we have not made mention, who are of the true faith, from righteous Abel unto this day; unto them do thou give rest, those in the land of the living, in Thy kingdom, in the joy of Paradise, in the bosom of Abraham, of Isaac and of Jacob, our holy fathers; whence pain and grief and lamentation have fled; there the light of Thy countenance looks upon them and enlightens them, for ever."

To the early Church, the Family in earth and heaven were truly one: the place of the departed was not the land of the dead where

all things are forgotten; it was "the land of the living."

The sacred responsive call which has echoed through the Church for nearly two thousand years, sounded solemnly under the ancient vaults beneath the hills.

The solitary voice commanding—

"Lift up your hearts,"

the whole congregation pealing back the answer—

"We lift them up to the Lord."

Afterwards the whole assembly, for a time, kept motionless silence, before the celebration of the Holy Eucharist.

Eucharistical, joyful, the spirit of freedom and thanksgiving seemed to pervade the whole.

The faithful footsteps of those they delighted to honour had opened a bright path for those that followed; the sacred blood of sacrifice came to them in the wine of joy and the bread of daily sustenance.

Yet always these elements, in the symbolism of Christian life, are reconvertible. And on the utmost verge of the united joyous company knelt two who bore on every feature commemoration of the bitterest kind.

When the service was over, and the brothers and sisters were preparing to go home, in the shadow of the rocky hill under which the catacombs were excavated, Valerian's eye fell on the crouching forms of the man and woman who had crossed his and Viola's path the evening before.

The same downcast, hopeless, stony, downward look on the face of the man; the same imploring, appealing, yet unexpectant upward gaze in the woman, unchanged and unillumined by any of the joy around them.

Moved by an instinct of compassion, and attracted by a kind of gloomy fascination, Valerian went up to them apart, and spoke in a low voice to the woman.

"Can I—can the priest here do nothing for you? He is a wise man and pitiful."

"Pity is not for us, at least not for me," she said.

Valerian turned to the man.

As he looked, the stony features and frame grew yet more rigid, and the sufferer sank helpless and unconscious on the ground.

Clement and his sisters had gone out of sight, swept on with the joyous multitude. Valerian lingered to give what help he could. He would have raised the rigid form and opened the closed lips to pour in wine. But the woman gently laid her hand on his, and refused all aid.

"Do not arouse him one moment before it must be," she said. "Why should he be conscious of his anguish one moment longer than must be? Depart from us, we are polluted," she said; "we sacrificed for Cæsar in the persecution of Maximin. I persuaded him, because our love and happiness were so great. Now he will never know forgiveness on earth, and in heaven he can never again love or forgive me. We are lapsed, we are *Sacrificati*—of the worst and most unpardonable. He has nothing to plead but the dead love for me. I have nothing to plead but the devilish selfishness which I thought love for him. We were not threatened with torture or death, only with separation, exile, and the mines. And now we are together,—*always*—and *never:* his very soul closed and separated from me."

Valerian shuddered and half withdrew, so deep was the horror of treachery against Christ.

"Why do you stay with him?"

She smiled a sad wondering smile.

"Did you never love?" she said. "If my mortal life could be poured out in one drop, which could soothe for an hour the anguish I have caused him, would it not be well spent?"

An impulse of unquenchable pity mastered him, and lifted him for a moment above the mists of his time and region.

"Our Lord poured out all His immortal life," he said, "my sister, for thee, for me; for Him love is stronger than sin, than death, than all. Who knows but that through all this anguish, though never to be soothed in this life, He *is* disciplining, making you good, and may forgive you, after ages of ages, perhaps, but yet at last?" For it never entered his mind that the misery and the shame could be atoned for or blotted out here.

He signed the cross over the ashy rigid face of the man, as the wife had laid it on her knee, and over the bowed head of the woman.

"It is only when he is unconscious," she murmured, "that I can have the poor wasted frame rest in any way on me. He does not know I am sustaining him."

"Can it be? Can it be?" Valerian thought, "that the Holy One Himself is so sustaining you both, although you know it not?"

But he did not say this. The horror of the disloyal betrayal was too strong. He only said,

"Sister! absolved or not, do not dare to look away from the Cross."

She thanked him with an upward glance, but at that moment a quiver passed through the rigid motionless frame, and she motioned Valerian away.

CHAPTER V.

THERE was much simple festivity at the farm that day, but the shadow of the two lapsed and lost Christians lay heavy on Valerian.

In the evening, when all the guests had returned to Carthage, he spoke of it in the family.

There was no division of opinion in the little family as to the enormity of the crime or the necessity of the severest penalty.

The grand and sombre shadow of Tertullian lay especially dark on the North African Church.

The existence of the whole Church was based on loyalty to an invisible King. Disloyalty to Him by an open act of treason seemed, therefore, the one unpardonable offence. It was not denied that the merciful One who blotted out St. Peter's threefold denial by a threefold commission, might forgive any who so failed Him in after ages. But for the Church to pass by such a treachery seemed to be making herself a sharer in it, seemed an act of disloyalty in the Church herself.

"There used to be only one key to that door," the grandmother said. "If one of the martyrs, or of those who had faithfully given themselves up to martyrdom, could plead for these guilty ones, they may perhaps find a place for repentance. Such honour was wont to be paid to those who had followed the Master closely. But there are no martyrs in these days."

"It would be doubly worth while to suffer," said Viola, "if by suffering one could so save. It would make it like our Lord's own suffering."

"Thascius Cyprian thinks too much has sometimes been conceded to the pleading of the martyrs," Valerian said. "It is no mercy to make it less perilous to fall."

"But if one *had* fallen!" said Clement.

"Surely we ought not to allow ourselves for an instant to think it possible," Valerian replied. "To dream of having the words of denial on our lips seems in itself a treason."

"But to dream of having the martyr's crown on our brow seems in itself a boast like St. Peter's," Clement replied, "and a summoning of the enemy to his worst against us. And who knows what his worst might be? What do we know, who have given up nothing, to whom the faith has been but an aid to do better the best things we could otherwise have done? Who knows how we might stand torture, or still more, stand seeing our beloved tortured?"

"Yet it was not torture before which St. Peter fell. It was a taunt—a taunt from a slave-woman—and the Master within hearing. Is torture so much more terrible than contempt," said Valerian, "that we should dare to think it could bring us to betray?"

"We may be sure the enemy would not leave his wiles behind," said Clement, "even when he could openly wield the sword. There is always some hidden temptation behind the temptation others see, which is the temptation to us."

"The 'temptation of temptations,' it seems to me," said Valerian, "is that making all things shadowy; those endless suggestions that there are two sides to everything, and that only the ignorant believe in one side enough to suffer for it."

"Ah, you all talk like inexperienced children," said the grandmother. "Not one of you has ever seen the amphitheatre, seen the eager faces full of the lust of torture, waiting for the opening of the grating. Not one of you has heard the roar of the beasts behind it. Bare torture, tearing limb from limb, in itself is *not* so easily endured *when it can be refused*. Do you think life and home and love look *less* tempting as the alternative to the rack? Do you think the only place where the devil does not suggest that there are two sides to things is in the arena?"

"I do know a little what pain is, mother," said the lame Justa timidly. "He who gives patience for the little, would surely give patience for more. Yet, indeed, if one could *choose* in the long nights, when every limb makes itself felt in pain, to have it all vanish and be in a paradise of rest, for a word, for a few grains of incense, for a prayer which, St. Paul says, being to 'nothing in the world' could do harm to no one, it might be hard to choose right."

"Sister," said Valerian, "a word? A lie! a treason! a nail driven into the crucified Christ!"

"I was not thinking of ourselves, but of the poor lost man and woman," she said, "and longing for them to be forgiven. Might we not, at all events, pray for them?"

"Pray that they may be forgiven?" Valerian said. "Surely. Who doubts the pity of the Saviour? who doubts the power of the Master? Pray to God as much as we will. Yet let

none dare to pray the Church to relax her laws. We are a besieged City still, and who dares trust deserters? Who dares weaken her walls? —the only bulwarks left in the world against treachery and selfish ease; the only fortress held in the world for loyalty, and fidelity, and truth. The King may forgive; but never may we stand side by side with traitors."

"Only," said Viola, "if we had suffered for them, we might stoop down, might we not? Nay, even so, *go* down to any depth of depths, if only we might get our arms underneath the lost and lift them up?"

"You speak as if treachery and desertion were a disease, and the Lapsed were simply like lepers or outcasts from bodily corruption; such, of course, we are bound to succour. But this leprosy is in the soul, the soul itself *is* the leprosy in the sacred body of the Church, and we may not tolerate it. Nothing can save such, it seems to me, from their own conscience, save once more to be similarly tried, and *not* to lapse."

"Is the devil, then, the only friend of the lapsed?" said little Viola; "the devil now, and by-and-by, we may hope, the blessed Christ? We might almost pray for a persecution."

"Child! child!" replied the grandmother, "you know not what you say. Ask for persecution! We pray 'lead us *not* into temptation.'"

That night, as the sisters knelt together in their little chamber, the two fallen Christians were commended in their prayers to the All-merciful, and never afterwards were they forgotten; that some day, in some world, the peace of God might be given to those to whom the peace of the Church could not be granted. And a strong spiritual link was formed between the heart of Viola and those fallen ones.

Through them her heart first learned to know the outside wilderness into which she followed them.

"I see them," she said, "as Hagar and Ishmael, going forth outcast and distressed into the desert. And I think some of the holy angels will surely be sent, that they may not perish of thirst."

CHAPTER VI.

So simply and steadfastly had Clement taken on him the place of the lost parents, that neither he nor any of the family thought it anything strange that his life should be altogether given to the family, and the family make him no further return than to accept his care, rely on it, and prosper on it.

That Clement should care for every one else, and that every one else should care for Valerian, seemed to all the normal and unquestionable order of things. Through Clement the machinery of the little home-state was kept steadily going, but in Valerian the family lived, hoped, went forth into the world and the Church, felt the vibrations of the world and the Church thrill through the home. And the world of that age was a world full of dull echoes of a past whose forms it imitated while unconsciously swayed by quite another spirit; a world where philosophers were trying to polish and explain the old gods into allegories, or into a venerable and shadowy senate, in impotent session under a distant imperial rule. It was not so much a mocking, self-satisfied world with which Valerian came in contact, and sometimes in collision, as an imitative, uneasy, restless, searching world; seeking rest in ancient mysteries and foreign rites, or daintily combining what seemed least contrary to taste and morals in various religions; seeking rest, and sometimes thinking it found rest, until some real storm came and shattered the real external world on which it had been really resting, and it was found that this dainty religion was not a rock to build on, but a plaster decoration, flimsier than the human life on which it was laid;—an unhappy, over-taxed, insecure, luxurious, impoverished world, which made its gods as it made its emperors, and had as little loyalty to one as to the other.

After his oration he was appointed to an office under the Proconsul, which threw him into varied society. From day to day he brought home tidings of some companion having been severely initiated into the rites of Mithra, or into the Egyptian mysteries; or of some bereaved family which had invoked by aid of magic the spirits of the dead, and received some glimpse of a light or a darkness beyond, which at the moment seemed to many the opening of a door, but always ended in being but the flitting by of an irrevocable flash.

In this broken world there were still two unities: the unity of Rome, apparently solid still, but secretly undermined in countless directions; and the unity of the Catholic Church, apparently threatened in countless directions, yet destined, being the unity of life in a living Lord, to survive Rome and the world.

Yet the news of the Church which Valerian brought home was more frequently of division and internal conflict than of conquest.

The searching, uneasy spirit of the times

was in the Church as well as in the world. The "moon above, the Church below," which look to us from the distance so full-orbed and fair, were scarred then as now with the ruins of many extinct volcanoes, and lit up with the false glare of many volcanoes far from extinct.

Elements, since crystallized into solid substances distinct from each other, were then seething and arranging themselves in ceaseless revolution and evolution, unnamed, undistinguished, uncomprehended.

And Valerian had that quality of mind, so invaluable, and so perilous, which made him open to all teaching, a reverent readiness to believe that what interested the souls of other men must have in it some divine element; a generous indisposition to condemn, a warm and generous disposition to hear what the condemned had to say for themselves.

He had a companion, Priscus, in the service of the Proconsulate to which he belonged, who had lately taken to coming frequently to the farm, and spoiling, Viola considered, the dialogues with her brother which were the delight of her life; a man whose brisk, sharp, easy classifications of everything in the Church and the world drove Valerian into still more disinclination to definitions.

Priscus, like Valerian, had a pleasure in studying what other people were thinking, but not at all, like Valerian, with an intention of enlarging or modifying his own thinking—simply as a contribution to his museum of spiritual curiosities.

He delighted to alarm the grandmother with the last subtleties of Gnostic speculation in Alexandria, or the last irregularities of Montanist fervour in Phrygia, and had not the slightest difficulty in determining the spiritual position of any one, shaking his head severely at the latitude of Origen, and contemptuously anathematizing that poor Phrygian prophetess, who, when men had fled from persecution, climbed with bleeding feet across the mountain rocks and snows to bring spiritual succour (in an irregular way) to the forsaken Christians in the hills.

To Priscus the various heretics were like vermin preserved for sport; he liked to know their haunts so as to have them ready at any moment for a spiritual chase.

To Valerian it was never possible to forget that the heretics were men and women, and in some sense Christians; and therefore he was always impelled to search out the human want or even the divine truth, neglected perhaps elsewhere, whose exaggeration made the heresy; and in the ante-Nicene period uncondemned heresies, and therefore the latitude for such sympathies, were considerable for the most orthodox.

To Valerian and Viola these visits of Priscus were far from congenial. But the grandmother thought him a very well-instructed young man; he knew everything, from the history of the Roman house to which she had belonged to the last new speculation of the last new Gnostic, and there was a certain mild excitement in contrasting the wild vagaries of these new days with the solid sacrifices of her own youth.

With Clement also Priscus found some favour. Valerian was too much occupied with the heart of things and people to be a good surface newsmonger, and the lively gossip of Priscus brought a good deal of contemporary history to the quiet farm.

So it happened that Clement, always ready to think others his superiors, was much impressed with his guest's extent of information about the Roman corn-fleets and the politics of the province, and the menaces of the barbarians on the Persian or Dacian frontier, and gave him credit for knowing about all the many things he himself did not know.

He had also spoken to Clement on the subject of a marriage with his sister Viola, and the prospect of an alliance with a man in a good position in the Church and the world, within reach of her present home, was not a thing lightly to be rejected.

Marriages were, as a matter of course, affairs of family arrangement, and Clement stood in the position of the father of the family; and although he would be sure not to disregard his sister's wishes, there was in him a quiet persistency of purpose, and a quiet reliance on his own convictions, which made the resistance of his own will seem a kind of revolt against a law of nature.

What Clement and the grandmother approved it had hitherto seemed a rebellion to deem impossible.

The aspect of affairs was thus becoming menacing for Viola, until one evening when Priscus took a tour over the farm with Clement. In this walk, anxious to please the young proprietor, he hazarded sundry rhetorical remarks about the culture of vines and figs, which convinced Clement that whatever else he understood, the culture of vines and figs he did not understand; and the discovery throwing a shadow on his omniscience generally, Clement began to take less heed of his opinions about the Roman Empire, and to suspect hollow places elsewhere.

The conclusion of the evening was not less unfortunate for Priscus as regarded the grandmother. On his return to the house, having a dim perception that he had not shone in his observations on farming, he recurred to his natural field, the gossip of the Church of Carthage, and hazarded some sharp criticism of Tertullian and the Montanists, their narrow asceticism, combined with their daring revolt against episcopal authority, counting on the approval of the stately old Roman lady on the ground of rational moderation and of authority.

But to his surprise he found himself confronting a sacred memory on which his polished dissecting knife would not be tolerated, for an instant.

He was in full career of a ludicrous description of some Montanist ceremonial in which seven white-veiled women had walked in procession through the assembly, to the music of a wild dirge-like chant of their own, occasionally broken by solemn words of exhortation and promise, which were received by the congregation as inspired prophetic utterances; and with the want of perception of a man accustomed to talk on the smooth, low levels, and occupied far more with his own skill in presenting the subject than with the subject itself, he had not perceived the indignation gathering on the brow, and in the dark eyes of the old Roman matron, until suddenly she waved her hand majestically and arrested his narrative.

"I have seen such things in my time," she said; "I have seen Christian woman inspired, on the eve of martyrdom, with an eloquence not to be gainsayed. I have yet to learn that the Holy Paraclete is limited to sex or age or station. The generation which can sit smiling by the arena whence the martyrs went to heaven, may exercise its wit on Tertullian. But I have heard him speak, with a power to which the smooth sermons of these days seem mere babble;—free as the Spirit whose presence is liberty, as the Son who makes us free indeed; yet, severe as the Spirit who smote the half-hearted Ananias, and as the Lord who said 'If any man will follow Me let him take up the Cross.' I have heard him appeal from all sophisticated souls in the Church and out of it, to the testimony in the depths of every true soul, for God and Christianity. He believed in the godlike capacities of men and of women; he believed in the Spirit of God. When he apologized for Christianity, his defence became an assault on the enemy, and they fled beyond their own defences; nay, many of them fled to ours, convicted by their own consciences. He believed in God and man and woman; and in marriage, as few do now, or ever did. He so believed in the immortal union of true Christian marriage as to regard second marriage as a sacrilege. And," she concluded, "I have always thought him right."

Priscus started, and, colouring crimson, made a stammering reply.

"I did not know the report of my marriage in Rome had reached Carthage," he said. "It lasted but six months; she was but a child, and I buried her with all honour."

"I did not know you had been married," the grandmother replied. "What was that to me? I was not thinking of you, but of Tertullian."

After that evening, to the great relief of Viola, it was some weeks before Priscus reappeared. Clement's belief in him had been rudely shaken; and the grandmother changed her formula about him, from "He is as wise as many of twice his years," to "People who are as wise at twenty as they might be at seventy are apt to have learnt no more at seventy than they knew at twenty."

The attack on the hero of her youth had greatly aroused her; and now once more, out of the multitude of small controversies and the crowd of lower men, one great form began to detach itself from the rest in the Church of Carthage.

Cyprian, only two years after his conversion and baptism, in the full vigour of his life, though already past the prime of his age, had been elected bishop by the voice of the people. Some of the presbyters resisted his appointment, but the laity had discovered the true ruler, and on their choice, with the consent of other bishops of the province, as involving the "judgment of God" and the "aspiration of God," he relied.

From him Valerian brought home wise words, fervent exhortations against the luxury of the laity and the clergy, the degradation of the presbyters and bishops into pursuits of trade and money-making, the misery of the pauperised multitudes, the corruptions of the theatre, which recalled to the grandmother the great memory of her youth.

"They are alike!" she said; "austere and ardent, free and ascetic. I recognise the old voice once more."

Cyprian sold his gardens to have the means of succouring the poor, but they were purchased back for him by some of his flock. And from those breezy gardens near the coast, from the "bower, where the trailing

vine-branches crept in pendent mazes among the reeds that supported them, near the thickets" of roses and jessamines, came words of lofty Christian enthusiasm, inspiring the hearts of the young and reviving the old.

He spoke of the new life he had felt infused into him. "I used to indulge my sins," he said, "as if they were indigenous and actually parts of me; but after that, by the help of the water of the new birth, the stain of former years had been washed away, and a light from above, serene and pure, had been infused into my reconciled heart—after that, by the agency of the Spirit breathed from heaven, a second birth had restored me to a new man—then in a wondrous manner doubtful things at once began to assure themselves to me, hidden things to be revealed, dark things to be enlightened, what had before been thought impossible to be capable of being achieved."

"The Spirit flowing freely forth is restrained by no limits, is checked by no closed barriers within certain bounded spaces; it flows perpetually. Let our hearts only be athirst, and be ready to receive, in the degree in which we bring to it a capacious faith in that measure we draw from it an overflowing grace."

He spoke of the unspeakable corruption of the arena, and as strongly of the despicable poverty of the covetous rich. "Such people call that their own money," he said, "which they shut up unused, as if it were another's, in which their only possession is that they keep others from possessing it."

In contrast, "man's true elevation is a gratuitous gift from God, and is accessible to all. As the sun shines spontaneously, as the fountain flows, as the showers yield moisture, so does the heavenly Spirit infuse itself. When the soul, in its gaze into heaven, has recognised its Author, it rises higher than the sun, and begins to be what it believes itself to be."

"Do you, however," he said, "whom the celestial warfare has enlisted in the spiritual camp, only observe a discipline uncorrupted. Be constant in prayer as well as in reading; now speak with God, now let Him speak with you. Whom He has made rich, none shall make poor."

"It is the old voice!" the grandmother said, the tears filling her eyes, "thank God I hear it again before I die."

"Yet the bishop is no Montanist," said Valerian, "although every day, they say, he calls for 'the master,' and will not sleep without being strengthened by some of the strong words of Tertullian."

"See, my children," the matron answered, "how the blessed voices carry on the message. Our Lord will never let the Church live on echoes. Just as the last great voice seems dying away afar in faint and broken echoes, from the next height rings the new voice of this new prince with God."

"And yet, mother, the words are not altogether the same. Tertullian was for the public ministry of women, and had little reverence for the episcopate if it crossed him. Cyprian would not have women take any public office; and he says, 'The bishop is in the Church and the Church is in the bishop.' If Tertullian had lived twenty years longer and these two had met, would they have borne with each other?"

"How do I know?" she said, with a little irritation. "God did not suffer them to meet. One such voice is enough in one age."

And from that time from the little treasury of Christian manuscripts which was stored up in its carved case in the grandmother's room, from among the Gospels and Epistles, the brief burning words of the Epistle to Diognetius, the martyrdom of Polycarp, the acts of the Martyrs of Vienne, and of Carthage, the wise fervent sentences of Irenæus, oftener than before, the aged matron desired Justa or Viola to take out the well-worn parchments of Tertullian, and late into the night, by the light of the little lamp of translucent giallo, the rugged, living words were read by the fresh young voice to the ears that had heard the voice of "the master" himself of old.

"Old world prayer indeed," he wrote, "used to free men from fires, and beast, and famine. But how far more operative is Christian prayer! *It does not station the angel of dew on mid-fires, nor muzzle lions; it has no delegated grace to avert any sense of suffering; but it supplies the suffering with endurance.*

"*For this community*—the Church—will *be undying;* for be assured that just in the time of its seeming overthrow it is built up into greater power."

"Thank God for the new wine; it is of the old vine," she would sometimes say, "and yet the old is better."

CHAPTER VII.

So these last months of the thirty years' peace passed on at Carthage; Clement pursuing his quiet way, Valerian vibrating between the attraction to all that is beautiful in Pagan thought and art and the attraction

of that "more than commonplace holiness" which said, with Tertullian, "What have we to do with *finding* in this world, we whose business in this world is to *lose?*"

More and more the grave fervour of Cyprian commanded him, that fervour which was no mere flame of youth, but the steady red heat of a rich nature, which, having found its Lord late, heaped up all the accumulated stores of youth and manhood and ripened age in the fire of Christian sacrifice; the profound passion of a heart enkindled late and having the wealth of a life-time to lavish in its few last hours.

Before all things, however, Cyprian was the Bishop, the shepherd of the flock. This was what he believed the Great Shepherd had given him to be and to do; to find, to lead, to rule, to increase, to restrain, to encourage the flock; to live and die for them.

Never married, to him the Church of Carthage was family, country, life. Its confessors were his glory, its lapsed his anguish, its worldly languid members his wonder and shame.

He did not so much identify them with himself, as identify himself with them.

Seeing the lukewarmness which peace had brought, often he almost longed for some sharp lessons from without. And, dreading or longing, he prophesied that ere long such would come.

As yet, however, no symptom of the coming storm was in the air; and early in the year Valerian, partly on family business connected with the farm, and partly on ecclesiastical business, but chiefly swayed by his own longing to see what place the Church really held throughout the Roman world, and whether the divisions and perplexities of Carthage were reproduced elsewhere, set forth on a journey of some months to Alexandria, to Smyrna, to Lyons, and to Rome.

The days passed heavily for Viola when Valerian had gone. Between these two there had always been an inner kindred which had more than doubled the world to both. The ties between the whole family were peculiarly close and true, but with these two there was the intimacy of friendship. Together everything for them rose into its highest meanings, and many questionings of conscience came to Viola as to the difference in her enjoyment of the sacred services and writings, without her brother.

To all it was like losing the music of the home to lose him. His connection with the great City and the Empire was the Roman road on which their unvaried lives travelled into the wide world. His presence, with all the aspirations and questionings it brought, was also a Via Sacra into the higher world. And the loss was not lightened by the fact that Priscus began to renew his visits.

Viola, at all events, would have preferred hearing nothing of Carthage and the Empire and the Church, to having everything brought to them through the diminishing glass of that small, self-satisfied, busy, buzzing mind.

The world had grown small and dull enough by the mere absence of Valerian, she thought, without having Cyprian represented as a partisan in a small ecclesiastical strife with the recusant presbyters, and the whole Church pictured as an arena of petty conflicts, and selfish aims, and party factions.

Had the Great Lord become incarnate and died, had the blessed martyrs agonized and triumphed only for this—that the world might have another world created within it, noisy with the quarrels of bishops and presbyters, and tainted with gossip about the imprudences of light-minded deacons, and the enormous fortunes made in trade by covetous bishops?

One evening, however, a gift came to the family which changed all this.

It was a stormy autumnal evening. The vintage was over. The grandmother and the sisters were sitting by the charcoal brazier spinning and embroidering, unconsciously silenced by the tumult outside the house. The wet branches of the trailing vines were beating disconsolately against the walls. The voice of the rainy winds sounded in every tone of autumnal moan and wail through the groves of beach and pine—and when these died away the ceaseless dash of the waves against the cliffs filled up the pauses.

At length Viola grew too uneasy to remain quiet. The sea had a terrible fascination for her since Valerian had left, and she never knew at any moment how the storms might be endangering him. She went, therefore, to the little flax chamber in the roof to fetch fresh flax for the winter spinning; and once there the temptation to mount to the flat roof and see what was going on in the triangle of sea visible between the rocks which closed the valley was too strong to be resisted.

Stormy gleams of moonlight broke at intervals through the black clouds, and in one of these she caught sight of a vessel, apparently drifting helplessly on the rocks.

Assistance to the ship in her struggle with the winds and waves they had none to render.

The life and death of the Son of Man, who loved all men, whose love for humanity has been reflected in so many who as yet disown Him, had to work through many centuries yet before it created lifeboats; and working, as ever, slowly, not by direct precepts, but through the enkindled hearts and lives of men, inspiring everywhere the spirit of rescue for every form of human need and sorrow, as yet on the shores of Carthage it had only worked so far outward as to set this Christian family on the watch whenever a wreck occurred, so that no wrong was done to the wrecked in life or property.

It was a custom in the household, therefore, whenever a ship was espied in peril, to gather all the slaves together and be ready to render succour to any who were tossed on any point of rock or beach within their reach, and if possible to restore life and to guard property.

Viola lost not a moment in rushing down to find Clement and tell him of the peril, her steps and her heart doubtless quickened by the thought of the possible peril elsewhere to the life dearer to her than her own.

But the quick omnipresent eyes of the master had been before her. Clement had already collected two or three of the household and was on his way to the beach, leaving Viola to arrange the woman's part of the work in collecting clothing, and having the braziers ready to bring back life to benumbed limbs.

It was not long before the sisters listening at the door to the tempest rising higher and higher, as if with shrieks and roars of superhuman voices, were appalled by one prolonged shrill human cry, terribly clear above the wail of the winds or the hoarse surging of the waves.

"God heard that, sister!" said Viola, "and He will hear us!" and instinctively they knelt down in the porch, their arms around each other, and prayed. A long interval followed. The storm seemed to lull, as if it had won its battle and done its work. And no second appeal from human voices broke the dull sullen beat of the tempest. The unnatural screams and moans as of embittered conscious beings raging and wailing, seemed to die away.

"How strange it is!" Viola murmured; "the winds and waves seem as if they were *energoumenoi*, possessed by demons, and had been exorcised, and were crouching exhausted and moaning as the exorcised do before the altar. I have a strange feeling, sister, as if the demons had been baffled and made to give up some prey." The words were still on her lips, when a slave came running breathlessly to the house.

"A rescue! a young girl saved! The master is bringing her. He has sent to have all things ready." And in a few minutes Clement appeared bearing in his arms a slight form wrapped in his own mantle. He carried the unconscious child into the house and laid her tenderly on the couch beside the brazier among the woman.

"Let no one touch her but you," he said to his sisters.

His tone was as if he had been speaking of something sacred, and slight as the burden was, his strength seemed spent with bearing it.

Viola saw that he was very pale and his brow was bleeding, and would have left everything to bind up the wound, but he refused help, saying it was nothing, and left the women alone together.

So she came to them, Eucharis, the joy and light, the anguish and bliss of so many in the household, set for the fall and rising again of many, the fall and rising again.

CHAPTER VIII.

A WONDERFUL delight it was to the sisters to see the ashy pallor pass from the face, to watch the faint flush of life dawn on the beautiful curves of the cheek and lips, and the first quiver in the heavy blue-veined eyelids, and then at last to see the long fringes of the dark lashes languidly rise and reveal for a moment the dark soft eyes. For a moment, a sacred moment, it seemed to Viola, and certainly not less to Clement, who had ventured in to watch for tidings.

A sacred moment, he felt; for those eyes were windows into the unknown heart and soul, and there must be no surprising the secret treasures hidden there; so, reverently, he turned away.

It was but a moment, the heavy eyelids closed again, a quiver passed through all the frame, and it was long before they opened once more.

But when they did it was no more merely the eyelids which seemed to lift themselves automatically; the human soul consciously and deliberately raised them and fixed a long, searching, wistful gaze on Viola, who had been left alone with her, as more of her own age and least likely to bewilder her waking.

In a few moments the questioning gaze melted as if she had found an answer.

Viola lifted up her eyes to God as she knelt beside the couch, and half unconsciously made the sign of the cross.

And then, suddenly, a smile, which was the most radiant illumination Viola had ever seen glorify a human face, lit up the lucid eyes, the mouth, the smooth broad brow, and seemed to give colour to the cheeks. Eucharis stretched out her arms, Viola bent towards her, and the hearts of the Christian maidens met in one first long kiss of peace.

That was all. Then the stranger fell asleep, her head resting on Viola's shoulder, and Viola made her first delicious, willing sacrifice to this new sister, holding her hour after hour with unwearied heart in strained and wearied arms.

It was dawn before she woke again, and by that time Viola had dropped into an easier posture, and had fallen into a happy sleep of exhaustion herself; but a slight movement of the stranger in waking at once awoke her, and then for the first time she heard the sound of the deep, clear voice. She spoke Latin, but the accent was foreign.

"I understand it all now," she said. "Am I alone? Are none saved but me?"

"There was one bound with you to a plank—an aged woman, but she could not be brought back to life."

"My faithful Rhoda!" she said, "thou art gone to life, to Paradise, to the Christ thou hast made me love. Thou hast left thy child, thy Eucharis, for the first time—for the last." And then came a burst of healing tears.

She was an orphan, a Greek, one of the Greek families who constituted so large a part of the early Church of Rome.

Her mother had been dead many years, her father some months, and the faithful old nurse was taking her to some relations at Alexandria, as her only natural kindred, but with little knowledge of what reception they might give her.

And so it came about that without debate or dispute Eucharis, this pearl from the sea, was enshrined as another child in the Carthaginian home, and took her place at the distaff, in the garden, in the readings to the grandmother, at the family hymns, and the sacred services of the Church.

Quietly nestling down into the home and into the hearts of all, as if familiar to all from infancy; yet to each coming in quite an especial way, as just the creature each needed to make the life complete, and also revealing each to each in countless new and happy lights unperceived before.

To the grandmother she brought the perfume of old Rome, of the culture and grandeur of her early days, and drew from her stories of old times new to her grandchildren; to Justa she brought all kinds of tender helpful ways, learned from caring for her aged nurse; a sense of one present by whom suffering was always understood, and therefore never dragged into light, little silent kindnesses and soothing touches, and tears understood only by the sufferer. To Viola she brought Greece, and poetry, and music, and nature, a glorified world, a higher heaven, a precious casket for all her treasures of recollection of Valerian.

To Clement she brought he knew not yet what: something that made the old labours not only light, but full of unutterable new hope and meaning, which made him, for the first time, feel conscious he had a life of his own, not only a foundation and stay for other lives, which had been good and blessed, but a whole unexplored world within of infinite possibilities.

But as yet he had not said this to himself. So unused to ask anything for himself, his only conscious thought was of giving, and still giving, sacrificing, succouring. But then this giving was an infinite receiving, a drinking-in of new life with every nerve—an expansion of every power. And Eucharis herself? Sister, daughter, for the first time she had sisters, a mother, a brother, perhaps two brothers, and she wanted nothing more. Except, perhaps, to see that second brother, of whom Viola spoke so much.

In him, as in Viola, there seemed something more than merely Roman, noble and good as these Roman Christians were—something Greek.

And his letters from Smyrna, from Corinth, seemed to be a breath from the beautiful old world, as well as from the holy and beautiful new Christian world.

Soon they expected a letter from Rome.

LIFE.

A little joy, a little pain,
A little loss, a little gain,
A little toil, a little rest:
Such is our life—and God knows best.

C. G. S.

"AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?"

By ALEXANDER HAMILTON, M.A., D.D.

POOR Adam and Eve had not long to wait for the bitter experience of the subtlety of the tempter's character and the falseness of his words. He had said to them, "Ye shall not surely die;" had foretold the greatness they should achieve by disregarding the command of God, who, as he said, from motives of unworthy jealousy, would restrict their liberty, and prevent their eyes from being opened to wider fields of knowledge and of power. Already had the disobedient pair been driven from their Eden-home; already had they lost the blessed friendship of their God; and now, out in the bleak wilderness, their family life receives an awful shock—death enters as a stranger with grim visage; there are but two brothers in the world, and one strikes the younger down and murders him. Sin does not require long ages for its development. Its fruits were as bitter at the first as they are now. Where sin is, there is death. This is the eternal law, a law which cannot be modified, as it can never be abrogated. In the midst of the mournful scene the Lord appears. Is this the representative He sees before Him of that glorious race destined to people heaven—of man made in God's own image? The searching question is put, not for information, but for conviction, "Where is Abel thy brother?" The murderer boldly ventures a lie—"I know not;" and, as if this were not enough, he defiantly asserts his independence of all bonds of creatureship and kinship—"Am I my brother's keeper?"

If this question had been uttered only by Cain, we might now and then think of it as a sad but curious phase of human perversity; but the whole scene becomes alive with intensest solemnity and moment when we remember that it is but the first of an unbroken series of dark world events, blackening the annals of the whole race, which have increased the gloom of savage tribes, and charged the gathering clouds around the plains of light with deadliest fire. In short, we have here the secret of the world's turmoil at the present hour. The devil is here as he was there, trying to make God a liar, trying to make man believe himself a god, who will defy all powers above, who will throw off every weight which seems to interfere with his fancied independence, who will work out his own selfishness, and that without fear and trembling. Alas! the air is even now filled with the cry, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

This question is the expression of a *fatal isolation* of man from man.

We do not stay to inquire as to what were the real thoughts of Cain in this first hour of his deadly crime. We do not get an insight into his real feelings, for he stands convicted of a bold lie—he knew what had become of Abel; and in the midst of the tumult of soul caused by the murderous stroke, it is but part of the awful drama that he display a false bravado, and challenge the Lord Himself. What we have now to do is to search into the motives of the human heart, and examine carefully the action of mankind, in order to discover, if possible, what it is which still produces the rupture of brotherhoods throughout the world. The mournful fact stares us in the face, that even the family bond is insufficient of itself to preserve peace; and the natural conclusion, confirmed by experience, is drawn, that bonds of kinship or of nationality will of themselves prove ineffectual for the display of brothership. These are the facts, and hard facts they are, which now form the staple of serious reflection to every thoughtful mind; and one but hastily scans the signs of the times who is not convinced that the world will hear a great deal more of them before they disappear. Many have been the attempts of good and wise men, and also of bad and ignorant men, to account for and overcome them; but somehow or other, their stubbornness has hitherto resisted those endeavours. The earnest soul is almost despairing of a remedy, and strong hearts are bending under the weight of accumulated failures. There have been associations without number, classes have banded themselves together, clubs, social and political, have arisen, nationals and internationals have been called into existence, reigns of brotherhood have been inaugurated; and yet, withal, God's fair green earth is soaked with the warm blood of thousands—brother slain by brother—yet, withal, nations are breathing out threatenings against nations. The millennium of Fraternity does not seem near at hand. Nor are there wanting organizations of a more spiritual mould, with somewhat more of the diviner life within them, speaking of philanthropy and high religious aim. They are doing a good work, but it must be

confessed that the work to be done is manifestly increasing on their hands. Even the Church itself, with its mighty resources, is now upon its trial, and it must speak out and say whether or not it has buckled on the armour God has provided, and is fighting under the banner of King Jesus.

It will not do to shut our eyes to the solemn questions of the day, nor will it do to entrench ourselves behind the old battlements of "Let alone," "The world will come all right some day," "The truth will at last prevail." Sin and its consequences are not matters to be with safety let alone; they have been too much let alone for six thousand years, and to-day we may witness the result. And while truth will prevail, it is evident that the truth must be brought down from heaven, and scattered far and wide in order to prevail. It is a question often present to distracted minds, "Why, after eighteen hundred years of Christian light, the world should be still so dark? Why did Christ come when He did, if His religion was not at once to overspread the earth, and work out its legitimate regeneration?" It is not always easy to give the adequate reply. It has often, in like manner, been asked, "Why did four thousand years pass before Christ came?" One answer has been given, and with a degree of force. Acting, as God will act towards the world—taking into account, as He does, the factor, man, man with a will, man with a reason, it was necessary that out of the depths of humanity there should, after a long experience, proceed the confession of human impotence to regenerate the world without heaven's peculiar help. The Jew, with his materialistic service, was brought low; the Greek, with his lofty speculation and polished culture, must succumb; and the Roman, with his arm of skill and prowess, proved that his arts were unable to overcome the evil within the soul of man. There was, of a truth, a shaking among the peoples when the Desire of all nations did come. And so, during the New Economy, may it not be that other forms of human contrivance for creating a new earth must have their day, in order to be tested as to whether they can elevate man to the summit of happiness and perfection? Man's institutions have surely had due time of trial, and the world proclaims that hitherto they have failed.

But again, it may be asked, "What of the Church? There is the divine; must it, too, be relegated to the abyss of failures?" One word here, and that is, that we fear, for many a century past, the Church has been lowered to the level of a human institution — that instead of holding up the Church as a company of the faithful, we have been thinking of it as a cold abstraction, or as a mere instrument of state, as a political agent, or a mere social device, a temple where any god may dwell. We speak not of this or that Church. We speak of how the Church of Christ has been used; and all of us may confess that it has not yet got fair play, even from its friends. Let Christianity now appear, freed from human systems and from sectarianism, and let it speak in the name of Christ alone. He that hath ears, let him hear. And what does it say as to the social chaos that now exists? What does it say to the theorists and experimentalists of our age? What does it say to the disciples of the Master? It says, "Thou art thy brother's keeper." Christianity will remove that fatal isolation in which men have set themselves; it forbids that ruinous independence of man on man, which has been and is the cause of our weakness and our wars. It tells the world that there is one God, the one Creator, who made not only man but men, men who are bound together by the ties of creatureship, by human bonds which cannot be broken without results the most disastrous. And above this, it proclaims that that same God is Father, whose children are, or should be, united by bands of love, the rupturing of which must inevitably disturb the universe. The world to-day but witnesses to the penalty incurred by breaking the law of God. This heaven-ordained brotherhood involves not merely the political and social, it includes the moral and the spiritual—it affects the whole man. It is a brotherhood which embraces, within its large and loving arms, the concerns of what we call every-day life, and the interests of the immortality God bestowed. Masters and workmen must bear about with them its essential principles; fathers and sons must be animated by its spirit; friend and friend, yea, man and man, must acknowledge this sacred, this divinest tie.

This heaven-born religion is not a professional matter, any more than it is professional to breathe. It is as necessary to true life as is air to the panting lungs. This religion is not made up of *isms*. We may get on without Episcopalianism, without Presbyterianism, without Congregationalism; we may get on without Calvinism, without Arminianism. But without God!—deny our God, and there is no brotherhood; deny our Christ, and there

is no brotherhood; for—and let the world only give this truth full scope—Jesus Christ is the centre of all brotherhood; in Him meet all the bonds of humanity; from Him flow out that life and that love which quicken the hearts of all men; and to Him, in the midst of our sins and sorrows, the weary go for rest, the lonely go for sympathy. He is the grand and true representative of humanity, and mankind will reach their end, will attain their high and holy destiny only when they follow Him—who came to earth, proclaiming in His life and in His death—who reigns in heaven, proclaiming in the sweetest and most earnest voice of love and mercy—"I am my brother's keeper."

This question is the expression of a *false independency* towards God. There is a much more vital connection than we are apt to suppose between the two great commandments on which hang the law and the prophets. Real love to God and love to our neighbour invariably go together; and, as a necessary consequence, whenever there is a destruction of the bond of brotherhood among men there is an open defiance of the sovereignty of God. In the heart of Cain there arose, along with hatred to Abel, a denial of God's right to question his conduct. "If a man hate his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" Now, it is clear that this thought leads us into a very deep and wide-spreading subject, into a subject which is most closely allied to the grand questions which concern the well-being of mankind. We can here only introduce the theme to earnest attention, and indicate how it affects the practical interests of the world.

It must be confessed that many Christians apparently — can they really? — dissociate what should always go together, think that they can attain to the religious state by fixing their endeavour upon only one portion of the aim of life. On the one hand, there are those who attempt to obey the injunction, "Love thy neighbour," giving little or no heed to the command, "Love thy God;" whilst, on the other hand, there are those who think that they are more religious when they endeavour to love God, giving little or no heed to the command to love their neighbour, counting it as of minor value and importance. Here, we believe, lies the root of the disharmony and the failures which exist in the world. Here may we find one great reason why Christianity is prevented from exercising its lawful power. Man seems to believe that the religion of heaven is some mere surface system which can be taken to pieces and parcelled out, one taking this portion which suits him, and another that portion to which he is more inclined. When will mankind come to acknowledge that true religion is a matter of the soul; is a matter that is one in essence and one in aim; that it is a life which cannot be divided, a great spiritual energy which, affecting the whole man, must lead him into all the spheres of action as a living, religious being? That which produces love to God produces love to man; or, conversely, that which produces love to man produces love to God. It is one spirit of love, it is one divine energy.

If, then, men will banish God from any of their plans for bettering the world; if they say that He has no claim upon them, that He may be kept out of account in their transactions; if they should fail in their endeavours to benefit the world, need we wonder? It will not do to say again that this a merely professional view of things, well enough for the Sabbath day or for the pulpit, but not adapted to the advanced times in which we live. We should like to hear a little more of what this advancement consists. There may be more money and more science abroad at the present hour, but it may be questioned if there is so much of real noble life as some people imagine, and, if there be, whether the money and the science have any share in its production. At any rate there is great cause for very deep humiliation. Might not a little wisdom, to say the least, be shown in now permitting God to have a larger share in the management of the world's affairs? Man has tried hard to do without Him, and he has got on but very poorly. Might not Christianity be allowed to have somewhat fairer place and freer exercise than it has had, stripped of those fancied ornamentations and improvements with which man has surrounded it? Yes, let us but with our heart feel that we are not without a God, not without a Jesus in the world, and that Christianity, in all its purity, is the voice from the Creator-Father proclaimed through the Son; let us acknowledge God's right to question us, nay, His kindness to ask, "Where is Abel thy brother?" then shall we do our part more manfully, because more godly. True godliness lies at the very root of real manliness. God will some day come, whether we will it or no, and, with most emphatic, piercing voice, will ask each and all, "Where is thy brother? Where are those poor ones I gave thee to feed? Where those naked ones I gave thee

to clothe? Where those ignorant ones I gave thee to instruct? Where those sorrowing ones I gave thee to comfort? Where those lost ones I commanded thee to find?" And then it will not avail us to say, "I did not acknowledge thy right to require such services of me. Was I my brother's keeper?" God does require those services of us. Christianity is the religion of love. Christ is the brother of man. God wills to come into our politics and into our societies of whatever kind, as well as into the Church. "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." May we listen to the glorious truth, "The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice;" for when that day comes, there will no more be heard, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

What has now been said applies to all men, whether Christians or not. We have spoken as man to man. But while what has been written will show that those who put God and His religion aside are committing a disastrous blunder, even as far as this world is concerned, it appeals with special force to those who believe in Christ and in the Christian's God. We appeal to you, believing readers, to carry out religiously your faith, to work out manfully your trust in God. Show that you believe in Christ as the only remedy for the world's woes, the only regenerator of humanity. We have been slow to learn this lesson, and slower still to assert by life its truth. We have too much acted as if Christ were not the grand practical power. Be not, we say, ashamed to enter the lists with the world's prophets and the world's physicians, carrying in your hand and in your heart this Word of God, maintaining that Jesus alone is the Redeemer, the Redeemer of ruined man into the new man. Declare that while God is banished from earth all boasted brotherhoods are but idle dreams, out of which the dreamer will soon be most rudely wakened to face the old stern realities of evil passion and of bloody war, and to listen to the spoiler's heartless cry, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

By the thought of that God who made us in His own image, of that God who yearned for our salvation when we fell, who gave His Son that we might be brought back into His family; by the thought of that Son who came and lived and died in order that discords might cease, that peace might reign; by the thought, too, of what the world now is and what the world now needs; and by the thought of what God gives us power to do—let us arise, and with true, bold, loyal hearts, assert, "This God is our God for ever and ever." This is the Prince of Peace, upon whose shoulders the government of all things is. Let each of us in his own life walk worthy of that God, of the high vocation wherewith we are called; and so doing we shall hopefully work on, believing that we are, by Heaven's help, hastening on the blessed day when violence shall no more be heard in our land, wasting nor destruction within our borders; but we shall call our walls salvation, and our gates praise.

ICEBERGS.

By J. A. CAMDEN.

"He casteth forth His ice like morsels: who can stand before His cold? He sendeth out His word and melteth them: He causeth His wind to blow, and the waters flow."—PSALMS cxlvii. 17, 18.

"Nature is but a name for an effect,
Whose cause is God." *The Task.*

OF the great agencies which have been at work to fashion our earth into its present form, and to give it the loveliness with which it gladdens the heart of man, none has been more potent than that of ice. Whether in the form of those great ice-rivers which we term glaciers, or in that of the vast floating islands that we know as ice-bergs (that is, ice-hills), ice has acted as a great graving-tool in the hand of a mighty carver. It has cut out fair valleys whose sides now laugh with corn, or rejoice in vine-clad slopes or wave with pines, reaching their heads far up into the blue of the heaven spread over them. It has left its marks on bare hill-sides and on cliffs that are now wave-washed. It has scooped out basins in which lie the loveliest of lakes, bright gems that give life to the landscape; and it has left evidence of its presence in places where no ice is now found, in rounded hills, in curiously-poised rocks, in heaps of chips of stones left behind when the ice melted and disappeared under the influence of the increasing heat of the atmosphere.

Ice-marks such as these, the work of land-ice, are to be seen by the eye which knows how to look for them in all quarters of the

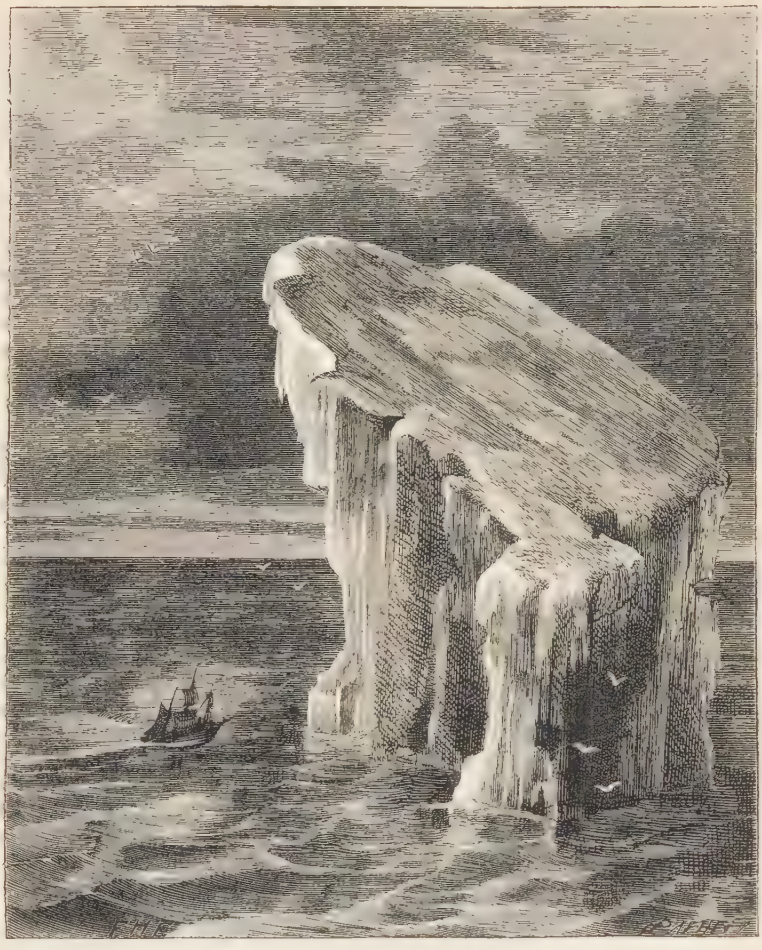
globe. But the work done by ice floating in the sea, especially by the great ice-islands, is one confined to the colder regions of the world, and one which is done partly under water, and therefore has to be looked for with care, if we would trace out fully the effects wrought by these messengers of God.

Much of the ice that is found in the great Polar seas is formed of the sea-water frozen against the land, and then broken off and floating with the water upon which it moves. But icebergs are formed on the land, and their great peculiarities arise from this fact. The snow which comes down in Greenland, in Spitzbergen, in Jan Mayen, in all the lands of the Arctic Ocean, falls not only on the mountain tops, but passes into the valleys, and then takes the form of those great ice-rivers which we call "glaciers." The frost acts upon the rocks which bound the glacier valleys—splits off fragments, large and small; these find their way down to the glacier surface, and gradually become imbedded in the slowly-moving ice. For, still and dead as a great glacier seems to be to those who only look at it for a moment, it really moves like a river; and, like a river, carries with it all that is dropped into its current. The mountain glacier, which in such countries as Switzerland or Hindostan is to terminate among the hills, and to act as the feeder of some mighty river, drops the stones and earth which it has borne with it in a peculiarly shaped accumulation called a "moraine"; but the great glaciers which cover the Polar lands find no melting point nearer than the sea; and so it comes to pass that in all the fiords of these far northern lands the glaciers stretch outwards from the land, projecting into the sea so far as the water can uphold them unseparated from the mass of the land ice; and then, when such upholding is no longer possible, the end of the vast ice-mass is rent off with a noise like thunder, and the detached berg begins its separate existence. One great glacier observed by Mr. Lamont had a seaward face of nearly five-and-thirty miles in width, and protruded its great cliff-like front of nearly one hundred feet high for at least five miles into the sea.

The pieces of ice broken off from the glaciers vary in size. Some rise from twenty to forty feet above the sea; some are as much as two hundred or three hundred feet in height; many are a thousand or two thousand feet long. It must be remembered that when ice floats in water, only about one eighth-part of its bulk is visible, and that, when the weight of the berg is increased by stones embedded in it, a still smaller proportion of the whole bulk is seen.

These ice-islands are sometimes met in great numbers. Rounding Cape Horn, to see forty bergs at one time is by no means uncommon; and the Arctic traveller, Scoresby, on one of his voyages saw a chain of floating icebergs extending for thirty miles, and numbering nearly five hundred. The approach of bergs is indicated, even when they are not seen, by the sudden and marked lowering of the temperature. At a safe distance the bergs are very beautiful; but sailors dread possible collision with these vast floating ice-masses.

The forms of the bergs are very varied; for the sea washes their cliffs constantly and wears them away. Sometimes they get aground upon projecting rocks or shoals, and the waves make rapid havoc of them. Then their balance is disturbed, and they topple over and present new surfaces to be again wave-worn. The sun acts on them, and little sparkling rills enliven their white cliffs; while the exquisite blue of the ice gives a colour which can only be fully appreciated by those who have seen it. The sun's rays often make the points of ice glitter and sparkle as if they were studded with gems. Just as we all see very different images in the clouds when they cluster on the horizon at sunrise or at sunset; just as the glowing caverns that we look into as we sit by the hearth tell very different stories to each of us, so those who see icebergs floating along in their solemn stillness, find singularly different images by which to describe them. Martens, who made a voyage to Spitzbergen in 1671, found that one berg was "curiously worked and carved, as it were, by the sea, like a church, with arched windows and pillars, the doors and windows being full of icicles on the inside thereof, the delicatest blue that can be imagined;" while others he compares to great tables spread with food, and covered with fringed table-cloths. Lord Dufferin saw in icebergs diamonds and silver argosies, a cathedral window with shafts of chrysoprase, a smooth sheer cliff of lapis lazuli, and other lovely and fantastic shapes. Lamont says of the caverns which were hollowed out in bergs, "nothing can exceed the beauty of these crystal vaults, which sometimes appear of a deep ultramarine blue, and at others of an emerald green colour. They look as if they were the fitting abodes of mermaids and all sorts of sea-monsters, but practically no animal ever



goes into them. The water dashing in and out through these icy caves and tunnels makes a sonorous but rather monotonous and melancholy sound. In moderately calm weather many of these excavated bergs assume the form of gigantic mushrooms, and all sorts of fantastic shapes, but directly a breeze of wind comes they break up into little pieces."

Nor do they float slowly; ice has been seen carried along by the current in which it was moving at the rate of five miles an hour. It may be imagined, then, with what force bergs would act if driven up against exposed rocks, or if forced along over the bottom of the sea or over the tops of ridges rising from the sea-bed.

Where do these bergs go? Drifting away silently on their message, what work have they to perform? What are they doing now, and what have they done before, to fashion the earth to the outlines which it has taken?

We know how the bergs are formed; they can be traced throughout their course; their work leaves clear marks behind it; and we find that, singular as they seem, floating apparently aimlessly and helplessly on the broad ocean currents which bear them to warmer regions, they are but part of the great system of the circulation of the waters of the earth. There is no smallest piece of ice which travels from polar to temperate regions but is obeying the great laws under which it had its formation, and by which it will, when its due course is fulfilled, once more become liquid, and once more mingle with the ocean from which, as moisture, it was drawn up by the sun's rays. The forces of nature, as is said—the laws of God, as we may most truly

say—act undeviatingly, though it is sometimes difficult for us to see how. Even the wind and storm, lawless things as they seem to those who look at them casually, fulfil His word in the sense of being under the operation of conditions which the Creator has imposed, and under which they act as surely as do those processes of nature which seem to us most regular. It has been said that

"All we behold is miracle,"

and this is true in the sense specially of the marvellous way in which the laws of nature act.

The movement of the earth, as she swings round on her axis in her daily rotation, gives direction to the currents both of the air and of the ocean, and sends the great icebergs that are sliding southward from the north Polar basin in two vast streams down the east coast of Greenland and down Davis' Straits into the Atlantic Ocean. It sends, too, the great bergs that are loosened from the vast and unexplored Antarctic continent northward and westward as they approach the lands of the southern hemisphere. Much more is known about the northern than about the southern bergs, for these northern ice-masses lie in the paths of the ships that cross the Northern Atlantic.

Where the bergs are pushed against cliffs they grind the rocks and make marks that indicate where they have been, and as they are pushed along the muddy bottoms of the fiords where they take their origin, they make great grooves to tell where they have passed. Such work have they done in former conditions of the earth, when what are now plains and hills far raised above the sea were the beds of the ocean. Moreover, the bergs carry with them earth and stones; and these they drop as they slowly melt. If the bed of the ocean under Davis' Straits could be laid dry, vast stones would be found, which have been borne embedded in the ice of icebergs from the far distant rocks of Greenland. In similar manner were borne along the great stones which all over the plains of Germany, France, and England are to be found as boulders, stones which have been originally broken off in distant Lapland and Iceland. Even now there are to be found on the Labrador coast granitic blocks that have been carried by bergs through the Straits of Belle Isle to Baffin's Bay.

The smaller bergs melt or are worn down comparatively early in their course, but many of them only end when they come under the direct influence of warm water. The Arctic bergs float southward till to the south of Newfoundland they encounter the warm Gulf Stream. There the vast majority finally lose shape and consistency, and become water once again, while the stones and earth which they have carried sink to the bottom and build up the great banks of Newfoundland, the seat of the famous cod fisheries. So in the south the vast Agulhas banks are found near southern Africa.

Above the cold current which comes down Davis' Straits and bears the icebergs, is air cooled far below the temperature of that which is above the warm Gulf Stream. So when the two currents meet, the moisture contained in the warm air is condensed, and fogs hang round Newfoundland and all over the mouth of the St. Lawrence.

The heavy water brought by the melting of the bergs, and by the cold northern current, sinks below the warm layers of the middle Atlantic. A slow movement of the ocean makes this cold water drift southward, and ever southward; and at last, in tropical regions, it rises to those heated upper layers, whence it again evaporates, and finds its way once more to its place amid those "waters above the firmament," from which in rain or in snow it will descend to renew its course.

The icebergs are not only great graving-tools, leaving traces wherever they have been, but they are sources of cooling to sea, to air, and to climate. Their effect is very indirectly felt in our own country. They merely help to keep up the constant circulation of the waters. But the presence of these bergs, and of the cold current which carries them, gives Labrador and Newfoundland an almost Arctic climate in latitudes which correspond to those of Central Europe.

The work which is now being effected through the agency of the icebergs is one that has gone on through all the long ages during which this earth has existed. The same great Power which watches over all creation directs the ice in its work now as ever. No haste, no rest, mars the working of the great laws which He has given; and there is nothing but has its due and appointed end towards which it works. While we watch the continuous action of natural operations, our own minds, satisfied by the perfection which we behold, look with adoration towards that great Mind which originated and continues to direct all. The Psalmist, who set himself to meditate on the works of God, perceived that "His way was in the sea, and His path in the great

waters;" and in his song of triumph, Moses, who had just beheld a special manifestation of His power, exclaims, "Who is like unto Thee, O Lord, among the gods? Who is like Thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders?"

The wonders which our Father does for us, and in our sight, are perceived more and more as we become better acquainted with the works of His hands. We wonder and adore; and all the while, to the soul penetrated with the thought of His great power, there comes the soft and consoling whisper, "This God is our God for ever and ever: He will be our guide even unto death."

SHOWING THE LIGHT.

By the Rev. W. J. IRONS, D.D., Prebendary of St. Paul's.

"They which enter in may see the light."—St. Luke viii. 16.

MANY persons have an idea that they will keep their religion to themselves; that is, will let no one know exactly how religious they are, lest they should compromise themselves. One of the earliest sayings of Christ, when He began to preach, was intended to condemn this wish, (which He saw that some would have), to regard their religion as "a private matter only."

Everybody around us has indeed a right to complain of us, if we hide our convictions of right and wrong. In this evil world, the cause of goodness wants all the strengthening it can get. There had been quite enough of such kinds of concealment before Christ came among men; and He came to do away with this dishonesty or cowardice. He came to tell us that a day is approaching, when our characters will be sure to be seen plainly enough; and therefore, that there is no good end gained by "covering" our conscience now; but rather, if we do so, we are failing in the very duty which God here requires of us. Christ taught this in the words of a short parable:—"No man, when he hath lighted a candle, covereth it with a vessel, or putteth it under a bed; but setteth it on a candlestick, that they which enter in may see the light." And then He adds this warning, which reminds people of the uselessness of all such religious concealments, and of the exposure which awaits all pretended modesty in such a matter:—"For nothing is secret that shall not be made manifest, neither anything hid that shall not be made known, and come abroad."

No doubt this parable, and the warning which followed it, were intended, then, from the first to check that unmanly and fearful spirit which so many people show in religion, though they are perfectly bold and open in worldly things. But in addition to this intention and object, the words contain a description of true religion which is well worthy of our notice. The Gospel of Christ is called a "candle" lighted up in a previously gloomy place; a kind of light which no one would get the benefit of, except on two conditions, viz., that the light itself was properly set up, and then, that the room where it shone was really entered; "they which enter in shall see the light."

2. Now such a description of true religion is surely a striking intimation of the dark and nightly condition of the whole world, apart from Christ; and how exactly it answers to the facts of the case at the first preaching of the Gospel, as well as now! How quiet, how little observed by mankind at large, was that Divine doctrine which the Son of God made known in the land of Judea! The wise of this world, in general, and for a long time, even overlooked its existence. Its pure and steady radiance would only be, at any time, rightly recognised by those who would "enter the house."

Ought not a thought like this to make men pause and reflect on themselves, whenever they fail (as they do so often) to behold the light of Christ's truth? How many persons wonder, at times, that religious truth is not clearer and brighter to their view,—little considering that probably they have only been standing, as it were, outside or at best only on the threshold of religion, and have refrained from fully "entering in to see the light!" Christ has set "the light" of His Truth in "His house," and if men look in from the door, it is not strange that everything looks to them but dazzling and difficult at best. And they who are outside misunderstand everything about Him,—mistake His doctrines, misrepresent His mysteries, and find fault with everything He says and does. And also unfaithful members of the Church, who are scarcely within it, "double-minded" men, having a mind to be religious and a mind not to be, are in much the same case.

How greatly is it forgotten that Christ's Church only teaches willing hearts,—only professes to enlighten earnest men, so that the only way to understand Divine things is "to enter in, and then see the light."

Perhaps, indeed, the Church herself is admonished, in this parable, to take heed to the light which Christ has placed within her, lest at any time its brightness be covered or obscured. No man (it is said) places a light in any chamber to have it then "put under a vessel, or under a bed." A very great responsibility it is, for those whom Christ has left in visible charge of "His house." Though His Divine light shall never indeed be put out, it may by His people's sins be much hidden, much obscured; and a fearful reckoning will there be, at last, for any in the house of the Lord who, by their error, or negligence, have darkened the place where all might have been brightness, and have concealed "under a bushel, or under a bed," those glorious rays which might have enlightened all around. God forbid! (says an ancient Father) that "the bushel or the bed," the indulgences of earth, or the delights of repose, should, in Christ's Church, ever hide from His own people the light of Heavenly Truth. And yet, alas! how much has been hidden! how little has the whole Church lived by the light that is in her!

But, after all, it is to every one of us in particular that Christ speaks in this parable, and not to the Church only as a body. The light of His Gospel, the light of grace, or the light of truth, is never given to any man for nothing. The illumination of His Spirit, the light of our regeneration, is not given without a purpose. And this is the great lesson for us personally to learn from this saying of our Lord. It is the greatest possible mistake to fancy that people can become really religious, and yet the world not find it out. This is so very certain, that if ever a man has succeeded in concealing from everybody his being a religious man, no doubt whatever it is because he never had much religion to show. True, indeed, many persons who show no signs of being religious, pretend, when talked to, that their religion lies very carefully and properly concealed; and they "don't like to be always showing it:" and then they often hint that they wish you to believe they have a great deal more than they show. This is hypocrisy, and very disgusting; and it will all be discovered at the last day: for "there is nothing covered that shall not then be revealed." Then will be exposed that sort of Christianity which people pretended to "put under a bushel," for fear it should attract the attention of their neighbours.

3. But still it must not be imagined that an obtrusive profession of religion is here recommended by Christ. Does a "light on a candlestick" give you the idea of a bustling, forward religionist? Surely it is just the reverse. What so peaceful, what so quiet, as the lustre of a light such as our Lord describes? And yet it is very well seen,—"they that enter in see it." It is the least noisy, the least active, metaphor of true and living religion that could possibly be given. What so pure, and difficult to contaminate,—what so silent, yet what so conspicuous and useful, as Light? It is Christ's description of what true religion is, in all His people,—it shines.

And yet, in how very many ways do men try to excuse themselves from showing that they have a love of Christ, and a regard to His laws. I wish the ungodly were half as much ashamed of their ungodliness as many Christians are of their Christianity. But some would reply to this that in their case it is not shame, but in reality a sort of humble feeling, and a reverence for sacred things, that keeps them back. Well, in some cases no doubt it is so: for instance, when people are very young, or very ill-informed (as most are), it is quite right that they should be retiring, and modest, (more than perhaps they are), in giving opinions on religion. Our Lord's words are not opposed to any such feelings. But yet, even in such cases, a true and sincere Christian ought never to let his "silence give consent" to what he knows the Scripture plainly condemns. He ought at least candidly to own that he does not agree with the practices of the irreligious world, but adheres to the cause of Christ. He may easily give people to see this, without arguing, or anything of the sort: and also this kind of person will never find fault with the religious strictness of others.

But let no man deceive himself in this matter: there really is a certain amount of fear, as to what people will think, and what they will say, mixed up with that common shrinking from a religious profession. And more; there is a fear that circumstances may arise to make strict religion very inconvenient; and then, if people know we have professed to be truly Christian men, it will not be easy to go back, and be worldly again, for our interest's sake.

This, I think, is the real secret which lies at the bottom. Many are well enough disposed to be religious now; but they are not

prepared to say that, come what will, let what may hereafter offer itself, they will always be so,—always take the side of strict religion. Many, I am sure, are just in this case. They will commit themselves "so far," and see their way; but are not ready to be on the Lord's side, "for better or for worse." Now I ask you to reflect on one question here:—Are such persons really religious at all?

4. What would you say to any man's morality, if you saw that he could mix with the worst of characters, and see all their goings on, and never show that he felt and thought differently from them? No one could believe such a man to be a man of good moral principle. In like manner, be sure no one is likely to be a good Christian if he can so conceal his religion as to mix constantly, and unperceived, with the irreligious. If Christ has lighted a man's heart, it will certainly show itself in his life.

This, too, will explain why our Lord told His disciples to expect persecution; He never could have said anything of the kind, if it had been His will to have His religion concealed by His people, and so the influence of it unfelt. He expected the effects of Christianity to be very palpable and undeniable; in a word, that true religion would at once be offensive to the wicked, and only welcome to the contrite, or to the noble, and pure of heart. To wish to be blessed with religious blessings by the Divine mercy (as most men do), and yet to shrink from all the burden and odium of religion, is an inconsistency so great, that very few will own to it. And yet, what else is it, when men will not face all the consequences of acknowledging their religion?

And remember, this anxiety to secrete our religion too often ends in putting out its light in our own souls altogether. We begin by only trying to hide it from the eyes of others; we soon come to forget it ourselves. A light burns but a very short time "under a bushel," and so it often is with concealed religion. Even while it lasts, it is of no use to us or to others, and in time, I say, we forget it; we trim the light less and less, and at last leave off, for fear we should be seen: and it "goes out" in utter darkness.

It is true, indeed, that the light of Christ's Gospel shining into the chamber of any man's heart, discovers very soon how dreadful its state is. But the same light would reveal to us there the Cross of our atoning Lord, if we would still "rejoice in that light," and not hide its rays of mercy. But often is the truth of Christ put on one side, and disregarded by men, just because they see their own sinfulness thereby.

People find out that (if religion be accepted and owned by them) things seem to be all wrong within, which they never suspected before; and when they have been suddenly convinced, on hearing God's word, of the state of darkness and evil in which they are living, they have only one choice; either to "cleanse their hands, and purify their hearts" and lives, and conform to the law of truth which has flashed on them, and discovered them to themselves,—or else, to put the light away from them, "cover it with a bushel," set it aside from all practical use, and leave it alone till its light is forgotten, neglected, and expires. This last is the case of thousands who, "once enlightened," felt the Gospel, and saw its brightness, and had rather not see themselves; "love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil."

5. Now what does Christ say to this hiding of our religious convictions?—this concealing and destroying at last the grace He has given us? In one place He exclaims, "If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!" But in the Scripture now before us, He says distinctly to all who thus disregard His grace, that their efforts to put away religion will not succeed in the end. At the day of Judgment, if not before, the light of Gospel truth will shine in on men, and light them up just as they are—uncleansed, unpitied,—to the eyes of men and angels. "There is nothing covered now which shall not be revealed then; nothing hid which shall not be known and come abroad."

Smother your religious convictions as you will, they will revive then! Conscience smites you, and you may keep it to yourselves, you think, now; but then it will be known. What a solemn thought it is! Men comfort themselves sometimes with the belief that they have had some good feelings in religion; but in THAT DAY it will be no comfort to remember those feelings, if they led to nothing. If the religious desires and hopes which first flashed through your soul—the light of Christ within you, when you first felt the reality of things unseen—if these have been concealed and quenched, they will indeed be discovered at the day of account, but will be no comfort then! They will be discovered; the glow of spirit which once was felt, and assured you of the vivid reality of things eternal; the testimony of conscience, which you succeeded in suppressing; that

anxiety to live unto God, which you quickly felt and quickly got rid of; that wavering between sin and holiness,—between hopes of heaven and attractions of earth; yea, every thought that stirred within you when you heard the voice of "Truth as it is in Jesus"—all will be revealed when the inmost recesses of your soul are lighted up, at "that day which shall be revealed by fire, to try every man's work of what sort it is!"

LITTLE RAINBOW.

A Story of Rabby Life.

By Mrs. C. GARNETT.

PART II.

CHAPTER V.—"A BIT OF A MISFORTUNE."

AS time went on Rainbow grew more fond of his one and only picture-book. He got Long Slen to show him the places to which the pictures referred. And often might the little boy be seen with his elbows on the table and his hands thrust into his mass of curls engaged in a greedy perusal of his wonderful book. His interest in what he read was shown by frequent inquiries as to how long ago the event of which he was reading had happened. The farther off the event, the more he relished the story. Sometimes an unknown word puzzled him sadly; but if he could not find its meaning, he would fill in the idea by making one. One day in the Sunday-school, the lesson being on Cain, the teacher asked the boys the meaning of "wanderer" and "vagabond." Wanderer was soon disposed of; but no boy could define vagabond. "Well," said the teacher, "tell me a man whom you think is a vagabond." "A peliceman!" Rainbow cried.

Since he had arrived at the settlement the child had, so far, enjoyed a happy time. Now, as the spring advanced, dark clouds gathered over him. The work was pressing, and nearly all the men were working such long hours, they made days and a quarter and days and a half, and some of them spoke of ten, and even twelve, days in a week. When Saturday came they found themselves with large wages in their pockets and exhausted frames. The consequence was that they crowded the public-houses in the neighbourhood and the beer-shop in the settlement.

Big Rainbow, like so many more, now came home in the early morning each Sunday, swearing and half mad with drink. Fortunate indeed was poor little Ray if he did not find himself dragged out of his warm bed and beaten before his drunken protector fell asleep. Even if he were left in peace on Saturday night, Sunday morning was sure to bring trouble. Big Rainbow arose feverish and unrefreshed. Everything was wrong. He muttered complaints at the landlady under his breath, and vented his ill-temper more freely in curses and kicks on the child, who was the only person absolutely at his mercy. After dinner Ray strolled off to a public-house beyond the woods, and did not again appear until the night had fallen. When Little Rainbow came back after church he used to glance fearfully round the hut. Then, if his master were not in, he ate his supper quickly and retired to a dark corner near the landlord's arm-chair, where generally he was left unmolested till bed-time. If, however, unfortunately Big Ray had returned, he was usually more savage and sullen, if less drunk, than the previous evening, and the child had to suffer for it. Sometimes the other lodgers, or still more frequently the landlady, would interfere; still, at the best, the times were very hard for him. But there was a strange refinement in his way of suffering; as much as he could, by speech as well as by dress, he concealed the deeds of his abuser. He would go off to his work whistling the following morning, chatting to his companion, as though he had never received anything save kindness at his hands. Then Big Ray felt ashamed as he glanced downwards at the little figure running by his side. But the shame was momentary and the devil of drink strong. So it happened, the end of the week again brought misery to the child, and a degree more hardness to the man. When, one day, he came to the Sunday-school with a black eye and a cut on his brow, he only explained that he had "got a knock," leaving it to be supposed an accidental one. When, on another day, it was observed that he limped, he replied he had "happened a bit of a misfortun'." Things went on in this manner for two months.

CHAPTER VI.—"I NEVER KNOWED ANYBODY LOVED ME."

All nature gradually became beautiful in its summer garment. The woods, dressed in tender greens, were carpeted blue with wild hyacinths, and were vocal with the songs of birds. Squirrels hopped about in the trees; rabbits darted from their holes, or sat washing their faces or played about in the grass. Then it was that many happy hours the boys spent when their daily work was over. Sometimes they went fishing in a very primitive fashion, standing in the little river, feeling with their hands under the sides of the rounded stones where trout lay, and sometimes they succeeded in grasping them. Sometimes the field near the school was turned into a cricket-ground, at others a squirrel hunt took place, which, however, never ended in a capture. In the winter the greatest pleasure of Rainbow had been to sit on his stool by the fire with his wonderful picture-book on his knees. In summer that book was still his delight. On his half-holiday, Saturday afternoon, he wandered with it in his pocket away through the woods to a small grassy glade he had discovered, where he was sure of being quite alone; then, drawing it out, he read it. His feeling towards the book was a mixture of mere picture-book interest and reverence. The mere age of its stories seemed somehow to connect both it and himself with another world. The range of his reading was chiefly around the illustrations; the accounts of these he read over and over again. The Sunday-school helped him too; each time he went he learnt something more about his book.

One Saturday afternoon, as Long Slen was strolling about the woods smoking his pipe, he caught a glimpse of something white gleaming between the tree trunks, and made his way towards it, when, to his surprise, he found Little Rainbow, lying face downwards, gazing at his book. Slen sat down beside him.

"So you've got yer book, Rainbow. What are you looking at—Daniel again?"

"No; I was looking at this one," showing a picture of the Crucifixion. "I say, Slen," he said in a low voice, "it were very hard on Him, weren't it?"

"Yes," replied the man; and after a moment's pause added, "and to think He did it all for thee and me, Rainbow."

"That's what teacher said. But how could it be? He deed so long since; He knowed nowt about *us*."

"But He did, lad. He's alive, just this minute; He sees us just now. He is God, yer know." The boy looked round with a white startled face. "No *man* could have done it, yer see; there were so *many* of us to forgive."

"Has He forgiven thee, Slen?"

"Yes, my lad, and thee too."

"He *couldn't* know about me; I never heard tell on Him afore I come here."

"But he knew ye, for a' that, and made Big Ray bring ye here that ye might know Him and what He's done for ye. He *loves* ye, Rainbow." The man, a little overcome by his own words and the simple amazement of the child, rose up and slowly went away, whistling "Happy Day."

The child watched him till he disappeared, and then, throwing himself down, hid his face on his arms and burst into tears. "And I never knowed it! never heard tell on Him!" he kept repeating over and over again.

In his past life Rainbow had been the object of little care and of no love. Slen's words were to him as a revelation. They made him, little outcast as he was, an inhabitant of the heavenly world, and gave him a firm hold on its One friendship. Still comical as ever, full, too, of thoughtlessness, a mere child in everything, yet henceforth Rainbow lived his little round of life in the light of this new fact that He who had died on Calvary and gone to heaven again "knowed him and loved him."

He longed to hear more. A few evenings afterwards, seeing Slen wander off into the woods, he threw down his cricket-bat, ran after his friend, and asked if he might go with him. The request was readily granted.

They had not gone far before the little fellow said, "I want to ask ye somefing"—then followed a little pause.

"Well, what is it?"

"How do ye *know* t' Lord Jesus loves me?"

"In a many ways," said Slen. "Hasn't He made folks who were no relation to ye kind to ye all yer life? Besides, He tells ye so over an' over."

"Where does He, Slen?"

"In your own Bible. Sit down here and I'll show ye;" and the rough, strong man read slowly to the child the Lord's own words. Finally, he found the seventh chapter of the Revelation. He read the chapter with many stumblings, and the quick blue eyes of the boy eagerly followed his finger as it slowly moved across the page. When he closed the book, Rainbow, catching at a new idea, said, "Then some day we shall *see* Him, Slen?"

"Ay, th' Book says, 'They shall *see* His face.'"

"That'll be grand, Slen, won't it?"

"Ay, my lad! no sight 'll be like it—not th' golden city, nor all t' folks i' white, for ye see *He* loves us."

"I never knowed anybody loved me; I wonder how he'll look at me."

When they parted that day, the man watched the boy as he turned to go to his hard keeper's lodgings and felt something queer about his heart as he involuntarily repeated, "Never had anybody to love him! Poor little chap! I dare say not." That afternoon's chat had forged a new and a strong link of friendship for the little fellow, which was very soon to be of greater service than any eye but God's could see (at no distant day).

CHAPTER VII.—"THE WRATH OF MAN."

THE next day, as Big Rainbow was working in a gang of puddle-fillers, the ganger spoke some sharp words as to the manner in which the men were doing their work. Big Ray fired up and told him they knew how to work as well as he did, and if they did not suit him he might get some others to do it better. The ganger being by this time angry, replied that could easily be done, whereupon all three men threw down their shovels and walked off to the pay-office for their money. When Little Rainbow came home that night he heard all about it. Ray and his two mates were next morning going on the tramp to seek other work. "So, Rainbow, you'll have to pack up too," said his patron. "I promised I'd not let ye starve, an' nobody else won't keep ye for yer bit o' wage; though I don't care how soon you earn enough to keep yersell." The little fellow's heart was full of tears, but he dare not let them out till he got into the woods again, and in his little glade he had a good cry. He had been so happy here, and now the old life, which he now looked on as the bad life, seemed coming back to swallow him up. He lay on the grass and sobbed; everything looked black and desolate. Utterly miserable, without a single ray of hope—as all child-sorrows appear to the sufferer—he cried himself quiet; then the thought arose, perhaps the Lord Jesus, that unknown Someone who loved him, might be able to help him. So he whispered as he lay there, "Lord Jesus, please, if ye love me, do *somefing* for me; I do so want to stop." Then he listened, thinking, "Maybe He'll help." The voice would come down from the top of the trees, most likely. He dare not look up. He waited for what seemed to him a long time and heard nothing save a man's footfall, which came quite near and then stopped. Then the child heard a voice—no distant heavenly sound, only the well-known tones of Long Slen, "What's the matter, little chap?"

Rainbow did not like to show his tear-swollen face, so he mumbled to the earth, "Nofing much; I'm only going on tramp wi' Big Ray to-morrow."

It might not be much, but, at the mere mention of it, the curly head went down on his arm and the boy sobbed again.

For two or three minutes Long Slen smoked on in silence, and then said, "Do yer think Big Ray would be sorry if ye let him go by hissell?"

"No; as he said I should be in his way, but he wouldn't let me starve, and nobody else would keep me for my bit o' wage. I'm sure he doesn't want me." Then tears came again.

"Then ye want to stop, do ye?"

"Yes, I do; but I'll have fur to go. Don't tell any of th' other lads as ye catched me roaring, will yer, mate?"

"Ye needn't go if you don't choose, Rainbow. You can come and bide wi' me if ye'd like; I can find yer bit o' meat, easy."

The child sprang up and stood before his tall companion, his queer little face quivering with excitement. "Yer *cannot* mean it, Slen; I'm nowt t' ye."

"Happen ye are, Ray. I've had nobody belonging to me sin my old mother died. Happen I love ye, my lad," accompanying his words with a kindly pat on the little cheek.

The child, fully believing the good news, crept to his friend's side and cuddled close to him. The man sat still until he had finished his pipe, and then rising, without another word slouched homewards, the boy trotting behind him. So it was settled. Big Ray gladly resigned his charge; though, to do him justice, he would have kept his promise if need were, and not have permitted the child to starve.

The next day saw little Rainbow a sharer of Slen's lodgings, sharing his bed and board, and, what was stranger to him, affection. Not that Long Slen gave any outward sign of it, yet Rainbow felt the atmosphere of a kind heart as he felt the warm air of summer, and he found great delight in pleasing his kind friend. He would rise early on Sunday to clean Slen's boots, or he would run to

farm-houses for fresh eggs for his supper. Another day, when his work was over, he heard Slen regret he was "out of bacca," and would have to wait until Saturday for his usual supply. Slen was particular as to the quality of this his sole luxury, and would not use that which he could have bought at the village store. When supper-time came no Rainbow appeared. An hour afterwards, just as all the lodgers were going to bed, Slen, wandering uneasily outside, wondering where the boy could be, saw, through the dusk of the summer night, a little white figure wearily approach. It was Rainbow.

"Where have you been, lad? I can't do with yer being out so late," said Slen, rather sharply.

"Oh, I just fought I'd slip on to the town

for yer bacca. Have a pipe, mate, afore ye go in—do," said Rainbow, presenting the packet. Slen took it, filled his pipe, and found unusual comfort in his smoke, the boy looking on with quiet satisfaction.

"Is it right, Slen?" he asked when his friend had half finished.

"It's the nicest pipe I ever smoked, little chap."

The two thoroughly understood each other. The child's affection warmed the man's heart, and the man became a perfect hero to the child; and both lives became better and happier. Their faith was equally childlike and helpful; to them both, Jesus was a living, loving Friend.

CHAPTER VIII.—"I'LL SOON SEE HIM."

So the summer wore away, and autumn tinged the woods with gold and loaded the

nut-trees with fruit. Grand expeditions the boys had in the evenings, ranging the woods with hooked sticks, dragging down the branches, and filling their pockets, caps, and handkerchiefs with nuts. Happy indeed was Rainbow on his return, as he perched himself by Slen's side and divided his spoils with him.

One of these autumn days broke gloriously. The settlement looked very picturesque. From the rows of red brick huts the blue smoke of the breakfast fires rose straight upwards in the clear morning air. Its background was formed by the hills covered with their many-tinted woods. Although it was not yet six o'clock, all was astir. Men were washing themselves outside the doors, or were sitting upon the steps lacing their boots; children were running in with milk-cans, or letting the pigs out of their sties for the day. Presently a line of white navvies, little and big, wended its way towards the embankment; then the drivers, each mounted on a splendid cart-horse and leading two others, joined the procession. In another quarter of an hour all hands were hard at work. Then the puddle waggons in a long line came down the valley. These were first slowly dragged up the incline by the engine; at the top they were quickly emptied, and then, with loud rattling of chains, down they came again, to pass Rainbow and another boy, who stood with their drags waiting for them. As the waggons dashed towards the boys, they clogged the wheels of the foremost one with their wooden drags. A third lad stood at the bottom of the incline to turn the rail-points, so that the empty waggons might run back up the valley on a second pair of rails, leaving the down-valley lines clear. This was their day's duty. Several minutes intervened between the passing of the waggons, but it was against the rules for the boys to be absent from their posts for even a moment. But Banker, third lad at the bottom of the incline, whose duty it was to attend to the points, often grew tired of standing in the hot sun, and sat down till he heard the rattle of the drawing-chains; then he arose to his work. This morning, whilst lying with his cap over his eyes some distance from the points, without intending it he fell fast asleep, and whilst he slept the long string of waggons at the top of the embankment having been emptied and turned, came rushing down the incline. Rainbow and his *vis-à-vis* were at their post and put on their drags. The man who was riding on the first waggon, looking forward, saw the neglect, started up and struck Rainbow a blow with his whip, calling out, with an oath, "Look to yer points." Rainbow, seeing Banker was not at his post, dashed forward across the bend of the incline to do his comrade's duty, seized the handle, turned it, and then, alas! stumbled and fell forwards on to the lines. A childish scream was heard above the rattle of the wheels. Many men rushed to the spot. Long Slen was there with the first. He saw what had happened and held out his arms, for he was unable to ask for his boy. They lifted Little Rainbow on them. The queer sunny face was drawn and pinched, and a grey hue rested upon it. Already the little feet were well-nigh across the border-land. He looked at Slen with his blue eyes wide open, and gasped "Good-bye, mate—I fink—I'll soon see Him!" And then the rough curly head fell on Slen's shoulder, and Little Rainbow was gone!

* * * * *

Slen often sits by the hut fire, his pipe between his lips, and a dreamy expression in his eyes. At such times his thoughts are far away with his boy, and the One whom the child thought it would be "so grand" to see.

May the story of little Rainbow lead some kind hearts to care for the many little navvy children who have "no one to love them," and may they do so for His sake who long ago took such an one in His arms.

DOCTRINAL IDEAS OF THE BIBLE.

Their Genesis and Growth.

By DONALD FRASER, D.D.

IV.—OF DIVINE ELECTION.

THERE is great advantage in treating this topic in the historico-scriptural manner. It has long been tossed about in the arena of religious controversy, the debate turning in part on grounds of abstract reasoning, in part on the meaning of particular texts culled in an arbitrary manner from various parts of the Bible. The result is that the subject has ac-

quired the reputation of a formidable difficulty, and election is regarded by many as a hard and even harsh doctrine which judicious and kind-hearted men are careful to avoid. But the evasion of a topic which is undeniably Biblical can give no satisfaction to those who have a deep reverence for Holy Writ. We find the idea of Divine Election all through the Bible; and are persuaded that the only way to apprehend it correctly is to study it historically, and trace the rise and development of this conception within the sacred oracles.

In such a study, we must keep in view two marked characteristics of the Bible, which indeed force themselves on the notice of every intelligent reader.

1. The Bible is written in popular language for popular use. Though it is far more profound than any philosophical treatise ever composed, it does not use terms with technical precision; and the word "chosen," or "elected," like many others, is used now in a full and strong sense, and now in a minor and feebler sense, the measure of the term requiring to be taken in every instance from the context. Sometimes the election carries only temporal consequences, sometimes eternal. Sometimes it is to office or to privilege, sometimes to salvation.

2. The Bible is ancient and oriental in its way of conception and expression. Accordingly it uses the strongest and most absolute language regarding Divine causation, and is at no pains to modify or balance such statements by others of a different class with a view to guard that human liberty of will and action about which Western thinkers are so much concerned. When recognising the living God as the great first cause, the Bible does not hasten, as we do, to explain that "no violence is offered to the will of the creatures, nor is the liberty or contingency of second causes taken away, but rather established." No one can allege that our sacred books teach fatalism; but they do not rebut it in any formal way—are evidently written by men who did not imagine that forcible statements of divine sovereignty would ever be accused of a fatalistic tendency. They ascribe everything to God. He forms both light and darkness. He has foreordained all things. If there be famine or pestilence, God has sent it. If there be a flood, it is because God caused it to rain for so many days. If David gains a battle, it is the Lord that delivered his enemies into his hand. If Solomon's reign is disturbed during the later and more ignoble years of his life, political reasons are passed over in silence; it was the Lord who "stirred up adversaries." If Cyrus rises to great power, and shows kindness to the Jews, it is because Jehovah "held his right hand to subdue nations before him."

We ought to allow for this manner of thought and expression when we encounter in the Bible very absolute language about divine decrees and actions. There are balancing and modifying considerations which should be supplied from our own intellectual and moral instincts, and from those other parts of Scripture which, with equal frankness and boldness, recognise the liberty and responsibility of man. The last thing one could gather from the Bible would be the notion that man is a mere puppet of fate, or an irresponsible machine.

Keeping these features of the Bible in mind, and excluding as far as possible from our thoughts the dicta of the schools of theology, we wish to see how the idea of Divine Election is developed in Holy Writ. At once it is evident to us, that whatever difficulty may surround the idea is not to be removed by the device of admitting the election of a nation, and denying that of individuals. Such a distinction will not carry us fairly through the Bible. How can we hold the collective election of Israel out of nations, and deny the individual election of Abraham from among men, and afterwards of Isaac, not Ishmael; of Jacob, not Esau; of David, not Eliab?

The history of election begins with Abram. He was called because he was chosen. Such is the simple account of the matter with which ancient piety was content. "Thou art Jehovah, the God who didst choose Abram, and broughtest him forth out of Ur of the Chaldees, and gavest him the name of Abraham."* This great man, being called and chosen, was found faithful; but his fidelity is never spoken of as the ground of the Divine choice. It was his response to the favour shown to him, and proved that Abraham did not "receive the grace of God in vain."

The line of Divine choice is marked among the patriarch's descendants. Isaac, not Ishmael, was chosen. In the next generation it was Jacob, not Esau. Then from Jacob sprang the elect nation. The call of Israel out of Egypt rested on their election. It was not that they had chosen Jehovah to be their God; it was that He had chosen them to be His people; and on this, His sovereign act of choice, proceeded all the privilege of Israel

* Nehem. ix. 7.

as the people separated to God from all nations of the earth. Moses told them so very plainly. "Jehovah did not set His love upon you, nor choose you, because you were more in number than any people, for ye were the fewest of all peoples; but because Jehovah loved you."*

As Jehovah was apart from, and in opposition to, all other gods, so Israel was chosen and called to be apart from, and in opposition to the nations by whom those gods were worshipped. It was to be unique in its separation to Jehovah God, and not in any mere national self-complacency, such as led the Greeks to count all other men barbarians. The separateness or holiness of Israel never was a mere race-exclusiveness or particularism: for into the chosen nation were admitted without scruple men of other origin, who came to "trust under Jehovah's wings."

Within the collective election, we find many instances of individual election also. In certain men the holy calling of Israel was embodied and emphasized; and that which placed them in their distinguished position was the Divine choice. Thus we read in the Psalter, "Moses His chosen one;" "Aaron whom He had chosen."† The sons of Amram were selected not by the people, but by Jehovah, the one to be the Prophet-leader, and the other the Priest of Israel. In the same way was kingship introduced. In the first instance the desire of the people to have a king in order to be like other nations, was displeasing to Jehovah, because it evinced an entire failure to appreciate what was unique in the national position of Israel; yet even then the king was divinely indicated to Samuel the prophet, and Saul was the Lord's anointed. It is an instance of the less strict use of the word "chosen," when Samuel, presenting the son of Kish to the people at Mizpeh, exclaimed, "See ye him whom the Lord hath chosen!" It is an example of an election which was not absolute or irrevocable, for the Lord ere long rejected Saul from being king over Israel. David was in a stronger and more enduring sense the Lord's chosen. All the other sons of Jesse were first set aside with the intimation, "Neither hath the Lord chosen these." Last of all, the youngest was called in, and it was declared through Samuel that this was the Lord's Elect for the throne of Israel. There was no likelihood at the time of this shepherd boy ever reaching the throne; but we know that he did fulfil his destiny, and rule over Israel from Dan to Beersheba. His rise was gradual, and in the face of so many difficulties that ample room was made for David to distinguish himself, and to give proof of those qualities in peace and war which made him the fittest man of his time to occupy a throne. The Divine purpose embraced all this. Divine election, being an act of choice by the allwise God, must always be the selection of the fittest; and it embraces in such a case as that of David, not only the elevation which he reached, but the whole train of voluntary exertions and exploits by which David won the nation's confidence and secured the throne. It is quite correct to say that David by heroism, by prudence, by military skill, and personal tact, acquired the kingdom with consent of the whole nation; but the Bible goes much farther back for the ultimate reason of his elevation. "The Lord refused the tent of Joseph, and chose not the tribe of Ephraim; but chose the tribe of Judah. He chose David, also His servant, and took Him from the sheepfolds . . . to feed Jacob His people, and Israel His inheritance."* On the same principle was the successor to David determined. Solomon, no doubt, was the fittest of his sons for the regal dignity; and David took most vigorous measures to secure to him the succession; but like the preference of David over his brothers, so the preference of Solomon over all his brothers is grounded in Holy Scripture on a Divine election.†

In the Old Testament, all relations of nearness to God are, without hesitation, ascribed to a Divine choice. The man who approaches Jehovah is the man whom He has chosen.‡ To be an object of His choice, and to be in His favour, are used as equivalent terms. But to speak generally, when Election is mentioned in the Hebrew Scriptures, it is the Divine choice of an individual to play a great part in God's service, or of the nation which God separated to Himself as His "peculiar treasure." And, as we have pointed out in the case of David, so, in every case, the election is conceived of as comprehending all the steps toward the destined result, as well as the result itself.

The New Testament carries on exactly the same way of thinking, and recognises both collective and individual election. The former, however, applies not to any modern nation. The purpose of God concerning Israel stands; but no other race is chosen. The elect community in this dispensation is

* Deut. vii. 7, 8. † Psalm cvi. 23; cv. 26.

* Psalm lxxviii. 67—71. † 1 Chron. xxviii. 4—6.
‡ Psalm lxv. 4

the Church, which has been chosen, and is called, out of all nations, kindreds, and peoples, to bear witness to Jesus that He is both Lord and Christ. The primitive churches were taught by the apostles to trace back all their distinctive privileges and hopes to God's sovereign purpose of grace. St. Peter connects calling and election together, the former being the consequence of the latter.* St. Paul affirms the same in the splendid opening of his letter to the saints at Ephesus, and does not hesitate to say that the Church was chosen, not only before Abraham, but before the foundation of the world.†

The character of the individual election is ruled by that of the collective. As under the old covenant the choice which God made of leading men harmonized in character and purpose with His choice of the nation which they led, so in the New Testament we find that Jesus Christ chose certain men to be apostles in obedience to the Father who had given them to Him "out of the world:" and this election of the Twelve harmonized with that of the Church, the "chosen generation" of which they were the overseers and guides.

We do not now wish to argue the equity of the Divine choice, or its compatibility with universal justice. Enough for our purpose to trace the doctrine to which the Bible is committed: and in the teaching of the New Testament on this subject two points seem to us indisputable.

1. There is an election in Christ, not to privileges merely, but to eternal salvation. The words of St. Paul are decisive: "God hath from the beginning chosen you to salvation in sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth, whereunto He called you by our Gospel."‡ It is well to bring our minds, on such a theme as this, into direct contact with the words of the Book of God. A statement may seem to us unlikely or unrighteous; but we shall do well to question our own penetration, or mistrust our competency to pronounce on the justice or injustice involved, when we find it distinctly and fearlessly expressed in Holy Writ. Election to eternal salvation was seen to be in the Scriptures by all the Reformed Churches when they broke away three centuries ago, not only from the superstitious worship, but also from the semi-Pelagian theology of the Church of Rome. The later Helvetic, Basle, French, Scottish, and Belgic confessions are on this topic especially clear. The more modern Westminster confession declares the doctrine of Scripture in similar terms. And the seventeenth Article of the Church of England is so explicit on "Predestination and Election," that it is very difficult to understand why this should be so commonly regarded by Englishmen as a peculiar dogma of Genevan or Scottish theology.

2. The election to eternal salvation is always predicated of the Church, or of believers collectively. The doctrine, therefore, should always be stated with application to a plural, not a singular number. When an individual is said to be chosen of God, it is to special office or work. It is the Church which is chosen to everlasting life. Now if we observe this scriptural mode of statement, we shall obviate most of the objections that have been alleged on moral grounds against the teaching of Election, for we give no countenance to a heady and vain-glorious confidence on the part of this or that individual, in his being a particular favourite of heaven, chosen to eternal glory. If any one attains to everlasting life, it is not brought about directly and immediately by a Divine decree which places him above all risk of perishing, and all need of striving to enter in at the strait gate. Whatever the purpose of God, it is for His own guidance. Enough for us to know that it never disturbs the connection of means and ends on which we must calculate, never violates the rule that events run in a process of which every prior term must be made good, else the result will not be made good, and, therefore, never abrogates the requirement of repentance and faith in order to salvation. If it did so, it would be an edict of favouritism, or a decree of fate against which our moral instincts would have a right to protest.

If any one of the saved attains to special eminence as a Christian (we do not speak of mere outward preferments and dignities in the Church), it is because he has prayed and laboured more than others. Doubtless God has chosen him to this, but in the same sense in which He chose David to fill the throne—giving him time and opportunity which he uses well, to form the dispositions, and render the services which must bring one to the front. Among our philosophers we hear much of a law running through nature, called "the survival of the fittest." Why should we hesitate to believe that all through God's moral government, there runs a law of "selection of the fittest," and that the whole mystery of election will yet be resolved into this?

Against those who urge that the doctrine of which we treat tends to paralyze moral energy and discourage virtue, we beg to

* See 1 Peter ii. 9; 2 Peter i. 10.
† Eph. i. 4, 5, 11. ‡ 2 Thess. ii. 13, 14.

observe that human responsibility and activity are no more interfered with or limited by the Divine election which is taught in Scripture than they are by the universally admitted truth of an all-surveying Divine knowledge, and an all-controlling Divine will. That there is such a knowledge is essential to our idea of God, and consolatory to all who love Him. That there is such a will supreme in heaven and earth is annoying or unwelcome only to the proud and the profane. It is the joy of the meek that the Lord reigns, not only over things and elements, but over the volitions and actions of His creatures, which being to them contingent, impose upon them an undivided responsibility. "Hallelujah! The Lord God omnipotent reigneth." "Of Him, and to Him, and through Him, are all things; to whom be glory forever. Amen."

ON KEEPING SECRETS.

By Mrs. FRANCIS G. FAITHFULL.

"BE checked for silence, but never taxed for speech." So ran the Countess of Roussillon's parting injunction to her son Bertram, ere she sent him forth from his home to all the perils of the royal Court at Paris. Was her counsel wise? Had we, indeed, better be checked for silence than taxed for speech? Cautious people will probably say, "Yes, if we would walk securely." But there are some of us to whom many things are dearer than security, to whom trust and sympathy and love are infinitely dearer; and to such it may often be a hard question how duly to adjust the balance between openness and reserve.

For there is a good deal to be said on either side. Assuredly those who cannot put a seal upon their lips, who babble of anything and everything, will rarely or never know one of the deepest joys of friendship, the fearless interchange of thoughts, anxieties, and hopes, hidden from the world at large. And hardly less certainly will the same loss befal those whose lips are ever rigidly guarded, who are careful to utter nothing in the innermost chamber that might not be proclaimed in the market-place. Trust begets trust. How often has not some disclosure, made over a midnight fire, moved the listener to unlock her heart, and tell, in turn, her tale of joy or sorrow; a tale that never would have been told to one wearing an impenetrable mask. Yet, when it is told, there will come sometimes along with the relief of confession a startled doubt whether it was well to have spoken—a doubt all the greater where, as constantly happens, our own histories and anxieties involve the histories and anxieties of others too. For, happily or unhappily, lots are so linked together here, that there are few passages in our lives which concern us solely, few revelations we can make which some other, were he or she by to hear us, might not, perchance, bid us rather leave unmade.

And so we come back to the query, "When shall we speak, and when shall we forbear?"

There are some landmarks set up for us very clearly. To be "secret as a dumb man" concerning anything we have promised tacitly or explicitly not to tell; concerning anything we may have learnt by mischance; or concerning anything which, being known, may become the cause of needless injury or suffering to any human being. So far, we cannot well mistake our course. Further, we have only as a guide our natural character, tempered by such discretion as experience may have taught us. And this will not always bring us safely through. We may sometimes have to regret that we let the current of an eager impulse hurry us into too confiding speech; but, at least, we shall have no great cause for self-reproach, and, if we would utterly avoid the Scylla of betrayal, we must face the Charybdis of chill isolation.

But if we do choose this danger of betrayal, don't let us do it in a feeble and faint-hearted way. Don't let us relieve our own minds, and burden another's. Some people are very apt to make rash communications; and then, as a salve to their own conscience, or it may be to screen their own inaccuracies, exact a promise that their sayings shall not be repeated. We most of us know the formula, "I tell you this, but you must give me your word that it shall go no farther;" and we, most of us, have been weak enough to give our word accordingly. Now, of course, there may be special and urgent occasions when we are almost compelled to turn to some one friend for advice, if not for aid, and no less compelled to ensure that friend's silence. But these occasions come very rarely in men's lives. As a rule, we have surely gone as far as we have any need or

right to go, when we have made it clear that we *wish* our counsel kept. Such a wish to most honourable people will be as sacred as any promise, so long as no higher claim of truth or honesty clashes with it; and if we are not content with this safeguard, it will be better that we hold our peace, than oppress some weak brother by extorting a pledge which he may find it hard or impossible to keep.

For it is not given to every one to hide their thoughts, like William of Nassau. Heathen legend tells how King Midas' troubled servant, daring to trust no mortal, whispered deep into the ground about the asses' ears, and went away with lightened heart, and how yet the growing reeds soon gave back his secret to the air. Merlin resisted long, but, at length, "overtalked and overworn," he told the charm that wrought his doom. Even when our words are well under control, the tone of a voice, the significant glance of an eye, the half smile that seems to say "we could an we would," may involuntarily betray much to acute and watchful observers.

And sometimes a secret *can* only be preserved by stooping to crooked ways. A proud mother tells me under her breath that her young daughter will before long be married. But the news is on no account to get abroad, and I bind myself to silence. A week later, perhaps, the chances of this same marriage are eagerly canvassed in my home, and my opinion is demanded. What shall I answer? That it seems likely or unlikely, when I know it certainly; or that I would sooner say nought about it. Another time, I am apprised in "strict confidence" that a rich living is in store for my curate brother, but I must know absolutely nothing of it till I hear it from himself. When my brother comes to me, full of his great news, am I to affect the surprise he will expect, or frankly show him that it is no news to me? Am I, in short, to play the hypocrite, or to break my word? Better that no promise should be asked or given, which may drive me into such a strait.

I said just now that honourable people will scrupulously avoid repeating needlessly things they are not intended to repeat. But I should make one large exception. When, without invitation on our own part, we hear a story or a statement gravely reflecting on any friend or acquaintance, what are we bound to do? We may have no personal knowledge whether the tale be true or false. Shall we then, out of regard to the teller, carry it about untested, perhaps believe it, and even pass it on to others? I think not. I think that, if we have any good reason to doubt its accuracy, we should, in common justice, do what we can to verify or to disprove it, by going openly to some one likely to know the truth and to tell it, and get his independent testimony. And suppose that, having so done and having carefully weighed all that we have heard, we become assured that this surprising story, so glibly retailed to us, was *not* true, that our pleasant mannered neighbour yonder does not beat his wife, nor starve his children, nor leave his debts unpaid. Surely, then, we should be bold enough to go back to the slanderer—it may be the unconscious slanderer—and tell him of the wrong that he has done, and in all other ways try our utmost to clear the innocent.

He will reproach us, perhaps, for publishing talk meant for our ear alone. Well, we are not careful to answer him. We never bade him trust us. But some will shake their heads, and say, "If you take this line, the tale will most likely be traced back to him who told it, and fresh harm will be done." Ah, but would there be harm? If it proves true, no serious blame attaches to him for telling it; if it proves false, the best thing that can happen for him and for others is that he should bear such penalties as his evil-speaking may bring on him, and learn to use his tongue more cautiously. If no like steps are taken the deadliest calumnies may be sown broadcast with impunity. And so they are every day; for the world's code seems drawn up to protect, not the victim, but the persecutor, until—

> "Franker and bolder grown in ill
> He daily poisons dares instil."

"I heard it on the best authority," is the vague but eager assertion of the malevolent. "Better say nothing more about it," is the advice of the more charitable; and so the gossip-monger is shielded; and if his poison does not spread, it eats into the mind where it has been dropped, and fast friendships are sundered, and passing prejudices fanned into bitter enmities.

Truly it ought to be no hardship for any of us, but rather a very healthy restraint, that we should never dare to say that of another behind his back that we would not on occasion be prepared to affirm, without shame, before his face. It might not always be pleasant for us to bear this witness to our words, but no rightful freedom of speech would be checked thereby. If, in our idle talk, we

have said that this one is ugly, or the other bearish; if we have jested over some foible, or regretted some defect in those around us, we have only frankly expressed opinions we have a perfect right to form, and which our hearers may, if they are minded, easily correct by their own observation. And if it does so chance that our comments on a woman's looks, or a man's manners, come round to them or theirs, and excite anger or pain, the shame lies not with us, but with the mischief-maker who spitefully carried our unfavourable and it may be hasty criticisms to ears for which they were never meant.

But it is a far other matter when we are dealing, not with impressions, but with stern facts. The same generosity which will keep a man silent in the one case will impel him to speak in the other. For no one can protect himself against these stabs in the dark. The thoughtless boy who has once played high at cards little guesses that some cruel tongue may, out of mere wantonness, be denouncing him as a confirmed gambler. The simple faithful girl is all unaware that she is painted to her lover as an artful coquette. No one can protect himself, but his fellows can do something to protect him. In the time of the Saxon king Edgar detractors and calumniators had their tongues cut out, or were forced to redeem them by paying their full were-geld. The days for such harsh punishments are past; but, if we have recklessly exaggerated, or, still worse, wickedly invented to our neighbour's damage, let all the world combine to brand us "Dangerous."

A MEDITATION IN SPRING.

DEAR God, I thank thee for the breath of spring,
The rain-washed sunshine and the cool sweet air,
The light glad movement of the swallow's wing,
The fresh young leaves unfolding everywhere.

I thank thee for the tender smiling blue
Under the hedges where the speedwells grow,
The skyward-springing grass all bright with dew,
The hawthorn bowing under blossom-snow,

The fronds of youngest fern so soft and brown,
Uncurling into exquisite new form
And hue, nor yet quite shaking off the down
Which held them safe through every April storm;

For all the tiny flowers that kiss our feet,
Hiding their dainty heads among the grass,
Too small for us to see them, but so sweet
We love them though we crush them as we pass.

I thank thee for the godlike music, Lord,
Of light and colour through the earth and sky;
For subtle harmonies that touch the chord
Of hidden memories—we know not why.

I thank thee for the soul of human life,
That gives a world-wide kindred to us all:
The pain, the self-denial, the sweet strife
That make us one; for gentle joys that fall

Like falling blossoms round us, as we stand
Drinking new rest from out the sunlit air;
For friends unseen, who take us by the hand;
For thy dear presence, making all things fair.

A. MATHESON.

"the godlike music . . . .
Of light and colour through the earth and sky;"

THE VOLTO SANTO.

A Visit to the favourite Shrine of William Rufus, at Lucca.

IT is now long, long ago since shrines and pilgrimages have passed away from the national life of our island home. They no longer exist among us save in the pictorial pages of our poets, our historians, and our romance writers. Far otherwise is it in the sunny South—the land of passionate emotion and impulsive piety—where multitudes of pilgrims, often at the cost of tedious and painful journeys, throng year after year to the shrine of some favourite saint or time-honoured image, at whose feet they are seen to prostrate themselves with all the impassioned fervour of suppliants needing aid and expectant of a favourable answer to their petitions. Well would it be for us who profess a purer faith, if we approached the "Father of all mercies" with as earnest a faith as is evidenced in the worship of these material types of heavenly things, the work of men's hands.

Among the most remarkable of the Italian shrines is one which has a certain historic interest for Englishmen—I allude to the Volto Santo * of Lucca, by which one of the earliest of our Norman monarchs was wont habitually to swear. The rude and rough-tongued William Rufus was no niggard of his oaths; and in moments of anger or excitement the name that sprang most readily to his lips was that of the *Volto Santo*. "*Per Vultum Sanctum!*" he was wont to cry out at such times, as if invoking that which was invested in his eyes with the deepest sanctity; and then it was well understood by those around him that his purpose was fixed, and that all appeal against his decision would be vain. Eight hundred years have well nigh run their course since the ireful monarch met his fate in the New Forest; and now, in this enlightened nineteenth century, the Volto Santo is not less revered by the multitude of its worshippers than in those ruder ages by the unlettered king of England.

Lucca lies in the common track of English tourists, and yet it is but rarely visited by them, save as a momentary resting-place on their way to the *Bagni di Lucca*, a watering-place some few miles distant, whose position and surroundings are so full of charm that we do not marvel at the traveller hastening onward to enjoy its fresh and lovely scenery, its healing springs, and its mountain rambles.

* Holy Face.

Very rich and varied in its abundant fertility was the country through which we approached Lucca l'Industriosa—olive and mulberry groves, intermingled with crops of corn, blue lupins and crimson vetches, glowing in the bright sunshine of an early May afternoon, with cottages peeping from amid vines and fig-trees, betokened a prosperous and industrious peasantry, while the quaint, old city of Lucca with its domes and towers, its shady ramparts, and its background of Apennines formed a genial centre to this pleasant scene.

Lucca has doubtless fallen from its palmy days of grandeur since the ducal family were expelled from their dominions. Many of its ancient palaces have been deserted by their noble proprietors, and are now devoted to homelier purposes than might have been contemplated at the time of their erection. One of the grandest of these edifices is now a refuge for the poor and needy under the name of *Depositâ di Mendicità*. Another is converted into an hotel (l'Hôtel de l'Univers), where the walls of our apartments were covered with rich frescoes of nymphs and goddesses, while on the ceiling appeared the mighty Jove ruling the Olympic circle beneath and around him—subjects which may not perhaps be deemed quite appropriate to the residence of a cardinal who had been translated from thence to the chair of St. Peter.

Despite a certain loss of prestige by the change in her government, Lucca seems cheerful and prosperous in her present provincial condition; and if one may judge from certain outward symbols which are observable in many of the principal thoroughfares, she is perfectly satisfied with her recent change of government. On many of the houses were stamped in large letters the following sentences: "Vogliamo per nostro Rè Vittorio Emmanuele;" "W * Roma per Capitale del Regno d'Italia." †

It is not our purpose, however, to dwell on the political aspects of the place, nor on the noble works of art by which some of its churches are embellished. Our thoughts were soon turned into another channel by the announcement that on the morrow would be the *festa* of the *Santo Volto*, when it would be exposed to the public gaze—a privilege bestowed on no other day of the year. Our

* "Vogliamo."
† "We will have Rome for the capital of Italy."

informant congratulated us warmly on our good fortune in having chosen this moment for visiting Lucca, as we would thus have an opportunity of seeing it in all its glory.

Sunday morning came without its wonted happy associations of worship in our native language; so we resolved to make ourselves acquainted with the outer aspect of religion that prevailed around us, and turned our steps accordingly to St. John the Baptist's Church, where a sermon was to be preached in the forenoon. On our way thither we passed by the Duomo or Cathedral, a noble edifice, partly Lombard partly Gothic in its architecture, and dedicated to St. Martin, the patron saint of the city. In front of the western façade is a fine equestrian statue of the saint, illustrative of the well-known tradition of his bestowal of his cloak upon a beggar, beneath whose tattered garments was concealed a heavenly visitant.

The *Piazza del Duomo* presented the aspect of a gay and busy fair. It was densely thronged with people in their holiday attire, grouping themselves around open booths, where images and pictures of the Volto Santo, together with prayers addressed to the same, shared the public favour with lollipops, cakes, and sugared devices of all sorts—these carnal luxuries evidently sharing far beyond their desert in the favour of the youthful part of the population. Many a little one was seen dangling carelessly, a many-coloured image in one hand, while with the other was conveyed impatiently to the lips some glittering luscious-looking sweetmeat.

We entered the cathedral amid a dense mass of people, all pressing onwards to the shrine, which was revealed to their gaze on this one only day of the year. There it stood in the centre of the church, enclosed within a costly octagonal temple of richly-gilt marble, athwart whose glittering rails might be seen the venerated image, a tall, lank, sombre-looking figure, carved in ebony and clad in a rich velvet pontifical robe, thickly brocaded with gold and precious stones, a large lustrous diamond resting on its breast, while the head was encircled with a crown of gold. A lamp of the same precious metal, suspended by a costly chain, was burning in front of the tabernacle—an offering this from the Luchese in 1836, when, being terror-stricken by the approach of cholera, they sought by this timely oblation to avert the coming plague.

The Volto Santo, or crucifix bearing this venerated name, is supposed to have been the work of Nicodemus who, it is averred, received a divine commission to accomplish the sacred task; hence the accredited sanctity and wonder-working power of the image.

The tall glittering gates on either side of the altar were rigidly closed, so that no nearer view of the image could be gained than through the gilt railing, athwart which peered many an anxious gaze upon the "Holy Countenance," whose piercing eyes rested darkly and sternly upon the watchful multitude. The surrounding pavement was covered with kneeling or prostrate worshippers. No priest was present, neither was there any oral service, but all seemed hushed in deep and silent devotion. It was a strange and suggestive scene. No marvel, methought, that these sinning and sorrowing human beings should turn for pity and tenderness to the Madonna when our blessed Lord is presented to their view with the false aspect of a stern and vengeful ruler, rather than as he really is, a gracious and life-giving Saviour! The soul cannot do without tenderness in a Redeemer, and so Jesus is left for Mary.

After a few moments spent in the cathedral, we pursued our way to San Giovanni, where we found a throng of people listening to a friar, whose theme was the creation of man in the image of God, and the duty springing from so high a privilege bestowed upon humanity. The preacher was fervid and eloquent. He dwelt forcibly upon the wondrous love of God our Saviour, in dying to restore this image when it had been defaced by sin—quoted in an applicatory manner our Saviour's answer to those who inquired concerning the lawfulness of paying tribute to Cæsar, and made a powerful appeal to each one present—from the fact of his being made in the Divine image—to "render unto God that which was God's." This was the first part of his discourse. Then ensued the customary pause—the energetic use of a pocket handkerchief, &c., &c. The preacher having resumed his oration, adopted a far different strain from that which we had just listened to. He spoke of the power and sanctity of the Volto Santo—of the high privilege vouchsafed to the Lucchese in their possession of it—and finally enlarged on the all-prevailing influence of the blessed Virgin over her Divine Son, and on our consequent duty of addressing Him through her alone.

Thus strangely were truth and error blended together in the same discourse, so that it seemed as though the preacher had kindled a momentary light only for the sake of quenching it suddenly into darkness.

How earnestly would one hope that even

in these brief moments of a sounder teaching, some seeds of light might have been sown which would hereafter spring up into eternal life!

Late in the evening we again looked in at the cathedral, where there was an ever-flowing and ebbing tide of people thronging around the tabernacle, which, with its gilded pillars and gates, its rich draperies and its clustering lights, looked glowingly brilliant and picturesque in the deepening obscurity of the night. The tall gilded gates were now thrown wide open and guarded on either side by a gendarme, whose office it was to prevent an overflow of pilgrims within the sacred precincts of the tabernacle. This mode of proceeding reminded me of the precautions used for the protection of the Koh-i-noor diamond during the great London Exhibition of 1851.

A priest was seated on the right side of the venerated figure; and each pilgrim, having made obeisance on bended knee before the shrine, placed in the priest's hand a chaplet, which he hastily rubbed against the gold-gloved hand of the Volto Santo, and then returned it to the owner, who usually kissed it with a look of fond devotion. A look of mingled impatience and irony was visible in the priest's countenance, as if the oft repeated task was wearisome and distasteful to him; for it is a well established fact that among no other class of men is infidelity so rife and so scornful as amongst many of those in Italy whose convictions and whose duties are at variance with each other—men whose daily bread depends upon their performing services which they either despise or abhor—men, too, who have been so early indoctrinated in error, that they find it scarcely possible to cast away the chains which are so ponderous to them.

Truly, for no class of men ought more fervent and united prayer be offered up than for the priesthood in Italy!

We followed in the slow and orderly procession that was admitted within the gates of the brilliant tabernacle, and passing gravely along, paused a moment in front of the figure in order to obtain a closer view of so celebrated an object. There was something almost appalling in the aspect of its dark and piercing eyes, which glanced upon the beholder with a melancholy yet impassive sternness—such a glance as might well terrify the timid or the superstitious. The crucifix, larger than life, was overshadowed by two gilded angels with outspread wings, holding the keys of the city.

No notice was taken of our seeming undevoutness. The priest glanced at us for a moment as if he had detected the cloven foot, but his look was rather one of observation than of displeasure.

Before quitting the church we paused a few moments to gaze upon the strange and pictorial scene before us. In the more distant portions of the church were seen in the shadowy twilight groups of people clustering around the pillars or seated in an attitude of silent devotion. The centre of the building was illuminated with a blaze of soft yet brilliant light, which contrasted strangely with the dark stern figure which formed the focus of all this brightness. Around the tabernacle shrine were gathered throngs of people clad in their holiday garments, the women's heads being entwined with handkerchiefs of rainbow hues. Many were prostrate upon the marble pavement, while others seemed wrapped in ecstatic contemplation of the sacred object which would be veiled from their sight until another year had fled away from their lives. The whole offered a scene well worthy of being reproduced by a painter's pencil. We could not turn our backs upon it without a feeling of sad and regretful interest; and many a time since then have our thoughts rested upon those fervent worshippers, with a longing desire that the time may speedily come when their devotions will be addressed to a higher and worthier object than the *Volto Santo* of Lucca. L. HALL.

GALILEO.

Science, Religion, and Infallibility.

By HENRY C. EWART.

FIRST PAPER.

THERE are two aspects of the story of Galileo that have an important bearing upon the religious experience of mankind. The first concerns the relation of his discoveries to the claim of infallibility made by the Roman Church; the second is the proof afforded by his career of the impossibility that the thirst for knowledge should ever

supply the place of religious inspiration. As it is our chief object in this sketch to call attention to these two aspects of the great astronomer's life and work, it is unnecessary for us to attempt any detailed narrative of his life. But a few words of preliminary information may be desirable. Galileo belonged to a noble but impoverished family of Florence. The family name was really Bonajuti, but the pride which all members of it took in the illustrious distinction of an ancestor with the Christian name of Galileo led them to adopt this in its plural form, Galilei, as their surname. Hence the full name, Galileo Galilei. Not long previous to the great astronomer's birth, his father, in the vain pursuit of fortune, had removed to Pisa, where Galileo was born on February 15th, 1564. Returning to Florence, the father fell into continually greater embarrassments as the expenses of his family increased. It was of the utmost importance that the young Galileo, being the eldest son, should follow some lucrative profession, which would enable him to assist his younger brothers and sisters. The profession chosen was that of medicine, and at sixteen years of age he was sent to Pisa to study at the university there. As in many other illustrious instances, however, his genius obstinately refused the attractions of expediency; and his inclinations were irresistibly drawn to mathematical and physical pursuits. This was the cause of many domestic differences; but his abilities soon became so manifest that he attracted the attention of men with influence at the court of the Grand Duke, and at the age of twenty-five obtained an appointment as mathematical professor.

It is necessary now to consider for a moment the state of astronomical science towards the end of the sixteenth century. The wonderful revival of learning, consequent on the dispersion of Greek literature over Western Europe after the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, had quickened the human intellect to advance on new paths of discovery undreamed of in the classical age; and in the susceptibility to novelties thus excited, the revolutionary speculations of Copernicus as to the system of the physical universe had attracted the interest of all the most eager and the adhesion of the most daring souls. But the older, or Ptolemaic system, which regarded the earth as the centre of a number of concentric spheres, whose revolutions accounted for the visible movements of the stars, was regarded as not only palpably demonstrable to common sense, but also as essentially bound up with the authority of the Bible and the Church, and with the most sacred interests of morality and religion. To doubt the truth of this system was, in the view of the bigots of that day, to abjure Christianity and to make an open profession of atheism. So late as the year 1600 Jordano Bruno was burned alive at Rome for his obstinate adhesion to this heresy. It will therefore be readily understood that astronomy in that time was even a more dangerous subject to handle than the Darwinian hypothesis or spontaneous generation in this. Nor were the difficulties of the position confined to dangers of persecution. Even the most learned men of the time, to say nothing of the masses of the people, showed a curious inability to appreciate the superiority of palpable and repeatedly verified facts to mere theories consecrated by antiquity. For instance, the disciples of the Aristotelian school of philosophy held that falling bodies must necessarily descend to the earth with a speed exactly proportioned to their weight. A mass of ten pounds must fall ten times as rapidly as one pound, and a hundred pounds in a like proportion. This seemed plausible and natural; so much so indeed that, as far as we are aware, no one before Galileo had thought of trying by actual experiment whether this really was the case or not. The observations of the keen-eyed astronomer, however, led him to a different conclusion, and he was daring enough to proclaim it. So far, he maintained, was the great master from being right on this subject, that a weight of a ton and a weight of half an ounce would fall precisely the same distance in the same time, except so far as the resistance of the atmosphere might make a slight difference in favour of the heavier body. It was not to be expected that the evidence of Galileo's eyes would be accepted by his opponents, and he therefore undertook to prove the truth of his assertion by the testimony of their own senses. In the presence of a considerable gathering of learned Pisans he ascended the celebrated Leaning Tower, and from the side of the summit which overhangs the base he caused several different weights to be dropped at the same moment. Of course they all struck the pavement below, if not with one indistinguishable impact, at least so closely together that the interval of time could not be measured. This simple experiment, so easily capable of repetition by any two men who would take the trouble, one to ascend the tower for the purpose of dropping the weights, and the other to watch

them on the pavement below, might have been thought proof demonstrative. And so it was. But what it was thought to prove was, not any mistake of Aristotle, but the depravity of Galileo. In fact his arrogance was not to be borne. The whole world of learning had for nearly two thousand years unanimously regarded it as an established conclusion, beyond the reach of any possible dispute, that a big stone would fall faster than a little stone, just in proportion to its difference in weight. And now here comes this young professor, not yet thirty years old, and has the audacity to declare that the whole world of learning is wrong! Nay, more; he performs an experiment to prove it; and, worst of all, his experiment justifies his assertion! Such conduct is unpardonable. It strikes a blow at the foundations of the whole recognised system of knowledge. If Aristotle was not right in a simple matter like this, how could it be believed that he was right in anything? Existing libraries might as well be burned at once. Men must be content to acknowledge hopeless ignorance, and with acknowledged ignorance would come the return of barbarism. So conclusive was such reasoning thought to be in the sixteenth century, that the expulsion of Galileo from Pisa was felt by the protectors of knowledge there to be their only security against chaos.

We need not trouble ourselves with the petty persecutions by which the desired end was brought about. It is enough to know that in 1592 he was very glad to accept an opportune appointment to a professorship at Padua, which city was then under the dominion and protection of the Venetian republic. There was a special advantage in this protection at that time; for Venice had expelled the Jesuits from her territory, and in other ways showed an impatience of ecclesiastical domination such as was unusual, at least south of the Alps. It was at Padua that Galileo constructed his first telescope. He did not invent the instrument himself, or at any rate it was not an original idea of his own. But hearing that an optician in Holland had contrived an arrangement of two lenses which seemed to bring distant objects near, he not only constructed a telescope from this bare hint, but discovered the law according to which the distance of the lenses had to be fixed, a secret which the Dutch optician had failed to penetrate. When this simple and indeed rude instrument was achieved, naturally the first use he made of it was to assist his survey of the heavens. And it is impossible to think without awe of the revelation that rushed upon his soul at the first steady glance.

There is nothing more startling than a sudden expansion of the powers of sense. Try the effect of a microscope on a child, and you will have an illustration of what we mean. Here is a speck of dust so small that neither shape nor size can be discerned. You put it under the microscope, and instantly, as by a magician's wand, it is transformed into a sculptured shell of exquisite proportions—a tiny ivory palace, whose graceful contour and carved windows are more like the perfection of a dream than a thing of earth. And only to think of the treasures of similar beauty that enrich the dust we grind under our feet or sweep away with contempt, awakens in us a very salutary feeling of the imperfection of our perceptions and of unsearchable riches that lie undiscovered under our very eyes. But surely such a combined rebuke and inspiration was never given to mankind as when Galileo first lifted his telescope to the sky. Men had been gazing on that nightly vision for millenniums past, until they were familiar with every conspicuous orb. They had called them by names. They had woven them into fancied pictures, framed by lines of fire. They had attributed to them divine influences over life and fortune. The causes of the stately march of most, and the capricious wanderings of a few, had indeed been disputed, and were involved in mystery. But to no child is the face of his mother more familiar than the face of the heavens was to the children of men. So constant and changeless was that face, save for passing cloud or storm, that the blue vault was looked upon as the solid roof of man's mortal home, sheltering him from ghastly chaos and eternal night beyond. Whatever secrets were to be found in the deep bosom of the earth or in the abyss of the sea, at least in the empyrean there was an impassable barrier which no eagle glance could pierce, and which set bounds even to the soaring spirit of man. What could astronomers do? They might indeed improve the accuracy of the calculations made by their predecessors as to the recurrence of eclipses and conjunctions. They might decide afresh whether this or that dim star should be reckoned in one constellation or another. They might note more curiously the changes of spots on the sun, or the slowly growing and waning shadows on the kindly face of the moon. But every star they could see had been seen for thousands

of years, and the ancient shepherds of Chaldea had already called them by their names. In no direction was the aggressiveness of human curiosity so grandly rebuked or so peremptorily forbidden as by the all-embracing sky.

But when Galileo raised his glass those adamantine barriers dissolved into space, and in an ecstasy of emancipation he ranged forth "beyond the flaming bulwarks of the world." Star beyond star came into view, which, though shining for ever in those open depths of space, had never been seen by human eyes before. The realm of chaos was found to be a dream of ignorance, and the boundless expanse of divine order overwhelmed the gazer's soul with awe. The most familiar and most changeless object of human contemplation, under the spell of a simple glass with two lenses, suddenly became the field of the most prodigious physical revelation the world had ever seen since first created eyes were brightened by reason. Indeed, it is difficult for us, who are now so familiarised with the results of science, to do justice to the magnificence of the discovery. If Columbus doubled the habitable earth, Galileo expanded the universe to infinity.

Yet when we remember the modest powers of his instrument we shall not feel surprised that his attention was most attracted by the strange alterations produced in the aspect of the planets. The moon showed herself like a wild world of frowning mountains and dismal valleys, which at first the astronomer thought to be on a vaster scale than those of the earth. Venus waxed and waned like a little moon, presenting now a full orbed radiance and again a tiny crescent like a Cupid's bow. Four little stars were observed in constant attendance on the mighty Jupiter, showing that he was endowed with four moons. From night to night the heavens were always telling something new. And one of the earliest newspapers was Galileo's "Nuntius Sidereus," or "Messenger from the Stars," which from time to time informed his Venetian patrons and the public in general of the latest news from the realms of space.

He was now a man of renown, and was able to bestow coveted favours on the great by calling newly-discovered stars after their names, a dishonour to the orbs of heaven which happily they have not long endured. No one now recognises the satellites of Jupiter as "the Medicean Stars," though that was the name first given them by the courtly science of the time. But so immortal was such a distinction then thought, that kings, or at least their courtiers for them, looked with envy on the splendid decoration thus conferred on the Tuscan family; and one zealous hanger-on at the French court indited a long epistle, which, after fulsome compliments, pressingly requested that if Galileo should discover "any other fine star," he would consent to call it by the name of "the great star of France;" and if he will be so kind as to do so, it is intimated that the Christian name Henri would be preferred to that of Bourbon. "You will thus," it is added, "have the opportunity of an act at once just and becoming, while at the same time you will be making yourself and your family rich and powerful for all coming time." What an incongruous invasion of the solitudes of heaven by the gossip of time-serving courtiers! But this incident was perhaps more than matched by the impertinence of an astrologer, who insisted on knowing the precise influence exerted by these new stars on the destinies of men, and how they were to be reckoned in casting a horoscope. That indeed was the only use of the stars according to his superstition; and his method of enforcing his demand was a very curious illustration of the tendency of all superstition to wither by atrophy men's understanding of the difference between fact and fiction. We have already seen how the university magnates at Pisa refused to believe their own eyes when stones declined to fall to the ground in accordance with Aristotelian laws. But this astrologer had even greater facility for dealing with facts. He would either acknowledge them or reject them, not according to the evidence to be adduced for them, but according to the use that might be made of them. For he informed Galileo that unless his request was complied with for instruction in the influence of these stars, "he would reject them altogether and deny them, as being useless and superfluous."

We give these incidents because they illustrate the temper of the time in regard to questions of fact. Men were so pre-occupied with slavish submission to authority or theory that they could see no other issue than the question whether alleged facts were laudable and proper according to their own approved philosophy. The real and only important issue, whether they were actually facts or not, did not touch the springs of belief and action. It seems strange to us that men with the use of their eyes and common sense could look calmly on while the stones fell from the Pisan tower in direct defiance of Aristotle, and should thereupon charge the rebellion of

those stones to the intellectual pride of Galileo, and should shake their heads at his obduracy. But they did so. The thing is possible to human nature, and there is quite enough of such a temper in our own times to make us study with more than idle curiosity the records of Galileo's day. The worst exhibition of the spirit was in the pretended service of religion, and it is to that we now turn.

In an evil hour for his own peace, and, indeed, for his reputation as well, Galileo accepted a flattering invitation to leave Padua for Florence, where a position of comfort and honour was promised him under the patronage of the Grand Duke Cosmo de' Medici. This was in the year 1610, and a considerable time passed before any serious evil resulted from the step. But the influance of the Papal Curia was far more direct and its bigoted rule far more unmitigated at the Tuscan capital than in the Venetian republic. It ought therefore to have required but little knowledge of the world, or at all events of the Church, to have warned him from such dangerous ground. But it does not appear that he was at all fully aware of the fatal issue that he was raising when he dared to proclaim new truths within the fold of a professedly infallible Church. It seems probable that his theological beliefs or doubts sat very easily upon himself, and that he would have found it difficult to understand the feelings either of a martyr or a bigot. It is only by such indifference to the heights and depths of religious zeal that we can explain the carelessness with which he ran into dangers that might have appalled the bravest heart, and the abject humiliation by which he sought to escape. One thing only excited him to eagerness—the ambition of adding to the stores of human knowledge, and he was especially fired by the secrets of the stars; but that ecclesiastical jealousy should be touched by the assertion that the heavens moved in one way rather than in another, or that any one should feel it a duty to defy such ecclesiastical jealousy at the cost of torture and death, such were notions that did not naturally enter into his mind.

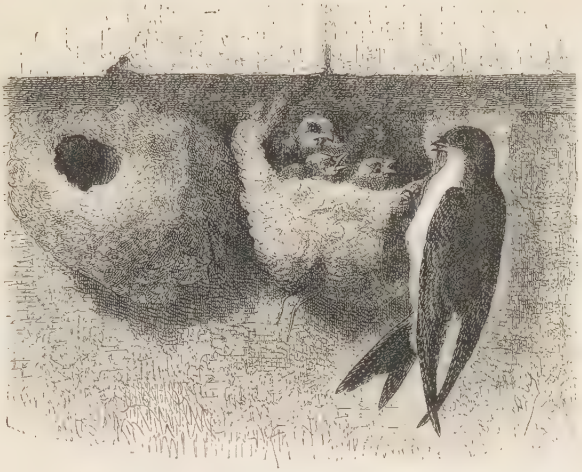
Accordingly he went to Florence. But he had not been there many months before uneasiness was excited in Rome by the increasing fame of his discoveries. This uneasiness was at first repressed by some lovers of science among the Jesuits, who declared that there was no cause for fear. And Galileo thought that having gone to Rome and given explanations, regarded as satisfactory, he had made assurance doubly sure. But like every man who makes strong and definite assertions, Galileo multiplied enemies as well as friends. The former stirred up a zealous Dominican friar, who made the astronomer and his discoveries the object of solemn denunciation. It was not in accordance with the scriptures, he said, to talk of the earth going round the sun. For the Bible always speaks of the sun and moon as movable, while the earth is fixed. To illustrate this point he referred to the passage in the Book of Joshua, where the captain of the Lord's host is described as saying, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gideon, and thou moon in the valley of Ajalon. So the sun stood still in the midst of heaven, and hasted not to go down about a whole day." Galileo replied that the doctors of the Church had not interpreted the Bible properly, and especially that this passage had not been fairly understood. It is easy to conceive what indignation this unfortunate reply excited. Was he, an uninstructed layman, to teach the authorised professors of theology? It did not occur to them that it might be at least equally unreasonable for those who had never looked through a telescope to tell a man who had done so what he ought to have seen or not to have seen. And this was just what they were undertaking to do. Perhaps the supposed but most unreal antagonism between science and religion has often been embittered by the incongruous position of some defenders of the faith. The true line for the apostles of religion is to insist on the imperishable facts of consciousness, which can no more be shaken than the foundations of the world. "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?" There is no answer that can still such a cry, but the revelation of the Eternal in the soul. But when, under the pretence of official or corporate infallibility, misguided guardians of the faith attempt to teach skilled observers of nature what they are to see or not to see, they only ignore the omnipotence of facts, and demoralise men's sense of the difference between truth and falsehood.

But such reflections were impossible to the Papal Curia in the seventeenth century, as indeed we fear they are impossible now. In 1616 the Congregation of the Index suspended the publication of the book of Copernicus on the system of the heavens "until it should be corrected." Perhaps no more amazing

illustration of the stolid arrogance of ignorance can be found in all the records of superstition than this. The views of Copernicus were founded on careful observation, and constructed by a course of irrefutable reasoning; and now a number of men, most of them knowing nothing whatever of the facts or their significance, presumed to order that this miracle of the human intellect should be taken back, like a careless schoolboy's exercise, and so altered as to set facts at defiance, in order to save the vested interests of ecclesiastical pedagogues. Galileo was much moved by this insolent bigotry. He had not himself yet written nor openly said anything which could bring him into the clutches of the Inquisition. But it was too plain that his telescopic observations tended to confirm Copernicus; it was generally and rightly believed that he had adopted the new astronomy; and after the invectives of the Dominican friar he had felt it necessary to make a visit to Rome for the purpose of securing himself. During this visit it was rumoured that he had been compelled to abjure his opinions and had been subjected to ecclesiastical censures. And therefore, to save his reputation for orthodoxy even at the expense of his character for straightforwardness and his claim to free inquiry, he obtained a certificate under the hand of Cardinal Bellarmine, to the effect that he had not been subjected to any censure. But the certificate went on to add,—what should never be forgotten in connection with Papal claims to infallibility,—that a declaration of the Pope, solemnly published by the Holy Congregation of the Index, had been communicated to Galileo to the following effect: "The doctrine attributed to Copernicus on the alleged movement of the earth round the sun, and on the place the sun would thus occupy at the centre of the world, &c., is opposed to Holy Scripture, and consequently need not be either attacked or defended."* The warning thus conveyed was afterwards used with cruel effect against the man who had solicited so humiliating a certificate.

* Quoted from Louis Figuier's "Vies des Savants Illustres."

NEST-BUILDING.



OH, kindly care of gracious Heaven!
Oh, boundless love of God's dear thought,
By which to all below is given
The precious gifts they need, unsought!

See how each feathered thing that lives
Creation's goodness choicely dowers
With cunning skill, and to it gives
Constructive art, creative powers.

Who taught thee, wingèd one, with bill
Thy home of clay beneath the eaves
To fashion with instinctive skill,
When comes the glad green time of leaves?

O'ermastering love is in thy breast
Warm as it is in nobler man;
This bids thee labour at thy nest,
As thy race has since Spring began.

Nearer to God thou seem'st than I,
By thee direct from Him is caught
That which we mortals still must try
To gain by slow and wearying thought.

Surely thou teachest humble trust,
A perfect faith in One above,
That He who thinks for thee, He must
Watch o'er us with enduring love.

W. C. BENNETT.

HARTLEIGH TOWERS.

The Story of a Noble Purpose.

By the AUTHOR of "Andrew Gray's Story," &c.

CHAPTER XXV.—A ROUGH AWAKENING.

"Were you not real of old, then?
He whom I knew as Frank
Could not have sunk so deeply,
Could not have grown so rank."

ONE afternoon, about the beginning of August, Margaret Carew turned down the grass-tufted pavement of the quiet street which led to old Mrs. Glen's abode in St. Oswald's. She carried under her arm a portfolio, containing sketches which she had made during the spring months of the year, and the object of her visit was to ask Miss Martha Glen's opinion as to her capacity to turn her sketching into a bread-winning employment.

But, in order to understand why Margaret should desire to work for her own support, it will be necessary to take a retrospect of the events which had happened in the Greenwood Gate household since Frank's journey to London after Tom Belton's death. Before Frank returned to St. Oswald's his mother and Margaret had left it. Mrs. Carew's new and much-trusted medical attendant had strongly recommended her to take an immediate change of air, and Margaret had no alternative but to accompany her mother to Fairquay, the seaside town which Dr. Jenkins had selected as the most suitable for his patient. Margaret felt that it was very hard to leave St. Oswald's at that time. Her heart was hungering for tidings of her Chadthorpe friends, and eager to share with them their strangely-mingled experience of joy and sorrow, of gain and loss. She, who had recently been in such close sympathy with them, had only heard of the reunion of mother and son as a piece of St. Oswald's gossip. And the brief note which Mrs. Hartleigh wrote to Margaret, in the expectation of seeing her on the following day in St. Oswald's, did not reach Greenwood Gate until Margaret was already on her way to Fairquay.

In spite, however, of these disappointments, the change from the somewhat dingy precincts of the St. Oswald's home to the warm fresh air of the Fairquay heights seemed at first to prove a pleasant one, both for mother and daughter. Mrs. Carew was in her element, and characterized the bright watering-place as a haven of delight, as she sunned herself, attired in the most fashionable costumes, in its fashionable promenades, and cultivated the acquaintance of several congenial spirits.

Margaret too formed a friendship that rendered her visit to Fairquay a memorably happy time. Never before had she had glimpses into such a joyous home-circle as was that of Mrs. Gordon and her son and six daughters, and its influence cheered and braced Margaret's somewhat drooping spirit, like the breezes sweeping over the cliffs among which she and her girl friends wandered. Mrs. Gordon was a widow lady, who, with her six daughters, had left their home in the Highlands of Scotland to seek stronger health for one of the younger girls in this southern seaside town. They lived in the villa adjoining that occupied by Margaret and her mother. They were a merry band, especially when their only brother Harry, who was a lieutenant in the army, joined them, and Margaret felt much attracted to them. It was not long before the neighbours got acquainted with each other, and then an old link of friendship was discovered between the families. Mrs. Gordon's father had been in the same regiment as Colonel Carew, Margaret's grandfather, and during earlier years their children had seen much of each other. After they had grown to manhood and womanhood Maud Hepburn and Walter Carew had again met. It was at this very Fairquay, which Mrs. Gordon had not revisited since then, that she and Margaret's father had, thirty years before, wandered among those white sands and breezy cliffs, to part "friends—lovers that might have been." Though always friendly at heart, they had lost sight of each other in diverging paths of life, and it was therefore with a strange sad joy that Mrs. Gordon discovered the identity of Dr. Carew's widow and daughter, and heard from the lips of the latter how nobly the friend of her youth had, if not in the eyes of the world, at least in her eyes, chastened as they were by the hand of time and many sorrowful experiences, acted his part in life. Not on the barren ground had his cup been poured. His enthusiasm for science, his dreams of intellectual conquest, which in early years had not seemed to her maiden fancy so fascinating as the

gay glitter and chivalrous ideals of a soldier's life, had won for him a crown more honourable than any wreath that could encircle the brow of the victor of a thousand blood-stained fields. He had struggled with and had overcome deadlier enemies than those whose strength is marshalled in the battle-field. Ignorance, disease, sin, and the misery to which these enemies reduce their innumerable victims—these had been the enemies that he had fought, armed with the pure light of scientific knowledge and the regenerating moral power of the good tidings of Christ's gospel. It would have been to Dr. Carew a joyful reward indeed if he had known the deep and ready feeling with which the glad words, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," rose to the lips of Mrs. Gordon as she listened to the story of his finished life.

Between Margaret and the six girls a close friendship soon sprang up. There was a great fascination for this sisterless girl in the frank-hearted, playful colony of sisters. Their mother seemed to join the band more like one of the sisterhood than from any matronly pinnacle. Of each one she was the special confidante, fostering every impulse good and high, inspiring to duty and all noble living, as well as promoting all pastimes wise and merry—the dearest sister to each one of her six daughters. Margaret did not single out any one of the sisters as a special friend; it was as a group that they had grown into her heart. Unaccustomed to the society of girls, she was inclined to be reserved as regarded her inner thoughts and feelings. But the Gordon girls were as little inquisitive regarding their neighbours as they were introspective concerning themselves. They showered their gift of guileless friendship freely on those they loved, without, by word or look, exacting confidences in return which were not freely bestowed. There prevailed, indeed, among the merry group a chivalrous feeling of admiration for their new friend, about whom there seemed a stately solitariness, such as belongs to a graceful tree standing apart, while they twined and interlaced like climbing ivy. Mrs. Carew's criticism on their personal appearance was probably a more correct one than Margaret was inclined to admit. "Poor Mrs. Gordon!" she had said, "I think she must be much disappointed with her daughters, on the whole. They really look charmingly pretty, when you see them together *en masse*. You understand, my dear. But look at them separately, and I declare they have not a single good point, either in face or figure." And then Mrs. Carew, with a satisfaction which had perhaps more pride of possession than motherly joy in it, glanced at her daughter, whose graceful beauty seemed daily to develop during this reign of healthful pleasures.

The life at Fairquay suited Mrs. Carew so well that she was in no hurry to leave it. Meanwhile the tone of Frank's letters, though they were not frequent, and various other small circumstances, had completely allayed Margaret's anxiety about him. Muriel's letters, too, were always so sweet, happy, and loving, that she was inclined to laugh at herself for having, even for a moment, entertained the thought that Louisa Morgan had stolen Frank's heart from his betrothed. Her only discomfort was the frequency of the visits paid by Dr. Jenkins to his patient, for this sleek practitioner was her particular aversion; her only trouble was the break which seemed to have occurred in the friendship with her, whom she had known, loved, and trusted as Mrs. Hilton, the Chadsthorpe miner's seamstress. Though she had written two letters to her, enclosing them, for more certainty that they would reach their proper destination, in letters to Frank, who would, of course, thought Margaret, be able to find out Mrs. Hartleigh's proper address, yet no reply had broken the mysterious silence. She knew, also, that Mrs. Hartleigh and her son had remained, for some time at least after Tom Belton's death, at Chadsthorpe, for so Harry Gordon told her, he having heard the fact from Hugh Hartleigh's friend, Captain Lake. From the same quarter she heard too that the young squire was not lingering in Chadsthorpe in vain regret over his ruined ancestral home. Tidings of active carrying out of Tom Belton's plans for improved miners' cottages reached her, and then she heard vague news of illness, but whether of mother or of son she could not ascertain, and that both had departed from Chadsthorpe to go abroad. Then it was that, through the dismay of fear and sorrow that struck her heart, she discovered how deeply she was interested, not in one only, but in two Chadsthorpe friends. Could it be Hugh that was ill? The necessity of answering that question, and the feeling almost of shame that came upon her when she found herself more anxious about him even than about the dear friend who had been to her a spiritual mother, and at whose feet she had poured out all her young wealth of love, caused her to probe deeper into the recesses of her heart than she had ever before done, and to find revealed there a host of gentle

thoughts and tender memories that owed their hidden life to Hugh Hartleigh. When she was brought in imagination to face the possibility of a world in which he was not, then for the first time she realised how much he had become to her, how the love and admiration which she had bestowed on her father and his work were now given to him who seemed about to continue on the same field the noble efforts of the labourer who had entered into his rest. And it was this feeling towards Hugh Hartleigh which prevented the history of the early years of Walter Carew and Maud Hepburn being repeated in their children. It was a sad blow to poor Harry Gordon's young life, and one that was still fresh when his regiment was ordered to the Crimea, when he discovered that Margaret could never be to him more than a friend.

But it was another and a different trouble which brought Margaret's happiness at Fairquay to a sudden end. One evening, towards the end of June, finding, on her return from one of her long rambling expeditions with her friends the Gordon girls, that her mother had gone out for a late evening walk, she seated herself at the open window of her room which overlooked the walk through the shrubbery at the west side of the house. It was a lovely evening, and Margaret sat for a long time almost motionless, dreamily watching the waves in the bay as they tossed from one to the other the golden sunset light dancing upon their crests. Presently she heard coming footsteps on the path which skirted her window, and voices suddenly fell on her ears with metallic clearness through the still evening air. It was her mother's familiar tones she recognised first, but there was a strange tremor in them she never heard before.

"No, dearest Robert," she was murmuring; "you must not press it before the sad anniversary is over. Indeed, it must be a secret till then. August is the earliest date I can fix for our wedding. Think of the children"——

"Oh, bother the children!" retorted a seemingly impatient lover. "I thought you promised to have it out with our pretty, proud Margaret before I came to-day; and as for that nice manly fellow Frank, he won't stand in the way of our happiness, I'll be bound. Why"—— But Margaret heard no more. Quickly closing the window, all tingling with a sense of shame at having been a listener, and all bewildered by what she had heard, she began to pace up and down the floor, holding her throbbing temples, hardly knowing what she did. Thoughts went quickly coursing through her mind, but she did not feel as if she could grasp or steady any of them. The voices from the garden still seemed to fall on her unwilling ear, and presently she threw herself on her bed, and burying her face, struggled to dull the sound conjured up by her excited brain. Surely, after all, it was only a dreadful nightmare, from which she must awaken soon! It was no nightmare, however, but, as she soon realised, a hard sober fact. Dr. Carew's widow was about to become Dr. Jenkins's wife, and to Margaret the prospect was so disagreeable that her visit to Miss Martha Glen grew out of her dissatisfaction.

Mrs. Glen's abode was a low old-fashioned house with dark woodwork about the windows, a worn white doorstep, and an ancient brass knocker on the entrance door. Admittance was speedily given to Margaret by a tiny serving maiden, the present recipient of Miss Martha's kindly patient training. The visitor was shown into a long room with a low ceiling and dark panelled walls, the window of which looked into a pleasant little yard with a patch of bright turf embowered by a circling ivied wall, which made a background to many of Miss Martha's pictures. She was seated now at an old square table near the window, bending busily over a woodcut. Margaret thought, from the dignified coldness with which Miss Martha received her, that she must have forgotten they had ever met before. Old Mrs. Glen was seated in her arm-chair, and her eldest daughter was engaged in picking up a dropped stitch of her mother's knitting when Margaret entered the room. She, also, only paused in her work to rise and bow to the visitor. "Who's that?" asked Mrs. Glen, who was on the borders of second childhood, and rather irrepressible occasionally. "Can't you speak louder, Jane? What lady is that?" she repeated, again pointing to Margaret.

"It is Miss Carew, mother," replied Miss Martha in a distinct tone. Miss Glen looked disapprovingly towards her sister, whom she looked upon as young and foolish.

"Carew, do you say? Why, Jane, isn't that the name of the young fellow who"——

"Is engaged to Cousin Richard's niece, you know," interrupted Miss Glen hurriedly.

Margaret felt glad to find a mutual subject of interest, for the marked stiffness with which she had been received made her feel shyer than before about introducing the more personal matter which had brought her to Grove End Street this afternoon.

"I am so sorry to hear Muriel is not coming on a visit to us, after all. I met old Mr. Morgan just as I was coming here, and he says she won't leave her grandfather; he is so frail. Frank has told me she is so beautifully kind and patient with him. I daresay she wants to stay with him as much as possible just now, as she will be leaving altogether soon. Mr. Morgan was telling me the wedding is fixed for spring."

"And your brother—what does he say?" asked Miss Martha, fixing her steadfast grey eyes on Margaret.

"Well, I've really seen so little of him since mamma and I returned from Fairquay, that I hardly know what he says about that or anything else. He is away on a fishing expedition just now. I heard from Muriel the other day, but she never says much in her letters. She is much nicer than they are. But this was only a line to tell us she had got a sketch I sent to her from Fairquay, where we have been staying."

"You sketch then, Miss Carew? You are fond of drawing? Martha and you will have a great deal to say to each other then," said Miss Glen, glancing suggestively towards her sister.

"Why, yes; that is really what I called about to-day. I do hope it won't trouble you," replied Margaret, relieved to have her mission thus introduced. "I am fond of drawing, though I have worked only after a lazy fashion. But it is the only thing I can do; I mean, the only way I could perhaps earn my bread, which I am very anxious to do." Margaret's lip quivered as she paused for a moment, and then continued. "The fact is, I came to-day to ask you how I could best set about working, Miss Martha. I thought, perhaps, you would be kind enough to look at the Fairquay sketches I have brought with me, and tell me what you think I am capable of doing," she added, producing the sketch-book which after a little struggle she decided to bring with her. The hard-working Miss Martha looked a very practical person, she remembered. She would be sure to wish to have some idea of what her capacities were before she gave her any advice. The inmate of Mrs. Tuckett's parlour had instilled into Margaret's mind, almost unconsciously, some of the stern moralities of work. "When you want help from busy people, you should give as little trouble in the getting of it as possible," she had said once, and the memory of her words helped Margaret to throw aside a remnant of unworthy young-ladyism, and to come to Grove End Street armed with her sketch-book. Miss Martha Glen's interest visibly increased even at the sight of it. "Come, now, this looks well; at least it will help me not to give the poor thing false encouragement," she said to herself, girding on the armour of truth, which was at times of rather a bristling texture with Miss Martha Glen. For it must be owned that this worthy spinster had many prejudices, and none more ingrained than a disbelief in the powers of amateur young-lady sketchers. So often she had found such an one confide to her in glowing tones that she was rapturously fond of drawing, and presently she would discover that the rapturous affection terminated when she had filled a portfolio with sketches, retouched by a master. It was without much hope of any exception from the general rule that Miss Martha proceeded to examine the efforts of this young lady, who looked more an ideal subject for art than fitted to give to it the hard work and steady devotion which it requires from its students. The first sketch was a minute study of one of the fantastic cliffs of Fairquay. Each tuft of overhanging golden gorse was faithfully reproduced, no light or shade, even of a fissure, was heedlessly placed; the ivy tendrils, which twined round the buttress-shaped cliffs were painted with loving care, as if each leaf had an individual history; and over it all, the warm, bright colouring which pervades the south-western coast was fearlessly given, though without exaggeration.

Miss Martha Glen looked intently at the drawing, and then, turning the pages, she went on with her silent examination of others—sea studies and landscapes, figures of picturesque fishermen, and weather-beaten Fairquay peasants. Looking up at last with a sort of excitement in her pale face she said—

"My dear young lady, you have given me a great treat. It is not every day one sees such sketches. There is no fear of you, Miss Carew, you are a true artist. Indeed, it is hardly fit that you should come to ask advice from a mere scraper like me," she continued, as she again scanned Margaret's work, recognising in it something beyond what her own laboriousness could produce.

"Martha! such a word to use about yourself! A scraper, forsooth! I call that despising the gift of Providence," cried Miss Glen, glancing with loving reproach at her sister. "You have no idea, Miss Carew, what a beautiful painter our Martha was, though now she has left off colouring. I'll

just show you," said Miss Glen, going off in search of the ancient collection of prim conventional water-colours, washed faintly in, after the fashion of the elderly spinster who had been Miss Martha's only guide in art. Her pupil's talent and energy had struck out a path for herself, as many a vigorous woodcut testified, but Miss Glen still cherished the faded contents of the old portfolio as the most striking proof of her sister's genius.

When Margaret at length, after some further talk, rose to go, she felt grateful that this visit, which seemed to begin so unpropitiously, had ended in establishing unexpectedly pleasant relations between this helpful friend and herself. She thankfully accepted an invitation to return one day soon, which Miss Martha gave as she said good-bye, holding her hand kindly and looking into her face as if inclined to detain her for more last words. Old Mrs. Glen had not taken any further notice of Margaret during her visit, but when she crossed the room to say good-bye she glanced at her with an admiring air. "You've got a pretty face, my dear, nice hands too. What's your name? I asked Jane, but she didn't tell me. Jane sometimes gets impatient with me, Martha never. But they are both good diligent girls. Ay, my dear, and what do they call you?"

"Miss Carew, mother dear. I did tell you; you have forgotten," interposed Miss Glen.

"Carew? Why that's the name of the young man whom Louisa"——

"Mother, be quiet," cried Miss Glen.

"No, Jane, I don't think you should tell mother to be quiet, especially as I can see Miss Carew's suspicions are raised," said Miss Martha in a low quiet tone, fixing her eyes on Margaret's startled face. "My dear, is it possible you have not heard of this flirtation your brother has been carrying on all spring with that bad, designing girl, Louisa Morgan? That sweet child, Muriel, must have seen it plainly enough when she was here in winter. It is little wonder that she does not come back again, though that poor simple Susan thinks it odd. Why, it must be breaking the dear lamb's heart. Is it possible this is all new to you, Miss Carew?"

Margaret stood gazing into her face as if she had received a blow. It seemed as if her trembling lips could not utter the reply she was trying to make, and the sketch-book she held in her hand dropped unheeded on the floor.

"Martha, you are so rash. You have frightened the poor thing terribly. After all, it is not her fault," said Miss Glen.

"My dear child, I fear I have been rash in mentioning this matter to you," said Miss Martha, taking Margaret's hands into hers. "Jane is right; you have really nothing to do with it, and you have been away all spring too, so you don't know how St. Oswald's has been talking. People think your brother is engaged to Louisa now, and she certainly makes love to him. She has always been a disobedient, heartless girl. Susan and Richard both spoilt her, that is the fact. She used Mr. Belton, that poor young man who was killed, shamefully."

"You're making her ill, Martha—dear dear! fetch the smelling salts. You shouldn't have mentioned it," said Miss Glen looking at poor Margaret's face, blanched with the shock of evil tidings.

"No, I don't regret you have heard this, my dear, though it is so painful. You are good and true, I can see, and it may save future sorrow and wrong-doing. I fear there is some reason to believe that your mother has rather encouraged the intimacy," added Miss Martha in a severe tone.

"Yes, yes, but no. She did tell me months ago. It is all my fault. I did not believe Frank could have sunk so deeply," said Margaret, covering her face with her hands. Presently she looked up, and rising, said in a repressed tone, "I must go now. I cannot come back to seek your help any more. I do not wonder that you shrank from our acquaintance, and I thank you for having explained the cause." But when she retraced her steps along the grass-grown pavement of Grove End Street, Miss Martha's hand was in her arm. "I shall go with you to the top of Greenwood Gate, my dear, no further, because my work has to be finished in time for to-night's post."

On the evening of the same day when Margaret Carew sought the counsel of Miss Martha Glen some guests were gathering at the Black Swan, an old posting house about twelve miles from St. Oswald's, and a great resort of the youth of that ancient borough. It was pleasantly situated at the bend of a river, and its familiar white frontage gleamed with impartial friendly aspect on the wearied traveller and the pleasure-seeking youth. Frank Carew had been living there for some days with three newly-formed St. Oswald's acquaintances. Though fishing was the nominal object of their holiday, the friends with whom Frank had chosen to associate himself did not confine themselves to such an innocent em-

ployment. The evenings of each day, until far into the night, were spent in card-playing. The conversation of these young men, which, if they had been in the St. Oswald's club would probably have consisted in frivolous gossip, now, in the freedom of the country inn, and under the exhilarating influence of stimulants, both natural and artificial, had too frequent a tendency to degenerate into coarseness. Among these associates, too, it was rare that the evening passed without one or more of them having drunk to excess. Poor Frank had sunk indeed to be found in such company, but his conscience was, during these few days' holiday as sorely pressed by this thought as his best friend could wish. The fact was, that his companions showed themselves in a new light even to him, for he had formerly been accustomed to see them only in places where their conduct and conversation were at least restrained by a regard for external propriety. But on this occasion, as on too many during his life, we have to record a failure to conquer manfully the temptation which beset him, to meet the tempter and resist him to his face. He temporised. While inwardly condemning, he went as far as possible to keep matters easy and pleasant by outward conformity. At first he refused to play cards for money, but under strong pressure, and fearing the laughter of his companions, he at last yielded to their practices in that respect. One by one the things that had at first shocked him became familiar to him, did not seem so bad or wicked as he had formerly regarded them; day by day, the evil influence of his bad associates told upon his character, and during these few days of leisure, which ought, if properly spent by him, to have refreshed and invigorated him in body, mind, and soul, he reaped the fruit of mental and moral debasement which the vacant selfish frivolity that had stolen too much of his time during the past months had prepared for him.

On the same day, however, as the story of his erring, failing ways was revealed to his sister by Miss Glen, his soul was plucked from the fire. On that evening the rude levity of his companions had seemed to jar upon him more than ever, and his presence, too, seemed to become more and more unwelcome to them. They had begun really to hate Frank on account of his occasional efforts to lead the conversation to more worthy subjects than it usually dwelt upon and his unconcealed disapproval of some of his companions' practices. Taking advantage of one of these efforts on Frank's part, this evening one of the company, who, having drunken too freely, had become morose and quarrelsome, retorted on Frank, that a man who had behaved so shamefully as he had done to his betrothed, and whose flirtation with Louisa Morgan was the talk of St. Oswald's, was in no position to become a censor of others' conduct. Frank had so well succeeded in blinding his own eyes to his conduct, that the fact of its affording matter for public gossip was never realised by him. This rough retort was, therefore, a timely, though a painful, revelation to him, and no sooner had the words been spoken than Frank rose from the table where he had been sitting playing cards, pale and trembling, not with anger, but sore stricken with sorrow and remorse. Without a word of reply he left the room, and its pervading atmosphere of tobacco and alcohol, and its still denser moral atmosphere, and walking slowly downstairs he crossed the old-fashioned entrance hall of the Black Swan, and went out under the stars. In recalling afterwards the events of this evening Frank remembered that when he felt the cool, fragrant night air playing on his throbbing brow, there suddenly leapt into his memory the old Gospel story which he had often read standing by his father's knee. It seemed as if the familiar words dropped now on his ear as he stood in the cool darkness of the summer night. "And Peter went out and wept bitterly." What there was of rebuke or of comfort in this old story, he did not then pause to think. It came to him like a passing picture. He seemed to see the apostle pass out with a bowed head and a sorely-shamed heart, and he thought he knew something of what he must have been feeling then, as he wandered on, not knowing whither he went. Stinging echoes of the words which had just been addressed to him kept echoing on in his ears, and gnawing at his heart. That which he thought hidden away in the folly and unrest of his own heart, even only guessed at by Louisa Morgan, was then the talk of St. Oswald's. But it was not only that the words were brutal or insulting, that they revealed to him the true character of the men whom he had chosen for his associates; the sting went deeper still. Had they not a right to say of him what they had been saying? he asked himself in bitter self-reproach. Had he not after all been judged by the old just rule, "By their fruits ye shall know them?" Many a scene from the past year unrolled itself in his quickened

"Margaret was shown into a long room."

memory. "And for such a woman as Louisa Morgan!" were the words of the rude, stinging jeer with which his angry companion had described his disloyalty to Muriel. It seemed as if the echo of these words would never die out of his ears any more. Were they then as true in themselves as they were taunting to him? One moment the words came startlingly like a sudden revelation of unsuspected evil, at another he felt as if he had always known that she who had lured him away from his plighted troth was such as these words described her. Had he not lately, since Miss Stanhope had been a visitor at Mulberry Park, often shrunk from those qualities in Louisa which once glamoured him? Yes, he knew it now; there had been growing up in his mind a recoil from her influence which had made him restlessly seek even such preoccupations as belonged to the wainscoted parlour of the Black Swan. Nay, but he must not blame her, he cried out, with a blush of shame, starting again in his excited walk. He alone was to blame, and his must be the shame and suffering now. And his Muriel, the sweet and saintly, whom he had sought but to slight, won but to wound? But he could not venture to call her his any longer. That love and trust must not be wasted on such a traitor as he; he must tell her all, and release her from bonds to one so base. There was to his conscience-stricken heart a momentary satisfaction in being able to make any expiation in any direction; it seemed to bring back with it a faint breeze from the land of uprightness. But presently there followed one of those vivid realisations of past folly which seem like a foretaste of outer darkness for the soul. A gift had been given to him, and he had flung it away. An embodiment of pure loving womanhood had been his rich dower, but his eyes had been blinded by a fatal glamour. He had forfeited her love,

"In which direction he had not as yet paused to discover."

and yet he felt as if he had never before loved her as he did now. The memory of her truth, her gentleness, her pure child-like beauty, thrilled him as he hurried on, his tall shadow falling on the gleaming road. The moon was far on towards her setting now. A faint blueness was glowing in the east, and Frank was reminded that he must have walked far since he left the old inn; but in which direction he had not as yet paused to discover, chased by his tumultuous thoughts. He was evidently on the high road, however. In the dim light he saw a milestone, and going close to it, he read, "Seven miles from St. Oswald's." The discovery seemed to be a relief. He would hurry on to town, to the office, for a letter from Muriel might be awaiting him there, he thought, quickening his pace and feeling that he had much to do before this day was done. He must ask another leave of absence from his kind principal, and leave for Ingrave Square by the noon-day train if possible. It would be well to telegraph that he was coming, and Muriel will be glad to hear the news, he thought, with a sudden thrill of hope, and a fear which seemed to have been born during these hours of darkness. Ah, but then she must know how faithless he had been, he whose coming made her glad; but, then, what if, after all, she should say, "Frank, I love you still?" thought Frank, and his step grew more buoyant as he walked rapidly on, with a beating heart, under the influence of that hope.

From whence had come this sudden hunger for her love? Was it something of the same feeling that made the Prodigal who was one day satisfied with the husks on another day say, "I will arise and go?" Frank asked himself as he hurried along. But as he dreamt of Muriel's loving clasp and sweet forgiveness, he forgot the homeward paths which the repentant one in the Gospel story

had arisen from his husks to seek. He forgot to say, "I have sinned against Thee," and neither sought nor saw the Father's loving arms stretched out to forgive.

The golden morning light was gilding the grey cathedral towers and smiling on the wakening city when Frank's footsteps echoed along the still empty thoroughfare leading to the offices of Messrs. Morgan and Green. Eagerly opening the outer door with his key, he hurried to his room. A few business letters lay on the writing-table. Never did Frank search so eagerly among his envelopes for a certain handwriting, small, clear, and careful. But among them all there was no letter from Muriel Morgan. He was sorely disappointed—so much that he sat with the remainder unopened in his hand, pondering ruefully. Perhaps she had tired of him, wearied of his neglect, he thought, as memories of his last visit to London flitted scorchingly across his mind. Perhaps she had given him up, and would never write to him any more. But at all events he must go and hear it from her own lips, he said to himself, as he rose to pace up and down, restless though unwearied after his night walk. It was only half-past five. He must not disturb them yet at Greenwood Gate, he thought impatiently, as he looked at his watch, and sat down again. He longed to share with Margaret the story of his folly, and now of his fears and hopes. How the fatal glamour of those last months had estranged him from his loving, loyal sister-friend! What a strangely apart life they had been leading, and yet how resentful he had sometimes felt at her efforts to get nearer!

For want of anything better to do, Frank presently settled himself to the perusal of the letters which awaited him, and thus ran the one he chanced to open first:—

"Maister Carew,—Ye maybe dinna deserve to ken, but for a' that I canna be onwritten til ye. The maister's fit for naething but to gang yammering aboot, and it's nae muckle wonner. For she's ill, Maister Carew. The bonnie flower that ye've slichted is droopin' sair; she's gotten the fever that's aboot. He wouldna lat me get a doctor til her; but Maister Beamish got hands o' the news, and sin syne I'se warrant we've niver wantit for naething.

"I've had a sair battle wi' my hert afore I wad pit this on paper til the like o' you, that's negleckit her, though niver a word came oot o' the lamb's moo. The leddy Muriel's faithful servant,

"Betty Skinner."

He looked at the date of the letter; it was four days old.

INTENSE REPENTANCE.

By the Rev. S. A. Tipple, Author of "Echoes of Spoken Words."

Psalm li. 16, 17.

THE poem in which these words occur, whether rightly assigned by the superscription to King David or not, is, at all events, the penitential outpouring of one who, like him, had fallen into grievous sin, to awake from it at length with profound revulsion and recoil, and of one who, in the anguish of his penitence, had learned much that was worth learning; had gained views and reached convictions for which it was worth paying the price they cost, as is not unfrequently the case with men who, having gone sadly astray, have lived to retrace their steps with burning tears. Thus, the Psalmist had become deeply impressed with a sense of the inherent defect and evil to which his late terrible transgression was owing, of which it was the manifestation and the sign. He had realised, also, that the supreme wretchedness of wrong-doing consisted, not in any suffering of chastisement that might be incurred by it, but in its inevitable separation and estrangement of the soul from fellowship with the Holy One—in the loss of vision and the hiding of the divine which it caused. And he had been brought to perceive and understand, moreover, that the only true and real oblation for a creature to present to Heaven was *himself*. "O Lord, open thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth thy praise; for thou desirest not sacrifice." A higher idea of what it was to be a religious man had beamed upon his mind. The glory of the ritual was eclipsed for him by the superior glory of the moral. Nor was this all. In his first yearning, whole-hearted return to the Eternal, and in the ineffable sweetness and satisfaction of it, he actually looks down for the moment upon those ceremonial services and offerings which heaven

had appointed, and which *he* had been accustomed to rest in, as something below him, as something no longer either needed by him or demanded of him. He does not care about going up from his house just now to lay a lamb or a bullock upon the altar; he feels no want of it, as at other times, and is sensible of no call to it. The slaughter and burning of animals! In his present state there is no *necessity* for that; nay, in his present state he cannot *descend* to that. He is beyond it, above it.

Do you not comprehend? Have you never known seasons of extraordinary inspiration and elevation, or of extraordinary emotion, when the wonted forms of life, its customary methods and expressions, however proper and appropriate under common circumstances, and within which you had been used to move smoothly and freely, through which you had been used to exercise and convey yourself contentedly—have you never known seasons when these have seemed to you miserably poor, small, and inadequate; when you felt impatient of them and unable to remain in subjection to them; when, though they *had* been ample enough and acceptable enough before, you were constrained to get out of them and cast them aside? Well, it was thus, apparently, with the Psalmist, in relation to the established sacrifices which he had been in the habit of offering. In that instant, that awfully real, awfully exquisite instant, of reconciliation with the Infinite Righteousness, his spirit rose above them and threw them off. They were not for him. True, they had been ordained of God; but from the height of conscious independence to which his soul has been carried he sees clearly and vividly, as he had never seen until now, that the ordinance was not given for itself, but that it was meant to signify and provide for, to summon to and assist toward, something deeper, viz., an inward and spiritual feeling, an inward and spiritual attitude, on the part of the offerer; and that deeper thing, that feeling and attitude, he had reached and was realising. In the one sublime moment of intense repentance for sin, he was pouring *himself* out to God, and thereby for the moment, the external ordinance was superseded and superfluous. He did not need it; and because he did not need it, Heaven did not require it. His own heart told him that he was free just then; that in its ardent, entire forth-flowing and surrender the divine pleasure was fulfilled, without the usual sacrificial ceremonial.

It was a wonderful idea, a wonderful perception and conviction for a Jewish mind to attain to, and could only have been produced in such a mind under the excitement of very profound and exalted feeling; yet here it is most unmistakably expressed: "Thou desirest not sacrifice; the sacrifices of God are a broken spirit." The writer, as I apprehend it, was not intentionally enunciating a principle with the view of edifying others; for the psalm—in common with the majority of the psalms—was not composed to convey instruction, whatever valuable religious instruction we may derive from it; but he was just breathing out involuntarily his impression concerning the mind of the Eternal with regard to himself at the time—an impression that had arisen from his own felt independence of ritualistic forms in the hour of his passionate return to the Lord. It seemed to reveal to him with a flash that this breaking of his hitherto self-willed, self-centred spirit, in self-abasing, self-renouncing surrender, was the whole end and meaning of the sacrifices, the whole that they were ordained to symbolize, to teach and lead up to; that here was the spiritual reality to which they referred; and that as he now did not stand in need, so neither did God now desire them from him. In the flame of his feeling, as it leaped and rose—the feeling of penitential recoil from self and sin, and consecration to Jehovah—the great sacrificial institution became illuminated with a new light; he saw at a glance the divine idea which it embodied, and was sure that at that moment both the Lord and he could do without the mediation of altar-rites. Just as there may be moments with us, moments of beatific vision and communion, when we might say, with respect to ordinary and generally courted means of grace, they are not wanted, we do not care to go down to them; when we are already actually upon the heights whither the exercise of public worship, for example, or the sacrament of the breaking of bread, would at best but serve to bring us. The soul may transcend, at intervals, the mediations upon which it is wont to depend, touching and enjoying the divine *above* them, instead of *through* them. Even as on a lower stage, two lovers will sometimes sit together for a while in perfect silence, not needing nor wishing to talk after the common fashion of holding intercourse, because, for the time, the end of speech is gained without its help, and spirit blends with spirit in complete communion. These, of course, are only rare and transient exaltations. For the most part we communicate through talk, and

for the most part we want and value outward ordinances.

The Psalmist, you see, did not dream of *remaining* independent of sacrifices — did not dream of going on thus exempt from the obligation to offer them. Oh no! the elevation of this blessed hour would not last; the radiance would presently sink and subside into the light of common day, and then he would be found carrying his lamb to the altar again, casting himself for help and expression upon the divinely-established ceremonial. There would be many situations and emotions for which it would be needed. Then would the Lord "be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness, with burnt offerings and whole burnt offerings." And *then* would he offer them. But just now it was not necessary or desirable for him. The moment was exceptional; and our sacred Scriptures, in their plenitude, give us glimpses for our use of the exceptional in saintly experience, no less than records of the ordinary. Nor is it without use for us to hear from afar this ancient Jew assuring himself that, in his intense realisation for a little of the sacrificial spirit, the sacrificial ceremonial might be dispensed with. It may serve to restrain us from drifting into any semi-worship or super-estimation of legitimate forms and beneficial mediatorials in religion; to remind us afresh that these were made for man, and not man for these, that we lose not our liberty among them, and fall under bondage to them; and finally, to reimpress the truth—a truth we are too apt to forget—that the spiritual attainment answers for all; that God's concern is for the *end*, rather than for the *means*, so that if that be reached, it matters not to Him whether these have been the way; and that no beauty of goodness and righteousness will be lightly esteemed or otherwise than welcomed by Him, which may happen to have been reached and wrought out in the dark, aside from the light of historic Christianity. "Thou desirest not sacrifice; the sacrifices of God are a broken spirit."

Before proceeding farther, it may be objected perhaps by some that I seem to have assumed an extraordinary spiritual intensity, an extraordinary altitude of spiritual devotion, on the part of one who was only now awaking to repentance after a fearful backsliding. It may be thought that under such circumstances, the man would hardly be found so exalted within him as to turn his back upon the altar where the daily atonement was made. But that he *was* so exalted is evident. And what an exaltation it must have been under which he cried, "Thou desirest not sacrifice." Nor need there be any difficulty felt about it, in consequence of his being at the time no more than a freshly-returned prodigal; for it is in the first moments of the soul's recoil from sin and rebound back to God that the loftiest heights of devout feeling are often reached. It is then—newly revolted by our evil past, newly drawn and yearning toward better things, and newly forgiven, with the Lord's arms, as it were, about our neck, and the rags of our misery just exchanged for raiment of joy—it is *then* that, for an instant, we become "a whole burnt offering," and are poured out before Him to the last drop. *Then*, the wicked one, if he came, would find nothing in us, and we should go forth and lay down our lives. *Then*, we are more intensely devoted, more intensely surrendered in our feeling, than probably we shall ever be again. It was the same with us, you know, when we were children. At what time did we ever experience such filially pious resolves and aspirations, or such a complete delivering up of ourselves to the dear mother's will, as when, directly after some sad disobedience, we were lying repentant, reconciled, and pardoned on her breast? How entirely submissive, how entirely good, we felt in that hour. Did it not seem to us as if from thence forth we *must* be all we should be, as though we never should go astray again? You can understand, then, the Psalmist's sacrificial feeling in the hour of his confession and restoration; that he was just then so wholly given up to God, as to be *himself* the realisation of the idea of sacrifice, and to feel, therefore, that the sacrificial symbol was not required.

But now, while this was only a passing and temporary state of things, the conception which he gained through it of what it was that sacrifice meant—that was true forever. It came to him as deep revelations often come—after a fall; not that sin itself sees, for sin itself is blind; but the tender penitence, the humility, the breaking down of pride and self-sufficiency to which we are brought through sin—these serve often to clear and purify the inward vision. There are times, indeed, when we have become so filled and so overlaid with our good selves, that a fall is almost necessary to disinter and empty us, that we may be made receptive of divine revealings.

Now, the illumination with which the Psalmist was blessed when sin had chastened and subdued him was this, as already seen, that sacrifice was fulfilled in "a broken spirit"

—that that which God really meant and required in the ordination of Mosaic rites was, not themselves, but the thing they signified—the sacrifice of a broken spirit; and the explanation of the phrase will throw light upon what I have said concerning the writer's state of mind. It is not a desponding, despairing spirit of which he speaks, when a man lies nerveless, hopeless, dark, under the burden of conscious sin; nor yet a mere sad and sorrowful spirit, when sin stings with shame, and fills with lamentation and regret; but a *crushed* spirit. You have the same idea repeated in the succeeding word, "contrite heart"—for while contrition has come to mean with us nothing more then penitence, its original signification was that of grinding, and breaking up, in which sense it accurately represents the Hebrew term.

Now a crushed spirit expresses the ceasing from self—the loss of the feeling of independence, the inward giving up and surrender; and with regard to the soul in its relation and attitude towards God it cannot be better illustrated than it is by Christ in the parable of the Prodigal Son. See him who had taken himself out from his father's house, impatient of its restraints, with the purpose of doing as he liked, and becoming his own law, and guide, and fountain of blessing; see him, at length, rising to his feet in the miserable field where he has been striving to stay his hunger with the food of the swine, and turning his wan, wistful face homeward, and saying, "I will go back to my father." There is a broken spirit; not despairing, nor yet merely sorrowful, but a spirit with the self-will and the self-content crushed out of it, and reaching and flowing forth toward God. Emancipation from self, to bow down before and yield to Him; this is the sacrifice of God; our surrender to live in Him—to be ruled and swayed by Him. Not that He takes delight in our being broken, except as it is necessary in our case, in order to surrender; our wills having become severed and separated from His. It is the going out and consecration of the creature to Himself in which He delights; but *that* involves, with sin-diverted, sin-driven men, a breaking down of self—a breaking off from self; and hence, so far as *we* are concerned, the sacrifice of God is a broken spirit.

Christ, the perfect Son, who had never left the Father's house, was always offered—offered without spot. He had nothing in Him to break, that He might become an offering, for "in Him was no sin," and from the first to the last His will was at one with the Father; and we anticipate a future for ourselves when we too—conformed to the image of Him who has been declared to be "the first-born of many brethren"—shall move in spontaneous accord—in sweet flowing harmony with God; but in the meanwhile the sacrifice of God is a broken spirit. To be for ever surrendering and denying self, to follow and to yield to Him, is the grand worship of life—the end and blessedness of man, without which we are nothing.

When the ancient Jew, in accordance with the divine directions brought his lamb to the altar, and killed it there, and saw the smoke of its burning ascend, it would seem to him like a going forth from his hands into the invisible world where the Eternal dwelt—as if he were thus communicating with Him; it would help him, at least to some sense, to some feeling of drawing near to God—would symbolize and present to his mind the idea of intercourse with Him; but that which the Hebrew offering would naturally suggest, and was doubtless meant to suggest, and to encourage the thought of and the seeking after, the sacrifice of the broken spirit *realises*. In submitting self to the claims of the Divine, in resigning self to obey the Divine—in that, we do come nigh to God—we have fellowship and communion with God as we can have in no other way; it links and unites us to Him ever more and more the more it is fulfilled in us. And it was for this that Christ came in the flesh—that we might be taught and stimulated—quickened and strengthened to do it. He offered Himself on earth in the likeness of men, that we might be enabled to offer ourselves through self-breaking; not merely by the inspiring display in Him of "one entire and perfect sacrifice," but by the revelation to us in Him of the Father's goodness and love, of the Father freely forgiving us all trespasses and earnestly seeking to raise and bring us near. Blessed sacrifice of the Lord Jesus, under which, and within which, we are made anxious to offer the sacrifice of broken spirits, that we may have fellowship with the Father and with Him; while, looking to him, the representative Son of man, by whose perfection we are comforted and sustained amid our great imperfections, we say, *that* is what we desire, and want to be, and cannot be; *that* expresses for us what we would fain express and cannot; yet what, through His manifestation in the flesh, we hope some day to become and to be able to utter for ourselves, when, found "without fault before the throne of God," we shall "serve Him day and night in His temple."

SUMMER BLOSSOMS.

By the Rev. HUGH MACMILLAN, LL.D.

"The flower fadeth."—Isaiah xl. 7.

WE expect the leaves to fade and fall in October. We are prepared for their fate. They have had their complete time of growth and unfolding, and their full share of the beauty and blessedness of the world. The year has passed its meridian and is about to set; nature has reached its highest development and achieved all its purposes; and it is the rule of the world that attainment is the end of hope, that all life must begin to perish at its height, and all work when it is finished bring forth death. But there is nothing to prepare us for the fading of the blossoms of early summer. Nature is everywhere repairing the ravages of winter, and clothing all her waste and desolate places with beauty. The veil is drawn aside; and in the unchanging monotone of the cuckoo that comes in from foreign lands, and the bursting of the gay lilies and primroses from the dark mould, or the decay of last year's withered leaves, we become mystically conscious of a larger and brighter world, full of promise and strange revelation. The leaves are still in their first tender greenness, and not a hint of decay has appeared on the transparent loveliness of the emerald fields and woods. When, therefore, we see the flowers fading on the ground and the blossoms falling from the tree, our feelings receive something like a shock. The contrast between the death of these fair creations and the bright overflowing fulness of life all around fills us with a peculiar sadness. A premature fate, we feel, has overtaken them; they have not had their full share of the feast of life. And thus while autumn teaches us the impressive lesson that "We all do fade as a leaf," a voice in early summer even more impressively says, "All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth." The very joyfulness of the season enhances the moral which the death of its flowers conveys. And it is in times of gladness and success that we are most apt to forget our mortality, and need most to be reminded of our transitory state.

Looking exclusively at the fact itself, there is nothing but sadness in the fading of the flower. It seems a wanton destruction of so much life and beauty; and we are apt to ask with melancholy wonder, "To what purpose is this waste?" Why should so many fair and exquisitely constructed things be formed only to gladden the eye for a few brief days, and then disappear like a vapour-wreath, which the same sun that has called it into existence and touched it with gold, exhales back into the blue fields of heaven? I go forth to the woods, and I behold the green gloom lit up with innumerable constellations of wild flowers, whose light will soon go out, and leave behind a deeper darkness and desolation than before. I see in early summer the orchards white with apple-blossoms, as if the snowy, braided clouds of heaven had descended and become entangled among the trees; but a sudden wind comes, and they are all blown down, and cover the ground with the saddest of all storms—the summer-snow. I watch the growth of a favourite flower with ever-increasing interest, as it develops new aspects of perfection; and when it has put forth its radiant, perfumed blossom, and is thus crowned with its crown of life, I wish that it would pause and allow me to feast all my senses upon its wealth of beauty for weeks unwearied; but it goes on by the very law of life to overstep all that fascinating perfection, and to fade and pass away.

And as evanescent are the counterparts of the flowers in the human world, are all the things of man that they symbolize. Flower life and human life have a wonderful correspondence to each other. The higher life runs parallel to the lower, and repeats in a grander form, with new qualities superadded, what is exhibited in a humble form in the inferior creation. Our Saviour bade us consider the lilies how they grow, not merely because of their lavish wealth of beautiful adorning, but because of the most important lessons for the spiritual life which they suggest. They are decked with more than the glory of Solomon, because they have more than the wisdom of Solomon to teach us. We can see as in a mirror, in their simplicity of life and transparency of nature, truths which in our higher and more complicated life are obscured by a more differentiated organization and a greater multiplicity of details. A large portion of the imagery of the Bible is derived from the comparison between the

nature of man and the nature of these mute and humble fellow-creatures. The whole history of human life is written, as the inspired writer tells us, on the fading blossom of the plant. Linnæus constructed a floral chronometer, in which the times and the seasons were measured out, not by the revolutions of sun, moon, and stars, but by the appearance of flowers in their appointed seasons and by the opening and closing of their blossoms each day. Some flowers come up in spring, others in summer, others in autumn; while a few pale melancholy ones gild the dark gloom of winter. Some blossoms open to the sunshine at early morn; and a bright succession of them, from dawn to sunset, close their eyes in slumber and sink into their rest. Is not the existence of each of us, like that flower-dial, measured by a succession of relations and friends, who gladdened for a few brief years certain seasons of it—childhood, youth, manhood, old age, corresponding to the natural seasons of the year or the hours of the day—and then passed away into the darkness of the tomb? The child in the spring time and morning of its life can recall fond hearts that first taught it love's sweet lesson, and died in teaching it. The youth, in the summer of life's bloom and joy, can remember many a bright school companion whose promise was blighted in the bud, and who passed into silence, "inheritors of unfulfilled renown." The middle-aged man or woman can look back upon friends, the true-hearted and trusted, whose death has made them sorrowful indeed that they shall see their face no more. While the aged, sitting by the lonely hearth, and looking out upon a lonely world, feel that their path has led from grave to grave, and that the winter gloom which now overshadows them has blighted and silenced all that once made the sunshine and the music of their life. Friend after friend departs; human flower after human flower opens its inward heart of beauty and fragrance to the sunshine of life, and then closes it for ever, making the darkness of death itself beautiful. And how few do we meet to-day of those who began the journey of life with us! How many familiar unforgotten faces, tender with the light of other years, have dropped from the company of the living, and gone over to the great majority! A wind from God has moaned its dirge among the goodly boughs of our garden, and showers of prodigal blossoms have fallen into the sepulchre that yawns in it. And now we feel that eternity is no longer a waste outside desert, but a part of our own home, seeing that into it have gone so many dearer than life.

But not only do fading flowers represent the various human friends and relatives that have died during the various seasons of our life; they also represent the successive fading of all those gifts and graces which make up our own individual life. All the goodliness of man fades as the flower of the field. Before he dies himself he parts one after the other with many of the things that make life desirable—physical beauty, strength, health, youthful activity, mental power, and heart affections. The eye becomes dim, the round rosy cheek bronzed and wrinkled, the flaxen curls dark and eventually grey, the agile step slow and measured, the vigorous arm feeble, and the erect graceful form bent under its load of years. And with the fading of these bodily qualities corresponds the weakening of memory, the sluggishness of the imagination, the blunting of the sensibilities, and the chilling of the affections, so that what once fired the youthful blood to enthusiasm now produces but a faint and feeble impression. The flowers of the individual life fade, as fades the individual person himself in the end; the petals of heart, and mind, and body, fall off one by one from the decaying human blossom; and at last the grey hair and the wrinkles round the eyes and on the forehead, are but the bare wintry branches of the tree of life rooted in the heart, from which has disappeared many a bright leaf and many a fair blossom.

All this is not joyous, but grievous! What disappears from life is as sad as the final disappearance of life itself. But much as we mourn all these fading flowers, the human as well as the natural, we cannot wish them to abide for ever. We speak of everlasting flowers and amaranthine bowers, and long that things and persons should remain in all their beauty and preciousness unchanged. But we forget that it is the fading flower that is so wonderfully beautiful. Fix its beauty unchanged, and you make it an artificial flower, a dry mummy. It is the fleeting human blossom also that is so tenderly dear; we love each other more devotedly owing to the shadow feared of man that falls upon and consecrates our love; because we must soon, we know not how soon, be parted. We should feel everlasting flowers to be utterly incongruous in a world of change and decay; their steadfast continuance, when there was no reason for their continuance, would weary and offend our minds. Instead of wishing for everlasting flowers therefore, let us wish rather

to be able to prize at its full worth the fleeting loveliness while it lasts, and to learn the grand lesson of contrast which its successive changes teach so impressively, that while the grass withereth and the flower fadeth, the word of the Lord, by which they were called into existence, of which grass and flower and all created things are but passing expressions, time syllables, as it were, endureth for ever.

But the truth of the fading flower has another and a brighter side than that which has just been turned towards us. It is not all death and desolation. We shall pass at once out of the shadow into the sunshine when we consider the reason why the flower fades. In the economy of nature a blossom is not an end, but a means. It is not the crown and consummation of the plant, but one of its stages of growth. It is merely a ladder as it were towards a higher platform of existence, which is removed as unnecessary when that platform is reached; it is only a scaffolding by the aid of which a building is constructed, but which is taken away as a deformity when the structure is completed. The great design of the individual plant is to produce fruit and seed by means of which the life of the species may be perpetuated; and the design of the blossom is to attract insects by its bright colour, its sweet scent, or its honey, to fertilise the plant, or to do so by its own pollen, and so form the fruit and seed. And when this most mysterious and wonderful function is performed and the young fruit is set, the blossom fades or falls off as no longer necessary, as, indeed, a hindrance and a deformity. The flower fades that the fruit may take its place. The fading of the flower, rightly viewed, is therefore a natural and necessary phenomenon of life. In itself it is joyous, and not grievous, and I believe that in the unfallen Eden the fading flowers suggested no thought of gloom to Adam, but only of bright progress from life to fuller life, from a lower to a higher stage of development and perfection; just as I believe that in the restored Paradise above, the tree of life—representing a larger world of trees and flowers—which yielded twelve manner of fruits every month, must presuppose the fading and passing away of the blossoms that preceded and produced these fruits; and we cannot imagine any sadness connected with any process or experience in that land from which sorrow and sighing have for ever fled away. There is nothing in itself to make us melancholy in the fading of the flowers, which is essentially a natural process of development. Were we, like Adam, the pure and sinless inhabitants of an unfallen world, it would be to us simply a phenomenon of progress. It is the fact of sin that is the sting of death, in the natural as in the human world. It is we by our guilt who have made the creature of God subject to vanity against its own will; who have brought it under the bondage of corruption that reacts so terribly upon our own spirits. We have put into nature the images of our own ruin and death, which she reflects back so faithfully to us. Not a stone or a blade of grass but is now a mute memorial to us of struggle and death. All things are set to the same key-note of toil and suffering to which our own life is attuned. On the other hand, take away the sting of sin, and the struggle and death of nature become only a progress to higher life, and every grave is a cradle. Decay is a process of evolution, and all its premonitions of wreck and ruin awaken only joyful anticipations. Nature interpreted and glorified by the redemption of man, which is also her own—for as she fell with him so shall she be restored with him—consecrates her objects and processes to a higher symbolism; so that, whereas before they spoke only of the fall and the curse, so now they are types of life and rejuvenescence.

Viewed, then, in the light of Him who hath brought life and immortality to light in His gospel, and free from the cloud of sin, the fading of human-life and of flower-life is not in reality sad, but joyful. The flower fades and falls, but a flower is only a temporary protection of the inner fruit and seed. Man dies, but his life on earth is but for the formation of the eternal life; and all its fair and precious things that are passing away from it, as it passes away itself, are but the withering of the petals around the fruit that is setting and ripening for immortality. Every gift we receive is but a promise; every beauty we behold but a prophecy; every pleasure we enjoy but a foretaste. All the uses and enjoyments of earthly things, the bloom and beauty of youth, the calm wisdom and soberness of age, our powers of body and gifts of mind, and all the exercise of them, our experiences of life, and the circumstances in which we are placed—all are for the development of our spiritual and everlasting being. The Christian's whole life is but the earnest of the inheritance that awaits him. We see by faith, although we are slow of heart to believe it, that our very losses and privations are ministering to a noble and goodly development pregnant with an everlasting promise.

We see all our earthly experience, whether painful or joyful, connecting itself with heaven as the Father's discipline, the training of a blessed and glorious life. It flowers here and fruits in eternity. Death itself is the act of blossoming. It is a scientific fact that it is the dying plant alone that flowers. Blossoming is the highest point in plant life. When it has produced its blossom within it perishes. In human life it is so likewise. Our existence here is but a daily dying, the continual production of a blossom, within whose petals as they wither is expanding the immortal fruit; and death is but the final falling of the sere petals from the fruit when it has set. It is not destruction, but development; the mortal not destroyed, but putting on immortality.

Fruit is the end of vegetable life. It is for this that every plant exists. It clings tenaciously to existence until it produces fruit. The most stunted wayside weed, starved by its miserable circumstances, will hold on to the very skirts of life until it has reached this consummation. And the end is more valuable than the means. Beautiful as is the blossom, it has no enduring value. It is fruit alone that repays the efforts of the plant itself, and the toil and skill expended upon its cultivation. And so it is in human life. Precious as are the blossoms of hope that the youthful life produces so abundantly, the fruits of riper years are far more precious. Fruition, fulfilment, is ever worth more than mere promise. The dreams of youth were fancies; the dreams of manhood are motives. The first fresh love of youth is untried and inexperienced; the love of maturity has endured many a strain, and reposes upon a foundation of unshaken trust. Better far are the sober qualities of life's long experience than the fragile brilliant impulses of youth. We can rely more upon the wise judgment, the matured intellect, and the tried and sanctified affection of the aged, than upon the good intentions and warm enthusiasm of youth. There is no time of a man's life when he is more profitable to God and man, when he is a nobler specimen of what God would have a man to be, than when his brow is wrinkled and his hair silvered with the painful but precious experiences of life. And there is a satisfying though pensive beauty about the fruit of old age, which the frail slight blossom of youth, full only of promise and hope, altogether lacks.

And then consider that the blossom belongs to the plant itself, the fruit to another plant. The blossom is the end of the selfish life; the fruit is the beginning of the unselfish. The plant, till it flowers, lives only for itself; but when its flower passes on to the fruit and seed, it lives no more for itself, but for the new life that is to spring from it; and it is a remarkable fact, full of suggestive meaning, that it is in this unselfish part that all the beauty, and fragrance, and sweetness of the plant come out and culminate. Further still, the plant that flowers is confined to one spot; but when it fruits and seeds it gets wings, as it were, and can fly away from its natal place to long distances, as you have often seen the thistle-down or the fleecy parasol of the dandelion do, to make the wilderness and the solitary place to be glad and the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose. And is it not so in human life? That death which seems to bound our life in reality gives us wings, and takes us out of this cramped and narrowed sphere of change, and sorrow, and sin, into the freer air and larger sunshine of God's everlasting kingdom. The fruition of life is not the limitation, but the freedom and enlargement of life. What a glorious development we shall have in the after-life, when the blossoms of this life have faded about us, and the fruit of immortality is brought forth, and we shall be fashioned like unto the glorious body of Christ! The possibilities of a seed are boundless. In the seed the plant renews itself, corrects all its defects and decays, and attains to its ideal. The young plant that springs from the seed brings back the brown and withered form of its parent, warped and limited by unfavourable circumstances, discoloured and insect-eaten, to the fresh, bright perfection of colour and form which belongs to the type; and so the seed-form of our being, developing in the everlasting spring beyond the grave, where the perfect conditions of its life are present, will unfold all the latent possibilities of our nature, will reach its highest ideal, and be fitted to work out unwearied all the grand ministries of eternity. "It is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body." And who knows what life, and beauty, and blessedness to others may spring from seed dropped by our losses and death? Who knows whether our afflictions may not be joys, and our death life from the dead, to hundreds who never knew us? Rejoicing in the blossoms of our life, we are living for ourselves; but when our flowers fade and fall, and our fruit and seed are

formed, we live no more unto ourselves, but unto Him that died for us, and unto all for whom He died.

And here I would remark parenthetically, that the meaning of the Apostle in that most significant saying, "That which thou sowest is not quickened unless it die," is constantly misunderstood. It does not refer to the change that takes place in the seed after it is put into the earth—the dissolution of the pericarp that the embryo may be nourished, take root, and grow up—but to the death of the plant in the seed that it produces, that death which must necessarily intervene when there is progress from a lower to a higher degree or species of life. If the plant is to be quickened, if in its present sere, discoloured, stunted, insect-eaten form it is to become something brighter, fairer, it must go on past the blossom and fruit to produce seed, and to die in that seed; and then out of that dead seed buried in its grave in the soil will issue a higher life, that will realise more perfectly the ideal of the plant.

Looking thus at this life as only the flower-form of our being, we see the reason of its brevity. The life of the blossom is short because it has to prepare the way for the fruit; and the season in which it is put forth is dangerous to the formation of the tender germ. Alpine plants below the level of perpetual snow, and our own spring plants after the winter snow is over, hasten to flower and perfect their fruit and seed, as if there were no time to lose, owing to the capricious weather of the early year; and it is a remarkable fact that all spring plants develop blossoms straight from the root, or bulb, or branch, without the intervention of foliage, in order to get this important process accomplished with the shortest delay, for nature is more careful of the type than of the single life. How anxious is the gardener during the changeable weather of April and May when his blossoms are out, lest a single night of frost should destroy his hopes of a good fruit year! But as the season advances, and the weather becomes warmer and more settled, so does he look forward with greater confidence to the harvest that shall reward all his toil and care. In like manner our life is short; it is as the flower of the grass; it is soon, at the latest, cut off, and we flee away; and it is thus transitory because it is the season of trial and probation for the everlasting state. Amid the perils of this pleasing, anxious being; amid the dangers of a world lying in wickedness; amid fightings without and fears within, we should rejoice that while the outward man is decaying the inward man is renewed more and more. We should consider that the sufferings of this present life are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us; that our light afflictions, which are but for a moment—light and transient as a summer blossom—are working for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. We should welcome the growing infirmities and decays of life as signs that summer, the season of fleeting glories, is passing away, and that autumn, the season of enduring fruition, is drawing nigh. They proclaim to us that now our salvation is nearer than when we believed—that we are fast leaving behind us this scene of passing and perishing things, and approaching nearer to that hour when time with all its decays and changes shall be no more, and we shall enter into that inheritance which is incorruptible and undefiled, and fadeth not away.

But I reserve the grandest thought connected with my theme to the last. The flower fades and falls off the plant, but it does not altogether vanish; it does not perish utterly. Some part of it, larger or smaller, according to the species, remains behind to form the nucleus of the fruit. In every case the lower part of the central and most important part of the blossom is left, and it is out of it that the fruit is formed. The fruit, in the language of the botanist, is simply the enlarged and matured pistil. In many cases a large portion of what in other blossoms is most fragile and evanescent is incorporated with and forms the actual substance of the fruit. In some plants the style and stigma, which are among the first to disappear, remain persistently attached to the fruit in a dry condition; while in others they not only remain fleshy, but even take a new development, and become a marked addition to the fruit. In the apple the greater part of the edible portion is simply an increase of the tube of the calyx, which in this case has become fleshy. A good deal of the fleeting flower, indeed all that is essential in it, is thus made permanent in the enduring fruit; and the fruit itself may be looked upon as a more perfect and lasting blossom, retaining the colour, and fragrance, and grace of form that distinguished the blossom, but superadding qualities, such as nutritiousness and flavour, which the blossom did not possess. And is not the analogy here very instructive and consoling? Not only do all our sanctified losses turn to gains, *but the gains are largely composed of what we lost.* We take up with us into every stage of our advancing

progress what was best and most serviceable in the previous stage; and in the fruit of our achievements we can trace much of the fair blossoms of hope and aspiration which led to its formation. Nothing that is really good in human life ought to be thrown away as useless when we have outgrown it. The good of childhood ought to remain in manhood. The enthusiasm, the freshness of interest, the innocent simplicity, the spirit of hope, inquiry and wonder which characterize our early years, ought to endure late in life, under the calmer and quieter outside of maturity. We ought to take the child-heart with us into old age; and old age should be but the beautiful ripened fruit of the blossom of youth, taking up into its own settled fulness much of what was holiest and loveliest in childhood and manhood. We ought to grow by regaining in a true and more lasting form the things that made our youth bright and happy. We must enter the kingdom of heaven on to the latest hour of life as little children. Let us not mourn, then, that so many fair and precious things pass away from us as we go on to our immortality; for nothing that is really beautiful and precious—nothing that is really essential to our well-being—shall perish utterly, but shall be absorbed into our souls and become their eternal wealth. The grass withereth and the flower fadeth, but there is an everlasting principle in these fleeting phantoms of existence. The fair, fragile blossom must turn to its native dust, but the truth which it taught, and the beauty which it disclosed are fadeless as the soul itself, and, incorporated with the life of the soul, will bloom in its beauty and truth for evermore. The flower fades, but the glory of it lives—that Word of God of which it was the inspired, though silent teacher, which liveth and abideth an incorruptible seed in the soul that received it and turned it into fruit. All the circumstances of our natural life, all the accidents of our outward condition, will shortly disappear and fade away like the flower, but the moral discipline which they afforded to us, the virtues and graces which they helped to produce and develop in us, the patience, the hopefulness, the tenderness, the heavenly-mindedness which they wrought in us, will form the very texture, so to speak, of the soul—an inseparable part of our being here and hereafter. The kingdom of heaven in the highest sense is the restitution of all things. Creation will not perish, but be recast in finer moulds. The things we lost, or overpassed, or overjoyed shall be restored. The friends who died and left us desolate shall meet us again on the happier shore. The tree of life will bloom again, and the river of life flow anew through the restored Paradise. All the flowers that faded, and all the fruits which they formed in this wilderness world, will be garnered up for us in the harvest-home of heaven, and shall constitute the blessedness and fulness of our being throughout eternity.

"Is the bower lost then? Who sayeth
That the bower indeed is lost?
Hark! my spirit in it prayeth
Through the solstice and the frost,
And that prayer preserves it greenly, to the last and uttermost;

"Till another open for me
In God's Eden-land unknown,
With an angel at the doorway,
White with gazing at His throne,
And a saint's voice in the palm-trees, singing—'All is lost . . . and won!'"

A PEEP INTO PARADISE.

By the AUTHOR of "Scamp and I."

CHAPTER I.—PARADISE IN THIS COUNTRY.

"There's a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky."

BABIES there are of all sorts and descriptions—longed for and precious darlings, who come into the world with cheers and welcomes—neglected and despised little atoms of humanity, whom no one cares for. There are babies who bring a blessing and a joy—babies also, who seem to bring a curse. Very much alike as they all are at their birth, with the same tender human frames, and the same undying souls, far apart are they in their surroundings and destinies.

On some, the sun shines—on some, the dark night frowns. Yes, there are babies of all sorts: rich babies—rich in love as well as gold; poor babies—paupers in affection as well as pence.

Thousands of the former, tens of thousands of the latter; children, these last, who seem to be deprived of their rightful heritage from the very first.

Such a child was the baby, Tom, whose place of residence was Thomas Court, Spitalfields. He had not a nice home, and he was by no means a nice baby. However he may have come into the world, his sur-

roundings quickly influenced him, making his skin wrinkled and yellow, and distorting the poor little dawnings of his intellect into many grotesque shapes. No, little Tom was not a pleasant baby, he was neither pleasant to look at nor to manage. His mother even, had she been there, could scarcely have admired him.

Little Tom had come into the world under a cloud, and he had no power—how could he have?—to struggle against his destiny.

Illness visited him, and he yielded to it; bad temper visited him, and he yielded to that. Undoubtedly he was a very disagreeable baby.

And yet he had by no means reached the lowest scale in the history of miserable babyhood. He had lost his mother it is true, but he still had some one to love him, he was not destitute of either love or care. He was known in Thomas Court as Polly's baby, and Polly was his devoted nurse and slave.

Polly was ten years old, and on her rested the heavy responsibility of caring for and loving Tom. From the time of his birth, when his mother and hers had died, she alone had brought him up, and very much pitied she was by all except three individuals, for this load placed upon her young shoulders.

The children in Thomas Court bewailed the loss of their favourite play-fellow, for the most exciting game of "Here comes my father over the hill" or "Aunt Sally" could not tempt Polly to neglect her duties. The older neighbours pitied her pale cheeks and stooping shoulders, her father lamented her want of schooling; in short, all except, as I have said, three individuals, deplored for Polly the necessary care she bestowed on Tom. These three were, first, the step-mother, who by no means wished to relieve her of so unpleasant a charge; second, Polly herself; third, the cause of her toil, the baby. He certainly, least of all, pitied Polly. With his thin and yellow arms clasped round her neck, and his unbabyish lips pressing her cheek, he would give, when he was not shrieking with pain or passion, little inarticulate crows and sounds of pleasure, and he never crowed for any one else. Yes, the baby, tyrant though he was, loved Polly, and to Polly he was the only sunshine of her life.

No mother could have borne more patiently than she did with his fits of anger or pain, no mother could have worn herself more completely to a shadow than she did, for his sake. By reason of her love she never looked on him as a burden, and one of his kisses was stored up as a recompense for many sleepless nights.

Thomas Court was not a pleasant place for either air or exercise, and in the hot summer weather Polly generally preferred remaining in the back attic with the baby. The back attic was very high up, and it was cooler there, and the smells less bad; and though Polly was well inured to close air and bad smells, yet she fancied the baby slept better at night when she kept him out of the vile and unwholesome court.

On a certain sultry day in August, however, she broke through her usual rule. Putting a freshly washed pinafore on Tom, and fastening round his scanty locks a piece of faded blue ribbon which she had begged for him from a factory girl the day before, she went down into Thomas Court.

She went with an object in view. She wanted to see, and to show to the baby, Mr. Peter's flowers.

Mr. Peter was a cabinet-maker, and the great man of the Court, and there, in that heated, squalid, unwholesome place, he managed to have flowers. Between his house and a blank wall about a yard and a half away, he had fixed two long narrow boxes, and these boxes were now full of Indian-corn and sunflowers; Indian-corn, too, that flourished and waved in whatever breath of wind there came to stir it, and sunflowers in rich bloom.

Having found the flowers, Polly stood and gazed at them with wide open and curious eyes. Last Sunday they had only been in bud, and during the week that intervened she had had neither time nor opportunity to look at them. But she had given them many thoughts; when kept awake at night by Tom, and often during the day, she had remembered these flowers, and had wondered about their colour, and their shape, and whether they would smell. Once, a long time ago, she had picked up in the street a withered rose, a poor trampled-on flower, which a lady had dropped out of her bouquet, and the smell of the rose, faint and defiled as it was, had lived in her memory ever since. She came up now quite close to the sunflowers—resplendent and in full blossom—they appeared to her dazzlingly beautiful. Never in her life had she felt so inclined to be cross with the baby as when, impatient at her standing still so long, he began to scream and beat her face.

While she was looking at the flowers and trying to quiet the refractory baby, the door

of the cabinet-maker's house was opened, and a little girl came out and stood on the steps. She was a child of about Polly's age, and nearly, if not quite, as poor; but her shabby frock was patched, and her white face was clean.

At the sight of Polly and the baby she stood still, and Polly, instinctively showing respect to the cleanliness and the attempt at order, dropped a curtsey.

"What's your name, little girl?" asked the clean child, in an old-fashioned voice.

"Polly, miss," was the ready reply. "I'm Polly, and this yere's Tom. Look hup, Tom, and mind yer manners. No, miss, he ain't wicious, but he's by no means good-tempered, Tom ain't."

"What a funny baby!" said the other child, coming close. "So Tom's his name, and Polly's yours. I know a couple of Tom's and Polly's, at school. I suppose you'd like to know what I'm called. I'm Rose."

"Same as them things wot smells. Oh! ain't yer in luck."

"Yes, my father called me after the roses in the garden at our old house; but we don't have roses here—not anything nicer than those poor sunflowers."

Here Polly grinned and showed a set of white teeth.

"Well, that's raythor a joke," she said. "Call them things poor! Why they beats h'every thing holler, fur niceness."

"You like them, then?"

"Don't I, jist!"

"Do wait a minute—perhaps dad will let me give you one; he can cut it from the window where he sits." She disappeared into the house, returning in an instant with the largest of all the sunflowers in her hand. "Here, little girl, here's the best of them for you. I'm glad you like it. Oh! 'tisn't worth that," as Polly caught it to her lips and kissed it, then raised a pair of black eyes, glittering in sudden tears, to Rose's face. "Now I must leave you, or I'll be late for school." She ran across the court, singing out, in a clear, sweet voice, something, a sentence of which Polly could only catch. These were the words that floated back to her, "Never-withering flowers."

Drying her tears as quickly as possible, and holding Tom and the sunflower, as well as she could, in her arms, she went back to her attic. There was no one in on Sunday, she had the place quite to herself. Placing the precious flower in a cracked white crock, she sat down on the old bedstead and began to play with Tom. Between the flower and the baby she felt very happy. Tom was very good: he crowed two or three times, he kissed her once or twice; whenever he attempted to cry, one sight of that bright yellow blossom would quiet him. Polly began to think that she had discovered the secret of managing the baby. It was sunflowers he wanted. What a good thing if she had always a sunflower in a pot to show him! How sound then he would sleep at night, and how strong he would grow! Thinking of this, she remembered again the words Rose had sung, "Never-withering flowers." If she could only get hold of one of these, what a fine thing it would be! for she did not suppose this sunflower would last always. No; it would get brown, and ugly, and cease in a few days to please even Tom. What a good thing to get hold of one of the unwithering flowers! She had certainly never heard of them before; but that did not matter, there *were* such flowers—so well known, too, that some one had gone and put them into a song. It came into her head to try if possible to buy one of these flowers. When her step-mother went out charing, she was always allowed a penny a day for her dinner. She might put by a farthing, or a half-penny, from this store, until she had enough to buy one. This brilliant scheme she confided to Tom, and, to judge by the pleased expression of his face, he gave it his unqualified approval.

In a few days the sunflower drooped, and was no longer pleasing to behold. This was only what Polly expected; but the more markedly she saw this flower fade, the more anxious was she to obtain one that was always in blossom. Polly had never been to school—her own mother first, and now her step-mother, had managed to elude all the school-board regulations; neither did she know anything of religion, at least of revealed religion. She had heard of a God, but never yet of a God for her, consequently she was still out in the cold. And though God loved her, and had many thoughts for and about this little gutter child—thoughts proving themselves in actions when He sent her first the baby, and then the flower—yet she had no love for Him. But I think, in her longing for a flower that would not fade, she was groping dimly after Him.

"Mother," said Polly, addressing her step-mother on the evening when the sunflower was quite past even Tom's admiration, "did yer never 'ear tell o' them unwithering posies?"

"Never," answered her step-mother shortly; —"wot put that nonsense in yer 'ead?"

"Only a little girl, wot sang about 'em."

"Well, there's no such things; h'every flower that ever was, shrivels h'up in no time. There, Poll, throw away that ugly thing, and give me back the crock. I wish yer'd mind yer dooty, and keep Tom from screaming of 'imself black in the face, as 'ee's doin' this blessed minit, and me deafened wid 'im."

Polly did not believe what her step-mother said about the flower, and the next Sunday she resolved to summon up courage, and to ask her question of Rose direct. She argued wisely that in seeking to obtain information it was well, if possible, to go direct to the fountain-head, and of course Rose, if any one, knew all about the unwithering flowers. So when the little girl was going to school Polly waylaid her.

"Ef you please, miss," she said, "that yere sunflower's dead."

Rose had forgotten both Polly and the flower, but the sight of Tom's small ugly face, looking even more pinched and yellow than last Sunday, refreshed her memory.

"Of course it is dead by this time," she said. "I am glad you liked it; I will ask dad to give me another for you some day."

She began to move on, but Polly followed.

"Oh, miss! ef yer would tell me where I can come acrost some o' them other flowers."

"I don't know what other flowers you mean, and I am in a hurry now, I am on my way to school."

"The flowers as you sang of," said Polly, rendered desperate, "the never-witherin' flowers. Tom and me, we wants one o' them posies, and I'd save h'up h'all my farthinks to buy it."

As Polly spoke the little girl stood still, she no longer seemed in a hurry.

"You can't buy it," she said in an excited voice, laying her hand on Polly's dirty sleeve; "those flowers are not to be had for any money."

"Oh, dear!" said Polly, "I'm real sorry; then Tom will h'always set up a howlin' o' nights, fur nothink pacifies 'im like a flower."

"No," continued Rose gravely, "those flowers are not to be had for money—but still, Polly, if you want them, you can have them, some day."

"Course I wants 'em, miss; but wy does yer say some day? I wants 'em at once to look at, and smell, and to keep Tom quiet."

"They don't grow in this country, Polly; those flowers that never wither are the beautiful flowers of Paradise."

"Then where's the use o' twitting a body 'bout 'em," replied Polly angrily. "Paradise's like 'Merica I s'pose, and yer 'ave to cross the sea to reach it, and wot a 'eap o' money that takes! There, good even to yer, miss." It was now Polly's turn to move off, and Rose's to run after her.

"Polly," she said, "even though you have no money, you can get to Paradise and have the unwithering flowers, and I'll tell you now what you'd best do—you'd best come straight away to school with me, and teacher will tell you all about it." Polly stood still; she had heard of school, but never in glowing terms; the temptation, however, to know all about Paradise and the flowers that did not fade, was strong.

"Wot'll come o' Tom?" she said; "my step-mother's h'out and I can't leave 'im."

"Oh! I am sure you may bring the baby with you; do come! you'll like it, Polly."

"Werry well, miss, I jist will then!"

"Don't call me miss, say Rose. I'm only a poor little girl like yourself."

"I does like yer, Rose," said Polly, suddenly darting forward and kissing her little companion. The dirty lips of Polly left a grimy mark on Rose's white cheek, but I don't think that kiss hurt her, any more than once the kiss of Mary hurt the feet of Jesus.

When Rose, Polly, and the baby reached the ragged school, the children—over a hundred in number—were singing these words:—

"O Paradise! O Paradise!
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me."

Polly had a quick memory, and she took in these words at once.

"Ain't they pretty?" she whispered to her companion.

"Beautiful," answered Rose; "and now Polly, listen when the gentleman gets up and speaks, for he'll say something about Jesus. I forgot 'twas lecture day; but I'm so glad, for that gentleman does talk so about Jesus. 'Tis Jesus that has got to take you, and me, and every one to Paradise, Polly."

The ragged school looked cool, and lovely, and shady to the unaccustomed eyes of the gutter child, and the sweet sound of the music, and the better air of the large and lofty room, seemed also to suit the baby, for he closed his eyes and went to sleep. There were bright-coloured pictures fastened up all round the walls, and a large bouquet of real flowers, of every colour and kind, on the table, near to where the superintendent stood. At these flowers Polly gazed with

anxious and wondering eyes; could they be some of those she longed to find?

When the singing was over all the children sat down, and the gentleman Rose had spoken of got up on the platform and began to speak. He had a story to tell about Jesus.

Jesus was the theme Sunday after Sunday in this ragged school, and most of the children knew the sacred subject well. Until now, however, Polly had never heard of Jesus. The lesson to-day was the blessing of the children. The little girl listened eagerly. This story came home specially to her on account of Tom. How much she longed to take the baby to that kind man! How nice to see him smile at him, and take him in his arms! Nobody that she knew, ever cared to take Tom up, and say good words to him; nobody—herself excepted—had ever been kind to this poor ugly baby.

Her heart quite swelled with indignation when the gentleman described how the disciples wanted to send the little children away, and she could not help saying "Brayvo" under her breath, when Jesus reproved them for their selfishness.

"Jesus is in heaven now," said the gentleman in conclusion. ("That's Paradise," whispered Rose.) "But He is still waiting and longing to bless the children. All the children on earth may be blessed by Jesus. No matter how poor, or how weak, or how little they are, Jesus wants them. Even a child as young as that baby there" (pointing to Tom) "Jesus Christ our Saviour will bless."

At these words Polly squeezed the sleeping baby very close to her indeed.

Then there was another hymn, and Polly remembered some of the words even better than the first, for these were they:—

> "There everlasting spring abides
> And never-withering flowers."

Here she looked at Rose and smiled.

School was now over, but the children did not go away; they sat still, hope, expectancy, delight, varying on the long rows of pale and dusty faces. The teachers at the top of the room were whispering and comparing notes and looking over numbers of pink cards, and putting the cards, after writing something on each, into a basket, and Polly heard one teacher say, "I don't think there will be one child disappointed."

Then the gentleman who had addressed the school went round and gave a pink card to each of the children, and each child, as he or she received the card, grinned from ear to ear, and either hugged it very close, or began eagerly whispering to the nearest companion. Rose had one at last, and then it was Polly's turn.

But here the gentleman stopped. "What little girl is this?" he said. "I do not know her face. She is a stranger, and she has brought a baby, too. My dear, we don't allow babies here."

"Oh, please, sir," said Rose, jumping up and speaking very quickly, "it was all my fault. I wanted to tell teacher about her, and I made her come and bring the baby. She had nowhere to leave the baby, sir, and she wanted so to hear about the flowers of heaven!"

"Ah, poor little child!" said the gentleman kindly. "She is fond of flowers, then? I am glad of that. Well, you are all going to see plenty of flowers to-morrow—only earthly flowers; but still they *are* beautiful. I have a sympathy with any one who loves flowers. What do you say, Rose, suppose we bring your little friend too? She is the only stranger in the school, and I think we could get one more into my van; but she must leave the baby at home. I said no child should be disappointed. Suppose I try and get a ticket for her, Rose?"

"Oh, please, teacher," said Rose.

"I know it is against the rules, but as she is the only stranger present, I will see if they cannot be broken on her behalf."

The result of this was, that when they left the school Polly possessed a pink card as well as Rose.

Rose was in ecstasies. "Oh, Polly!" she said, "I never, never felt so glad about anything. You don't know what that card is worth to you, Polly, nor what luck you're in. I never saw any strange child get a card for the school feast before. We're going, vans and vans of us, right out into the country, into the real country, far away from all those ugly houses. We may run about in the beautiful, beautiful green fields and pick flowers—oh, such lots of flowers! all colours, and smelling so! and we're to have our dinner in the green fields, and as much play as we like! No, Polly, you can't even guess where we're going to-morrow."

"Yes, I can," answered Polly; "I can hit it off fine. We're a-goin' to Paradise."

"What a good thought!" replied Rose, clapping her hands. "So it is, just like Paradise. Well, Polly, I must go in to my dad now; but you be ready to start by nine o'clock sharp; and I think if I were you, Polly, I'd wash my face a little bit."

"BY THY CROSS AND PASSION."

"He hath given me rest by His sorrow, and life by His death."—JOHN BUNYAN.

WHAT hast Thou borne for me, O mighty Friend,
Who lovest to the end?
Reveal Thyself, that I may now behold
Thy love unknown, untold,—
Bearing the curse and made a curse for me,
That blessed and made a blessing I might be.

Oh Thou wast crowned with thorns, that I might wear
A crown of glory fair!—
"Exceeding sorrowful," that I might be
"Exceeding glad" in Thee;
Rejected and despised, that I might stand,
Accepted and complete on Thy right hand.

Wounded for my transgression, stricken sore
That I might "sin no more;"
Weak, that I might always be strong in Thee;
Bound, that I might be free;
Acquaint with grief, that I might only know
Fulness of joy in everlasting flow.

Thine was the chastisement with no release,
That mine might be the peace;
The bruising and the cruel stripes were Thine,
That healing might be mine;
Thine was the sentence and the condemnation,
Mine the acquittal and the full salvation.

For Thee revilings and the mocking throng,
For me the angels' song;
For Thee the frown, the hiding of God's face,
For me His smile of grace;
Sorrows of hell and bitterest death for Thee,
And heaven and everlasting life for me.

"Thy Cross and Passion" and "Thy precious death,"
While I have mortal breath,
Shall be my spring of love and work and praise,
The life of all my days,
Till all this mystery of Love Supreme
Be solved in glory—glory's endless theme.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

OUR MONTHLY SURVEY.

I.—HOME NOTES.

THEOLOGICAL MOVEMENT IN SCOTLAND.

THE case of Professor Robertson Smith, of the Free Church College, Aberdeen, has excited such general interest and attention that in alluding to it here a very brief recapitulation will suffice. Professor Smith, whose ability and scholarship have won a very general recognition, has contributed articles to the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, now in course of publication, and among these one on the Bible. This subject has been treated by the Professor in a way which seems to some of his brethren to contravene the standards of Free Church theology. Especially has exception been taken to the view propounded of the Book of Deuteronomy. Professor Smith, in accordance with the conclusions of an influential section of Biblical scholars, appears to hold that this book belongs to a later date than that which has been commonly assigned to it, that it is not the production of Moses but of some unknown author, and that it attributes to Moses statements which he never uttered and never could have uttered. The position thus taken by Professor Smith was brought under the notice of the college committee, who after inquiry prepared a report, stating that while they had not found in the article "Bible," to which they had confined their attention, any ground sufficient to support a process for heresy against Professor Smith, they considered it a fair question whether it was not of such a nature as to call for the interposition in some form of the supreme court of the Church. They particularly expressed their regret and disapprobation that the article does not adequately indicate that the Professor holds the Divine inspiration of the books the history of which he investigates and describes. In due course this report was laid before the General Assembly of the Free Church, May 29th. A resolution was then proposed to the effect that inasmuch as "the article 'Bible,' contrary to Professor Smith's avowed convictions, contained statements of a dangerous and unsettling tendency," while the matter was being proceeded with so as to be brought up before the next General Assembly for final decision, Professor Smith should be suspended from the discharge of his duties as professor. It was stated strongly that this course was not intended in any way to prejudge or prejudice the case. Nevertheless it appeared to several members of the Assembly that it certainly did prejudge it, and Professor Candlish moved as an amendment that at the present stage of the proceedings the Assembly should express no opinion on the merits of the case. After a vigorous discussion the motion was carried by four hundred and ninety-one votes against one hundred and thirteen, so that until the next General Assembly Professor Smith is suspended from his p ofessorship.

In the course of the discussion, Professor Candlish, while admitting that the article on the Bible "was not very judicious, and contained rash statements," referred to the fact "that in the German Church, which at one time insisted on the inspiration of the Hebrew points, the reaction had proceeded so far that in another generation even the Divinity of the Church was denied." We do not pretend to sit in judgment upon a matter which is *sub judice*. It is certainly right that where a question of this kind arises, appeal should be made before the properly constituted courts to those standards to which Professor Smith is deliberately pledged. It would be absurd for a man who thus pledges himself to raise the cry of persecution or to complain of restriction of free inquiry when the orthodoxy of his teaching is called in question; and certainly Professor Smith makes no such complaint, whatever some of his enthusiastic friends may do. Whether the terms of the standards themselves require alteration is a subject on which difference of opinion exists, but while they are what they are it can be no hardship, for those who have accepted them, to appeal to them. To endeavour to make them mean anything or nothing, as some supporters of the Thirty-nine Articles have done, for example, is unpardonable trifling, and must be to the last degree mischievous in its results. No more serious disaster can befall a Church than for its ministers to subscribe to creeds, articles, and catechisms, and then to torture them into unnatural meanings or ingeniously explain them away. To propose the sweeping away of formulated doctrinal standards altogether appears to many a most dangerous as well as drastic measure. Some churches, however, among the Independents, seem to have done this, at least after a fashion, without harm to their doctrinal soundness. Neither party seem to us to be worthy of blame for having raised the point at issue. But one lesson which the tendency to theological movement and change evidently teaches us is, that the basis of Christian union and co-operation ought to be made as simple as possible. Upon the whole the spirit in which this question about Professor Smith has been approached by the Free Church Assembly, and has been received by the Professor and his friends, is worthy of all honour. Neither party was moved by passion, clamour, or unbrotherly violence; both acted with dignity and calmness. And when charity is supreme, earnest discussion must result in a clearer apprehension of the truth and a closer approximation to it. We trust that it will be so in this instance.

MR. RIDSDALE AND RITUALISTIC DIFFICULTIES.

Last month we gave a brief summary of the elaborate judgment pronounced in the case of the Vicar of Folkestone, who was prosecuted under the Public Worship Regulation Act for ritualistic practices of a very extreme kind. We speculated upon the probability or improbability of the judgment having much practical effect, but we could scarcely have imagined that the matter, so far as Mr. Rids-

dale is concerned, would speedily come to such a ridiculous and preposterous conclusion. Most people would have supposed that, after the decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, only two courses were open to the Vicar: either he must refuse to obey or he must frankly submit. He has managed, however, to discover a third course, which does credit at any rate to his adroitness. After the deliverance of the judgment, which forbade the use of the "eucharistic vestments," lighted candles on the altar, and the mixed chalice, Mr. Ridsdale announced to his congregation that he could not obey it—his conscience demanded that he should observe the higher authority of the "Ornaments' Rubric," which, according to his interpretation of it, required the things which the Privy Council had forbidden. Accordingly, on the Sunday following the legal decision referred to, he celebrated the communion precisely in his customary way. In his address, however, he had given a hint that, although he could not obey the "secular court" which had condemned him, he might feel it his duty to act upon the direction of his episcopal superior (the Archbishop of Canterbury) if that prelate should see fit in his canonical capacity to exercise his dispensing power. The Archbishop, anxious as always to show a conciliatory spirit, saw the report of this statement in the newspapers, and at once very kindly wrote to Mr. Ridsdale, assuring him that his grace was quite ready to grant him "a dispensation," thus to relieve his scruples of conscience and enable him to abstain from the observance of the Ornaments' Rubric. This communication brought a long reply from Mr. Ridsdale, the gist of which was, that he wanted the Archbishop to express the dispensation in a rather more explicit manner. The Archbishop at once complied, and on the following Sunday Mr. Ridsdale made an elaborate announcement to his congregation, showing with great ingenuity and an immense amount of verbosity and ecclesiastical pedantry, that "a great turn" had taken place in the aspect of affairs, and observing, "I cannot justify it to my conscience to refuse the command of the Archbishop; and I understand it and will obey it as a temporary measure for the present urgent necessity, under the correction of Convocation." Truly, conscience plays us some strange tricks! The ritualistic clergy generally seem to be much chagrined by the course adopted by Mr. Ridsdale, and the propriety, on public grounds, of the concession made by the Primate to scruples of his clergy of this kind has been very gravely called in question. In this connection we may note also the formation of a society within the pale of the Church of England for promoting its disestablishment and disendowment. The society appears to have on its roll the names of several hundreds of the ritualistic clergy, and at a meeting of it recently held, under the presidency of Mr. Mackonochie, in the schoolroom of St. Alban's Church, Holborn, some strong and indeed violent speeches on the subject were made. We shall probably hear more of this society in the course of the present ecclesiastical changes and struggles.

SUNDAY OPENING OF NATIONAL MUSEUMS.

Mr. P. A. Taylor has again, according to annual custom, brought forward his motion in the House of Commons for opening national museums and galleries on Sunday. The motion was rejected (on June 8th) by two hundred and twenty-nine votes against eighty-seven. The opinion of the House of Commons, thus emphatically expressed, places the subject beyond the range of practical topics for the time being, so far as legislation is concerned. But the fact that an important minority, in Parliament and out of doors, take another view, and are strongly convinced of the desirability of the step proposed, is worthy of attention by thoughtful Christian people. Upon a subject of this kind it is specially to be desired that the rule should not be laid down by the mere force of a majority. It may be assumed with tolerable safety that the decision of the House of Commons on this subject is not based on any mere religious scruple. It is extremely probable, if not certain, that the vote is determined by considerations of public policy, in fact, by appeal to the question, How would it work? At any rate that is one aspect of the case, which, as it seems to us, is alone sufficient to justify the vote which has been given. To open these institutions would be to break a general rule which has long been observed in this country. Upon the face of it, such an innovation could only be justified by a very conclusive argument for its necessity or advantage. An argument of this nature has certainly not yet been brought forward. The plea urged, no doubt in all sincerity, by Mr. Taylor and his supporters, is that greater facilities would be afforded by the Sunday opening of museums and picture galleries for the instruction and recreation of "the people." By the people are meant especially the artisan-class. The reply to this plea, well given in Parliament by Mr. M'Arthur and other members, is, that according to present arrangements of labour, artisans have quite as much time as other sections of society generally for seeing the national science and art collections. Saturday afternoon holidays and frequently recurring days of leisure give to the working man much more liberty than very many professional and business men are able to secure. Then, too, in all candour may it not be said that the educational influence of these institutions is often very greatly exaggerated? Those who wander through the British Museum as mere sightseers, or stroll through the National Gallery, in the majority of instances betray by their wearied and vacant look, or by their aspect of mere wonderment, that they have not got the key to the treasures before them. No doubt visiting such places even in this way may have some stimulating and enlightening effect upon a certain proportion of people; but museums require an education in those who would derive much definite advantage from them. The student goes to them as to a dictionary, consulting them for a special purpose, and applying the information which they afford to material already accumulated or to purposes already clearly defined. A picture

gallery, too, demands a trained habit of observation and a well-informed mind, in order to anything like adequate appreciation of its contents. We do not argue from these considerations that it is useless to invite mere sightseers to such places; but we do think such considerations very largely reduce the value of the argument about the "instruction" of the working classes by such means, and that in fact museums and galleries, if opened on Sundays, would be, what to the vast majority they are on week-days, a more or less agreeable lounge. It may be heretical to breathe these views, but we have no doubt that substantially they have a good deal to do with the refusal of Parliament to grant Mr. Taylor's request. The House of Commons very seriously doubts whether the practical benefit of opening museums and galleries would be anything like so great as is sometimes assumed; and not only Parliament but a very large body of working men themselves have a very strong conviction that the adoption of such a measure would tend to loosen and disturb a social custom the value of which, especially in a hard-working community like our own, can scarcely be exaggerated.

We have not touched upon the argument against Mr. Taylor's measure which may be based on the religious necessities and obligations of men, although to our mind that argument is conclusive. We accept the thread-bare maxim that "people cannot be made religious by act of Parliament." We know, too, that the physical conditions of life, especially in large towns, present many perplexing and distressing problems, which deserve to be considered with much sympathy. But the happiest and healthiest working men we know are those to whom Sunday is a holy day, a day of worship and of rest. In their homes are to be found the best examples of cleanliness, order, and cheerfulness; and the devout exercises of the day do not interfere with true enjoyment, but give it sweetness and zest. If Mr. Taylor and his friends so zealously try their way of providing for the working man a happy Sunday, it is for those who think efforts in that direction a mistake to point out "a more excellent way."

GENERAL PRESBYTERIAN COUNCIL IN EDINBURGH.

The Rev. Dr. Blaikie forwards to us a statement with respect to this interesting gathering, which is to be held in the first week and the beginning of the second week in July. The statement, which is signed by the Revs. Dr. Duff, Dr. W. Robertson, and Dr. Andrew Thomson, sets forth the character and object of the council in the following terms:—

"In obedience to that longing for Christian union now so general, ministers and members of the Presbyterian churches throughout the world, adhering to the standards of the Reformation, are to meet, in general council, at Edinburgh, next July. From the United Kingdom and the United States, from eight or ten Continental countries and from the British Colonies, and from several of our mission-fields, two or three hundred brethren will come together, either as representatives of Churches, or in their individual capacity, with the earnest desire, through prayer and mutual conference, to advance throughout all their borders the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

This is followed by an earnest appeal to the ministers and members of churches generally "to implore God's blessing on a meeting which will in some degree represent and influence between twenty and thirty thousand congregations." An excellent and comprehensive list of topics for conference and prayer is given in the programme of arrangements, the consideration of which cannot fail to be of great practical service.

II.—GLANCES ABROAD.

THE WAR IN THE EAST.

It seems impossible to omit in these "glances abroad" some reference, however brief, to the war which every day occupies so much of the thought, attention, and anxiety of the world; and yet it is impossible to do much more here than simply note the fact that on the banks of the Danube, in Montenegro, and in Armenia, the struggle is in progress. The fighting has in some instances been severe, but the climax of the conflict has not yet come. The suspense is the more painful because it is not yet certain what may be the precise issue which will finally have to be decided. When Russia and Turkey have drenched their swords in blood, and one or the other has had to yield to the conqueror, what then? No one seems to contemplate the possibility of defeat for Russia; but if Russia should prove her superior force, the moment of her victory will be an exceedingly critical one for Europe. So far the great Powers have kept out of the struggle, and Russia has given England assurances that the Imperial Government has no designs which will lead to interference with "British interests" in any part of the world. But the nation which has drawn the sword is not always able to limit the sphere of its warlike operations. And besides this, the great mass of Englishmen, at least of Christian Englishmen, cannot but think with anxious sympathy of the questions of human interest which seem to depend for their solution immediately on the sword. No one who would pray about the subject at all could stop short at the petition that the interests of England might be preserved intact, or that the struggle might be restricted to those at present engaged in it. The miseries inflicted by war upon those who actually take part in it, and upon those who are incidentally affected by it, have perhaps never been realised by most of us, but they must call forth our compassion; and then, too, what hopes and fears for the long suffering nationalities of the Turkish Empire seem now to be in the balance! It seems as if the cry against the cruelty and wrongs of centuries had been heard at last, and as if a terrible vengeance was at hand. It may be that these dark hours of agony in the East are the birth-pangs of a new and brighter era for peoples, who, having long been crushed and repressed, shall at length take a high place among

the noblest races of the world. But speculation gives place to faith if we can fall back upon the great truth which overarches all life's mystery—"THE LORD REIGNETH."

THE PAPAL JUBILEE.

A great number of pilgrims have visited Rome to present their offerings and congratulations to Pope Pius IX. on the completion of the fiftieth year of his episcopate. The anniversary of this event occurred on Sunday, June 3rd, and was celebrated by "a grand commemorative function" in the Basilica of St. Peter, which is said to have been superbly decorated and brilliantly illuminated, and thronged to suffocation. Two thousand Italian pilgrims afterwards waited upon the Pope at the Vatican, and presented an address with a number of gifts. One hundred and ninety bishops were present at the ceremony. On successive days the Pope received bands of pilgrims from many parts of Europe, many of whom brought with them costly presents. The Irish pilgrims, who numbered two hundred, made an offering of £14,000. The various speeches which the Pope has delivered upon these occasions have been marked by his accustomed tone of querulous complaint. It is not likely, of course, that he should ever be able to forgive the unification of Italy which deprived him of his temporal power. And yet, even from the Papal point of view, it sometimes appears almost surprising that so few seem to recognise that the Papacy is well rid of this dangerous possession. In these later days it has become manifest that the exercise of a worldly sovereignty was only a drag upon the religious influence of the Papal power. But neither the Pope nor the clergy can understand this; and it is affirmed, apparently with good reason, that "in France, in Italy, and in Belgium the clergy are working as hard as men can work to get up a war, the object of which will be to restore the temporal power of the Pope, to break up Italian and German unity, to establish a reactionary monarchy in France, and to do away with all constitutional liberty in Belgium." Thus in every way the Papal authorities seem to be struggling to arrest the course of enlightenment and progress, to keep the minds and hearts of men in bondage.

Cardinal Manning, preaching in London lately, reviewed some of the principal incidents in the Pontificate of Pius IX. He justified the issue of the famous 'Syllabus,' and described it as "a condemnation of the errors and heresies—atheism, the denial of faith, of morality, of Christian marriage, and of lawful authority, asserting the lawfulness of rebellion, which he must call the gospel of anarchy, sedition, rebellion—impiety, and blasphemy, and which had been preached all over Europe ever since the end of the last century." The Cardinal described the calling together of the Œcumenical Council, which the Pope proposed as a remedy for the state of the Christian world, and added that he firmly believed that Pius IX. conceived this idea "by the inspiration of God." When we remember the profound conviction, which prevails so widely, that the principal act of that council, the declaration of Papal infallibility, has set in motion mightier forces of division within the Papal Church than any other act of the Pope's reign, we can only wonder at the singular contradiction in judgment. According to Cardinal Manning the nations of Europe have been partakers and abettors in a great sacrilege, in suffering the Pope to be dethroned as a temporal sovereign; and yet, he adds, "Never since the beginning was the unity of the Catholic Church, from sunrise to sunset, so solid as at this hour. . . The Catholic Church is now powerful, expanding, and pure. This has been the work of one man—Pius IX." Into the accuracy of these assertions we need not now inquire. We only point out that these results, so far as they have been brought about, have been brought about, according to the Cardinal's own showing, in spite of, rather than as the consequence of, the Pope's infallible judgment. If he had had his way the Papal States would still have been cursed with a corrupt administration, to the scandal of Europe; and even now he scarcely ever speaks without lamenting his fall, and fanning that fierce spirit of worldly ambition in clerical breasts, which, it is to be feared, would cause them eagerly to grasp the sword if they saw any chance of cutting their way to a throne once more.

POLITICAL AND RELIGIOUS AFFAIRS IN FRANCE.

Events in France which have recently startled political circles in Europe and which still occasion apprehension if not actual alarm as to their consequences, undoubtedly have a connection, probably a very close one, with clerical Ultramontane schemes. The Pope has just confirmed this impression by giving to Marshal Macmahon, as a special mark of favour, the Grand Cross (we believe it is) of the Order of Pius IX. On the 16th of May, Marshal Macmahon suddenly dismissed his Prime Minister, M. Jules Simon, shook from himself the Liberal influences under which he had been chafing, and called around him a Ministry, which is in declared hostility to the Republic, and in sympathy with Absolutist ideas of Government and Ultramontane ideas in religion. Then followed the dismissal of the Legislative Chambers for a month, and sundry high-handed measures intended to prepare the way for a general election, which shall secure to the new Ministry a majority to sustain its policy. Happily, the Liberal party in France have in general shown remarkable moderation and forbearance. There have been times when such events would have instantly kindled the flames of civil war. In an eloquent and touching letter, one of a series of communications to the *Christian World* newspaper from which we have before quoted, Dr. Pressensé says:

"The air is heavy in France—heavy with sorrow and apprehension. The deed of the 16th of May is producing its results; a political struggle of the gravest kind is impending . . . . Religious liberty is about to pass through a sorrowful eclipse. It is evident that the bill proposed by me to the National Assembly, and which was taken up again by my friends in the existing Chamber of Deputies, will be

set aside for a long time. It will become very difficult to carry on any Evangelical missionary work, at least outside of the great towns. I lately received a most interesting call from some thoughtful men, who, weary of Catholicism, were convinced that it must be overthrown, not by scepticism, but by a true and earnest faith. They invited me to come and explain to them my own evangelical convictions. The day following the 16th of May, they wrote to me to say that the proposed discussion would now be impossible. Only this morning there has appeared an extraordinary circular from the Minister of the Interior on the subject of colportage, which must inevitably affect the colportage of the Bible. The days are evil; it is the hour of darkness; but God reigns, and public opinion continues calm, steadfast, and immovable in its attachment to liberty."

Such a state of affairs, so sadly disappointing and disheartening to the friends of religious freedom and political progress in France, may well call forth the kindly wishes and prayerful thought of their English brethren.

CHRISTIAN REFUGEES IN DALMATIA.

From Miss Johnston, who with Miss Irby is still pursuing her benevolent mission among the poor sufferers from Turkish tyranny and misdoing, we observe another letter, telling once again a sad and terrible story. It is dated May 16th:—

"The refugees from Turkey in Dalmatia were never in such desperate misery as they are now. There are several reasons for this: first, the constant daily increase of their numbers, owing to fresh outrages of the Turks in Bosnia; second, the reduction of the Austrian Government allowance; third, the poverty and sterility of Dalmatia, which absolutely prevents the Bosnians obtaining any work. None of the fresh fugitives receive anything: in Strmnitza, two hours from Knin, on the frontier of Bosnia, there are now one thousand persons 'not written down;' the remaining receive at the rate of a halfpenny—two kreutzers—a day per head: that is, the women and children have five kreutzers; 'work-capable' men nothing, they must share the five kreutzers with wife and child, for there is no work to be had by the most eager and industrious seeker for it. The Dalmatians are so poor and their land so barren, that each family cultivates for itself. Their fields only produce barely enough to live upon, and they cannot afford a penny in wages. No public work of any kind has been set on foot by the Government for the employment of the refugees and the improvement of the land.

"Now Indian corn is selling at sixteen kreutzers the oke. Half an oke a day is the very least a man can live on. The slightest calculation will show, therefore, that those fortunates who have Government relief have daily a little less than the price of a day's necessary food, for a few kreutzers must be paid for grinding the corn. Then what have the others?

"The sights of yesterday answer that question. Hundreds at this moment are dying of starvation: patiently they wait and lie till death brings them release."

After giving some most affecting examples confirming these statements, and some account of the modes of operation adopted by herself and her coadjutors for affording such relief as is possible, Miss Johnston says, "Our funds are getting very low now, and more we cannot do for these forlorn exiles. Help is most fearfully, urgently wanted, to save those who are left. In less than a month our present store for them will be exhausted." We trust that before now the appeal has met with a response, but we add here the statement which is appended to the letter before us:—"Subscriptions are received at Messrs. Twining's Bank, the London and Westminster Bank, the Clydesdale Bank, and by Andrew Johnston, Treasurer, 158, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C. No working expenses or advertising charged to the Fund."

III.—JOTTINGS FROM THE MISSION FIELD.

FREE CHURCH MISSION AT LIVINGSTONIA.

Several communications of deep interest have recently arrived from the mission on Lake Nyassa. They give upon the whole a gratifying account of the progress of the enterprise. The agricultural efforts of the settlement have been hitherto fairly successful, as has also the keeping of live stock. In these departments the mission promises to become a centre of useful and civilising influence among the natives, as well as in more directly evangelistic and philanthropic ways. There is some fear of the tsetse, the deadly insect the bite of which is fatal to cattle, but it is hoped that the suspicions of its presence may prove groundless. The mission is doing good service in the discouragement of the slave trade and in rescuing and affording protection to those who seek to escape from bondage. In this work the steamer *Ilala*, provided for the use of the mission by Scottish friends, has already proved of great value. Dr. Black writes:

"About two months ago we took twenty-two men, women, and children off the island of Melere, fifteen miles to the north-west of this; they had escaped from a slave raid at M'pemba, on the west coast. Their story of their escape from their village, and their emancipation from the rock-girt island, is rather romantic. They took flight overnight, stole the canoe of the Arab agents, and in it sailed for Melere. The canoe was broken upon the rocks while landing, but they were all saved. On the following day the canoe was reduced in size, patched up, and made tight with stripes of bark. One of the men set sail in this frail bark to ask our help. The first night he slept on the Elephant Island; another day brought him over-night to our shore, and on the morning of the third day he came to us, cold, hungry, and almost naked, told the sad story of his friends living without food and shelter, and with no means of escape. By 10 A.M. the *Ilala* was under way. Dr. Stewart and I both went to the rescue. On coming to the shore the ship was anchored about four hundred yards off, and the dingy launched, manned by the interpreter, Fred, a sailor, and myself. The children ran screaming, and hid from us in the bushes. I caught one boy and carried him over rocks and through water to the boat. Others followed in the same way until the boat could hold no more. She was then rowed to the ship and put on board. A third trip completed the task. Then we dealt out boiled mapira, prepared beforehand. It was most certainly a novel and heart-touching sight to look down the fore-hold of the ship and see them doing justice to the humble meal. . . . .

"The steamer soon brought them to Livingstonia,

where they were welcomed by all our people, white and black. They have been fed, housed, and clad. The children, though poor and weak at first, have, through good and regularly given food, become plump and chubby like the other youngsters in our village. They now attend school. The *Ilala* is really a 'vessel of mercy' and a Godsend to them, though they may not see it just at first. This one feat of the good little ship is enough to repay her cost in the eyes of those in Scotland who gave us liberally of their means towards her purchase at the first. It must surely be gratifying for them to think what a success she has been, and how great a blessing she is and will be to Lake Nyassa. Many of our people have been in the hands of the slaver, and not a few have had the fork on their necks. They come, either singly or in families, to crave our protection. If the slave trade continues we shall soon have a large population of safe and free people."

Dr. Black is of opinion that the only way to put down the slave trade is by force, or at least by a show of force. He thinks that little or no blood need be shed, but that if an anti-slaver steamer were placed on the lake, with power to enforce the suppression of the trade, "the native Arab agents would take fright and give up the business without striking one blow for their evil cause." Such an opinion is deserving of attention, although it is well that we should shrink from associating gunpowder and Christianity even in the minds of slave-dealers. The Europeans of the mission have been cheered by the recent arrival of a gentleman, a civil engineer, from India, who has determined to spend twelve months of his two years' furlough in rendering such help as he can upon this interesting field of labour. He is a cousin of Dr. Stewart, the head of the mission, and his assistance will be very valuable in devising and carrying out schemes of irrigation and road-making, which are of course a very important part of the early work of the colony. The daily religious services, which are held for the benefit of the native population, are persevered in, and the missionaries are hopeful that light may thus "break in upon this worse than Egyptian darkness." Patience and faith are much needed in this field, but there is reason for thankfulness that so much steady and intelligent Christian effort is being put forth where, as Dr. Stewart says, "fifteen months ago the darkness and silence of centuries was all unbroken by a single sound or by a single ray of light."

EDUCATIONAL WORK IN SOUTH INDIA.

The work of educating the young occupies, as is well known, a very important place in the efforts made by Christian missionaries in India. It is rightly judged that the preparation of the mind of the Hindoo for the reception of the truths of Christianity by early instruction in general knowledge as well as in specific religious truth is a task which cannot be too carefully and earnestly cared for. The work, however, has its peculiar difficulties, some of which are illustrated in a report recently sent to the Church Missionary Society from Ellore, by the Rev. A. Morgan, and published in the *Church Missionary Intelligencer*. The Anglo-Vernacular School, referred to in the report, educates up to the matriculation standard of the Madras University. The following quotation illustrates the difficulty arising from the distinctions of caste, the recognition of which in so many ways impedes the progress of Christianity and European civilisation in India.

"The chief point of interest within the last year has been the introduction of two more Christian boys into the Anglo-Vernacular Schools. You may remember that a little more than three years ago (October 1873), two Christian boys were passed up from one of the preparatory schools to the A. V. School, when one of the teachers and all the Hindoo boys, with the exception of one or two, left our school, and formed themselves into a school of their own. Since that time my predecessors gradually worked up our school again to its former standing in numbers; and it has been my privilege to see the downfall of the rival school, and the return to us of many more boys. Now, after the inspector's last examination, two other Christian boys requested admission to our A. V. School. I was a little afraid that a result similar to that in 1873 might follow their admission. But such was not the case. The principle of non-recognition of caste in our schools appears to be understood, and now the four Christian boys in different classes are sitting side by side with those heathen boys who three years ago turned their backs upon us and left us. They look over the same books, lend each other their pens, &c., if wanted, and sit close to each other. This latter point, the heathen boys sitting near them, is one gained only within the last few months. Formerly there was always a space left above and below each Christian boy, and if they had to change places in class great care was taken by the heathen boys that their clothes did not touch them. It is a matter of great thankfulness to me that this has entirely changed. The four Christian boys are very intelligent, standing high in their classes; while one of them has gained the second scholarship, although the class numbers twenty boys.

"The A. V. School now numbers one hundred and forty-four boys, including both Hindus and Mohammedans — the Hindus being a little superior in numbers. I have sent up for the Matriculation Examination six boys, concerning three or four of whom I feel sanguine."

A further extract from the same report gives a very singular and striking example of the singular and baleful effect of the superstitions cherished by the Hindoos. The account was supplied to Mr. Morgan by his colleague, a native minister, the Rev. G. Krishnayya, who was present when one of the pupils received as he supposed a revelation from the god Venkatesvarulu, imagining that he was possessed by the god:

"A Brahmin lad of about eighteen years of age, studying in the matriculation class, was apparently seized by a kind of convulsive fit while answering an examination paper in the school. He suddenly got off from his bench, sat on his feet on the ground, and set up a constant and painful screaming, not unlike the yelling of a jackal; and simultaneously with the screaming there was a convulsive action of the hands towards the head. Attempts were made to rouse him, and sprinkling of cold water was tried, but all in vain. The boy, with his eyes half closed, appeared to be unconscious of what was passing around him. After continuing for half an hour, with some intermissions, the actions mentioned above, he lay down

on the ground. At last his uncle and guardian—an able pleader of the district moonsiff's court—was sent for. When the news of the uncle's arrival was communicated to the boy, and when the uncle addressed him, he was wonderfully roused from his apparent lethargy, got up, and began to talk and to answer questions put to him. The uncle said, 'My lord, who are you?' The young man replied screaming, and in tones of grief and disappointment, 'You fellow! do you not know who I am? Need I tell you that?' 'Yes, my lord, I know, I know who you are. (He is Venkatesvarulu,' said he, in a lower tone, and looking at the by-standers.) 'What do you want, my lord?' continued the pleader. 'Let my lord say it and I will do it.' The young man answered, 'Is it right for you to commence the worship of others' (*i.e.* other gods), 'while I am neglected' (referring to an annual worship of the goddess Kali, just commenced in the house), 'and you have not yet performed your vows to me?' The uncle said, 'Let not my lord be angry about this. I shall soon perform your worship, and also my vows. You will see how soon I shall do it. Please let my lord cease to be troubled about this any further.' This answer put the young man to silence; and after a few minutes he got up as from a swoon and went home with his uncle. The guardian of the lad explained afterwards that the boy had a vow to perform to the god Venkatesvarulu, of Peda Tirupati, and as the vows had not as yet been performed the god possessed him at times in the manner described above."

Mr. Morgan adds that this boy afterwards left the school when he found that he was not to be sent up for matriculation. He imagined that he had a revelation of the propositions of Euclid which would be given in the coming examination at the university, and he read those propositions only. He was admitted to the examination on his own application, but he entirely failed, for not one of the questions revealed to him by the god appeared on the paper given. It is not at all difficult to form a theory, physiological and philosophical, of the true nature of this singular case, but such a signal breakdown cannot fail to help to open the eyes of many acquainted with the circumstances, and may have a salutary effect on the lad himself.

WORK ON BEHALF OF LEPERS.

We quote the following painfully interesting account of labour of quite an exceptional kind from the *Church of Scotland Missionary Record*:—

"The work carried on among these miserable beings in Chumba by Mr. Bailey, and at Subathú by the American Presbyterians, is not merely philanthropic, but also evangelistic. While every means are used likely to cure or mitigate the fearful malady there is unremitting care for their spiritual interests; and these labours are blessed by God, and crowned with success. The Rev. Dr. Newton of Subathú writes to Mr. Bailey, under date 12th March:—

"'I have at last had the privilege of baptizing Báhadrú, one of your lepers; you remember him, I have no doubt. Before I went to America his case seemed a very hopeful one, and you noticed the man. During my absence Miss Nelson took a deep interest in him. He has long professed faith in Christ, but it was only lately that grace was given to him to come out boldly, and by means of baptism to separate himself at once and for ever from his old ties. I have had three other inquirers and candidates for baptism in the Asylum, all women; one, our old friend Dhiphí of your list, the mother of the two little boys.'

"There are indications of blessing at Chumba also. An old man named Raggu has applied for baptism, and others seem deeply impressed with the story of God's love to man in the gift of His son.

"There are now in all 50 lepers under treatment—34 at Chumba and 16 at Subathú. Some of the cases are sadly interesting: a family of father, mother, and two girls (aged 8 and 2) all lepers; a leprous mother suckling a child which she cannot be persuaded to wean; and others. A little building was in course of erection at Chumba, to be a church and school-house, which was expected to be finished in May, at an expense of £80. The labourers are much cheered by the sympathy of home friends."

IV.—OUR MEMORIAL RECORD.

THE HON. J. L. MOTLEY.

The death of this distinguished American, who was in his sixty-fourth year, took place on the 29th of May, at the residence of his son-in-law in Dorsetshire. Having received a university education at Harvard, Göttingen, and Berlin, Mr. Motley began his career as a barrister. He made his first essay in literature as the writer of a novel, which, however, proved a failure. In 1841 he was appointed secretary to the United States Legation at St. Petersburg. For several years he was United States minister at Vienna, and for a short time, in 1869–70, he occupied the same official position in London. It was as an historian, however, that Mr. Motley won his chief fame, and especially by his "History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic," the first portion of which was published in 1856. This was followed after an interval of some years by his "History of the United Netherlands," completed in 1865. In 1874 he published "The Life and Death of John Barneveldt, Advocate of Holland; with a View of the Primary Causes of the Thirty Years' War." From the brilliancy of their literary style, amounting at times to splendour, as well as for the fulness and accuracy of their information, and the absorbing interest of the subjects dealt with, all these books will hold a permanent and honourable place in literature. In describing what he calls "the great agony through which the Republic was ushered into life," Mr. Motley has given probably the most vivid and appalling picture of "the Holy Inquisition" which has been presented to the world, and with a sympathy which thrills his readers he has traced the course of the revolt in Holland, to which the horrible cruelties inflicted by this engine of papal authority mainly gave rise. That revolt was "a great popular and religious movement," and its success was secured by the blood-shedding of thousands of nameless victims and martyrs, who sacrificed themselves to the cause of civil and religious freedom. Mere religious intolerance, even against the Papacy, is entirely unworthy of sympathy; but a true appreciation of the spirit of the Papal Church, as exemplified by a mode of action so horrible as this, and which has never been disavowed, can only be attained by acquaintance with facts; and

these facts are set forth with the skill of an artist and the faithfulness of an historian in Mr. Motley's remarkable pages. The *semper eadem* of the Papal Church makes it impossible to overlook or to explain away such passages in its history. When the Papacy has been allowed to grasp the civil power, its influence has been invariably disastrous to the last degree. Mr. Motley's narrative supplies one of the most striking illustrations of this fact which history affords, and on this ground, as well as on others, it deserves attentive consideration. The death of such an author gives opportunity for calling attention to his works, as well as for offering this humble tribute to his literary genius and to his liberal and noble sympathies.

THE REV. G. T. PERKS.

Wesleyan Methodism has sustained a severe loss by the death of the Rev. G. T. Perks, a distinguished and beloved minister of that religious communion. Mr. Perks entered the Wesleyan ministry in 1839, becoming a student in the Theological Institution in Stoke Newington. His ministerial career was honourable and useful, and after occupying various important posts of pulpit and pastoral labour he was appointed, in 1867, to the responsible office of secretary to the Wesleyan Missionary Society. The duties of this position he discharged in a highly efficient manner, winning the confidence and affection of his colleagues and of the entire Wesleyan connection. In 1872 he was elected Secretary of the Wesleyan Conference, and in 1873 he became the President, which is regarded as the highest honour to which a Wesleyan minister can attain in the sphere of his own church. He was not much known beyond the limits of Methodism, and we are not aware that he was an author, but in his own circle he had the reputation of being "a profound and well-read theologian, and a master in the study of ecclesiastical history," as well as an able preacher, and a man of unusual vigour of mind, fervour of religious feeling, and loftiness of character. He was called away very suddenly. He had gone from his home in London to preach in Rotherham on Sunday, May 26th. On the evening of that day, while conducting the service, he was seized with premonitory symptoms of apoplexy, and on Monday at midnight he died. His funeral took place in London, on Saturday, June 2, amidst great demonstrations of sorrow and respect on the part of the representatives of Methodism as well as of his personal friends. Mr. Perks was fifty-seven years of age.

MISS MARY CARPENTER.

This gifted lady and devoted philanthropist died suddenly of heart disease at her home in Bristol on the 14th of June. She had retired to rest in her usual health on the previous evening, but in the night she was summoned suddenly and silently away. Her life was a long one, for she was in her seventy-first year, but it was filled from first to last with true and noble work, which has left a mark not to be effaced by the passing of many generations. Miss Carpenter was one of a talented family. Her father was a Unitarian minister at Exeter, well known as an accomplished scholar and an able instructor. Dr. Carpenter, the eminent physiologist, is one of his sons, and another son, in Montreal, is perhaps not less distinguished as a naturalist. Mary Carpenter was educated by her father, and early assisted him in the work of tuition, for which she was singularly qualified. As a girl she became deeply interested in the Sunday-school work, pursuing it with an ardour, steadfastness, and originality which produced invaluable results. A special feature of her method was that she visited her scholars at their homes, made herself the friend of their parents, and gave them the benefit of her help and counsel. It was through the familiarity with the homes of the poor which she thus attained that she was gradually led to those larger enterprises which have now made her name so widely and honourably known. She became acquainted, in her benevolent work of visitation, with some of the lowest districts in Bristol, and with her great intelligence and her great sympathy to help her, she began to make the condition of the people who lived in them the subject of her earnest study, so that she might know how to aid them. The ragged school movement, which commenced about 1846, enlisted her warm sympathies, and she soon had one in Bristol, which became a great success. Her ideas of what needed to be done especially for the poor little waifs and strays, children of the criminal classes, in our great cities, at length took the form of a definite and comprehensive plan for their benefit. She placed herself in communication with many men of influence and of kindred sympathy, and at length principally to her efforts it was due that a Reformatory Act was passed in 1854, which has been of immense service, directly and indirectly, to the country. Miss Carpenter established, before this Act was passed, a school for carrying out her scheme for the rescue of children in the neighbourhood of Bath. This was intended at first for both boys and girls, but afterwards Miss Carpenter opened a similar institution at Bristol for girls only, which she personally superintended for more than twenty years. Of her unselfishness and wonderful skill in this kind of labour it is almost impossible to speak too highly. She never accepted a farthing for her services. In her sixtieth year she paid a visit to India, in order to inquire into what was being done for the education of women, the rescue and reform of children, and prison discipline, and three times she revisited that country, being received on each occasion with the highest respect and consideration, both by the British authorities and by natives of distinction. Our prison system at home had previously engaged her attention, and she published two volumes in 1864 on the subject, entitled "Our Convicts." After her return from India she published two volumes, entitled "Six Months in India," giving an immense amount of important information and suggestion. It is impossible to do more here than thus to indicate the principal points in a life-work of the rarest kind.

"In the dark deeps, where we can only cry."

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LAPSED, BUT NOT LOST.

A Story of Roman Carthage.

By the AUTHOR of "The Schönberg-Cotta Family."

CHAPTER IX.

"ONE, one throughout the world," Valerian wrote at last from Rome: "one body, one Head, one life. Not one as Rome is one, bound together by iron bands from without; one by a common life from above. And yet in this unity endless diversity; in this fixedness a ceaseless flow.

"It is life, *dilectissimi*, life, which unites the Catholic Church throughout the world; life with its biography, its changes, its growth, its excrescences, its diseases. By the very nature of life incapable of being monotonously alike in all places and periods; by the very nature of life incapable of departing from its One Divine type; as certain that no branch, no leaf, no cluster of its rich grapes will be precisely the same in outline, in colour, in number and size, as it is certain that all its leaves and fruit and branches will be vine-branches, vine leaves, and grapes, and nothing else.

"One King over all the kingdom, beloved; one Father for all the family; one love through all the children.

"And one enemy, a very subtle enemy, ready with his appropriate weapons for every climate and every season, his locusts to devastate, his canker-worms silently to eat away, his mildews and his droughts, and his frosts.

"It gives a glorious sense of the reality of the warfare, as well as of the reality and multitude of the spiritual army, thus to traverse the world.

"Everywhere welcomes have been given me as among kindred. Yet I must also say, in every place where I have stayed long enough I find differences and controversies as at our Carthage, though ranging round various points. At Alexandria the teaching of the great layman, the Catechist Origen, master of the great Catechetical Christian School of Alexandria, has left its mark; for it was as a layman he taught at Alexandria, gathered heathen into the Church, within the sacred boundaries of the Church opened glimpses into worlds wider than any of the Pagan philosophers knew.

"I would have given much to hear that eloquent voice, but it is silenced at Alexandria for ever. Bishop Demetrius resented his preaching as a layman in the churches in Syria, although he had taught as a layman in Alexandria, and the Syrian bishops declared that such use of wise laymen had been customary in their churches from time immemorial.

"To remove the difficulty of lay-preaching, Origen was ordained presbyter in Syria, but this only increased the indignation of Bishop Demetrius, and now Origen is banished from Alexandria, and has even been excommunicated.

"Meantime he works on, it is said, with 'adamantine' unwearied force, and the tradition of his teaching remains here.

"He has kept nobly poor all his life. But he came of a noble race. His father was martyred.

"Origen, then a young boy, wrote to him in prison, 'See that thou change not thy mind for our sakes.'

"His mother had hidden the child's clothes lest he should give himself up to martyrdom.

"The father was beheaded, and the mother left destitute with six children.

"Quite in his youth he had learned so much that he maintained himself by teaching rhetoric and grammar. But he very soon resolved to devote all his intellectual powers to Christianity; he resigned the Grammatical chair which had been his maintenance, sold his books, and lived for years on four oboli a day from the money they made.

"He has devoted himself much to the study of the Holy Scriptures, hunting out manuscripts and collecting and collating them. Great men and women in the empire have sought to learn of him; the empress mother, Mammæa, sent to converse with him, the mother of Alexander Severus. He has made journeys to Syria, to Arabia, to Greece, to Rome, and now, between sixty and seventy, he is working as hard as ever at Cæsarea in Palestine.

"The Holy Scriptures he considers as an unfathomable mine of Divine wisdom, in which we must expect to find difficulties as in the Divine works in nature.

"But one saying reported to me perplexed me: 'Happy are they who have advanced so far as no longer to need the Son of God as the Physician that heals the sick, no longer as the Shepherd, no longer as the Redemption; but who need Him only as the Truth, the Word, the Sanctification, or in

whatever other relation He stands to those whose perfect manhood enables them to comprehend what is most glorious in Him.'

"Surely in this the true meaning and proportion of his words have been missed. Surely the child lives on in the man.' The Shepherd leads not only by the still waters and the ravines of death here, but by the living fountains for ever: on the throne He is the Lamb as it had been slain.

"Let me hear Thee more and more as the glorious Word; but oh let me find Thee, never let me lose Thee, as the Shepherd of the lambs!

"This Alexandrian school, beloved, stands at the opposite extreme from North Africa: wide in hope for all men, penetrating into depths we have never dreamt of in the Sacred Writings, finding threefold mystical interpretations where we scarcely blunder out one clear literal meaning. We seem but to be children beside these wise ones. And yet, and yet, I think these wise ones need the children; the Church at all events needs and has all, for she is a flock and a kingdom, not a mere theosophic school.

"Then in Phrygia the conflicts are of another kind. There, the native country of wild Bacchantes and pagan customs, the birthplace of our Tertullian's Montanism, the ecstatic trances and the prophetic inspiration of women still go on, but for the most part now distinctly outside the Church.

"And here at Rome the combat seems to be, in Roman fashion, chiefly for matters of government, for the authority of the bishop, for a strong organization, compact and forcible enough to confront the world here in the centre of its might.

"Everywhere, indeed, I think the rule and government are becoming stricter. Sometimes it looks to me like a garrison being unconsciously compacted and organized for a siege and an assault; for, tranquil as the world is just now for us, I often remember the fears of our Bishop Cyprian. Behind so slight a grating everywhere, the evil beasts who might be set on us seem to be confined. For the world is very unhappy, beloved, without hope, or patriotism, or loyalty, knowing little of its rulers except their taxes; and many hate us; the poorer pagans frankly and fiercely, as enemies of the gods, whenever a pestilence or a famine comes, and they see the multitudes we have withdrawn from propitiating the gods; the philosophers, mildly but determinedly, as superstitious enemies of the unity and sole dominance of [illegible]

"And who can say when the old rage against us may be let loose?

"In every church there are graves of martyrs, or the more sacred cenotaphs of the burned and devoured. And these, after all, are the sacred hearths where our hearts beat most closely together.

"In Smyrna, at Alexandria, at Tyre, at Lyons and Vienne, and here in Rome, I have talked with aged men and women who, like our grandmother, have witnessed the dying agonies of the confessors.

"And these—Greek, Alexandrian, Gaulish, Latin, Phrygian, Jew, philosophers, advocates for the freedom of speech, firmest adherents to the rights of the episcopate—died, not for philosophy or the doctrine of the Paraclete, or for the episcopate, but for One, for One only, beloved, the Holy One, in whom the whole Catholic Church is one, the Christ, the Saviour, the Son of Man, and Son of God."

In other letters he spoke of the places he saw: the low shores of sandy Alexandria, the rich valley of Nablous-Shechem, where Justin Martyr had lived, and the woman of Samaria, the coasts of the Mediterranean, African, Asiatic, European, fringed everywhere with busy merchant-cities, and every city the seat of a Christian Church and bishopric.

"Wonderful and divine it is," he said, "to find this one heavenly language everywhere, this one name, scarcely known two hundred years ago, finding me a home and kindred in mountain villages in Phrygia, in old Greek cities, on island and mainland, in new colonies on the rivers of far-off Gaul.

"Yet for the most part there are only three languages in use among us; indeed, there are chiefly two. It was a Greek colony which planted the Church in Lyons, and when any of the natives around become Christian they naturally adopt the language of the two great civilised races, as a step to civilisation.

"For Christians cannot remain barbarians.

"What will be done with these Goths pouring in on all sides upon us, we know not yet. Some say this river flows from sources which are inexhaustible, and that the Church will have to heal these bitter waters, which the empire cannot turn nor stem, nor drain away.

"Once on the outer limits of Dacia I came on one of these Gothic camps—a village it professed to be—but their normal condition is warfare, and their normal community is a camp.

"Like us, beloved, like the Church. We

also, if we cease to be a camp at war with evil, soon cease to be a city at unity in itself.

"And sometimes I think we may be called to go forth, camp against camp, the hosts of God against these Gothic hosts.

"For verily they are *men*, these Goths, not slaves or womanish idlers, but men every one of them, from the chief to the lowest.

"And where men are most men, there, I think, Christ the Son of Man might be best followed and the future of the world best worked out.

"All things else seem old and more like oft-repeated echoes,—the new philosophies are echoes of the old, Latin poetry an echo of the Greek, the new Greek but a fainter echo still.

"But the Church is young, Christianity is a living voice, and these Goths are young. And sometimes I think I should like best of all things to renounce all earthly joys and fame, and go forth, poor and unarmed, like the first seventy, among these barbarians, to live and die for them, and win them for the Church and the Christ."

"Valerian among the barbarians!" said Viola. "Banished from us for ever among the wild hordes!"

But Eucharis said, "I have often thought of it. My faithful nurse was a Gothic slave, and through her I learned to think we, even Christians, make the world too small. Often and often, when I hear of these barbarians, as it were battering against the gates of the empire on all sides, I think, 'Poor, lost children of men, outside in the darkness and the cold! they are beating their wings like birds on winter nights against our lighted homes. Let us rise up and welcome them in, and teach them and make them children of God.'"

"But Valerian! that Valerian should be banished from us for ever into that darkness!" said Viola; "he is capable of it," and her eyes filled with tears. "But, of course, you do not know him, nor what the world would be for us without him."

"You might go together," said Eucharis; "the first seventy were sent out two and two."

CHAPTER X.

THE days glided on in happy tranquillity, in the midst of active country work, lit up by that hope of something beyond, which, consciously or unconsciously, is essential to the happiness of our happiest days.

For Valerian was coming home. Any day any of the ships which came in daily from Italy might bring him. Any evening his step might surprise them on the threshold. All the little country festivals of the home-life were delayed as long as possible in the hope that he might share them. All the work about the farm was pressed onward to completion that he might see everything finished and ready.

This was the hope they all spoke of, but underneath to Clement another hope was slowly ripening which he did not speak of to any one, although he had become aware that to him it had changed the light of his life from a sober working daylight into a conscious sunshine, giving vivid light and shadow to every common stone or blade of grass—vivid, yet tranquil as his own nature, as the healthy country life they lived.

For the farm was no luxurious villa, with its little court of fastidious patricians, or lavish wealthy freedmen, revellers crowned and garlanded, supported on the monotonous, hopeless toil of a legion of slaves. It was a place of wholesome, tiring, fruitful work for every member of the household.

Nature was to this Christian family no slave ministering to their luxury. She was a fellow-servant of the one Master, whom they were daily assisting to be liberated from their foes and hers, and to be her highest, most beautiful and best.

No meek manageable creature, indeed, was she, this North African Nature, only a little sluggish or a little wayward, needing here a gentle stirring up to activity, and there a gentle check; no quiet easy beast of burden, as in our sober north, whose worst danger was that she might do nothing. A powerful, wilful, reckless, impetuous Titan, able to lift up all the load humanity could lay upon her, lightly as the sea lifts up a skiff, easily as an elephant would carry a child, and able also with one reckless exertion of the huge power blindly to crush in a moment all the human life that rested on her. Ready to lavish and multiply untold wealth with magical rapidity; ready, unwatched for a brief space, to entangle wildernesses of beauty into jungles of poison and destruction.

Eucharis entered into all this persevering work and victorious conflict with joyous interest.

The common household tasks grew poetical in her hands, simply because she perceived their meaning.

The spinning and the weaving, the drying of the raisins, even the baking of the house-

hold bread, washing in the stream, bleaching the white linen on the slopes, became in her hands as beautiful as any process of Nature which had preceded this human work. At least, Clement thought so. This completing of the work of Nature by dear womanly hands was surely the perfecting of her work.

And Eucharis's hands were the capable hands of the race that had sculptured the Parthenon. It was a mere accident that instead of chiselling gods she should spin flax. The same delicate finish, the same capability was there.

Everything came from her fingers orderly, and finished, and right.

Not that he said anything of this to her or to himself. He only loved to watch the deft movements, and to notice her brief fitting words, or to distinguish the music of her low ringing laughter from all other sounds.

In the evening it had become a custom that the sisters went to the field or the garden where the chief work of the day had gone on, and Clement had found in Eucharis an interested learner and listener to all the simple narratives of the daily toil which made it like a poem.

She said it was as good as an old Greek legend to hear of his labours and conquests. Every irrigating channel in the carefully watered gardens, every cistern where the precious waters were stored, every repaired terrace and levelled field, became as familiar to her as to him.

When they came back sometimes she sang to them Greek songs, or strange wild melodies she had learned from her Gothic nurse; or sometimes the grandmother liked to hear the sweet foreign accent giving out the rugged, powerful words of her great Tertullian.

It was like a nymph leading a lion, Clement thought, by laying her soft hand on his mane.

And so gradually the gentle presence crept like sunlight into every corner of his heart, and he woke up and knew he loved her.

Still his thoughts flowed in the old habitual channels. He did not so much question whether she loved him, as feel sure he would shelter and guard her. He thought of his love as of wings enfolding her, keeping her from all cold and harm for ever, and of her resting in it. He scarcely wanted as yet to know; he had had no reason to think she loved him, except as one of them all; and he thought it would all come naturally to her, as the love of her had come to him. It would grow silently, tranquilly, to be a part of her being, as of his, as his life had grown, as all natural things grow.

And he would not hurry any stage of that blessed growth, any more than he could or would hurry a rose-bud to unfold, or a golden spike of maize to ripen. If he had learned anything from nature, he had learned patience, and surely in this crowning hour of life would be its crowning triumph.

So all things went tranquilly on, until one evening, after the hymn at the lighting of the lamps, Eucharis was singing to them with her lute a wild dirge, which her mother, a Chian, had sung to her as a child, which she had intertwined with a strain of immortal hope.

SWEET IS THE LIGHT.

I.

"'Sweet is the light!' they sang,
First Singers of our race,—
'On each familiar thing,
On each beloved face!
The mighty, conquering light,
Arrowy, keen, and strong!
The dear, familiar light,
Waking the world to song!
Light on the purple seas—
Light in the golden sky;
Sweet is the light!' they sang;
'*And therefore dire to die!*

II.

"'To die! and leave the light,
Shadows among the glooms,
Groping 'mid ghosts of joys
For dawn that never comes;
Far from all homely things,
And all familiar ways;
Whilst o'er us, morn by morn,
Still shine the old glad rays,
Waking the fresh green earth
With songs to greet the sky:
Sweet is the light!' they sang;
'*And therefore dire to die!*'

III.

"'Sweet is the light—all light,
O Fount of light!' we sing,
'On each beloved face,
On each familiar thing!
Thy mighty, probing light,
Keen to part right from wrong!
Thy dear, familiar light,
Waking Thy worlds to song!
Light on Thy crystal sea—
Light in Thy sapphire sky;
Sweet is the light!' we sing;
'*And therefore sweet to die!*

IV.

"'To die! and find the light,
And never lose it more;
Light on life's troubled waves,
Where much was dark before—
The little stormy course
Which tossed us to Thy shore;
Light on the ceaseless storms
Wherein our race is whirled—
The blindness, battles, sins,
And chaos of the world;
Light on Thy countless worlds,
The order through the strife,
The Life that moves the Law,
The Love that moves the Life.
Thy mighty conquering light,
Life-giving, keen, and strong!
Thy kind, familiar light,
Proved step by step so long!
Light in the Father's House,
Holy and homelike glow—
The Home where, one by one,
Our best and dearest go.
Sweet is the light! we sing;
O Light, in Whom we see!
No darkness waiteth us—
No darkness is in Thee.

Sweet is the light, we sing,
Where Thou art known, on high!
Not darkly—Face to face:
Sweet, therefore, sweet to die!"

The rich voice gathered strength as she sang on. They were sitting in a bower of vines close to the house.

All the faces of the little family were turned to her, and all were absorbed as she was, in the singing, when, at the last lines, Clement saw a sudden light irradiate her eyes, and a flush passed over her face, and then the long lashes drooped and the rich voice dropped into tones low and soft as a dream, until the last words seemed to come from afar, as if from another spirit embracing and echoing her own tones.

And then, when they turned to look at what seemed to have moved the singer, they saw Valerian standing in an attitude of rapt listening outside in the moonlight.

There was a rush of joyous welcome.

Why did Clement feel it as a shock of cold, rather than, like all the rest, as a flash of light?

No one loved Valerian better then he did.

Why did his eyes perpetually wander with a solicitous questioning to Eucharis, and never meet her eyes?

Her eyes did not seem to rest on any one that evening. A veil seemed to have fallen over her, a gossamer veil, transparent as a light mist, but impenetrable; such a mist as that in which the goddesses and the nymphs in the old legends were wont to vanish from human sight.

CHAPTER XI.

And so it was that they found each other, these two, and an impenetrable veil had, indeed, fallen between Eucharis and all the world, but a veil which enfolded not herself alone.

To her it was but the coming into light of the being Viola had taught her to know so well. To him it was the coming into life of all the goodness and loveliness he had ever dreamed. Sudden it seemed to others; not to them. Only sudden, as all blossoming or gathering is sudden; the moment was but the inevitable momentary result of all the life and growth that had gone before.

All the previous life they had been unconsciously lacking only each other, had unconsciously been making ready for each other. Mysterious, inevitable embrace of hearts which had always been related, which could no more fail to make one harmony when they met, than two voices attuned which have been learning apart two parts of one song.

To Eucharis and Valerian this great love came quite simply and frankly.

On every range of their being they met, in each accidental momentary touch of the hand which, representing as it did the constant enfolding of heart in heart, was a thrill of joy, in the mental travelling to all the far-off places and races which became near to them through their nearness to each other; in the old Greek poetry which lived for them with intense life through the overflow of their own.

Viola listened and wondered, and loved them both enough to delight in their happiness.

Every season seemed to coexist for them in this paradise of their affection. The flowers and trees, the little dancing waves on the sandy shore, the very shells and pebbles, were familiar and precious to them as when they were children, in this singing, and dancing, and blossoming of their hearts.

Childhood with its exuberant simplicity of joy seemed theirs, and yet a sudden ripening of comprehension, as if they had learned the secret of the language of all creatures, and had glimpses of fresh meanings in the world, such as are otherwise opened by the still air of age, or death.

And Clement saw, and bowed, and renounced, and thanked God that no one knew his anguish. He saw the gentle, tranquil being he had loved, and could, he felt, have shielded and cherished well, suddenly, as it were, endued with wings, and belonging to another element. He saw her soar out of that quiet world where he felt they might have been so blessed, and rise into the sunshine and free air. And he saw she was at home there, and though his whole true heart went after her in one long yearning which he felt would never be stilled, he would not, for the world, have stretched out arms or uttered a cry to draw her back.

The sweet deft, homely, household ways which had so won him, were always there; she was as helpful to him, as interested in all his work as ever, he felt, with a kind of pain. He had nothing to reproach her with; she had in no way changed to him since Valerian came; she was even kinder, franker, more considerate of all his plans and wishes. He fell back on the long habit of his life, the blessed habit of living for others.

Only once or twice his self-control seemed to fail him, when Valerian, in the delight of some work or ramble together, let her be wearied and did not seem to see it.

Clement had never suffered her to do the

least thing on his account that could be a difficulty or pain to her. And yet he knew too well that toil for Valerian was sweeter to her than any care to save her toil from him.

She wrote beautiful Greek characters, clear and firm, as many ladies did in those days; and one evening she came down, pale and with weary eyes, with a delicately finished manuscript in her hand.

Clement felt his indignation rise at the easy courtesy with which Valerian received it from her. He knew indeed that a smile between those two was a volume of thanks. But he had to struggle hard against what seemed a revelation of selfishness in his brother. It flashed on him how they had always contributed to make Valerian the centre; and, now, could it be possible that he might take this priceless creature's love, as but one more jewel to enrich his treasury?

That lurid flash seemed to dart back over the whole past life. What had Valerian done for the family, for others? What had he ever done except what he liked to do? And was this the character and the training to make him worthy to shield and cherish that loving, tender being, whose life was so ready to be poured out in sacrifice and service for all? That night the conflict with himself came to its climax.

So easy he felt it would be for the enemy to gain access to the very citadel by that path, that at that point, with all the force of his will, he set himself to make the defences stronger. Jealousy, hatred even of his brother, cruel insight into his worst, cruel misapprehension of his best, might enter at that gate, and (so God help him) it never should. For if Valerian had been self-centred, if the worst were true, now, at all events, he loved; and love—the constant, tried love of married life—would be the surest melting and opening of his heart. Clement resolved that night that the sooner the consecration of Christian marriage gathered this love up into itself, the every-day details of mutual help and sacrifice, and the joys and cares of home-life clustered around it, the sooner would all its hallowing depths be unsealed to Valerian.

Down for ever from his visions of a bliss of his own he came to the old life-long quiet work of caring for all.

The next day the betrothal was arranged and the marriage was fixed.

And every one thought it a marvellous self-sacrifice that Clement insisted on giving up the best part of the house he had raised from its ruins to Valerian and his bride, and going to live apart in a little cottage among his vineyards.

But Clement knew that the sacrifice was not there.

CHAPTER XII.

They were married in the little chapel in the Catacombs, on the Natalitia of Perpetua and Felicitas.

The garlands and hymns, and all the festive commemoration of the martyrs seemed to enfold them with love and promise.

"It seems," Eucharis said to Justa and Viola, as they were arranging her simple white bridal robe, "as if the Church is to us as our mother, we whose mothers and fathers have been taken to her rest above. She gathers us to her bosom and stretches her arms around us, and breathes her benediction over us to-day. I feel as if soft motherly dove's wings were all around me. The Jerusalem, the heavenly, which is free, which is the mother of us all."

They had purposely chosen this day. They felt it good that their joy should be blended with the festivity of all.

Eucharis had especially gathered to her heart those young Carthaginian martyr-mothers.

They came to her in dreams, she said, and she often woke as if she still felt the soft touch of Perpetua's hand on her brow, as it had rested on the dying Felicitas in the arena, and she almost seemed to see the radiant forms floating back into heaven, with another, her own mother, who had left her so long ago.

As they left the cool shade of the little chapel together, Valerian and his bride, once more the two crouching forms of the lapsed husband and wife met his eyes, half hidden as before, in the shadow of the rock.

The mournful sight smote on him like an icy touch, so that it seemed coming out from the coolness of the rock-chapel, not to the glow of the African sun, but to night, and ice, and death.

He glanced hastily at Eucharis, hoping she had not seen, but he saw that her eyes, unconsciously following his, were opened wide with horror, and riveted on the worn, downcast faces, and the dark penitential robes.

She seemed to comprehend it all at once. Viola had often spoken to her of those two, and she, with the milder discipline and freer hopes of her native Church of Rome, had often said she would like to meet them and say some words of love and comfort to them.

And now, seeing them for the first time, in contrast with her own and Valerian's life of joy, all other emotions gathered and flowed forth in one strong irrepressible tide of pity.

With a gentle force which he could not resist she drew Valerian towards them, and kneeling down beside the wife, threw her arms around her, and kissed her cheek and said—

"My sister, fear not. I know you, and grieve for you, and I pity you, and I love you both from my deepest heart. And the pity I feel is as the little flicker through the shade, to the glow, the fire of tender saving pity in the sacred heart of Jesus, of Him you once denied, and hate yourselves that you denied Him, of Him you love and shall love for ever and for ever. For He loveth you. I have seen the picture in our catacombs at Rome. I have seen Him with the lost kid —the kid, not the lamb—on His shoulder. The Church knows Him, and she painted it. And I have heard Him in the sacred Scriptures. And He says, 'If any man speak a word against the Son of Man, it shall be forgiven him.' And He made the angel of the Resurrection call St. Peter by name, became the last words He had heard from Peter's lips were, 'I know Him not.' *Just because of that*, that he might know he was not forgotten, and was forgiven, and be lifted up to say again one day, 'Thou knowest all things. Thou knowest that I love thee.' As you will say—you two beloved," she said, rising, "you two, hand in hand, together, weeping, sobbing at His feet, the blessed tears His hand will wipe away."

And as she spoke, soft and low as her tones were, they were firm and deep as one inspired. And she looked up to heaven, and then down into those sad faces, and the wonderful radiance of her smile embraced them as with a sunbeam.

And for the first time, Valerian saw the eyes of the man lifted up, and gazing on the radiant inspired face, as if he were listening to an angel.

"Are you an angel?" he said at length, with a slow, hollow, difficult utterance, as if imprisoned long in a solitary prison, and disused to human speech.

Then the child came back into her face, and she said—

"No; only a child, only a little child that has felt the arms of our Lord about me, and know Him a little, and am sure of His deathless pity for you, as I am sure that He lives."

"Listen!" she said again, with her fingers on her lips. "I seem to see and hear something behind a veil, a thin little veil that will soon melt away. I seem to see the martyrs, the holy angels, the blessed Mary Mother, and my mother, and beloved ones I knew, those who could see His face, and know what he feels. I seem to see them smiling, a happy, wondrous, innocent smile, like children with a happy secret they must not tell. I seem to see them smiling on you, and about you two, and saying to each other with their heavenly looks, 'There is a surprise for them; they must not know it just yet. The Church below, perhaps, may not tell them. But we know all about it. And in a little while they will know—in a very little while.'"

Then her lip quivered, and she burst into tears and once more enfolded the woman in her arms and kissed her.

And from the poor quivering lips the kiss was returned.

And Eucharis suffered herself to be gently drawn away.

"I have been waiting to see those two so long," she said to Valerian as they went down the woodland path together, "and just to tell them something of this."

He was silent.

She looked with a little tender solicitude in his face.

"That my dove, my pure white dove, should touch with her white wings creatures soiled like these!" he said at last. "I could scarcely bear it."

The large eyes opened with a long gaze of wonder.

"Valerian!" she said, "love! What am I? And if I were radiant and pure and fair as the sinless angels, would it not make me whiter and purer and fairer to the eyes of our Lord than even the angels, to bring one of His own down-trodden and soiled and broken-hearted ones home once more in my arms to Him, once more to be pure and free, and themselves His own? The angels cannot wash the poor travel-soiled feet. Only the Master, theirs and ours, the Master and we, Valerian, the least of us, even we, you, beloved, and even I."

But the shadow of the sterner belief lay heavy on him, and he said—

"What can my dove know of these things? God forbid she should! The Church is the little band of the King on this revolted earth. And we may not tolerate traitors among us.

The Church is the Virgin Bride of the Son of God, and her purity must be guarded, jealously, fiercely guarded, if needful, for Him. You have done or said nothing wrong, beloved," he added, as he saw her wistful eyes downcast and a slight quiver in the parted lips. "Thou hast done and said nothing but what is heavenly and worthy of thee. But we are not in heaven yet."

"No, Valerian!" she said lifting her clear courageous shining eyes full to his. "I have said and done nothing wrong. I am a child, and cannot know what the Church ought to do. But I am His child, and I do know a little what our Lord did, and a little of how He loved. And how could I help telling those two, if no one else would?"

And then, responding to a look of grave anxiety in his face, she added,

"I have not grieved thee, love, to-day?"

"How could it grieve me to see into thy heart?" he replied in a tremulous voice, "since it is mine: if its overflow of pity is like a tide to sweep away mountains of trouble, what is its fulness? What is its fulness for me?"

Clement and Viola had drawn away the rest of the bridal company, on the plea of welcoming the bride at the Farm. And now a joyous procession came out to meet them with songs and flowers wreathed and strewn on the path by the children of the estate, old servants, and friends.

CHAPTER XIII.

CLEMENT was far from all unhappy in his cottage. The blessed habits of life-long self-denial and work brought their daily healing, and the habit of living in other people's lives, bearing their burdens really, so that he had no strength to spend on moaning over his own; the habit of rejoicing in other people's happiness really, so that it brought a positive sunshine into his own heart.

Indeed his life was more tranquil than that in the home he had created for them.

Neither happiness nor sorrow permanently alter character, or even temperament. At least it was so with Valerian, and the existence of a deep satisfying joy in his heart could not take away those ebbings and flowings of the inner tides, which were at once his strength and his weakness, could not prevent the problems of the world and the Church weighing heavily on him.

That his life was doubled in power and joy did not alter the fact of its being lived in the midst of an oppressed and tumultuous world, or save him from often returning from the work of the day in Carthage, with a troubled and furrowed brow.

Nevertheless, his life was, indeed, doubled in power and joy; the child-like simplicity of the faith of Eucharis was to him worth countless convincing arguments against doubt.

To her all had come unquestioned: faith, divine love, human love, marriage. To him nothing came unquestioned. To her religion was fresh air, and life, and daylight. To him it meant conflict and storm, icy heights, unfathomed abysses, rivers of fire.

The faith taught her in childhood, received into the child's heart, had created a life of Christian love around it which made it as unquestionable as her simplest moral instincts, as her own existence.

And this faith was of the most joyous kind. The good Shepherd of her Roman Catacombs, strong in immortal youth, tenderly gathering the lambs, piping to them, feeding the sheep, the Divine Lord who was at once light and music (reconquering the old Apollo-legend), light to mind and heart, by the very touch of the sunbeam, by the very fact of shining, smiting all the heart to harmony with Himself, and, therefore, to all its highest music. The light, which is the life of men, the Shepherd who is the leader and king of men, who knows each one by name, by character, by circumstance; thus it was the Christ had been revealed in the soul of Eucharis.

The Cross rose behind, not in the foreground of her faith, revealing how all the tenderness of this pitiful, pervading love had welled up from depths unfathomable, and how all the gentleness was no mere easy overflow of kindness, but the forbearance and unutterable sympathy of love, stronger than death.

And therefore, when she met Valerian, it seemed to her only the most natural thing in the world, that the choice divinely made for her should suit every in and out of her whole being. Had not the Heavenly Father known both of them all the while, and been leading them to each other through all the unseen paths?

She scarcely so much gave thanks in conscious words, for that supreme blessing, or for others, as looked up instinctively and felt, "This is too good to come from any one but Thee."

The wonder, the horror, the inexplicable mystery was, that all the world, the thirsty, needy, suffering world, still more all the fair and happy creatures in it, should not spring the instant He was revealed to this Fountain of Beauty, and Truth, and Life, and Joy.

That He should have died for our redemption added infinite gratitude to the love; but it was the love the dying proved, it was the holy, glorious, beautiful, loving Being who so loved, that had won her heart.

She as really dwelt in His Presence whatever she did, as a lamb beside the Shepherd. Feeding, playing, lying down by still waters, bathing in them, drinking of them, the conscious sensation of joy pervading each separate act was that He was close, and she was following Him.

She soothed and strengthened Valerian, not so much by going with him into his mists and darkness, though this also she could do, as by keeping out of them in the sunlight, and shining, and being what she was.

For he had misgivings about so many things. Even this marriage, had it been the highest thing God had meant for him? Had he not been summoned to walk on the lonely heights? Had he not descended into flowery paths and missed the best?

For the whole Church, girt perhaps for conflicts unseen but foreseen for her, was pervaded by the ascetic spirit. And yet the golden words of the ascetic Tertullian in describing a Christian marriage were, Valerian felt, fulfilled in his.

"Where are we to find words," he wrote to his wife, "his best-beloved fellow-servant," "to tell the happiness of that marriage which the Church cements, and the oblation confirms, and the benediction signs and seals; which angels carry the news of to heaven, which the Father ratifies?

"What kind of yoke is that of two believers, partakers of one hope, one desire, one discipline, one and the same service? Both are brethren, both fellow-servants, no difference of spirit or of flesh; nay, they are truly two in one flesh. Where the flesh is one, one is the spirit too. Together they pray, together prostrate themselves, together perform their fasts, mutually teaching, mutually exhorting, mutually sustaining. Equally are they both found in the Church of God, equally at the banquet of God, equally in straits, in persecutions, and refreshments. Neither takes aught from the other, neither shuns the other, neither is troublesome to the other. The sick are visited, the indigent relieved with freedom. Alms are given without danger of ensuing torment, sacrifices attended without scruple, daily diligence discharged without impediment. There is no stealthy signing, no trembling greeting, no mute benediction. Between the two echo psalms and hymns, and they mutually challenge each other which shall better chant to their Lord.

"Such things, when Christ sees and hears, He joys. To these He sends His own peace.

"Where two are, there withal is He Himself. Where He is, there the Evil One is not."

For so it was that the loveliest bridal flowers strewn by the ancient Church on marriage, sprang from the clefts of that scarred and rugged African rock.

Happy expeditions there were when, in the cool of the morning, Eucharis and Viola started with the docile white ass of the farm, her panniers laden with raisins, bread, or grapes, figs and dates and flowers, such as the seasons brought, to take to the sick and poor of the Church in the city, bringing all the overflow of the gardens and fields into sick-rooms and hard struggling lives, with the blessed sense of brotherly kindness—a kindness which was the natural due and fruit of a relationship; bringing to the monotonous lives of the aged and the sick the shining of their own beauty and happiness.

Then there were the evenings: the gatherings together in the cool, cloistered inner court, or in the vine-embowered garden, or under the broad shadow of the fig or beech-trees near the little river, or on the breezy heights above the sea, singing and reading, and delicious silences, while the waves, or the rustling leaves, or the whispering grasses, or the murmuring brook, spoke and sang to them.

Occasionally Valerian would give them the story of Virgil, but when he and Eucharis were alone the delight was to climb at once to the glorious old Greek world which was her heritage. No intervening chains of lower ranges hid those grand primeval mountain-tops from them. They dwelt close underneath those fairest and highest heights, and to Eucharis the language was her mother-tongue; the rich harmonies were no foreign acquired music to her; they were familiar from infancy with the sacredness of a mother's voice.

The battle and pilgrimage of life, the unfathomable enigma of the world, its heights and its abysses stretched beneath and above and around them, the Iliad and Odyssey, the story of the Bound Titan and of the doom of the fated dynasties, the world as it glows and glooms, soars and sinks, to the poets who see its heights, depths, and sing them, undisguised, as they are. And as close to them lay the labours of the philosophers,

toiling endlessly at the whence and why; mountains of thought launched into the abysses, yet leaving them unfilled; endless sounding-lines let down, yet leaving them unfathomed; noble upward climbings to peaks still unscaled; one fair bridge after another launched forth to span the chasms, yet never reaching the other side.

All those enterprises and achievements which, ever since, the world has wondered at and followed, and never surpassed; so early did our race, beginning with its noblest intellects, beat its wings against the bars of the cage, which no hand inside can open!

But to them this old Greek literature was no mere study of a fossil-world. The fauna and flora were not extinct, but, though in feebler forms, were perfuming and poisoning the very air they breathed.

Those ancient heights were still haunted ground. The temples were not in ruins nor empty.

The gods were no mere fair shapes to be handled and modelled from; they were still worshipped, their help was still passionately sought; and if powerless to save they were still mighty, through the hands of their worshippers, to destroy.

Oftenest, however, they turned to their own especial treasures of Christian manuscript. They scarcely thought of them as a literature: rather as a precious store of family memorials.

The voice of the Master had scarcely died out of hearing, and the Church was ever on the watch to hear it, and to see His face again.

And meanwhile she was still a beleaguered city, spared from assaults for years together, lately for more than thirty years, but always liable to be roused by alarms of war.

Naturally, her songs were war-songs, her literature for the most part pleadings in defence or attack.

The beauty and art in them came from the inevitable beauty of the minds they flowed from, or of the truths they manifested; the early Christian writings were beautiful as the curves of a boat are beautiful which has to stem the waves, as the curves of a sail are beautiful which has to breast the winds; except, perhaps, during those last thirty years when Origen and the Alexandrians had consciously worked the divine doctrine into a philosophy, and Cyprian had begun to polish the rugged thought of Tertullian into literary form.

But Origen, as the opposite pole of religious thought, was not well known in that North African home. Justin Martyr, Polycarp, Ignatius, the Martyrs of Vienne, Irenæus, the Shepherd of Hermas, the Epistle to Diognetus, were household words.

Legends also from the apocryphal gospels floated in the air, of gates of Hades broken, and wild and grotesque traditions of the infancy of our Lord, attempts to fill up that silence of the Gospels which contains in itself its own priceless lessons.

Every morning before the first meal the sacred bread reserved from the Holy Eucharist was partaken, the first food of each day being in this way they believed a Holy Communion with the Lord, with the Catholic Church, and with each other.

At nine, at mid-day, and at three, such of the family as were within reach gathered for a few prayers and hymns, and at the close of day all were assembled, and the sound of the hymn rang out through the open doors across the quiet gardens.

But dearest of all their manuscript treasures were Greek copies of the Gospel of St. Luke and St. John and of the Apocalypse.

Dear above all, perhaps, the Apocalypse. The glow and gloom, the thunderings and lightnings, the sea of glass mingled with fire, the lake of fire, the doom of the voluptuous city, throned on many waters, like their own Carthage, attracted the fervent African imagination, whilst Eucharis heard in it the harpers with their harps, and saw everywhere the one glorious face of Him they all adored.

CHAPTER XIV.

They were sitting as usual with open doors, after the evening meal, grouped around the grandmother.

And on the old matron's face was a new expression, as she bent over the quaint little human being lying swathed and swaddled like a tiny animated mummy on her knee.

Another little creature, as precisely alike as any two creatures of God's can be, was folded to the heart of Eucharis.

It was two months now since these twin creatures had begun their outlook on the world; and the four dark eyes and the rosy twin lips which were all that were left the little imprisoned beings wherewith to express their small personalities, had already learned and expressed a great deal, and communicated an unutterable amount of delight.

Old words of endearment hovered on the grandmother's lips, and forgotten stores of nursery wisdom and nursery lore. And

Clement had come back to the old home, drawn by the attraction of the helpless little ones.

The anguish so faithfully combated and concealed had not indeed vanished as an unreal dream, it had entered into the depths of his being and enriched and deepened everything within, as all true sorrow, and all true joy, must.

And now through these little creatures, this new Charis and Ion, whose future might reach on so far, all his labours and victories had heirs—had a perpetuity of value which endeared them tenfold.

Every oldest memory of the grandmother's childhood, every newest viné and fig-tree in the gardens had a meaning, and an endurance reaching on through these baby hands to generations yet to be.

These new precious lives were not only the blossom of all the family-life, they deepened all its roots, and gave every possession a solidity which almost lifted it among the things which abide.

Such thoughts passed through Clement's heart as he trained the straggling vine-branch around the porch in which they sate, so calm, so well-rooted, so complete seemed this innocent, hallowed family-life of theirs among the hills.

The last note of the evening hymn had but just died away, the household had but just dispersed. Valerian was late that night, and when he came a cloud was on his brow, which made Eucharis gently lay the baby in her arms on Viola's knee, and go apart with her husband.

When in a few minutes she came back the gravity was as deep on her face as on Valerian's; and, kneeling beside the grandmother, she took her hands and looked imploringly in the strong venerable face.

"You know what it means, mother," she said. "You will help us all."

"Poor helpless hands to help any; fit for little it seems but to fondle thy babes. What threatens us, my child? The Goths you are so tender to, the Numidians? or an insurrection?"

Then, as if the light came suddenly to her from the depths of the young mother's eyes, grave and wide open under the straight smooth brows, she clasped her own hands over her face and murmured—

"A persecution! It has come! It has come at last! From whom? From what quarter?" she added, after a moment's silence. "Perhaps it is only local, only the mob, only some temporary fury of the heathens at Carthage. There have been droughts in some places, and we know the proverb, 'Non pluit Deus, duc ad Christianos.' We could flee! perhaps, even I! Or it might never penetrate to this quiet nook."

"We have tried to help so many," said Viola, taking comfort; "surely no one hates us, or would like to see us suffer."

"There is no fleeing, mother; there is no place whither to flee," said Eucharis. "It is the Emperor that has issued the edict."

Valerian sat silent, but all the little group clustered close around him. He shook his head.

"It is too true. It is the Empire that persecutes, and beyond the Empire is nothing—nothing but the barbarian and the desert."

At that moment the brisk step of Priscus was heard on the threshold.

"I came to warn you," he said. "I heard your evening hymn on the other side of the valley. It is madness at such a time. Any pagan labourer returning from his day's work might hear it and denounce you."

"Denounce us?" said Eucharis. "I thought they would not wait for that. I thought the edict was that every Christian was to repair to the Tribunal to sacrifice, or was to die."

"Of course that is the meaning of the edict—next week at latest. The Emperor Decius is bent on exterminating the Christian Church and religion, nothing less. But you need not surely take this opportunity of proclaiming ostentatiously to the whole world that you are Christians."

"Our every meal, every day, our every act in common proclaims us," said Viola.

"Of course, if you so choose," said Priscus. "Of course the Emperor cannot exterminate the Church. The Emperor is a madman to attempt it. But at the same time, in a combat with madmen, we may have, for a time, to bend to their delusions, for their sakes even more than our own."

"To sacrifice for Cæsar? To deny Christ?" came in different tones from all sides.

"I never suggested such a thing. You have what is more precious to many of the heathen than the torture and death of peaceable fellow-citizens. You have lands and money. I came to suggest that exemption may be purchased. I do not say it should. But since sacrificing for Cæsar means no more even to the intelligent heathen than acknowledging him to be Cæsar; since we know from the highest authority it is lawful to pay tribute, even by an idolatrous coin, to Cæsar"——

"To become *libellatici*," exclaimed Valerian, "to buy a lying certificate that we have sacrificed! It is adding lying to treachery."

"Of course there are two sides to everything," replied Priscus. "For myself, I can do what I please; but when you have other precious lives depending on you—I should have thought—I venture to offer no counsel," he continued, "only I thought it right to give you a friendly warning about the hymn."

And with a brief leave-taking he vanished, returning to the city. Heavy silence fell on the little company when that busy buzzing voice was gone, which seemed to bring with it the buzzing of swarming Carthage.

"Children," said the grandmother, "read from the Apocalypse. Read it through."

And late into the night they sate.

Solemnly, as if fresh from heaven, fell on their hearts the faithful warnings to slumbering and failing churches, the tender bringing into light of the least good thing in the worst.

And then the lifting of the veil of heaven, and the vision of the prismatic light, and the fulness of varied life around the throne.

Then the sweeping outbursts of judgment—the seven trumpets of doom echoing through heaven, the seven vials outpoured.

War, and tumult, and anguish, and wrong, and even in heaven the cry, "Oh Lord, how long?" Strangely, inextricably blended, the thunders and lightnings, the crystal calms, the woes, and the hallelujahs. But at the end, victory and purity, evil overcome with good, the city as a bride, the tree of life for the healing of the nations, the serving day and night, the presence of God itself, the Temple.

"The smoke of her torment shall go up for ever and ever," said Valerian, as they closed. "Every wrong will be avenged."

And Clement almost moaned "Blessed is he that overcometh."

"I saw the Heavenly City, New Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God," said Viola, "prepared as a bride. Every true heart will be satisfied."

"King of kings and Lord of lords," said Justa. "He shall wipe all tears from their eyes."

"They shall see His face," murmured Eucharis.

"Children," the grandmother said, "read me the words I love from 'the master,' and then we will pray."

Viola read—"Old world prayer used to free men from fires and beasts and famine. But how far more operative is Christian prayer! It does not station the angel of dew in midfire, nor muzzle lions. It has no delegated grace to avert a sense of suffering; but it enables those who suffer to endure."

"*For this community is undying.*"

And in this high sense of Christian prayer they prayed together that night, with the Edict of Decius, menacing them in every city of the empire, that unholy Roman empire which was to them the whole world.

PATIENCE.

WERE there no night we could not read the stars,
The heavens would turn into a blinding glare;
Freedom is best seen through the prison bars,
And rough seas make the haven passing fair.

We cannot measure joys but by their loss;
When blessings fade away, we see them then;
Our richest clusters grow around the cross,
And in the night-time angels sing to men.

The seed must first lie buried deep in earth,
Before the lily opens to the sky;
So "light is sown," and gladness has its birth
In the dark deeps where we can only cry.

"Life out of death" is heaven's unwritten law;
Nay it is written in a myriad forms;
The victor's palm grows on the fields of war,
And strength and beauty are the fruit of storms.

Come then, my soul, be brave to do and bear;
Thy life is bruised that it may be more sweet;
The cross will soon be left, the crown we'll wear—
Nay, we will cast it at our Saviour's feet.

And up among the glories never told,
Sweeter than music of the marriage bell,
Our hands will strike the vibrant harp of gold
To the glad song, "He doeth all things well."

HENRY BURTON.

MOUNTAIN SPRINGS.

By the Rev. HUGH MACMILLAN, LL.D.

"He sendeth the springs into the valleys which run among the hills."—Psalm civ. 10.

MY little girl, gazing one day upon the brown freckled ripples of a streamlet, suddenly said to me, "Why does the water *always* run?" This is a question that is apt to puzzle many older minds. It seems a great mystery why hour after hour the stream should continue to flow without any diminution. You sit beside it a whole forenoon and watch a stone in its bed, and you see that the water keeps the same level along its sides. Day after day its voice is as full-toned and its sparkle as bright as ever; and you wonder from what perennial fountain comes the inexhaustible supply. Let us ascend to the source of the stream, and we shall obtain an explanation of the mystery. We pass by the way many beautiful and interesting objects: the Grass of Parnassus whitening the marshy places on either side like autumn snow; the golden saxifrage clothing the boulders with masses of yellow bloom; and the beaded leaves of the sundew glistening among the red moss-tufts, from which they are hardly distinguishable, lying in wait, as it were, like a vegetable spider, with a stealthy look about it, to catch the small black flies upon whose juice it feeds. We leave behind us the heather whose crimson tufts are reflected in the little linns. The last birch, dwarfed to a mere bush, lifts its slender snow-white stem on a grey lichened crag overhanging a tiny waterfall; and the last rowan-tree stands as a sentinel at the uppermost limit of man's domains, and guards them by its spell from all the mystic evils of the desolate waste beyond. We now enter upon a region as free of every trace of man's occupation as the ocean itself. Nature here is not the slave of man, but the face of God. The sweet-scented heath-fern disappears, and soon even the grass itself vanishes, becoming gradually yellower and scantier, until at last the hill-side is covered only with loose stones, grey with lichens, and interspersed with tufts of mosses, among which stray saxifrages and other Alpine flowers appear like the first stars in the pale evening sky. Here we reach the source of the streamlet we have followed so long. It is a hollow in the side of the hill, marked out like an oasis in the desert by the beauty and softness of its verdure as contrasted with the bare desolate aspect of the scenery around. The hollow is filled with great cushions of moss, whose rich and harmonious variety of colouring—one hue blending imperceptibly into another—would delight a painter's eye. At the point where the water struggles clear of its swaddling-bands of vegetation, and bursts into a little rill, and gives its first baby-cry of pleasure, the moss is of the richest and deepest emerald, every leaf being of the most exquisite pellucid texture; farther up it is of a pale yellow and red hue; and at the well-eye, where there is a centre of clear water, it is of the most beautiful and vivid crimson. Forming an outermost circle is a fringe of rushes, sucking the "milk of waters" into their fair luxuriant growth; each wearing its brown flag of a blossom half-mast high, as it were, in sympathy with the pensiveness of the solitude and the sorrowful moaning of the wind. This bright verdure is the creation of the spring. Like a star brightening its own rays, it has spread around it in the arid waste a halo of living loveliness. But beautiful and solid as it looks this mass of verdure is treacherous; it is saturated with the coldest water, and rests upon a basis of the finest mud, and the unwary foot trusting itself on it will sink up to the knee. I know nothing more pleasant and suggestive than to gaze upon the centre of clear water in the midst of this emerald rainbow of Alpine vegetation, translucent as air, welling up with a faintly perceptible motion on its surface from the heart of the rock. It is the pulse of the mountain beating calmly and steadily, as it has done for ages untold, while the rocks around are crumbling into dust, and the vegetation which its waters nourish is decaying, and the mountain itself falling cometh to nought. It is the one thing in nature that is always fresh and young—that has a voice only of perpetual life and gladness—and is therefore the fittest emblem of that immortal joy which Christ creates in the heart that loves him.

We see in the cushions of moss around its source the explanation of the ceaseless flow of the streamlet down in the valley. The moss by its spongy texture imbibes the water until thoroughly saturated, prevents its evaporation, and parts with the excess slowly and gradually. Presenting a surface constantly moist, it attracts the moisture of the clouds and the mists of the cool mountain

tops, on the principle which operates throughout all nature, as well as human economy, that "Whosoever hath to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance." And thus the supply is constantly maintained and dispersed. Nearly all our mountain tops have large spaces covered with dense carpets of moss. On these the snow appears early and lingers late; and during the rest of the year the clouds and mists are constantly distilling their moisture into them. They are therefore thoroughly charged with water, and give rise, wherever the ground forms a sloping hollow, to tiny rills, which drain the mossy sides of the hill, and nourish large quantities of moss along their course; and these in their turn imbibe more moisture from the clouds and mists, and conserve the gathering waters, until at last they acquire some volume, and in well-defined channels flow down to the valley in a series of snowy cascades and sparkling pools. It is interesting to think of the moss being thus the mediator between the weeping clouds and the arid earth, and that each drop of the stream has oozed through the pellucid leaves and trickled from stem to stem of this humble vegetation. The little emerald cup of mountain moss first holds the crystal draught which in its overflowing forms the mighty river. There is something that appeals powerfully to the imagination in this association of one of the grandest objects of nature with one of the humblest and most minute. But it is ever thus in God's administration: the snow-flake leads to the sun, and the spider's thread marks the passage of the star to the astronomer.

Moss serves on our mountains which are below the snow-line the same purpose which the glacier serves on the mountains of other lands that are above the snow-line. They each afford one of the most striking examples of those marvellous adjustments which pervade the whole economy of nature. Without the intervention of the glacier and the moss the moisture that falls on the mountain summits would speedily run off in raging torrents, inundating the plains, scattering over the cultivated fields the barren debris of the mountains, and leaving behind after their subsidence a dry white wilderness of stones and mud. But the moss and the glacier retain the moisture of the clouds, and part with it gradually and safely, allowing it to descend to the plains so gently and continuously that, instead of destroying, it imparts beauty and fertility to the fields. Nothing in nature is more wonderful than the ministry of the glacier. The ocean sends its waters by evaporation to the summits of lofty mountains, where they fall in the form of snow. Summer and winter, that snow remains unmelted; and unless some way were provided for getting rid of the constant accumulation, all the waters of the ocean would in the end be transferred from their bed and piled high upon the mountains. But nature has ordained that the pressure of the snowy mass on the upper parts should force the lower snow down into the valleys, and convert it by regelation into a mass of solid ice. This tongue of ice protrudes far below the limits of perpetual snow, and has a peculiar power of adapting itself to the various contours of the ground over which it passes. It seems to the senses fixed and solid as the everlasting rocks that tower above its flanks—the very type of rigid inflexibility and silent steadfastness. And yet it flows from the higher valleys to the lower ones at a very slow pace indeed, but one that is capable of being measured, being proportioned to the mass of ice and the fall and width of the valley. It comes down into the midst of verdure and fertility, where the most brilliant and delicate flowers bloom in contact with it, and its vast mass withstands, with a diminution comparatively insignificant, the continued action of an almost tropical sun. At last its most advanced front, which almost touches the borders of a fir-wood, reaches a warmer region, and there it melts and forms a full-bodied arrowy stream, which flows on, spreading brightness and verdure along its course, "sowing the dust of continents to be," and finally falling into the distant ocean; thus returning to it the water that had been drawn from it perhaps centuries previously. Nothing seems so utterly wasted as the snowflake that falls on a lofty mountain peak in the heart of a great continent, and yet it finds its way surely to its parent source in the ocean, after having accomplished a blessed ministry of usefulness by the way: a beautiful symbol of the fact that every word fitly spoken, and every good deed wisely done, however obscure the circumstances, will not be thrown away! "For as the rain cometh down, and the snow, from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater; so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." In all nature there is no other example of the peculiar motion of the glacier;

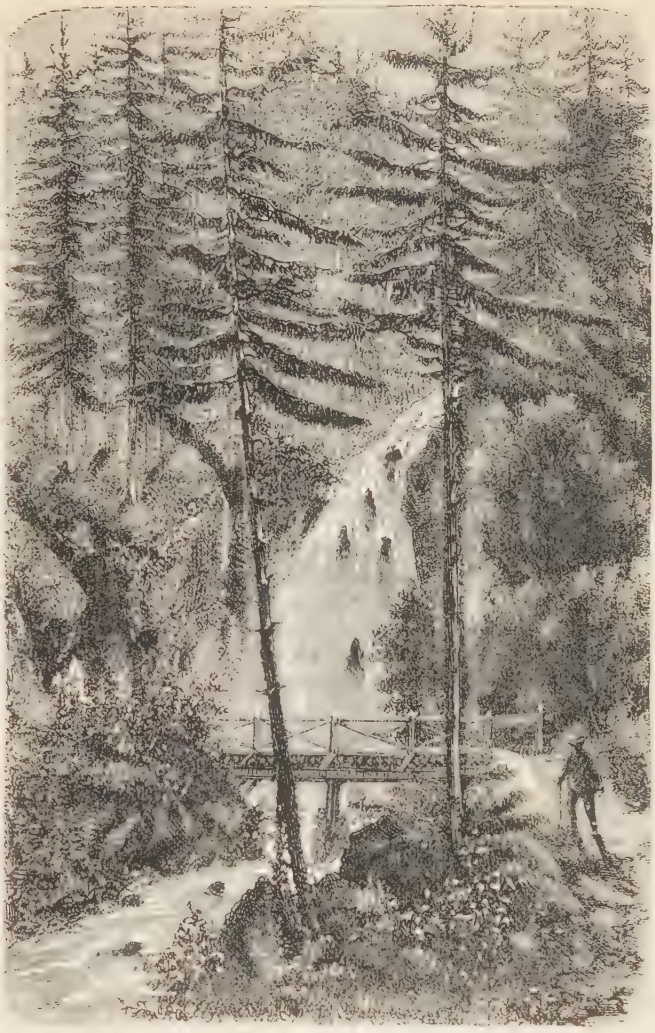
it is the exclusive property of ice, and it is the only motion, slow and gradual enough, without ceasing altogether, to convey the enormous masses of frozen moisture on the mountain summits down into the valleys with safety and benefit. He who divided the waters of the Red Sea, and congealed them into crystal walls on either side, that His people might pass through, suspends on the mountain side the accumulated waters of years in the crystal glacier, and lets them loose by degrees, so that they shall bless instead of ravaging the fields which man inhabits and cultivates. The gentleness of God is most strikingly displayed in the controlling of the tremendous power that is locked up in the icy cataract. It indeed makes us great and happy, when otherwise we might have been crushed or impoverished. God brings about the same result on our smaller mountains by the widely different agency of the lowly moss. The green cushions of the moss carry down into the upland valleys the waters that fall upon the summits in the form best adapted to insure a steady and uniform supply. And how quietly and imperceptibly is this done! The solid waves of the glacier grind their bed to dust, scar and disfigure the face of nature and topple over the crumbling rocks into their abysses with the noise of thunder; but the moss lines the bed of the Alpine rill with a velvet carpet, which protects it from injury, and carries down its purling current with softest tenderness, stealing half the music from the white twinkling feet of the naiads as they pass over it. The water that is frozen into the myriad crystal flowers which make up the structure of the glacier, trickles from leaf to leaf of the living moss; and thus, though the agency of the glacier looks grander, the agency of the moss is grander in reality. The one is mechanical, the other is living; and we know that the smallest living thing is of more consideration than the most enormous masses of dead matter. The still small voice of the living moss is in reality more powerful than the earthquake and the whirlwind of the lifeless glacier. Thus God compensates our springs that run among the hills for their smallness by giving them to us, clear and transparent as the blue heavens themselves, from the tiny goblets of the living moss; whereas the swift streams of other lands are born of the lifeless glacier, and run foul and dark with the wrecks of the mountains. But surely it is a very marvellous link that connects together in the same beneficent task of circulating the vital fluid through the veins of the earth, objects so widely different as a glacier and a moss!

Associated with the glacier and the moss in the formation of the springs that run among the hills, is the tree. The Chinese have a proverb that the grandest rivers are cradled in the leaves of the pine. Trees by the ancients were invested with superstitious ideas as the parents of fountains and streams. Standing on the slopes of the hills they embrace the passing clouds in their arms, and condense them by their cool leaves into water which descends to the ground in drops, and percolating through the moss and grass which the shadowed earth produces, forms the source of springs. Artificial springs may be created among the foldings of the hills by simply digging a hole in the ground, and sheltering it from the sun's rays by planting around it trees and boughs, when the rain that falls will drain towards this hole, and in a short time make it a source of living water. Periodical rains, however abundant they may be, speedily pass away and descend into the valleys with unrestrained violence, doing infinite harm. But the Alpine woods retain the fallen moisture long after the storm has abated, and the surface of the hill is dried up under the scorching sun. The continued existence of moisture in these woods, and the constant evaporation from them, produce a cooler atmosphere, which in its turn attracts and condenses the vapour of the clouds and thus replenishes the springs. When the trees are cut down on the mountains, this wonderful equilibrium of nature is disturbed, and her wise and beneficent arrangements are frustrated. Springs and streams are dried up, the climate rendered hot and arid, and lands once richly cultivated are converted into deserts. Owing to the disforesting of the mountains of Greece, many of the fountains and rivers celebrated by the classic poets have either entirely disappeared or are greatly diminished in size; while regions once covered with rich harvests, vineyards, and olive-groves, are now arid wastes of rock or sand. Italy, lying in the centre of the Mediterranean, between the snows of the Alps and the fires of Vesuvius, was once one of the healthiest and loveliest countries in the world, well watered and cultivated as a garden of the Lord. Notwithstanding the purity of its sky, no country in Europe received so great a quantity of rain water; and properly directed this abundance of moisture nourished the land with the richest beauty and fertility. But the noble forests that once flanked and protected the sides of its great dorsal moun-

tain spine were in course of time recklessly cut down; and now places once healthy, populous, and prosperous, are converted into dry and silent deserts, or into stagnant marshes where the poisonous malaria carries off yearly a large percentage of the population, and leaves the remainder a prey to miserable listlessness and hypochondria. Let but one day's intense heat melt the snow on the Apennines, and the dry white channels that seam the bare mountain sides are filled to overflowing with raging torrents that work inconceivable mischief in the level plains. All the rivers of Italy have this character of capricious violence; and their legacy of destruction to coming generations is due to the gross ignorance or criminal neglect of those who had denuded the mountains of their forest covering. In Palestine the same melancholy state of things may be noticed. When the children of Israel entered into possession of it it amply merited the inspired description given of it, "A land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of plains and mountains." It had an abundance of water, both from natural springs and from the clouds of heaven, in striking contrast to the one uniform supply of a single river in Egypt. But the splendid forests that covered the mountains were cut down during the frequent wars that desolated the country; and in consequence many of the springs and rivers disappeared, and the land became smitten with the curse of barrenness, and was deserted by its inhabitants. Baking and glaring in the burning sun may be seen in many a place the ruins of gardens and homesteads that once formed a beautiful oasis round a living well; and the voice of many a spring that ran rejoicingly among the hills of Lebanon, where the Psalm from which my subject is taken was evidently composed, upon which the eyes of David and Solomon may have gazed in admiration, is now mute, since the cedars that cherished them have been cut down. The traveller now finds comparatively few of the springs and wells, that linked the ages and generations to each other, and around which had gathered all the life and human history of the neighbourhood.

Nor must we omit from this wonderful partnership in the circulation of the vital fluid of the earth, the agency of rocks. Layers of sand alternating with rocky strata imbibe and retain an immense quantity of water, which supplies the source of springs. Ordinary building stones contain a large percentage of moisture. Granite and marble are highly absorbent. Limestone contains two pints of water in every cubic foot, and as it is more pierced and more easily dissolved by the carbonic acid which the rain water holds in solution, it forms the best of all mediums for the formation of springs and wells. Hence the abundance of fountains in the Holy Land, whose geological structure is almost entirely limestone. Even the driest rock has its pores filled with moisture like a sponge. Mountain rocks are thus vast storehouses of water, which husband and equalise the supply, and replenish the springs with unfailing regularity, independently of the varying rainfall. The old miracle is constantly performed in nature; and the rock literally yields out of its flinty sides a living stream, guarded equally from sun and frost, so cool in summer, so warm in winter. Musing upon the wonderful harmony and reciprocity of action that exist between the mountains, the woods, the mosses, and the rock, in the formation of springs and streams, we see a more profound and beautiful meaning in the comparison which the Psalmist makes between the dwelling together of brethren in unity and concord and the dew of heaven, which, falling upon Hermon, the highest summit, waters and refreshes all the land of Israel.

The incessant murmur of the mountain spring in the solitude speaks to the ear of the thoughtful of the wonderful rhythm of the universe. That spring seems the wayward child of uncertain parents, and yet it wells up with every beat of the pulse of nature as it has welled up for thousands of years. As the blood circulates in the body continually, so does the water circulate on the earth. The ocean sends its vapours to the mountain tops; and these vapours in the shape of streams return from the mountain tops to the ocean. The clouds move across the sky and the rivers flow along the earth in search of stable equilibrium. The waters long for rest, for a perpetual level. But this longing is never satisfied; for it is to this restlessness that we owe all the life and beauty and fruitfulness of the earth. Life is only compatible with mutation; and were this mutation to cease universal death would be the result. Not more certainly would life terminate in the body if the pulse ceased to beat, than would the world be locked in everlasting sleep if the pulse of the mountain spring ceased to throb. And how grand is the music of nature's rhythm as she rushes along the "ringing grooves of change," to her unattainable repose. The mountain spring ripples up its crystal waters in rhythmic gushes, like a happy-hearted maiden dancing to the inner music of her own



young heart's delight. The ripples of the river are rhythmical as they flow in the quiet peace of an even and assured course; the waves of the ocean are rhythmical as they chase each other over the bosom of the deep, or break in thunder and foam on the shore. The two great forces that are incessantly employed in building up and pulling down the frame of nature, move to the sound of their own music. Water is everywhere musical as it wears down the mountains into Grecian regularity of outline; fire is everywhere musical as it piles up the mountains into rugged Gothic spires that pierce the heavens. The jet of flame that passes up a tube produces a sound as sweet as the tinkle of the Alpine rill. To this cadence of the whirling world, our own human hearts involuntarily beat time, and this wonderful rhythm of nature is within our own frames. Shall our free-born spirits then strike the one discordant note in this universal harmony? The streams, the winds, the flames, the woods, witness that we only are changed, that not an atom of matter sympathizes with our transgression of the law of our being. Calm and grand as when the morning stars sang together in the morning of creation, Nature moves in her appointed orbits; and her blades of grass, and grains of sand, and drops of water, tell us that we must be brought into concord with the beneficent law which they all obey so steadfastly and

harmoniously or else perish. What nature then does unconsciously and will-lessly let us do consciously and willingly; and learning a lesson even from the humble voice of the mountain spring, let us make the statutes of the Lord our song in the house of our pilgrimage.

Very mysterious seems the origin of a spring as it sparkles up from the bosom of the mountain, from the heart of the rock into the sunshine. It stimulates our imagination. It seems like a new creation in the place. Through what dark fissures, through what fine veins and pores of the earth have its waters trickled to the central reservoir whose overflowing comes up to view, crystal clear and crowned with light? We do not wonder that in ancient times it should be regarded as the local haunt of some divine presence. The sites of the Grecian oracles were always beside springs, whose water gushing up from the dark depths of the earth expressively symbolised the divine voice speaking from the unseen world. And in harmony with the same idea, the Hebrew name of a prophet was derived from the bubbling forth of the waters of a spring, implying that his utterances were the irresistible overflowings of the divine fountain of inspiration in his soul. Beside the well of Sychar, incarnate in human form, in visible manifestation to the eyes of men, was the great Reality to whom all these myths and symbols pointed, who thirsted Himself that He might give us to drink. And if our eyes be purged with spiritual eyesalve, we too shall see beside every spring the True Oracle, the Great Prophet, the Divinity of the waters who "sendeth the springs into the valleys which run among the hills." And as the natural spring stands between the living and the dead, between the sterility of barren hills and desert plains, and the long line of bright green verdure which it creates along its course; so He stands between our souls and spiritual death, between the desolation of sin and the peaceable fruits of righteousness which He enables us to produce, and speaks to us of living waters that flow from the throne of God and the Lamb, in a manner more wonderful and mysterious than the birth of any naiad daughter of the mountain and the sea: "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again: but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

PLEASANT MEMORIES OF UNPLEASANT PLACES.

By the RIVERSIDE VISITOR.

VI.—A BRAND FROM THE BURNING.

AMONG the few pleasanter—if not wholly pleasant—recollections mingling with the many sad and sorrowful ones furnished forth by a daily experience in the unpleasant places which poverty has more especially marked for her own, may certainly be counted those associated with individuals "who have risen" out of the social depths of the extremer forms of poverty; and in some instances from a lower and blacker deep still. In saying this it will perhaps be as well to observe at once that our own recollections in this kind are not connected with any meteoric or sensational rises in the world. We have never known any of those heroes who, starting from poverty's camp with (or without) the legendary half-crown in their pockets, have, so to speak, conquered the great city and made for themselves places among its merchant princes. There of course have been moderns who have risen *à la* Whittington, or "beginning with nothing" have come to be millionaires, and all due honour be to them, and to the munificent deeds of true charity which some of them have done. It is not, however, with such men as these—who are usually thought of when "men who have risen" are spoken about—that our pleasant recollections are associated. It is humbler though, to our thinking, scarcely less satisfactory rises in life that we have witnessed among our own particular poor;—rises which while they take the risen individuals fairly out of poverty's gulf do not place them so far beyond it that their sympathy for those left behind is likely to be chilled or killed by the mere distance; nor yet so far beyond as to leave them altogether insensible to the terrible indraughts gulfwards. And terrible indeed they are! Indraughts against which those who are able to make headway outwards are but as units to the thousands, aye, we may say the tens of thousands, dragged down by them—dragged down to rise no more. A large proportion of the extremest and saddest phases of

poverty is to be found not among those who are native and to the manner born, and from training and experience best qualified to contend with their evil fate; but among the "come-down" class, the class who have known better days, who are haunted by recollections of departed joys, hampered by a sense of shame, and swayed by feelings which prompt them to shrink from all mankind—even those who would pity and help them.

At present, however, we have to deal with a less melancholy theme, and to this we return, proposing to illustrate it by a case in point which has always seemed to us a very noteworthy one. Dennis G——, the story of whose life affords the particular example in question, is a worthy, kindly, and now well-to-do Irishman. In his day Dennis has drained the cup of poverty to the bitterest dregs; and in a great measure through his own fault. He is a reformed as well as a risen man; has struggled upwards not only from poverty, but from that veritable slough of despond that is described in the one word *drink*; that lower depth at which we just now hinted. When we first made his personal acquaintance he was already upon the rise, had "got the turn" of poverty, and the better of the habit that had at any rate added the bitterness of remorse and self-reproach to all the material evils of poverty. For a knowledge of the facts of his earlier history therefore we are indebted to what we have from time to time heard from himself and others. When he was about eight years of age, his parents, following in the wake of friends and relatives of theirs who were held to have "bettered" themselves by the proceeding, left the "ould" country and coming to England settled in the Irish quarter of our district. The parents, a decent, sober couple, readily obtained employment in the market-gardens, and for the three years next following little Dennis was sent to school, where, all things considered, he made fair progress. At the end of that period it was considered that the time had arrived for him to "turn out," and he did so with a will. Sometimes he was engaged in the gardens, sometimes in the firewood sheds, sometimes as assistant to a vendor of "chump" wood, or other itinerant tradesman. In this way, and on an average earning his "keep," he jogged along until he was a well-grown, well-favoured, well-behaved youth of seventeen, when he obtained employment as a regular hand in a large coal wharf in the neighbourhood. In this he regarded himself and was regarded by others as specially fortunate. Few with but his start in life rise above the "cas'alty" class, and especially at so early an age. But, alas for poor Dennis! his good fortune in this instance had a worm in the bud; a worm that was destined to canker so deeply that it turned good into evil, and all but killed the better part of man in him. His fellow labourers at the wharf were men who "took their glass" freely, and regarded inability or unwillingness upon the part of a mate to do likewise, as an evidence of want of manhood or goodfellowship; and at his then age it was but natural that he should be specially ambitious of being esteemed a man and a good fellow. He joined them in their visits to the public-house, and soon the subtle poison that lies in intoxicating drinks "took" upon him very decidedly. He became inoculated with the taste for drink; grew to like it for its own sake. In the course of two or three years he could drink with the best (or worst) of his elder mates, and though, thanks to youth and a strong constitution, he could stand it better than most of them, and was not as yet ranked as a drunkard, he had come to have the reputation of being a public-house man. It was known that he spent his evenings in them, that he was always to be found or heard of at the "Bag o' Nails" or the "Three Porters;" that his name was "good" at both houses, and a running score at each always standing against him—for this was in the days when the publican could still recover a debt for drink "consumed on the premises." Good-natured, easy-going, free-handed, in the matter of "standing treat" Dennis was highly popular in the circles in which he moved. In these circles the knowledge that he was habitually a free-drinker, and even occasionally "got on the spree," was no detriment to him, even in female eyes. When he was three-and-twenty years of age he won to himself for wife a handsome Irish girl, who preferred him to any of the several rival suitors for her hand. In their rank of life it was the usual thing for the wife as well as the husband to work for money, but Dennis, without reproaching those who acted upon this custom, treated it as a custom that would be more honoured in the breach than in the observance. His own arm alone he said should maintain his home, the wife being left free to devote herself undividedly to her wifely duties; and on this principle they got together as bright and comfortable a little home of its kind, as could have been met with in a

summer day's march. But the evil spell of the drink was by this time too strongly upon Dennis to be exorcised by the counter-charms, even of such a home as this. The bad drink continued to do its bad office in the usual manner. The taste for the accursed thing waxed stronger and stronger, while the constitution became proportionately less and less able to bear the effects of frequent intoxication. As the weeks and months rolled on, Dennis's absences from work, either "on the drink" or from the effects of drinking, grew gradually more numerous and lengthy. The consequent loss of pay brought hard pinching at home. The household lost something of its air of brightness and comfort, and the comely face of the wife began to be clouded with care, more especially after a child had been born to them. The spirit of manhood and self-respect with which Dennis had commenced his married life could not withstand the deterioration of character and feeling wrought by the drink. Within three years of his wedding day he saw his wife turn out to work for hire. He had still sufficient good feeling left to experience a sense of shame that it should be so, but he could not say her nay, for he knew that at times she and their child had been short of the commonest necessaries of life. The wife too felt shamed and sorrowful, not at having to work—she could do that with a light heart—but at the causes that led to it.

On Dennis's career for the next few years it would be profitless to dwell—

> "'Twere long to tell and sad to trace
> Each step from comfort to disgrace."

It might all be summed up in a single word—drunkard. He went down hill surely, and not slowly. After cautioning him times innumerable, and suspending him more than once, his employers finally discharged him, and that in the midst of one of the worst "spells" of dull trade that the district had ever known. Men out of work were walking about the streets literally in hundreds. The relieving office was daily besieged by men and women—and especially men—who in ordinary times would have avoided its gates as they would those of a prison or lazar house; and so bitter and wide-spread was the distress that those who have to deal with such convulsions when they arise were seriously apprehensive of bread riots. In such a juncture the chances of a labourer obtaining employment, who had been discharged under the circumstances that Dennis had, were simply *nil*. The whole burden of bread-winning for the family—which by this time included three children—now fell upon the wife. She was willing enough to bear the burden; and, indeed, for years past had borne the greater part of it. Her mother's love gave her strength both to do and to bear. For the sake of her little ones she was willing to live hard, and work hard, and count it no sacrifice so far as they were concerned. But, alas! "'Tis not in mortals to command success," and even a mother's love cannot conquer circumstances. The prevailing dulness had affected her occupation as charwoman. Tradesmen and others in moderately good circumstances, who had formerly been regular employers of this class of day servants, had to give them up or engage them less frequently. Her utmost earnings were not in themselves sufficient to pay rent and keep the proverbial wolf away from the door. To make ends meet furniture and clothing had to be parted with, and the home and children soon began to wear a very miserable appearance. Dennis went out each day looking for work after a fashion. For reasons just referred to he did not find it, but somehow or other he generally managed to obtain drink—and come back "the worse" for it. Returning one evening when the once bright home had been reduced to almost the last degree of desolation, he found his wife laid upon all that was left to them in the way of a bed, and a number of her neighbours, who greeted him with anything but friendly looks, flitting about her. She had been out for a day's work, and by the upsetting of a saucepan of boiling water had been severely scalded about the feet. She had been hurried home in a cab, and then left to fare as best she could with the help of neighbours, most of them nearly as poor as herself. They had applied such remedies as were known to them, and were within their means to obtain; but on the arrival of the husband the woman who was taking the lead in the matter suggested—in decidedly uncomplimentary terms—that he should go for the parish doctor. Though drink had swamped, it had not altogether obliterated his manhood, as after events were destined to show. The idea of having to "trouble the parish" now brought it struggling to the surface. But this very flicker up of his better nature brought the consciousness of his misdeeds so vividly to memory that he felt that it was not for *him* to argue the point, especially under the circumstances, and before the audience of the moment. To use his own phrase, he put his pride in his

pocket, and set out for the relieving office to obtain the necessary medical order. On his road, however, was a public-house at which his name was still "good," and on reaching it he could not resist the temptation to enter. The victim to drink is seldom lacking some form of self-excuse for his indulgence, and on this occasion Dennis had no difficulty in persuading himself that he really required "just a drain" to give him courage to carry out his mission, about which he still felt nervous and shame-faced; the more especially as his own conscience suggested that the order for the doctor would in all probability be accompanied by "a rare jacketing" about his drunkenness and neglect of his family. He would pop in just for a minute, he said to himself, as, after a furtive glance round, he dived through the doorway. But once fairly in the drink-trap and its wretched spell upon him, the "just a drain" became several drains, and the "just a minute" lengthened to an hour and more. At length some chance remark suddenly recalled to his mind the errand upon which he had come out, and he tore himself away, and being by that time in a state of pot-valiancy hastened straight to the relieving office, only to find, however, that the women, impatient at his delay, had in the meantime sent one of their own number and obtained the order. In an instant his drink-given courage vanished. He literally dared not face the storm of women's indignation which he knew would await him if he went home then; so he sneaked back to the public-house, where he remained till closing time, when he was turned out more utterly intoxicated than he had perhaps ever been in his life before.

Hitherto his wife had rather appealed to him to amend than reproached him for his evil way of life, but on this night she received him in a bitter and angry spirit, with words of scorn and contempt. He was past replying—indeed, was in a great measure past understanding; and while she was yet speaking he threw himself on the floor and fell into a heavy, troubled sleep. When, late in the morning, he awoke, he was immediately smitten with a remembrance of the occurrences of the previous day and night. It flashed in upon him swift and searingly as lightning, and, coupled with the material picture presented to his blood-shot eyes, startled and affrighted him as thoroughly as had any of the nightmare-ish visions that had haunted his drunken sleep. On the miserable bed that was little more than a heap of rags, lay his poor wife, her wan and hunger-pinched face now flushed and writhed with physical agony. Over the fireless grate crouched his children, wretchedly ill-clad, and whimpering from sheer hunger; and there—saddest picture of all—was himself, sensible at last of the fulness of his own degradation, seeing himself as others saw him, feeling that his sin had wrought the home misery that met his eyes, turn them where he would. His conscience, long dormant, but never quite dead, was in this instant quickened again; the still small voice was at length making itself heard, and its whisperings were terrible indeed. He feared to meet his wife's gaze, and, rising to his knees, he covered his face with his trembling hands, and groaned aloud in the bitterness of his remorse.

And now the drink-madness came strongly upon him; the old craving for a hair of the dog that had bitten him overnight attacked him with more than common fierceness. How hard a thing it is to overcome this feeling where it has once taken possession, none but those who have fought the battle—we have been assured by those who have fought it successfully—can ever know. For the first time Dennis set himself with true resolution to fight it down; for the first time, too, for long years, he prayed—prayed fervently, appealingly, specifically; prayed for help and strength to cast off the evil that had brought such misery to him and his; to enable him to so resist the devil that he should flee from him.

The wife, though lying with closed eyes, had been awake and listening with a glad heart. All her anger of the night before was forgotten, and in a voice made soft and thrilling with loving sympathy she exclaimed, "Oh! Denny, my man, if you would but give up the dreadful drink, we might be so happy even yet!" His brave wife's love was never more powerful than now.

"I will try; indeed I will," he answered earnestly, "and by God's help and yours I shall hope to succeed: say your prayers for me, do, and I will, if I can."

How fervently she joined him in that prayer may be easily imagined. And their prayer was answered, though it was only time that could prove to them that it was so; for when asking for strength Dennis fully recognised his own weakness, and his penitence was one of humility, having no snug sense of self-satisfaction, or self-assurance in it. His wrestle with his besetting sin on that to-him-ever-memorable morning, we have heard him

say—almost shuddering as he spoke, the lapse of time notwithstanding—was a terrible one. It was the severest he had to undergo, though by no means the only one. From time to time the fierce rage for drink returned upon him, and had to be fought against with mind and body and soul. Being successfully resisted, however, these attacks grew gradually weaker, and at length there came a time when they not only did not recur, but when the sight or smell of intoxicating drink became absolutely loathsome to his physical senses.

On the day upon which he made his first stand against his enemy in the manner just described, he had a sore struggle to pass the public-houses when he went abroad, and a still harder struggle to refuse one or two offers to "treat" him that he met with in the course of the day. But he did overcome the temptation, and when at night he went home perfectly sober, and taking with him unbroken a couple of shillings that he had earned by an odd job that he had been fortunate enough to pick up, his wife's looks of love and thankfulness amply repaid him for the pain his self-conquest had cost him. On each of the three following days his search for work proved fruitless, and, as the wife could not get out, they were reduced to well-nigh desperate straits, in the midst of which, however, they found no small consolation in the reflection that now it was only poverty that they had to contend against. On the fourth day came a favourable turn in the tide of their affairs. Dennis succeeded in obtaining employment which lasted for a fortnight. By its end the wife was able to get about again, and trade was showing symptoms of revival. Both husband and wife began to get a fair share of work in an "in-and-out" way, and though their home was still not all that it might have been, it was vastly more comfortable than it had been for years past. One of the first uses they made of their returning prosperity was to pay off Dennis's drink "shots." The shots were heavy, and their payment entailed correspondingly heavy sacrifice, but these were cheerfully made, wife and husband being fully agreed that the latter should, as far as possible, "come out with clean hands." It took quite three months' hard pinching to complete this piece of work, but at length the last shot was cleared off, the last link in the chain of his former slavery was struck away, and though it left them with just a shilling in hand, Dennis and his wife had never been blither of heart than they were on that day.

A few months later than this came the great turn in the fortunes of the family. The coal merchants from whose employ by reason of his dissipated habits Dennis had been discharged had at one time added the coke to the coal trade, but finding it did not expand to the extent they had anticipated they abandoned it after a short trial. While they had kept it on Dennis had been employed in it, and one morning when he was out looking for work a tradesman, who simply recognised him as the labourer who had been sent to stack a load of coke for him on a former occasion, met him and asked him if he would tell Messrs. —— to send him on another load at once, as he was in a particular hurry for it. Dennis explained that he was no longer in the employ of Messrs. ——, and that they had given up that particular line of business; but he added he could get him the coke if he would trust him with the money to pay for it. Perhaps the tradesman was a good observer of men, and read Dennis's open, honest face aright, or he may merely have been moved by his desire for speedy delivery. At any rate he did trust Dennis with the money, and the latter hastened off with it to the gas works, where he was allowed dealer's profit on the purchase. Then he hired a hand-barrow and took the load to its destination two or three sacks at a time. When he reached home in the evening he found that altogether he had earned seven shillings by the transaction; but this was the slightest part of his gain—he had got hold of an idea in which there was a fortune.

The next day he went canvassing among the dropped coke customers of his former employers, and obtained orders for three or four more loads, for which, on explanation, the gas company gave him credit for the length of time required for delivery. Next he began to work up a connection among smaller purchasers, accumulating their orders till they amounted to a load or two, and then purchasing and distributing them. In the same way he "pushed trade" among the small shopkeepers, who in poor neighbourhoods retail coke in very small quantities. The hand-barrow was soon discarded and a donkey and cart, first hired, and then bought outright; and Dennis's energy and diligence rapidly increasing his business, this humble conveyance was speedily superseded by a pony cart, which in turn gave way to a large and handsome waggon specially constructed for the trade. With this Dennis, when not engaged in delivering larger quantities, set

to work to make a retail "round," carrying scales with him, and supplying customers at their own doors, and with any quantity down to the smallest. When the round was fully established it required a waggon to itself, so a second one was added to Dennis's stock-in-trade, and presently a third. And then came "a big lift!" He obtained the coke contract to a large iron works, and on the principle, we suppose, of nothing succeeding like success, several other such contracts fell one by one into his hands. Finding himself then a wholesale dealer and a capitalist, he —reversing the process of his once employers —added the coal to the coke trade, and in this too was successful; so much so that within twelve years from the to-him-memorable day whereon he sold his first load of coke, he was in a position to lease a large piece of land, and build upon it a handsome dwelling house for himself, commodious coal and coke yards, together with stables, waggon sheds, and a workshop wherein to carry on the very considerable amount of repairing and jobbing necessarily incidental to so extensive an establishment.

As the proprietor of a concern of this magnitude, and more particularly as a *resident* proprietor, Dennis became one of the notabilities of the neighbourhood, and a deservedly popular one, for no man took a warmer interest in the welfare of the district or was kinder to its poor. He stood prosperity well, better perhaps than he had stood adversity. It wrought great thankfulness of spirit in him, but no undue elation. It bred no purse or other false pride in his character, no scorn of poverty, no hardness of heart or thought towards the poor. Kindly by nature, the remembrance of all that he had himself gone through made him wondrously pitiful and long-suffering where the trials or temptations of poverty were concerned. Through all the stages of his upward career he had shown a hand open as the day to melting charity; had soothed sorrow and relieved want. He was wont to say that he didn't mix business with pleasure—the latter being his inclusive phrase for alms-giving, sick visiting, and other like good work—but for all that, what he called waistcoat pocket charity, must in his case have amounted to a pretty fair total in the course of a year. Like all thoroughly and practically acquainted with the poor, he knew that there were often cases over which it did not do to pause even for inquiries; cases in which help to be of any use must be immediate and unquestioning; and he was at once too good and too wise a man to allow the fact of his being occasionally imposed upon, to prevent him from still putting his hand in his pocket in aid of distress that at any rate seemed urgent. After he became a really wealthy man, however, the bulk of his charity was so far systematic that it was given in the shape of subscriptions to recognised institutions—to hospitals, and dispensaries, to soup kitchens, blanket distributing societies, and all manner of relief and accident funds.

Of the schools connected with the religious persuasion to which he belongs, he is a munificent supporter. The children attending them are of the very poorest classes, and it is to Dennis and his still kind, loving wife that they are chiefly indebted for their annual "day in the country"—a day the intense delight of which to these little creatures can only be even imagined by those who have opportunities of seeing what manner of homes they are condemned to live in all the year round. On these days it always seems to us that Dennis shows up at his very best. His waggons and horses —decorated for the occasion—are the vehicles employed to convey the children to the selected spot, and Dennis acts as grand marshal of the procession. With a face happy as that of a child's, at the sight of the happiness he is helping to give, he is hurrying about "here and there and everywhere."

Another occasion on which Dennis shines is that of the yearly "beanfeast" which he gives to his own "hands." He has greatly improved upon the ordinary feast, which merely consists of the men driving to some suburban tavern, dining together, and afterwards partaking of "the social glass"—often not wisely but too well. His "feast" is extended to wives and sweethearts, as well as the hands, and consists of a trip to any sea-side resort the men may select. He specially charters part of a train and takes tickets that will enable any that like to stay over from the Saturday to Monday, and gives a banquet that is set forth "regardless of cost" in respect to everything save intoxicating drinks, which are conspicuous by their entire absence from every provision which Dennis makes for either his own or others' enjoyment.

That Dennis is an earnest worker in the total abstinence cause need scarcely be said, and in this work he is noted for his special tenderness for backsliders. He will plead with but not reproach them; plead with and for them not till seven times, but till seventy, and rejoice exceedingly if at last they are won over.

SUMMER POEMS.

I.

TO THE BLUE GENTIAN ON A HIGH ALP.

By RICHARD GLOVER, M.A., Vicar of St. Luke's, West Holloway.

I.

SWEET eye, so blue,
So soft, so true!
Thou lookest at me lovingly,
As if to say
This toilsome day,
"Cheer up, O traveller, on thy way!"

II.

Blue eye, so clear,
Methinks thy tear
Wells up towards me tenderly
As down I bend;
And straight doth send
Message—"E'en here thou hast a friend!"

II.

Blue eye, so bright,
With Heaven's own light
Mellowed, but beaming cheerily,
Evangelist!
Thou say'st, I wist,
"He cares who made: put trust in Christ!"

IV.

Blue eye, so warm
Midst cold and storm,
I hear thy silent homily—
"Adversity
May compass thee;
His love is constant who loves me!"

V.

Sweet mountain flower,
In trouble's hour,
When I perhaps may wearily
Lie lone and drear
And needing cheer,
I'll think of all thou hast said here.

II.

SUNSHINE.

ARISE and shine! The gold light
Fair morning makes for thee—
A tender and untold light,
Like music on the sea.
Light and music shining
In melodious glory,
A rare and radiant shining
On thy changing story.

To-day the golden sunlight
Is full and broad and strong.
The glory of the One Light
Must overflow in song—
Song that floweth ever,
Sweeter every day;
Song whose echoes never,
Never die away.

How shall the light be clearer
That is so bright to-day?
How shall the hope be dearer
That pours such joyous ray?
We are only waiting
For the answer golden;
What faith is ante-dating
Shall not be withholden.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

III.

NEST-FEEDING.

(For a Child.)

SHADOWED to rest
Callow ones be,
Fearing nought, nest
In your mossed tree.

Spring curtains you;
Leaves glad and bright,
Leaves green and new
Shield you from sight.

Love homeward flies
With all you need;
Love homeward hies
Small bills to feed.

Listen and hear
Rush of swift wings
Near and more near;
Food mother brings.

Love winged her far,
Small ones, to find
Earth-worms that are
Just to your mind.

So, twitterers small,
Soft birdlings, be
Good one and all
In your green tree.

W. C. BENNETT.

JAMES BROOKE, THE WHITE RAJAH.

By the Rev. W. DORLING.

IN the year eighteen hundred and thirty-nine, on the night of the first of August, a yacht belonging to the Royal Yacht Squadron let her anchor fall within sight of the coast of Borneo. She was but 142 tons burthen, and having the advantage of connection with the famous Squadron, she had the privileges of a man-of-war, and carried a white ensign. She had six six-pounders, and a number of swivels, and small arms of all sorts. She had four boats, and provisions for four months. Her crew were almost without exception young and energetic men, capable, it is true, of much self-indulgence, but equally fitted for encountering hardship and submitting to privation. They were nineteen in number, including two boys. There was one man on board, the owner of this memorable vessel, who was bent on an enterprise which was not in its principles new to Englishmen, for such had often been undertaken by the bravest of her sons who had found a home on the ocean wave. This man had then known enough of the difficulty of maintaining discipline on board private ships to make him careful in organizing the new and arduous enterprise which absorbed the devotion of his nature. By careful attention to the wants of his men, and by a generous forbearance in dealing with their faults, he had come, after three years of preparation, to know how to carry out his perilous adventure.

Borneo, called by the natives Bruné, is the largest of what is commonly known as the Malayan group of islands, and may be thought of as at that time composing one nation. The inhabitants belonged to various tribes, and to different degress of civilisation. When the *Royalist* was making her voyage across the China Sea to Borneo, few people knew much of the races which belonged to these islands, and, indeed, but little of the geographical features of the islands themselves. It would seem that countries which had once teemed with human life were now sparsely populated, and in many cases, nearly deserted. Large and interesting tracts of the globe were falling back into barbarism, and had become scenes of cruel anarchy, debasement, and misery. This portion of the Oriental world, which was called the "Eden of the Eastern wave," was desolate with the miseries of never-ending strifes, involving untold sufferings and sorrows. The rivalry for the European control of this island lay between the Dutch and the East India Company. The Dutch had gained the mastery, but their policy had neither developed the national resources of the countries, nor given satisfaction to the islanders. All was in confusion of the most distressing nature. There was a probability at that time that the riches of Sumatra and Borneo were equal to those of Brazil and New Spain; but information concerning the matter was imperfect and unreliable. The British Government was indifferent, and so far as could be expected under the circumstances, the Dutch were having it all their own way. It seemed only fitting and natural that the condition of so many races inhabiting the islands of the Indian Archipelago should excite the philanthropic pity and zeal of Christian folk in other lands: especially of those who were, in our own country, bestowing a zealous attention upon heathen people in various parts of the world. And it was not wonderful that a man of a generous spirit, and an adventurous turn, should conceive a passionate longing to know more of these islanders, and to do what he could for their elevation. It will be interesting to inquire how Mr. James Brooke, the owner of the *Royalist*, had come to cherish such dreams, and to observe how they were realised in after years. The account which has been given by Miss Gertrude L. Jacob, of the "Rajah of Saráwak," in two volumes, published by Messrs. Macmillan, enables us to pursue the story of his life.

James Brooke was the fifth child of the family of Mr. Thomas Brooke of the East India Company's Bengal Civil Service, and was born on April 29, 1803, at Secrole, the European suburb of Benares. Mr. Thomas Brooke was descended from two Lord Mayors of London. When James was twelve years old, he was sent from India to the care of his grandmother at Reigate. Her grandson spoke of her in his later years with affectionate memories. She taught him to care for others. He said to a friend, when he was staying near Reigate in 1865, concerning her, "At dinner time she would sometimes say to me when the pudding came on, 'Now, James, if you like to take it to So-and-so, you may; I will give my share, but you shall do just as you please.'" The Rajah added, "If the pudding were very nice, sometimes I ate it up. She never let me give away the

meat, but pudding was a luxury I might harmlessly forego." The boy seems to have been sent to more than one school, but the grammar-school of Norwich is the only one which left any distinct and lasting impression on the mind and character of the man. The head master of that day was Mr. Edward Valpy, brother of the famous Dr. Valpy of Reading. Dr. Parr, of scholastic fame, was formerly head master, and in Brooke's days the old man used occasionally to visit the school, and sometimes asked holidays for the boys. Brooke, though of great natural intelligence, was not charmed with school life. He was a daring and generous boy. Archdeacon Cox, who was one of his schoolfellows, testified "that at school Brooke never denied a fault with which he was charged if he had committed it, and that it was impossible to make him tell a lie."

In a certain year, the date of which is unknown, when James Brooke returned from his holidays, he found that a very great friend had gone to sea, and seems to have been unable to settle down any longer to his duties. One morning, taking a New Testament from his pocket, he gave it to one of his schoolfellows saying, "Here Sam, here's a keepsake for you. I haven't got anything else, but it is a present from me. I am off." And off he went, never to come back again. His father and mother returning from India, settled down with their children at Coombe Grove, near Bath, and afterwards in the town itself. A daily tutor seems to have been tried for James but with very indifferent success; and when he was just sixteen, he received an ensign's commission in the Bengal Army, which is dated May 11th, 1819. In the autumn he joined his regiment, the sixth native infantry. On November 21st, he gained his lieutenancy. Brooke was some few times in action, and close to Rungpore, in Assam, in 1825, he received a severe wound in his side from a slug which lodged in one lung. He came home, having a wound pension of £70 a year for life. The slug was extracted from his back near the spine. He lived at Bath, and in change and rest found health once more. Fired with the memories which English history records, of gallant adventure in the olden time, and having tasted personally of a little of it in his own life, he resolved to undertake an expedition of a remarkable kind. The barque *Findlay*, by his father's good-will and generosity, was bought at Liverpool, and laden with a mixed cargo for an eastern market.

The sight of the beautiful brig lying like a thing of life upon the water, charmed the imagination of its owner. He had a vision of its voyage towards many a wild scene and unknown land, to be "gazed on by Christian and by heathen; to brave the tempest and enjoy the favouring breeze." He expected to be absent two years, and the parting was sad and affecting. This "schooner-plan," as it was called, did not turn out as he had hoped.

In 1835 his father died. By his will, after provision for his widow, equal shares were divided between all his children, and his son James received thirty thousand pounds. Now therefore he was free to carry out his most adventurous schemes. In March 1836, he was in treaty for a schooner of 142 tons burden, which he proposed should carry him round the world. Her name was the *Royalist*. She became famous in the story of the Rajah's life. First of all he went for a cruise in the Mediterranean, taking with him his nephew, John Brooke Johnson, from Lackington Vicarage. We find him early in 1838 living at Greenwich in order that he might be near London, while not in it. But he was bound as soon as possible for the Indian Archipelago in his little ship the *Royalist*. And on December 16th, 1838, she stood out to sea, and the great adventure was begun. In the latter part of June they reached Rio Janeiro. On March 15th they beat into Table Bay, and in the last week of May anchored at Singapore. In his discipline of the crew Brooke was firm, but tolerant, forbearing, and considerate. We have seen how on the night of the first of August of that same year the *Royalist* approached Borneo. On the following Sunday, August the 4th, Brooke records in his journal, "Performed divine service myself! Manfully overcoming that horror which I have to the sound of my own voice before an audience." By degrees the brave adventurer ingratiated himself into the favour of Muda Hassim, the Rajah of Saráwak, the portion of Borneo to which he had come, and with which he was inclined to open communications. He found, from the first, that he had not only to deal with the Rajah, but with Makato, his minister, a relation of Muda's, who acted as regent during his absence, and was considered of third rank in the kingdom. The country was in a troublesome condition, weakened and devastated by incessant wars. On all the coasts piracy was abundant and defiant. The sovereignty of Muda was of a very weak and questionable description, hardly worthy of the name it

bore. In some expeditions which were undertaken by Muda against his enemies, Brooke rendered him invaluable service, and succeeded in infusing a little English courage into the weak and timid natives. He records in his journal in 1840, that his presence with the native force gave strength to it, even though his men never actually struck a blow. And if victory came, he had confidence that he might stay the bloodshed which always followed native conquests. Indeed, he had told Muda and his officers that if they wished him to remain no barbarism must be committed, and especially that the women and the children must not be fired upon. Brooke had often to endure the inaction and cowardice of these poor people; and yet he saw plainly that their only chances for existence and progress lay in the exercise of courage, and the risk of life and temporary comfort. He was determined not to remain with them, unless they acted vigorously in directions which he considered to be necessary and wise. At last Muda Hassim implored him so earnestly to stay, that he offered Brooke the country of Siniawan and Saráwak,—its government and its trade, if he would only stop, and not desert him. He says that he could have at once accepted the offer, but that he considered a delay was judicious, as he might be suspected of selfish ambition. Saráwak was also in nominal suzerainty to the Sultan of Borneo, the nephew of Muda, and no appointment could be valid without his consent. We may at once add that the sultan's approval was ultimately obtained, and Brooke became the "White Rajah."

From the first Brooke had had it in his heart to do all that lay in his power in contending with the piracy which prevailed in the Eastern seas. In 1811 Sir Stamford Raffles had called the attention of Lord Minto, the Governor-General of India, to the subject. Thirty years had passed away, and seemingly no change had taken place for the better. Piracy was considered an honourable profession for young nobles and needy great men; and Eastern princes encouraged their poor relations to subsist by its means. A Prahu or war-boat could easily be constructed and manned; and the general state of morals amongst the Malays recognised the necessity and glory of this robber trade. There can be no question that the Rajah had it firmly fixed in his mind to do his utmost in uprooting this disgraceful occupation. And to him more than to any other human instrument must be recorded the honour that the *Saráwak Gazette* of February, 1875, says, "Piracy is unknown upon our coast." As we view him undertaking the serious responsibilities of government, we are impressed with the singular nobility of his aims and hopes. To his mother he wrote at this time in the following terms—"My loved mother, I really have excellent hopes that this effort of mine will succeed; and while it ameliorates the condition of the unhappy natives, and tends to the highest promotion of philanthropy, it will secure to me some better means of carrying through these grand objects;—I call them grand objects, for they are so, when we reflect that civilisation, commerce, and religion, may through them be spread over so vast an island as Borneo. They are so grand, that self is quite lost when I consider them; and even failure would be so much better than a non-attempt, that I would willingly sacrifice myself as nearly as the barest prudence will permit."

On the 24th of September, 1841, James Brooke assumed the sovereignty of the people of Saráwak. He expounded his principles to them, and there were great firings and rejoicings. Three days later he wrote to his mother that he had a mind buoyed up with the hopes of doing good. It may be here observed that his affection for his mother was of the deepest and simplest nature. He wrote to her two years after this time in the most affectionate terms. "Nature, and books, and flowers are doubly loved, because I have enjoyed them in your society so often; and now as my morning nosegay is brought me, I revert to you as naturally as though you were near to enjoy them with me . . . The world to me would be a gloomy one without you, and all my reminiscences of the past, all my best affections are centred on you." Remote and strange as this life had become, he cherished simple home affections in the depths of his heart. From Saráwak he wrote after his elevation to its sovereignty;—"I was very glad to hear you had Martha again, for I am sure you will both be more comfortable; and for my part I would rather have a faithful servant about, though he were deaf and blind, than one of the new-fangled race, who change their masters as their masters change their coats. . . . I will send Martha a present when I can afford it! What would she like? A monkey for a pet, or a box full of diamonds, or a ship laden with gold?" It was well that he could keep the old memories green in his heart, for the home life of Saráwak was so strangely different from what it would be in England. Said he, "I

work like a galley slave; I fight like any soldier; the poorest man in England might grumble at my diet; luxuries I have none; necessaries are often deficient. I am separated from civilised life and educated men; months pass without my being able to communicate with home and friends. Every trouble and danger is mine, and the prospect of compensation—bare compensation—distant and uncertain. Could money tempt any man to this? Yet, as I told you before, I am far from discouraged, and I confidently leave my fate, and the fate of this unhappy people in God's hands." He hoped that commerce might spread rapidly and widely in that important island, and that the blessings of civilisation and religion might be carried into unknown regions. He spoke to his mother of the harsh and stern realities of his situation, and recalled the bright days for ever gone when he and she used to wander up and down the garden, and take their sunny walks in the neighbourhood of the old home. We catch sight of him sitting often for quiet and peace in his room in the mountain cottage, reading some interesting or valuable book; for he took pains to furnish himself with good literature which often became the stay and solace of his heart.

In February, 1845, Brooke received intelligence of his temporary appointment by the Foreign Secretary, Lord Aberdeen, as confidential agent in Borneo for the Queen; together with instructions to proceed to Bruné as the bearer of a letter in reply to one from Muda Hassim and the Sultan on the subject of piracy. It was his belief that commerce could only advance by the suppression of piracy; and that severe and decided blows should be struck at some of the piratical communities in order to convince others of their peril. It was his opinion that the little island of Labuan should be occupied as a naval post. He knew well enough that nothing was more difficult than to "establish and maintain a good understanding between ignorant civilised men and ignorant savages." He therefore always insisted upon "a careful and prudent mode of action." Again and again does he seem to have been persuaded to undertake such schemes as would procure him wealth as well as honour. But though it appears that his generosity often endangered his means, he never was tempted by any dazzling proposals. When wealth was at his very feet, he almost scorned to pick it up. There were those who suggested that he might be the richest of British Commoners. He "was content," as he said, "to be poor and indifferently honest." In the following year to that just mentioned, he expressed in a letter to his sister the gratification which he felt at the progress of Saráwak. They were living in perfect security. Crime was infrequent, and he had the prospect of deriving a fair revenue in a short time without distress to the inhabitants. In that same year he passed a law, with the consent of the principal natives, in which it was ruled that all slaves who ran to Saráwak were declared free; and were to be incorporated into the body of enfranchised citizens. On Christmas Eve, Labuan and its adjacent islands became part of the British Empire.

When, in October, 1847, he reached home after nine years' absence, he found himself the object of almost universal and unstinted honour. After little more than three weeks he visited the Queen at Windsor Castle, and was made Knight Commander of the Bath. The freedom of the City of London, and of the Goldsmiths' and Fishmongers' Companies, was bestowed upon him. Several of the principal clubs enrolled him as an honorary member, and Oxford University gave him an LL.D. Nothing pleased him more than the warm welcome which he received from his old schoolfellows. He was also the centre of an effort for promoting a Church of England mission in Saráwak, and before the year closed, two missionaries (including Mr. McDougall, the future Bishop of Labuan), left England for the distant little kingdom. His view of missions altogether precluded the employment of those means which some good people deem necessary for carrying on such work in the heathen world. He would not allow denunciations of other faiths; and considered that time, reason, and patience were the main elements which, in conjunction with a true piety, could alone procure the success which was worth attaining. He believed warmly in the American missionaries, "who," he said, "lived quietly, practised medicine, relieved the distressed, did not dispute or argue, and aimed to educate the children." He wanted "men of reasonable and educated mind, who knew when to speak, and when to be silent, and who held civilisation and education as a means of religion."

In the August of 1847, Sir James Brooke was appointed Governor of Labuan, and Consul-General of Borneo, in addition to his former appointments. And so it had come to pass that the private gentleman who went out in 1838 in his own small yacht, now went forth as an honoured representative of

the nation in one of her Majesty's ships. It was not long before he found abundant work awaiting his attention, and troubles innumerable mingled with its performance. In 1850, the attention of the House of Commons was called by Mr. Hume and Mr. Cobden to what were termed the Borneo massacres; for in July, 1849, severe measures were taken by some of her Majesty's ships against the Sarebus and Sakarrac pirates. It was held that Sir James Brooke had unfairly and cruelly used the opportunities which were placed in his way, in order to extend his own influence and power, at the cost of the Queen's Government, and at the expense of the suffering and death of a large number of the natives of Borneo. It is impossible to enter here into a narrative of the circumstances connected with this painful matter. We think the Rajah was entirely clear of all unfair motives, and that he was never guilty of any conscious cruelty. His policy contemplated a severe treatment of the pirates, in order to put a swift end to what he knew to be a terrible evil and misery. Lord Clarendon, the foreign minister, who was led ultimately to deal with the matter, appears to us to have seriously misunderstood Sir James Brooke and the matter in dispute. An inquiry was finally authorised and carried forward at Singapore, by two gentlemen who were sent thither by the Indian Government. This took place in 1853. It was a long and weary business. The commissioners were divided in their views upon many points; but the final result was unquestionably favourable to Brooke. The charges made against him were in no sense sustained; indeed an opportunity was given for the rendering of testimony as to the nobility of his aims and the splendour of his successes, which might not otherwise have been obtained. But this terrible charge which had in some measure even affected the public sentiment, and which subjected a man with such a keen sense of honour and truth to the heedless attacks of those who did not understand his worth, fretted and depressed his generous and trustful spirit. It is sad to read that the old feeling, the old hope, could never come back. Many years afterward he said—"Ambition has been dead in me since 1853." At the end of it, in writing to a friend, he was able to express the consolation that tens of thousands were peaceful and happy then, who were oppressed and miserable when he first undertook his task. Saráwak was dear to his heart, and never did man devote himself more earnestly to any people, than did Brooke to those savage tribes. From the time he entered upon his great undertaking, he suffered from pecuniary anxieties. With the generosity of an unquestioning self-sacrifice, he embarked his fortune in his lofty enterprise. He desired that the Government would extend a protection to the little kingdom, and thus lend its powerful prestige to those great objects which the Rajah ever set before him. It broke his spirit time after time, when he had to deal with the slowness and caution of governmental action. It was years before a consul was sent to Saráwak, and thus a recognition given of its independence. In the close of 1857 he came home again, and strove by all the means which he and his friends could devise, to do something to strengthen his aims on behalf of his people. It was contemplated to form a Company which should supply money that was greatly needed to develop its resources. It was also proposed by his admirers to present him with a handsome testimonial; for he was not even able to provide a steamer which was badly wanted, to give some further show of power, on behalf of Saráwak in the Eastern Seas. As these efforts were being made, he was stricken with paralysis on the 20th of October, 1858, while staying in the house of his friend Mr. (afterwards Sir Thomas) Fairbairn. From this he in me recovered. A testimonial was presented to him, with a portion of which a small estate was purchased on the edge of Dartmoor at Sheepstor; and there in a very secluded retreat Brooke sought quiet and rest. Two years before, a terrible period of suffering had been endured at Saráwak, when, on the 18th of February, a number of Chinese had attacked the town, murdered some of the Rajah's friends, and burned down most of the houses, including his own; and very nearly succeeded in capturing and killing himself. So that he had had a time of exceeding bitter trial. He grew "weary of the world, weary of evil, weary of weakness." When he was settled at Burrator (the name of his little estate) he wrote—"It is not great events nor great trials which kill; our noble nature resists and spurns them. It is the base wear of petty toil which tells." He lost heart when he thought of public life, and in the bitterness of his soul, spoke of it as false, mean, and corrupt. Conventionalities shocked and disgusted him. In 1860, he was again *en route* at the close of the year for Saráwak. His presence was necessary to aid and guide his nephews and others in carrying on the

government. In the autumn of 1861, he again returned to his native land, and once more sought retirement at Burrator. In 1863, owing to some extent to misunderstandings with Captain Brooke, his nephew and destined successor, he once more went to Saráwak, and after settling another nephew, Mr. Charles Johnson Brooke, in the government, at the close of the year sought his now beloved Burrator. He employed his time in visiting his friends and relations, when not remaining quietly at his adopted retreat. At Christmas, 1866, while occupied in kindly endeavours for the relief and enjoyment of his poorer neighbours, and two or three intimate friends, he was again stricken with paralysis. And though relief came from this also, and yet another Christmas-tide passed over his head,—on Monday, June the 9th, 1868, the last stroke fell on him, and on Wednesday morning, June the 11th, he went to the rest which could not be found on earth.

Some of the roses in his little garden which he had admired on the previous Sunday, were laid on his breast; and his face wore a calm bright look and smile, which reminded those who had known him long of his days of hopefulness and strength. There, beneath a large beech-tree, they laid him in his grave on one of the sunniest days of that long summer of 1868. Few men of our time have proved themselves worthier descendants of the Drakes and Raleighs of by-gone days, who bore true and honest hearts simply and bravely onward until the rest of death released them from their toils and cares together.

GOD'S GIFT OF SUMMER.

By the Rev. S. A. TIPPLE, Author of "Echoes of Spoken Words."

"Thou hast made summer."—Psalm lxxiv. 17.

IT is in the midst of a dolorous psalm that this sentence occurs, like the flash of an unexpected smile through falling tears. The Hebrew writer has been chanting a dirge over the desolation of his country, and the demolition of the national temple by ruthless Chaldean invaders; wailing bitterly that nothing was visible around him in the good land which the Almighty had given them for a possession but the footprints of savage war; and, above all, that the solemn rites of their holy and beautiful house had been put an end to, that both signs and prophets had ceased from among them. It seemed to him, as he looked forth from his hiding-place upon the dark scene of ruin—ruin so extensive and entire—that God had abandoned His people; that their glory and the glory of His worship were gone for ever.

Possibly, it was golden summer time when he sat contemplating in sackcloth the doleful condition of Judea—the time when the sweet woods and vales stood clothed in their richest verdure, and not a cloud flecked the sky—so that the contrast presented between the nation's misery and the laughing brightness of the material creation would help to sharpen and aggravate his pain; and he would have to feel, what most of us have felt occasionally in periods of severe trouble and sorrow, the shock of nature's cold indifference, the undisturbed serenity with which she continues to move on in her circle, utterly heedless of our human vicissitudes, making no pause for us, showing no sympathy. How cruel have appeared to us at seasons her merry bird music and brilliant sunshine! Oh! the hearts that are very heavy, that are slowly breaking just now, while she, without the least regard for their distress, is clapping her hands around them so gladly, and rippling with smiles!

The psalmist, however, does not refer to the glory of the summer complainingly. He is not irritated or vexed because the little hills rejoice on every side in the day of Israel's anguish; on the contrary, the thought of their joyousness is cherished by him; it helps to save him from the despair toward which he was tending, and to inspire him with some comfort and hope. Having already sought to encourage his soul with a recital of the many wonderful deliverances which the Lord had accomplished for His people under former calamities, in former situations of extremity, he now turns to strengthen himself further in God by considering His mighty and gracious providence, in the beautiful arrangement, the abiding order of the physical universe. "The day is Thine, the night also is Thine: Thou hast prepared the light and the sun. Thou hast set all the borders of the earth: Thou hast made summer and winter."

The writer's feeling here was evidently, that the divine power and benevolence displayed

in these constant ordinations, might well be trusted to bring about in due time a revival of the elect nation even from its present apparently hopeless overthrow. While the alternation of day and night, and summer and winter, may have seemed to him an emblem of their chequered history, in which, under the government of heaven, seasons of happy prosperity were followed soon by needful seasons of sorrowful adversity; yet the longest, deepest gloom never failed, and he was sure never would fail, to give place at length to returning clearness and joy. The devout psalmist, at all events, listened to the voices of nature, and found them profitably suggestive; drew from them quickening impressions. Summer, when it came, arrested his thoughts in the way, and whispered divinely to his heart. So then, now that we are once more in the midst of it, let us seek to commune with it, and have it minister to us for our good—for our good as Christian men. We say—we believe—with the Jewish poet, that God has made it, that the ground and source of it lies in His holy energy; that of all this affluent life and beauty, He is the inspiring and shaping force.

Why is it that we are so soothed, and exquisitely touched often, in the presence of nature, when bending over the flowers, or listening to the silence of a soundless noon among the heathery hills, or watching the crimson hues of sunset? What is it that we often feel at such times, moving like a mystic hand upon the soul, and stirring it to quiet tears, or subduing it to awe? Is it not—whether we recognize it or no—is it not the subtle influence of divine broodings there, of the sweetness of the invisible Father breathing there? "Nothing exists except by reason of the spiritual world; every physical fact is the last issue and expression of something spiritual;" and the ultimate spiritual cause is God: He lies hid and pulsing in these glowing splendours and forms of loveliness. The Lord is the smile of the sunshine; that is what melts and thrills us. "Thou hast made summer:" it unfolds and blooms from Thee. Hence it is meant for us; for us to entertain and derive from; for whatever comes hither of Him, comes to minister to us, to contribute in some way or other to our inward help and healing. There is a purpose in all things, a purpose of the great Father in relation to the tuition and the succour of His children, who are here at school under education for eternity; and the recurrence of summer is designed to serve in its degree as a means of grace, no less than the recurrence of our daily duties, burthens, and temptations. If my sorrows are for me, to be embraced, and utilised, and made productive by me, so also are my summers; yet, while when a trial befalls them, or a scripture is presented to them, men are often heard to pray that this trial, or this scripture, may be blessed to them, how seldom is the aspiration cherished that the present summer may be blessed to them—that it may not pass unsanctified!

Let us turn then toward the season of glory which God has sent to us again for our service, and open wide our arms to it, wistful, duly to possess and receive from it. Let us aim and endeavour to have it helpful to us, helpful, as we may be sure that it is intended to be, to the best and brightest within us. Let us accept it, as becometh the gospel of Christ, saying, "Here, in the return of these few months of lavish beauty out of doors, of the glorification of the material landscape—here, is a fresh divine dispensation to me for my profit, which I would fain make the most of, and seek to use and apply."

So we shall feel, that now, for a little while, we must seize every opportunity of going forth from our houses, of bathing freely in the rich sheen and the balmy winds, of plunging into the musical stillness of the country, and submitting our whole being to the scenes and influences of Nature. Now is the time to withdraw somewhat from books and libraries, and from social intercourse, especially from crowds of people in gas-lit drawing-rooms, and to be much through the grass and among the trees; turning our back rather than not upon meetings and men, and separating ourselves for the refreshment and reinvigoration of comparatively lonely converse with the Divine, in the objects and phenomena of the natural world.

I do not subscribe, by any means, to the poet's oft-quoted line,

"God made the country, man the town."

God made both, and the latter is needed for the soul's education and assistance, no less than the former; has its own sanctities, its own sweet uses, its own mighty influences for good. Here too, in the midst of the multitude, we are called to live, and work, and love, to be exercised with conflict and endurance, and to flow with kindly ministries. The town is of God, and is the school of God; but the soul requires change of air, as well as the body, and summer is the time when God invites us to take it; when He seems to say to us,—Now come apart from one another,

"TENDERNESS."

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and be quiet and contemplative in the fields as often as you can, and let me steal upon you, and breathe over you there. As a child of the Great Father, and a disciple of the Lord Jesus, it is my wisdom and my duty, during the present months, to cultivate especially communion with external nature, to court and wait especially upon its ministrations; so shall I be redeeming the time, so availing myself of the means which heaven just now provides—means of promoting and subserving the image of the heavenly within me; and he who in the true filial spirit—awake to the new flood of life and loveliness that has swept over the land, and believing that it is a stream from the fountain of God, sent to aid in lifting him up and bearing him along, to aid in purifying the thoughts of his heart, and in making him more accessible to heavenly inspirations—he who thus casts himself upon the bosom of summer, and commits himself to its influences, will find it rich in holy helpfulness. It is as much a divine institution, in aid of our spiritual life, as is the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, or the ordinance of social worship, only that for the most part, we fail to apply it with the same faith and devoutness. We do not stand still in the midst of it, and are not careful to place ourselves in a meekly receptive attitude towards it. We are too greatly given at this season of the year to dinner-parties and picnics, to the noise and glitter of fashionable marine parades, and all sorts of conventional holiday dissipations; too little given to quiet "at-homes" with nature.

"True, some of us are doomed, perhaps, to long hours in the busy city in the engrossing occupations of commerce, and are only able to escape from it, now and then, for a very brief space; but we have at least the early mornings in which to breathe sweet airs and catch sweet glimpses before the labours of the day begin, and God is calling us at the present time to abridge our hours of sleep for this purpose, that we may not miss altogether the means of grace which He has made ready for us. It is His invitation, His summons, indeed, now to all, to wake and rise early. There is an opportunity of brightening and clearing the mind, and of stimulating healthy and holy emotion, in the tender calm, the vivid freshness of summer dawns, which is not to be had otherwise, in exactly the same kind and degree; and the neglect of which, therefore, seems to me to be culpable, to argue, at all events, an indifferent and ungrateful soul. If you want to make the most of the season which God has given you, as an instrument of benefit to the spirit, through the senses and the body, leave your bed, once and again, to see the flowers open in their order, and to brush with your feet the dew from the grass. It is a Christian duty; for the Christian's duty is to seize earnestly, and to utilize to the full, every divine dispensation.

That you may be more susceptible and impressible to the influences of nature, while the beautiful weather lasts, and the landscape keeps its luxuriance; live also in all things, more simply, more purely. Shake yourself as free as may be, from artificial restrictions and restraints, to which ordinarily perhaps you must be content to be subjected; loosen and relax the conventional swathings, and go forth in childlike liberty and abandonment, in childlike ease and eagerness, to receive and feel. Scientific knowledge is not essential to enable you to enjoy profitable communion with the aspects and scenes of nature. To some who have but little of such knowledge, these are found speaking often most powerfully and intimately. The great thing is to be sincere, pure minded, tender, loving, and to be filled with the spirit of sons, crying "Abba Father;" then, is there always more or less discernment and quick sensibility; then

> "The meanest floweret of the vale,
> The simplest note that swells the gale,
> The common sun, the air, the skies,"

may bring us inward healing or enlargement, and conduct into the open heart soothing or inspiring currents from God.

Young men and maidens, old men and children! He who has conveyed His love to us in Christ, who is revealed to us in Him, as our Father,—as our Father, forgiving us all trespasses, calling us to His eternal glory, and seeking to cleanse and culture us for it, through the various ministrations of our life here on earth,—He has made summer, the summer in the midst of which we are now; and in its airs and odours, in its profusion of living grace and beauty, is passing by, and coming near to us every day, that for a little while we may feel and be thrilled by Him, in these. Let us not lose the opportunity. Let us be heedful to put ourselves in His way. Let us go out again and again, into the dewy morning, into the still soft evening, even as Elijah the prophet went out from his cave on Horeb, and, with listening love and reverence, stand before the Lord. He is there, waiting to speak to us, to impress us, as surely as He is in the truth of Holy Scripture; and waiting there,

to promote in us those pulses of awe and adoration, with that mental chastening and serenity, and happy, healthy calm, which will contribute, at once to prepare us the better, for the discernment and reception of Him in His written word, and to enable us the better, to entertain and accept His discipline in the duties and burthens of common life.

Summer calls us especially to intercourse with external nature; and external nature is one of the channels through which heavenly influences are designed to reach the soul.

PHILIP AND THE EUNUCH.

PHILIP, waking from his slumber, hears a heavenly whisper say,
"Rise and get thee to the desert, tarry there beside the way."
Quickly Philip, undisputing, does the Angel's bidding, yet
Marvels how the desert may be water for his Gospel net.
At his post the earnest watcher has not long to wait and stand,
'Ere a chariot comes beside him, rolling in a cloud of sand;
In it sits a dusky Gentile, with a high and lordly mien,
One who was the treasure-keeper of an Ethiopian queen;
One who seeks for peace of spirit, as the chariot rolls along,
In the bright and mystic mazes of Isaiah's sacred song.
Then upon the rolling chariot eager Philip lays his hand,
And he says, "The words thou readest, hast thou skill to understand?"
"How can I discern the meaning, with no guide to make it clear?
If my darkness thou canst lighten, come and sit beside me here."
God had led the ardent seeker to that field of Holy Writ,
Where the Seer thus spake of Jesus, and His Passion's benefit,—
"As the guileless sheep is butchered, so was He to slaughter led,
As the lamb when shorn is silent, so no sound He utterèd."
Harping on this theme of wonder, Philip's scholar fain would know,
Who was the meek injured Father, from whom countless sons should flow.
Then the holy deacon, blazing with true Pentecostal flame,
Preached to him the Name of Jesus, Name surpassing every name;—
"By His birth and circumcision, fasting, stripes, and bleeding brow,
Opened are the gates of glory—all may freely enter now—
There is neither Jew nor Gentile—male nor female—bond nor free——"
"Here is water," cried the Morian, "may I then a Christian be?"
"If thou art a true believer, there is none to say thee nay."
Then the Eunuch's creed is uttered, and the rolling axles stay;
Then into the lustral fountain they descend a little space,
And the alien is folded in his Saviour's sweet embrace.
Spirit-rapt the holy Philip to new toil is called aside,
And the wondering Eunuch travels homeward through the desert wide.
How his heart it burns within him—O what joy his spirit knows—
All around, the dreary vastness seems to blossom as the rose!
Life is now one psalm of gladness, for he is a son and heir:
Has he not a Saviour's pardon? has he not a Father's care?
Has he not unfailing comfort in the Spirit's promised aid?
Happy Eunuch in such treasures—jewels that will never fade.
O convict us of our folly—we have these, have had them long,
Yet we murmur discontented—God assoil us of the wrong!

GEORGE S. OUTRAM.

TENDERNESS.

WE all know what it is to suffer acutely in receiving a kindness. It may be a benefit which we have long waited for, and greatly desired, and it comes to us at last through the hands of a personal friend. But we feel much as the child feels when he gets his long-promised toy, and finds it marked with the prints of soiled fingers.

There are some people who cannot possibly be kind in a graceful manner. They may give us, perhaps, a great deal more than we ever expected to receive; "good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over," may be poured into our bosoms, and the gratitude that ought to be felt refuses to come at our call. We make our acknowledgment, and then go our way, humbled and self-condemned, actually rendered miserable by the very thing we have been longing to obtain.

A little tact, a little tenderness on the part of our benefactor, would have sent us out of his presence rejoicing; but as it is we go home sorrowfully with our gift. If we are wise we shall lay it before the Lord, and ask Him to sanctify it to our use; one touch of His can remove every earth-stain that clings to it, and make it as fresh and fair as if it had come direct from His hand. And then, it may be by slow degrees, we shall lose all unpleasant associations with our blessing, and enjoy it and be thankful for it to our life's end.

It is not, as every one knows, the unpolished people who are always untender. A man may offer us his aid in the worst of English, and yet in the very best of manners. A child may receive high culture, and yet be untrained in that sweet habit of gentleness which is so necessary to the preservation of all pleasant intercourse with his fellows. He may be well-bred in a general way, and be acquainted with all the customs of society, without learning to be tender. It may be questioned whether it is possible to teach tenderness. Difficult it may be, and often is, but a wise and watchful parent will set about the task, hopefully and prayerfully, with little fear of failure.

"I used to pray that my boy might learn to be gentle," said a mother one day. "He was one of those unlucky lads who are always blurting out unpleasant things and making noises out of season. We all suffered more or less from his ruggedness, and sometimes it seemed as if nothing would ever rub down his angles. At last, God Himself took him in hand, and taught him through sorrow. His youngest sister was seized with dangerous illness, and lay for weeks between life and death. It was while she was making slow progress towards recovery that I first noticed the change in Charlie. Great was my surprise when I saw him creeping into the sick-room with a flower for the invalid; and there was something very pathetic in the pains he took to speak softly and keep his boots from creaking. I knew, after that, that it would be all right with my boy."

There are cases—rare cases—in which a parent's training appears to be utterly thrown away; neither precept nor example seems to subdue that natural harshness of manner which will, by-and-by, make enemies right and left. But, even in such instances as these, can we be quite sure that the training was not at fault? On fairly thinking of it, how seldom do we meet with a carefully-instructed boy who does not do credit to his teacher? Let him be quietly and lovingly checked whenever he is without sympathy; let him be warmly praised when the least sign of improvement is seen, and, depend upon it, your thoughtless lad will learn to be in the true sense of the word a gentleman.

Through the Middle Ages it was "our Lady," the mother of Christ, who was, to all classes, the ideal of ladyhood and womanhood. For her sake all women were held in reverence—exaggerated reverence, it is true, but beautiful and ennobling even in its absurdity and excess. And even in these days there are men who carry about with them a certain "knightliness" in their way of dealing with women. They are ready even now to fight for the honour of womanhood; not indeed with lance in rest, but with the fearless word, and the angry countenance, that drives away a backbiting tongue. They cannot sit by and listen tamely while shallow fops prate of their conquests after the manner of their kind. In men of the highest type there always lingers the spirit of those knights of the Golden Shield, who would not permit any one to slander women, "because from them after God comes all the honour that men can acquire."

We may be very sure when we meet with one of these knights of our own day that his chivalry was learnt at his mother's knee. For the sake of that mother, he reverences her sex, refusing to canvass its follies even while he secretly deplores them. It is from a

woman that a boy first receives his impression of womanhood; and that impression, although it may be dimmed by time, can never be entirely effaced. In the bearing of a man towards the lady of his choice, you may often trace the early womanly influence. The habitual courtesy, the nameless graces of manner which bind a girl's heart firmly to her lover, and make her honestly proud of him, nearly always owe their cause to those who watched over his boyhood.

God only knows what many a man would be if it were not for some voice that comes to him out of the past—perhaps out of a grave. Too often it makes the only music that he hears in his life; it keeps alive his faith in old truths, his hope in a bright hereafter. Such a remembered voice is sure to be a woman's—that ot some mother or sister in whose lips was the law of kindness, and who still retains her power—

> "Not only to keep down the base in man,
> But teach high thought, and amiable words,
> And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
> And love of truth, and all that makes a man."

SARAH DOUDNEY.

A PEEP INTO PARADISE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCAMP AND I."

CHAPTER II.—PARADISE IN A BETTER COUNTRY.

> "There's a home for little children
> Above the bright blue sky."

LITTLE Tom lay very quiet that night, and had Polly chosen she might have had what she seldom enjoyed, a peaceful and undisturbed slumber; but she did not choose: she lay as long as possible with her black eyes wide open, picturing to herself what the fields she was to see to-morrow would be like. Yes, she was going to Paradise to-morrow, and she would be able to pick, unhindered by any one, the flowers that never withered. Heaps and heaps of them she could have for the asking. She had only one damper to her joy, and this lay in the fact that the baby was not going too—she felt, even in the midst of her own delight, a little sore and indignant about this. Talk of his not enjoying it! No one ever looked at a flower so admiringly, or with such unfeigned delight as Tom. His small, ugly face grew quite pleasant in its expression as he gazed at the sun-flower.

Oh, if she might only take him with her! For one day she felt sure he would never cry, he would be all smiles, and cooings, and kisses—for one day little Tom would be as happy as the grand babies who drove about in perambulators. Nay, perhaps he would be happier, for those babies, fortunate though they were, were certainly not in Paradise, nor had they found the unwithering flowers; for Polly had seen them herself, more than once, throwing away faded bunches of primroses and violets.

Still Tom was not to come: the gentleman who had been so kind to her was unkind to Tom. This was a damper to Polly's joy, but for herself it was very great.

She lay awake as long as she could, she was too much excited to sleep soundly.

She and Rose had arranged to leave the court together sharp at nine o'clock; but Polly meant to steal away from her step-mother, her father, and the baby, many hours before then. She had no idea of asking permission to go on this pleasure-trip. Well she knew that, though it was the first treat of her whole life, it would be refused her. Monday, too, was of all days the one on which she could least be spared. On this day her step-mother always went out charing, and she had not only to take care of Tom, but to cook her father's dinner, and do her small best towards putting the very poor, and very dirty, home in order. She had no thought of its being wrong to neglect these obvious duties. No one had ever told Polly that anything was right or anything wrong. And Polly knew in her own little way that people did go holidays, and, of course, they neglected duties. So she would get away now before the household was stirring, and then, however angry her step-mother might be, she would have to give up her day's work and stay at home. Polly considered this arrangement, which she had planned for her step-mother, very fair.

It was her turn now to have a bit of fun, and even the knowledge that she was sure to get, as she expressed it, no end of a wallopin' in the evening could scarcely damp her delight.

With the first dawn of the summer morning she stole out of bed, and after kissing the

baby two or three times, and whispering to him under her breath, that he was sure to see lots of flowers that night, she crept out of the room and into the court. Her next care was to go down a back alley where she knew there was a pump, and wash her face and hands as well as she could. Then she wandered about in all the lowest slums near Thomas Court until nine o'clock, when, sharp to the moment, she was at Rose's door.

Now was the time of danger, for if her step-mother, with Tom in her arms, chanced to be near the window, she would be sure to see her, and then good-bye to her promised treat.

No such ill-luck was, however, in store, no voice called her except that of the kind old cabinet-maker, who beckoned her in to present her with an even more splendid sunflower than the last.

"Rose has been telling me about you, my dear," he said, "and how you want to see the unwithering flowers, some day. Well, you ask Jesus, and He'll give you a sight of 'em."

"Jesus is the man I heerd of yesterday, wot stuck h'up fur the little 'uns?" questioned Polly of her companion as they walked together to the appointed meeting-place.

"Yes," answered Rose.

"Well, I'd like to see that 'ere man."

"You can't while you stay in this world, Polly. He doesn't live in this world now."

"Oh! yes he does," replied Polly with some asperity. "Yer dad said he did, and he told me to h'up and ask him fur them posies as'll last."

"He meant you were to pray to Him."

"No, he didn't;" he said, 'Ask.' What h'ever's 'pray?'"

"Oh! dear Polly, I wish I could explain it to you—'tis such a wonderful—wonderful thing. If you say anything as low as possible, quite under your breath even, to Jesus, He'll hear you; though He's far away He'll hear every word you're saying to Him, and if you ask Him for anything, He'll give it to you, if 'tis good for you to have it—that's praying.

"That ain't true, then," said Polly contemptuously. "I knows a fable wen I 'eers it, and that's only a fable, Rose Peter."

"Try it," said Rose, "try it for yourself, and see—'tis no fable—'tis the truest thing in all the world."

She spoke earnestly, her pale cheek growing bright as her name. Polly's bold black eyes, so full the instant before of the very spirit of scepticism, drooped and softened; but she asked no further questions.

It is very hard to say whether at that happy school-feast any one specially noticed Polly. The shabbiest and the poorest-looking little girl there, she might well have been called, had any one singled her out from the group of her companions. She marched with the others, and played with them and ate with them; and having a wonderfully quick ear and voice she joined lustily in the hymn, "Oh! Paradise," quite sure, whatever else she doubted, that she had at last reached Paradise.

Who could blame her for this thought, coming from that squalid court to these green fields under that blue sky? Who that knew what the air and light were in the country on that summer day, and knew also what air and light generally fell on Polly's cheek could blame her?

Fever-defiled and sin-defiled was the atmosphere of Polly's home. No wonder the country seemed like Paradise.

In the flower-gathering way her feats far exceeded her companions. She shortened her play-hours to have a greater number to carry away; for were not these the unwithering flowers, and would they not be a delight to little Tom always? She picked quantities of all sorts and descriptions, and went home in the evening laden.

So happy was she after her wonderful day, and so exultant in the thought of Tom's delight with the flowers, that she forgot all about the "wallopin'" she had reckoned on as a certain and unpleasant wind-up of those bright hours' delight. It was not until she had entered the room and caught sight of her step-mother's face that she suddenly remembered she had played truant and must be punished accordingly.

To her surprise, however, her step-mother took no notice of her. She sat by the fire, crying and wringing her hands, and looking very abject.

Her father was standing up and talking loudly.

"I tell yer, wife, back he shall come, fever or no fever. I won't 'ave it said as a kid o' mine was turned h'out o' doors."

"But Mrs. Hubbard don't mind keeping 'im, John; and 'tis typhus, and they're h'all dyin'. I'm feared o' my life to 'ave him back from that house, and he a-lyin' in the bed wid them little 'uns h'all the day."

"Course he'll catch it, and die too," replied the father; "but he'll die yere—I say *yere*, so fetch 'im."

"I won't then, and that's flat; and 'ef 'ee comes in I'll go h'out."

"Do, if yer 'fraid; but fear or no fear, the

baby shall come 'ome. Stay, I'll go for 'im myself."

As Polly listened to these words her heart beat so loudly, and with so undefined a terror, that she had to lean against the old bedstead to keep herself steady. The flowers fell from her apron to the floor, and for a moment she was really unable to move. After saying the last sentence her father left the room, and then Polly managed to get to her step-mother's side.

"Wot is it?" she asked. The woman, too frightened even to scold, looked up.

"Lay it at yer own door, Polly," she said. "You run away this morning, and I 'ad my work to see arter, and the baby must be looked to, so I tuk 'im in to Mrs. Hubbard's, and now I 'ear they're h'all down in typhus there, and little Sal dead h'already." She paused, but Polly said nothing. "I can't 'old up my 'ead wid fright," continued the woman, "and yer father so mad wid me fur not stayin' in-doors wid 'im, instead of givin' 'im h'out for the day and payin' threepence, which I did, fur the mindin' o' 'im, and now so positive about 'avin' the brat back. Oh! I'm fit to drop wid fright. Course 'ee'll 'ave the fever, and we'll h'all 'ave it, and 'ee'll die, and we'll h'all die. Yes, lay it to yer own door, Polly—you 'ave murdered us h'all!"

"The baby goin' to die?" said Polly.

"Yes, yes, child; and you'd better not touch 'im when 'ee comes in. I'm sure *I* won't, wid a pair o' tongs."

For a moment Polly was silent and motionless, then making a sudden dart forward she gathered together all the flowers she had picked with such pride and exultation, and thrust them, before her step-mother could hinder her, into the midst of a bright little fire which happened to be in the grate. She now felt, as she had never done before, a distinction between right and wrong, and she saw in the flowers the symbol of her wrong-doing.

The pretty blossoms shrivelled, burned, died. The last had gone out in a wreath of flame when the room-door was opened, and her father, carrying the baby, came in. The moment little Tom saw Polly he stretched out his tiny arms, crowed, and smiled.

She gave a cry of delight, and, before any one could prevent her, snatched him from his father and ran away with him into the back bedroom. There, with the baby clasped close to her bosom, she began to breathe freely again.

Oh! what a terrible, terrible fright she had had!

How cruel, how wrong of her step-mother to say that her darling was going to die!

He die! Why, she had never seen him look better in his life!

She repented bitterly now of having, in her impetuosity and despair, burned the unwithering flowers.

But Polly's fiery trial, though also her final deliverance, was at hand.

The trial was this. In a few days the baby sickened, and it was very soon only too manifest that he had taken the fatal fever. The baby was sick, and it was soon, also, plain to all but Polly that he would die. There was no power to resist in that little feeble form, and the fell disease had but to work its own course.

The step-mother, too frightened herself to come near the baby, allowed Polly to have all the nursing, and the child never left him from morning to night; uncomplainingly, and without even showing any symptom of fatigue, she walked about with him, and tried to soothe his unceasing moans. Now and then, at night, her father came in to relieve her for an hour or two; but no one else ever ventured near the dying baby.

Since her happy visit to what she supposed to be Paradise, and her very unhappy return from it, Polly was changed. She had grown quiet and patient; she also had grown thoughtful. Morning, noon, and night, as she paced up and down with the sick child, her mind recurred to the story she had heard at the ragged school—the story of the kind man who had taken the children in his arms. How she wished he would come now and take the baby in his arms!

There was nothing in the world—since he was ill—that little Tom liked so much as being carried about with his head on some one's bosom. She did this for him as much as she could; but she was small and weak, and soon tired. And yet, whenever she put him down, he cried.

Perhaps if Jesus walked about with the baby he would get well.

One night, when very weary with carrying him, she suddenly remembered Rose's few and earnest words on prayer. Rose had said that even if she spoke in a low voice to Jesus He would hear her. She had doubted the possibility of this; but Rose had answered, "Only try, and you will believe." And trouble acted on Polly's scepticism much as trouble acts on older and wiser folks. She would try now; she would put Rose's words to the proof.

"Jesus," she said, "the little 'un's sick. Please, I'm feared he's werry bad indeed, and nothink rests 'im but a-walkin' h'up and down wid 'im, and I'm a willin' to do it, but I'm dead beat. You mind, Jesus, 'ow you tuk them young 'uns in yer arms, and wot I'm a-wantin' is fur you to come and carry this yere baby for awhile."

Surely Polly's prayer—her first prayer too—was not lost; surely it went up to Jesus. And Jesus Himself came down, for as the morning broke the little child grew quiet; his moans ceased; he opened his eyes and smiled at Polly, stretched himself, and died—or rather, Jesus took him.

Yes, the little, neglected baby was in the Good Shepherd's arms.

But Polly, not realising this, was in despair. When they told her that the baby was dead, she rushed, too fearless in her great distress to use any ceremony, right across the court and into the cabinet-maker's room. The sun-flowers were blazing in the window, but Polly turned her back on them.

"Oh, Rose!" she sobbed, addressing the little girl as she ate her breakfast, "I never thought as you'd tell me such a lie as that."

"What is it, Polly?" said Rose, getting up and putting her arms about her—"what is it, dear Polly?"

"The baby's dead!" said Polly.

At this intelligence, broken abruptly—for she had never even heard of his illness—Rose, a tender-hearted child, grew pale, and her eyes filled with tears.

"And there's no such thing as 'pray,'" continued Polly angrily and defiantly; "and wot I've come to say is, as yer shouldn't 'ave telled me such a lie. I b'lieved yer, and last night I prayed to Jesus. I asked Jesus to take the baby in his arms, and soothe 'im a bit, I did. I spoke it big and solemn. He was to carry the baby fur me; but there was no h'answer—'course there warn't. 'Twas h'all a lie, and now the baby's dead."

"But there was an answer," said the little cabinet-maker, getting up and coming forward. "There was an answer, Polly, and I think I never heard of an answer being sent so quick. Why, Jesus has got that baby of yours in His arms now, and is healing him and soothing him and making him well for ever!"

At these words Polly dried her eyes, and looked hard into the cabinet-maker's face.

"That's another lie," she said.

"No, 'tis quite true; Jesus has got little Tom in His arms now."

"It ain't true," repeated Polly; but speaking now more sorrowfully than angrily, "it ain't a bit true more than t'other. The baby's lyin' stiff and dead h'up in the 'ouse yonder."

"The little body of the baby is, my dear, but not his soul. The part of him that loved, and laughed, and was glad—the thing inside him that made him to feel either pain or joy—that part of him Jesus has got. Indeed, my dear, all that is left is just his little cast-off shell. Jesus has got the baby himself."

Whatever words the cabinet-maker used, or however the Spirit of God applied them, it is certain Polly ceased to say they are not true. After a time she said softly under her breath,—

"Little Tom's 'appy, then!"

"Oh! he *is* happy now," continued Peter, "never a sigh, or a tear, or an ache for him again. Why, hark ye, Polly, the baby's in Paradise now, and he sees the unwithering flowers."

"Where I was o' Monday?" exclaimed Polly excitedly.

"No, no, my dear; that was, at best, only an earthly paradise, and the flowers there wither fast enough. Jesus has taken the baby to the heavenly one."

"Then I wish He'd take me," said Polly. "It 'ud seem more fair like if we was both to go. We was h'always together yere. Where's that other Paradise, master?"

For answer the cabinet-maker took her hand, and led her to the door.

"Do you see the blue sky, dear?" he said, pointing upwards. "Well, the baby's taken by Jesus somewhere higher than that. Oh! he's a happy child now; plenty of laughter and smiles for him now—for ever."

"I'm glad," said Polly; "I'm glad as 'ee's larfin'; 'ee never *did* larf much; 'ee was most times a-howlin' and a-screamin', for he warn't at all good tempered, Tom warn't—no, not by no means."

"You loved him best when he was laughing and pleasant, didn't you?"

"I was h'always a-lovin' of 'im, but when he larfed and cooed I was fit to squeeze 'im h'up!"

"He will never cry again now; all that is over."

"Well, I feels real comforted at that."

"You see, Jesus *has* answered your prayer. But now dry your eyes, and come in and have something to eat with Rose."

When her breakfast was over, which the cabinet-maker took care should be good and plentiful, he told Polly something of the life of Jesus—something also of His death, and

a great deal of His love for her and the baby. He used simple words, and the untutored heart of the ignorant child understood them —understood, at least, enough of them to reveal to her a Door standing open by which she might enter into the presence of God.

When she went home at last, she felt quiet, comforted, happy; so comforted and so happy that even the tiny dead body of little Tom could hardly move her to tears. She rightly judged that the baby was more to be rejoiced over than wept for.

Sitting by that small corpse, and marking how quiet and even glad was its expression, she wished more and more to go to the baby to Paradise. She would even die to get to Paradise.

As Jesus had answered her first prayer, would He not her second?

She would try Him.

"Jesus," she said simply, "it 'ud seem good to have us together."

Did the Son of Man, too, think it good? Did the human heart of the God upon the throne read aright the longing of the lonely child?

Yes, He read that longing, and aright; but not quite perhaps as Polly asked Him to read it—still, most surely as was best for her.

Polly was not to die yet; she had a few more years to pass before she could lift Tom in her arms again, and a few more earthly flowers must wither in her grasp; but I know well that God did not really separate her from her darling, and the memory of little Tom was with her in all after years. His going away was an opening of gates through which she had a peep into another paradise, and Tom was there. If the baby in his life was a blessing to her, in his death he was therefore a greater blessing. Through her love of him there had now come into her life a little of the power of a world to come.

Led by many dark paths, through the dim light of many cloudy days, it is certain that henceforth Polly was a seeker after God.

Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? Is there such a difference between the babies—the rich and the poor—after all?

If little Tom could speak to us from Paradise, he would answer "No."

HARTLEIGH TOWERS.

The Story of a Noble Purpose.

By the AUTHOR of "Andrew Gray's Story," &c.

CHAPTER XXVI.—ANOTHER AUGUST DAY IN MURIEL MORGAN'S HOME.

"Oh wilt thou have my cheek, dear,
Drawn closer to thine own?
My cheek is white, my cheek is worn
By many a tear run down.
Now leave a little space, dear,
Lest it should wet thine own."

E. B. Browning.

"Yes, she is better; pulse lower—a decided improvement since yesterday. But remember, nurse, that mass of hair must go at once. Miss Morgan's head must be kept cool. I cannot think why you should persist in neglecting my directions about this," said Dr. Bennett, with some sharpness in his tone, as he went down the steps of Muriel Morgan's home, in Ingrave Square.

Betty Skinner stood holding the handle of the door, listening to him, with furrowed, anxious brow. She seemed about to make some reply, but he hurried away, and then she closed the door, and returned with a slow step across the hall. She paused on the landing, as if she wanted time to think before she took her place again in the room at the end of the long passage. "Weel, weel, I manna keep the bonnie glintin' locks on ae minute langer for the like o' him. My letter was richt direckit, and he micht hae been here gin noo, false callant that he is," she muttered, and then wiping her eyes with her apron, she hurried away to her vigilantly kept post in the sick chamber.

Muriel was lying placidly on her little French bed, with its faded curtains. Her soft violet eyes had a light and depth in them which seemed to belong to the happy summer-time of a year ago. The bright colour on her cheek was more like the glow of health than the feverish flush of an invalid. To all appearance she looked less fragile than she did on that eventful Sunday, when the fall of the old cabinet revealed to her more than her grandfather's scattered treasures, and brought new pain and responsibility into her life. It would take a long time to tell how patient and brave were the efforts she had made through the long summer days since then to release the unhappy old man from his bondage. But, alas! "Dagon" had not yet fallen. Still Muriel went on working, hoping, and praying. Mr. Josiah's health and mind seemed both enfeebled since his illness, and Muriel's loving patience with him was sometimes too much for Betty's smaller stock of the same quality. All the summer through the faithful soul had watched her young mistress with a pitiful protectiveness. All the more pitiful because she felt powerless to defend her from the cruel winds that seemed blighting her young life. At last there came a morning when Jacky sat neglected under his night curtain. The kind fingers which had never before forgotten to place him in his beloved sunshine lay burning and listless on the coverlet. Fever had been haunting the stifling neighbourhood, and Muriel's fragile frame fell an easy prey to it. But the worst seemed over now, Betty felt with a thankful heart, as she seated herself by her patient's side, and took up some of her master's mendings. "Ye'll soon be well again, I'm thinkin'. He says ye're a hantle better the day," she said presently, in a voice gentler than of old.

"Does he?" replied Muriel, with a wearied air, closing her eyes.

A look of trouble stole into Betty's face as she glanced towards her. Bending forward, she touched one of her curls musingly, and then she went on with her sewing.

"Betty, what's the matter?" asked Muriel, looking up presently. "There's something wrong. Has grandpapa been worrying?"

"Weel, he's maybe worryin'. Its mair than likely; but it's Mr. Beamish, nae me. That kind lad has ta'en him oot for a drive."

"I'm so glad! How good Mr. Beamish is!" said Muriel, in her feeble tones. "But what is troubling you, Betty? I know there is something, so you may as well tell me," she added, with a smile.

"Weel, Miss Murral, sin' ye must ken my verra thochts, I was jist wonderin' if it could hurt a boddy muckle to keep on their heids the crop o' hair that the Almichty's gaen them," said Betty, unfolding her trouble, which, to Muriel's relief, appeared purely an abstract one. "Ye min' it's said, the very hairs o' oor heids are a' numbered; that doesna look as if He meant us to clip them aff jist as though they were bits o' string."

"Why, Betty, has anybody been venturing to rob you of your beautiful hair?" asked Muriel, glancing at the glossy raven tresses which shone out from underneath the old-fashioned cap.

"Na, nae body is seekin' my hair. Its mony a day since ony boddy said it was bonnie," replied Betty, in a soft tone, as her thoughts travelled back to the vanished summer evenings, when she felt a passing pride in her one physical beauty, because a pair of blue sailor eyes she loved glanced admiringly on the dark tresses. From some sudden impulse Muriel stretched out her white languid fingers now, and passed them lovingly across the lustreless braids, and when Betty felt the caressing fingers she realised, as she had often done during years which might have been bleak enough for her, that there is still sweetness in human love for hearts that will take what the Father sends.

"Now, my Betty, you must give me the pencil and paper I wanted yesterday," said Muriel, trying to raise herself a little as she spoke. Betty had been dreading this request. She thought she knew to whom this letter was to be written, and she would fain have told her that the one which had been sent for the same eye nearly a week ago remained without response. But there was a pleading look in her sweet young mistress's eyes which she could not bear to see, and she hurried away to fetch the little writing-case.

When, however, Mr. Josiah walked into the room after his drive, the letter was still unwritten. What Betty's nursing discipline had unwillingly consented to, Muriel found that the more inexorable discipline of weakness would not permit. She had wearily pushed aside her writing-case, and lay with folded hands and closed eyes. Betty hoped she was asleep, when suddenly she said in a tone which showed that her mind had been at work all the time, "Betty, if grandpapa comes into my room this afternoon, I would like you to leave us for a little."

"That will I, my dear," replied Betty, promptly; and when her master appeared she felt glad to see that he looked less querulous than usual, and acknowledged that he had enjoyed his drive.

"Ay, well, my dear, it is a pity for you to be lying in this hot room on this fine afternoon," he said, looking into Muriel's face with a puzzled air, for he had never realised the fact of how ill she had been for the past fortnight. "Are you not able to get up yet, girl? Try it, and I'll take you round the square gardens," he added, in his most benevolent tone.

"Thank you, dear grandpapa, but I am hardly able for that; my stupid fingers wont even hold a pen," replied Muriel, with a pleased smile, as she saw her grandfather had really enjoyed his afternoon, and was in his happiest mood.

"It is all the fault of that doctor that Beamish and Betty insisted on getting, it is. You should have allowed me to send for young Carew, Muriel. It was very obstinate of you. He would have had more interest, you see, besides its being a saving," said Mr. Josiah, with an annoyed glance towards Muriel.

"But I do want to see Frank now, grandpapa. I was just trying to write, asking him to come. Will you do it?" she asked, in a feeble voice, turning to look at him with eager eyes.

"Write to Carew? certainly, my dear. What is his address? Dick's office will find him, I suppose," said Mr. Josiah, briskly moving towards the door.

"Yes, grandpapa. But there is something else I want to say before you go," said Muriel, in an anxious tone. "It is something I thought of last night when I was lying awake with this headache I always have," she added, putting her hand to her throbbing forehead, as if to collect her thoughts.

"What is it then, girl? Quick! Some silly love message to that young jackanapes, I'll be bound."

"No, not that exactly, though it is about Frank, in a way," said Muriel, with a sad smile, as she went on. "You remember that packet of letters from my father you allowed me to keep on the Sunday the old cabinet fell?"

Mr. Josiah winced. It was not a circumstance he liked to be reminded of, though Betty frequently did so, and he replied testily now. "Yes, I should think I did. But, girl, don't go fancying that I have money, as that insolent Betty does since she saw those few gold pieces. I'm a poor ruined man, I tell you."

"It was about money I wanted to speak to you, grandpapa," Muriel went on. "Papa talked in one of those letters of money he would leave for me, and I wanted to say that if there is any of it left I should like Frank to have it when I die, you know."

Mr. Josiah's face had been getting darker, but now he ejaculated, "Oh, that's all! Why it was but a trifle poor Edward left, a mere trifle, not worth mentioning. I wouldn't have expected it of you, Muriel, after having brought you up," he said, in his whining tone. "But where are those letters of Ned's? Let me have a look at them," he added more briskly, resolved to have the tell-tale documents in his own keeping.

Muriel was gazing on him with mournful eyes. "They are there, in that drawer. I wish you would read them again, grandpapa, they are such nice letters," she added, eagerly remembering the gentle warning words of the dying son, who felt his father's soul to be in peril. But Mr. Josiah made no reply. Slipping the yellowed bundle of letters into his pocket he shambled away with a satisfied smile.

"The clock's chappit sax and I canna wait a minnit langer," said Betty to herself as she came along the passage to the sick chamber, carrying a large pair of scissors in her hand, with the air of an executioner. "Miss Murral, it maun be done, richt or wrang, though I wad fain hae keepit your bonnie locks on yer heid. But they'll need to be clippit off for coolness, the doctor says."

"Yes, yes, I think he is right, Betty," said Muriel, turning her flushed cheek round with a weary air. Betty stood gazing regretfully at the masses of fair rippling hair that lay shining round her sweet face like a halo. Never had it looked so beautiful before. It was hard, too, that it should go when she was getting better; but her young mistress seemed rather to like the idea, so perhaps her unwillingness had been foolish. The big pair of scissors had not, however, performed the deed of destruction before Mr. Josiah hurried into the room, with an excited air, his spectacles still on his nose.

"Why, girl, what do you think? Just as I had written to Carew, who should walk in but the lad himself! He is down-stairs and wants to come and see you at once. But, Muriel, I just wanted to say to you, don't go mentioning to him about that trifle Ned left," Mr. Josiah added in a lower tone, with a furtive glance towards the retreating Betty. "You will be quite rich enough after you are married—that fool Dick will see to that; and you surely would not take anything from a pauper like me. Hush, girl! here he comes."

Another day passed. Frank was seated beside the little French bed, having taken the place which Betty had vacated in his favour a few minutes before. Muriel looked perhaps less wearied than she had done on the previous evening, but she had a pained look in her eyes as she turned to Frank, saying in a low pitiful tone, "You must not—you promised you would not—speak more of these self-reproachful words, Frank."

"Muriel, it is your kindness, your sweet forgiveness, that overcomes me," replied Frank with a tremor in his voice. "And yet I think I knew during that dreadful walk how it would be. I believe that during its darkest moment I had a hope at the bottom of my heart that you would receive me just as you have done, my Muriel. But you know you must forgive me too if I sometimes cannot help showing that I do not forgive myself," added Frank in a brighter tone as he met Muriel's sweet answering smile. "What was that you were quoting to me last night, Muriel?" he asked presently. "I was almost too broken down to listen at the time. It was something about one's old life being used as a stepping-stone to a better life, wasn't it?"

"Why, Frank, that is from Margaret's beloved 'In Memoriam.' She would be shocked at your not remembering the quotation. It is,

> 'That men may rise on stepping-stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things;'

though I can't think what made it come to me when we were talking last evening. I do not remember things as Margaret does."

"Well, I cannot say I have been poetical lately, either in my reading or my recreations," replied Frank with the disheartened look coming into his face again. "But I think I prefer my misquotation. 'Dead selves' has a gruesome sound; don't you think so? One's old bad life made good, the dear old ties tightened, the sweet old vows renewed—these are going to be my stepping-stones. You are to be my lifter up, my darling," whispered Frank in low loving tones.

There was an eager sad look in Muriel's eyes as they rested on Frank's face, lighted up by this new dawn of hope and love. Her lips parted as if she were about to speak, and then she closed her eyes with an expression of intense weariness.

"I am tiring you. I must give place to Betty again. Worthy soul! she has not had a civil word to fling to me since I came; but I like her all the better for it. Ah, Muriel! to think of your being ill and my not even desiring to know. I don't wonder at Betty's resentment. I must call it into exercise now."

"No, not yet," said Muriel, stretching out her hand. "Dear Frank, it is hard for you that I am so weak and stupid when there is so much I want to say to you. I wish now that I had allowed grandpapa to send for you as he wished to do at first; but I suppose it is all right; perhaps—" and then Muriel paused. She was thinking that possibly it might not have been the same dear loving Frank of her first love, who was holding her

hand now, but the wayward incomprehensible Frank of that terrible visit to Mulberry Park. "Our Father knows best the right time to send things, doesn't He, Frank? He sends them when we really need them, not when we fancy we do," she added musingly.

"I know, Muriel," replied Frank in quick tone. "I used to believe that once, but lately somehow things have seemed all in a jumble. I have evidently helped myself to things in life without thinking whether it was God's way or not. But we must not talk more just now. You must rest, Muriel. Why should we be in such a hurry? We shall have all our lives to talk together, my darling," whispered Frank, tossing the falling wave of hair from his forehead, and looking with a thrill of gladness into the sweet pure face. But again Muriel's eyes rested wistfully on him and her clasp detained him.

"Just one word more. I promise to rest afterwards, and there is something, I would sleep better if I had said. Frank, you must not be vexed, but do you know, what you said just now about helping oneself to things whether God would have us do it or not, is just what you and I did a year ago about our engagement, and your giving up your profession. I know you did not mean that. But, Frank, am I not right?" she added, clasping his hand nervously, for she well remembered how chafed he had been in the old library when she last mentioned that subject. He glanced down at her with a pale face and a vexed air, saying, after a moment's pause—

"Yes, Muriel, there must have been something wrong on my side from the beginning. I do not wonder at your thinking so. But, Muriel, I did love you all through. You do not doubt that I loved you?" he cried in a grieved tone. "Why, life would have seemed nothing to me if you had not promised to marry me that day in the square gardens. Do you remember it, Muriel?"

Muriel smiled. Did he think it possible she could forget it? "No, Frank, I don't doubt that you loved me. But you see what I mean, don't you? I was wayward, too, for I had not learnt to trust God as I have since then," added Muriel, with a quiet firm tone. "I want to tell you about that too. Oh dear! there seems so very much to say," she said with a sigh. "And, Frank, it was out of our waywardness that there came all the trouble about your giving up your chosen life-work for my sake; and if you have been less happy, less good, as you say you have lately, I think that has much to do with it. You must not be vexed with me for saying so. Of course grandpapa wanted it and"——

"Yes, Muriel, I believe you are right. I do not think I faced the thing before. I have been in such a whirl ever since. I think I knew in my heart that your grandfather would not stand out. But good kind Mr. Morgan's offer came, and it seemed a shorter road for my self-will. I do not want to draw back from it now, however, so there's no use of dwelling on the past. I have made the worst of my work till now. It is I who am to blame, not the post in your uncle's office; that is honourable enough. It is not there that my dishonour lies," muttered Frank, as he again bent down his head with a sigh.

"But, Muriel, you must rest. What am I about—allowing you to talk so much!" he said, starting up. "Shall I ring for Betty?"

"Yes, you may, but mind you come back to say good night before you go," said Muriel with a loving smile.

"Ah, but here she comes! Now, Betty, turn me out instantly; your mistress wants rest and sleep," he said smilingly stroking Muriel's beautiful hair which Betty had so struggled to preserve for his coming. But Frank was by no means restored to the favour of that faithful soul, and her swarthy countenance looked grim and surly as she seated herself at her post when Frank left the room.

Muriel's glance followed him as he walked away, and then covering her face with her hands she gave way to a burst of sudden tears. So new a phase was this in her placid young mistress that Betty was not a little alarmed. She stood for some moments silently watching her with a grief-stricken face. But Muriel seemed quite oblivious of her presence, and even when the faithful servant tried to soothe her by kindly words and caresses she made no response or explanation. Betty naturally vented her resentment on Frank as the cause of her patient's unwonted agitation, and bitterly reproached herself with having written the letter which had brought him thither. Her suspicions were confirmed by Muriel saying at length, as she wearily turned her face to the wall, "Betty, I wish you would tell Mr. Carew that I cannot see him to-night, or grandpapa either. I am too tired."

Next morning, when Frank hurried back to Ingrave Square, he found Mr. Josiah waiting for him with a smiling face, and a telegram in his hand. "This looks well, Carew. I opened it by mistake. It is from Green. Why, you are getting quite a business man now. The firm of Morgan and Green could not get on without you."

"What a bother!" cried Frank, crumpling it in his hand, after a rapid survey of its contents. "This piece of business will take the whole morning. However, it can't be helped. Mr. Morgan is from home, you see, and I suppose Mr. Green thought there was no use his coming to town when I happened to be here. But it is rather annoying, just when Muriel is most able to see me, too. How is she, Mr. Josiah? A good night, I hope?"

"So good that she is still asleep, I understand; but that woman, Betty, is in one of her worst tempers this morning. There is no getting a word out of her. She would not even let me speak to my own grand-daughter. I wanted to show her your telegram a few minutes ago, and the violent woman actually shut the door in my face."

This description of Betty's course of action, which she overheard as she passed upstairs, possibly made her more curt than she would otherwise have been, when Frank, catching a glimpse of her, hurried after her with eager questions. "Ye canna see her this mornin', Maister Carew. I hae the doctor's strict orders she's nae to be disturbit," she wound up, doggedly.

The exclusion from Muriel's society for the morning certainly favoured the accomplishment of Mr. Green's business, but it was late in the afternoon before Frank could return to Ingrave Square. He was hurrying along the hot pavement leading to Mr. Josiah's house, absorbed in hopeful thoughts, when he was suddenly stopped by a gentleman whom he did not at first recognise, but on a second glance saw him to be Mr. Beamish, to whom he had been introduced in the twilight of the previous evening. He would have felt inclined merely to exchange bows with this new acquaintance, but Mr. Beamish not only held out his hand but laid it on his arm, saying, in an agitated tone, "I am very sorry to tell you that Miss Morgan is very ill—much worse, the doctor fears. Other advice has been called in, and the doctors both think very badly of her case. I was just coming to look for you, Carew," he added, with a gentle glance into Frank's suddenly grief-stricken face.

"It surely cannot be possible. She was not worse this morning when I left," gasped Frank after a moment, glancing almost angrily at the bringer of evil tidings.

"Why, yes; I understand Betty knew it," stammered Beamish, looking vexed. "She ought to have told you, of course. The doctor had been there, and now, I understand—exhaustion is coming on," added Beamish in a low faltering tone.

Frank's face became deadly pale. Betty knew this, and did not think him worth sharing her anxiety! It was bitter; but had he not earned such treatment? Was the blow going to fall, the curse to descend upon him, after all? Ah! surely he might have guessed that such late repentance as his could not atone for the recreant past! he cried out in the bitterness of his soul.

Would Mr. Beamish have pitied him more had he known what made the bitterest drop in the bitter cup which seemed now raised to his lips? It might have been hard for even his unselfish nature not to have withdrawn the friendly clasp from this man's arm had he known the truth. But He who knows all, and yet loves us "better than He knows," had not forsaken Frank Carew, and even now was beginning to answer Muriel's prayers that he might be led across this "stepping-stone" so rough and sore, that he might over his "dead self" rise to higher things. "*She* has been asking for you; go to her, Carew, and may God bless her and comfort you," said Mr. Beamish with a quivering lip. And so they went their separate ways, each bearing a burden of sorrow with which it was not possible for a stranger to intermeddle.

The entrance-door stood open, so Frank crossed the dingy hall and walked up-stairs. Little Fan was coming out of the room at the end of the long passage. Her tiny face was beaming, and the sight of it brought a momentary lightening of his fears to Frank. He blessed the child for that smile. Her little hands were laden with grapes, which she held up, saying eagerly, "Look wot she has given me. And Miss Murral gave me a nice kiss too, and said, 'Be good, little Fan, and God will lead you to the happy land.' She's wely sick, though, mother says," she added ruefully, remembering her mother's distress, which amid the excitement of the kiss and the grapes she had forgotten.

"Come in, Maister Carew," said Betty in a hoarse whisper, her figure darkening the sick-room door, while from within there came echoes of Mr. Josiah's quavering voice. "This is the third time she's speered gin ye werna comin' up the stair."

"Ah! there you are, lad! why didn't you come before now?" cried Mr. Josiah in a querulous tone as Frank brushed past Betty with a haggard air and walked into the room. "Come and look at her, Carew.

These fellows of doctors are trying to make me believe the child is worse. Here he is, Muriel. Look up; tell him you are better, there is a good girl, now," he said with a piteous face as he dragged Frank towards the little French bed. One swift agonized glance, and Frank read the truth plainly. There lay Muriel with a face of which, in its pale weakness, every beauty seemed to become more beautiful; but on every feature the hand of death was visibly stamped. Her head rested on lowered pillows, with her bright hair falling round her shoulders. Her eyes were closed, and the fair neck seemed to be struggling with short pained breathing, and her fingers were straying restlessly on the coverlet. Frank covered his face and sank by her side with a low groan which seemed to reach Muriel's ears, as her grandfather's words had not done. She opened her eyes, and, slightly moving her head, she caught sight of the bowed head. Trying to reach it with her trembling fingers, she whispered, "Frank!"

"Yes, yes; speak to him, my dear. He has come to arrange all about the wedding, you know!" cried Mr. Josiah in an eager tone. "Wake up, Muriel, and look happy now, dear!"

A spasm crossed her face as if some sudden pain had come to torture her, and she gave a little cry.

"My darling, you are suffering," murmured Frank, starting from his knees and bending over her.

"No—no pain—it isn't that," she gasped with evident painful effort; and then resting her blue eyes on his despairing face, she gave a low suppressed sob as she whispered in short broken sentences, "Oh, Frank, you must not grieve like this! I thought it was coming—perhaps I should have told you yesterday; but we were so happy I could not bear to say it. Frank, you have made me very, very happy," she said faintly as she stretched out her hands and looked at him with tender glistening eyes.

"Oh! don't say that, Muriel; I can't bear it," cried Frank, covering his face with his hands, again overmastered by his emotions. Laying her white fingers on his wavy hair, she was silent for a little. Presently her eyes rested on her grandfather, who was still wandering restlessly up and down the room.

"Frank, you will be kind to him. You will help him all he will let you?" she said with quivering lip, as Frank raised his head to catch her faint tones. "His life is sad and dark. I have been asking God to-day that my going may do for him what my staying might not. Frank—he doesn't know. Will you——"

The old man seemed suddenly conscious that he was being talked about, and, pausing in his walk, stood looking inquiringly into Muriel's face. "Why, child, I declare if you haven't grown like Ned, all of a sudden. My poor boy, Ned—he was like his mother, and you are looking like them both now, girl. 'Tis strange I never noticed it before," he added, with a glance of startled interest.

"Ye're richt, Maister Morgan," whispered Betty, who now stood at the foot of the bed beside him. "Her face is changin'—the end is near," she muttered with a suppressed sob as she turned away lest her young mistress should be disturbed by signs of sorrow.

"It's a lie, Betty!" cried Mr. Josiah in a shriek which rang through the sick chamber. "You're as bad as the doctors and Beamish. You are all plotting—plotting against me. It is cruel to frighten an old man so," he added wailing, as he stumbled forward towards the bed.

"Take him away—tell him, Frank," whispered Muriel with a frightened face, and rising, Frank went forward, and putting his arm into the old man's, led him away. It was into Mr. Josiah's dreary sleeping chamber they happened to stray. For once the old man was forgetful of the store of treasures piled up in its dusty hiding-places, as he at last realised that he was about to lose what he dimly recognised to be precious within his withered heart.

"She's speerin' for ye, Maister Carew. Dinna bide awa' frae the dear lamb longer," said Betty, looking into the room, after a few minutes had passed. "Niver heed the maister. I'll take tent o' him," she added, as Frank, with a face of marble, strode along the long passage again.

Muriel's eyes were this time watching intently for his coming. "You won't leave me again," she murmured, with an appealing glance, as he bent over her. "I have so much to say—there is one thing—Frank, promise me—you will go back to your old work again. I was thinking about it all this morning," she added with a sad smile. "You must hope—You must love—You must live a high and faithful life—God will help you—I have been asking Him, oh, so much!" and Muriel's dying face was lighted up with a radiance which beamed from the light which lightens the land that is very far off, as she gazed at her betrothed.

"Ha, Muriel! I want to speak to you! Go away, Carew, I want to speak to my little girl alone," cried Mr. Josiah, suddenly bursting in with an excited air. "Go out of the room, will you? and let me speak to Ned's little girl," he said again, laying his hand on Frank's shoulder, as if to pull him forcibly away. Muriel looked at Frank, who bent down and whispered, "It is better so, darling. I will come again in a minute. I won't be far off."

Mr. Josiah followed him, watching him as he went along the narrow passage, and then carefully closing the door he crept forward to Muriel's side. "I mustn't disturb you, poor dear," he said, looking with an awed expression into her face, on which there was stamped that far-off look which tells of ebbing life. "I just wanted to say a word about that bit of money Ned left. It wasn't much, you know, and I am a poor struggling man; but, girl, if you will only wait till to-morrow I shall bring every penny of it and lay it on your bed. I'll not have it on my conscience that I have robbed Ned's little girl! What's the matter child?" he cried, with a terrified glance, as a deadly pallor overspread Muriel's face, and she struggled for breath. "Stop, stop! I'll fetch Betty. This won't do! that woman's never here when she's wanted!" and Mr. Josiah was about to hurry to the door, when a faint detaining sign from Muriel made him pause, and presently she whispered, "All to Frank, when you don't need it. But, grandpapa, treasure in heaven. Seek that—seek that."

"Yes, yes, child; but hush, they might rob us if they knew," muttered the old man, a cunning gleam coming into his eyes as he watched the opening door.

Frank meanwhile had wandered down-stairs with despairing eyes fixed on the ground. Truly his punishment was greater than he could bear, he cried out in the bitterness of his heart. With a groan, he leant against one of the old fluted pillars in the hall, his heart pierced by the anguish of remorse as the bitter memories of the past year came leaping into his mind with a serpent-like sting. As he stood there, with a golden shaft of sunlight playing on his hair, Betty happened to cross on her way up-stairs. An expression which was not all pity came into her face as she caught sight of Frank's bowed head, for was it not in that very spot she had stood unseen, watching with aching helplessness, when her beloved young mistress dropped hot tears on that old pillar as she stood forsaken in her gloomy home? But Betty's deeper nature came to her help, and as she climbed the stairs her prayer for Frank was not of the harsh unforgiving kind that it had been on that night.

Frank still stood absorbed in his sorrowful thoughts, when steps came along the passage leading from the library, and Mr. Beamish stood by his side. "Forgive me, but I came again to ask, how is she? Betty promised to come and tell me in the library, but I think she must have forgotten."

Frank looked at him with a curious questioning air. How came this stranger's face to have lines of trouble on it as if he were sore-hearted as himself? Mr. Beamish seemed to interpret his glance, and his honest eyes looked into his as he replied in a faltering voice: "Mr. Carew, I am nothing to her, but while memory lasts hers must be dear to me;" and then he moved towards the door.

Frank's eyes followed him, but he did not speak till Mr. Beamish's hand was on the latch. "You asked me how she was. You have a right to know. You have been faithful. But would you not like to see her? I think she would like to see you once more," said Frank impulsively, as he put his hand into his arm.

The last sunset rays were slanting from the western window and gilding the fluted pillar as the two young men walked silently arm-in-arm up the old staircase. "I am going to take this kind friend to see her, Betty," said Frank, as he caught sight of the faithful servant at the entrance to the passage leading to the sick chamber. "Will you tell her that Mr. Beamish is here, or shall I, Betty?"

"Fain wad I tell her that, sir, for Maister Beamish was aye kin'. But wae's me, nae soun' o' oors will trouble her mair, the bonnie blessed bairn!" wailed Betty, with the tears running down her face. "It's a' ower, Maister Carew. She's awa hame to the Father o' Lichts, and wi' Him there's nae variableness, neither shadow o' turnin'," added Betty, with uplifted face.

CHAPTER XXVII.—STEPPING-STONES.

"Keen regret and tearful yearning,
Whiles unfelt and whiles returning;—
Or more gracious thoughts abiding,
Fever quelling, sorrow chiding."

J. H. NEWMAN.

HEAVY rains had been playing sad havoc among the gay flower-beds which stretched under the drawing-room windows at Mulberry Park. The soaked turf looked marshy, and even the trim shrubberies wore a limp and faded aspect. Lowering, shapeless clouds shrouded all the upper sky, and

the atmosphere seemed laden with damp. Mrs. Morgan, in accordance with her theory, always to look at the bright side, had removed her favourite easy-chair from its summer angle, and placed it in the neighbourhood of a cheerful fire which blazed on the hearth.

"Come, my dear, and warm yourself at this nice fire. You must be cold away there on this chilly day," she said presently, looking across a range of deep-piled carpet to the distant corner where Louisa sat bending over her morning's correspondence. It cannot be denied that Mrs. Morgan had a heartfelt interest in her daughter's temperature, and wished her to have the benefit of the cozy warmth which she was enjoying on the rug; but she also wished for herself a companion not separated from her by a varied population of tables and chairs. Louisa's daily programme rarely admitted of any interval for talk with her mother. During the last fortnight, indeed, she had been specially anxious to avoid a maternal *tête-à-tête*, and with a brief assurance now that she was not in the least cold she went on with her writing. Her mother then seemed to turn for solace to the possibilities of her work-basket. Her heart did not, however, seem to lie in the unfinished piece of worsted work which she drew forth. Presently she laid it on her lap, and, taking off her spectacles, sighed heavily as she said, "Dear, dear, just think of it, Louisa! It's only a fortnight since we heard of that poor darling child's death, and here we are going on just as if it had never happened. I shall never forgive myself for not going up to nurse her; but of course we had no idea how ill the poor dear was. To think of her being alone with that Scotch servant, too! Why, she looked more like a field-worker when I saw her. But you say she was faithful, Louisa?"

"Yes, mamma dear; haven't I told you twenty times that Muriel liked her better than us all put together?" replied her daughter in an impatient tone, without lifting her head from the chronicle she was inditing to Miss Stanhope.

"It is strange we've had no news about it except that bare telegram. Poor Josiah is such a strange being. It is a thousand pities your father could not go up to the funeral; but really Dr. Jenkins was quite right to forbid him to leave his bed after he came home with that dreadful bronchitis. But poor Mr. Carew will be back this week, your father says, and we will hear all about dear Muriel's last moments from him, I have no doubt. Poor young man! It is really a terrible trial for him at the beginning of his life; though, as your papa was saying this morning, I can't help thinking that if he had managed rightly he might have been married last spring. He had a very good salary, you know."

A slight smile rippled across Miss Morgan's aquiline features as she listened to her mother's last remark. The subject had never been absent from Mrs. Morgan's kindly heart, and seldom from her lips, since the sad tidings came, so that to Louisa it seemed to have lost any edge of remorse which possibly may have pricked her heart when she first heard that Muriel Morgan had passed away. "Poor little thing!" she soliloquised now with somewhat patronising pity. "It was very sad that she should die so young; but many do so; and, after all, her life did not promise to be a very happy one."

And as Mrs. Carew had whispered with a meaning smile on the previous day, when they sat together hand in hand, "This sad occurrence really seems to me the providential disentangling of poor Frank's dilemma, my dear, dear Louisa."

Mrs. Carew's present source of vexation, on which Louisa had gone to sympathize, was that Margaret, on hearing the news of Muriel's death, had begged to be allowed to go and join her brother—a most uncalled-for journey, both Mrs. Carew and Louisa agreed; but the chief annoyance was that she had that day written a brief note to her mother, saying that she could not possibly leave Frank for some time. Her absence at this juncture was very inconvenient, Mrs. Carew smilingly confided to her friend. Dr. Jenkins would not hear of any postponement of the happy event, seeing it was to be so strictly quiet, so it would take place on the following week, when, at all events, she counted on her dear boy being present. Louisa had assured her that no effort on her part to supply a daughter's place would be wanting if Miss Carew's engagements detained her in London, and when she left Greenwood Gate that afternoon she felt more grateful to Providence—as interpreted by Mrs. Carew—than she had ever before done. Visions of a pleasant future, without the worrying obstacles which for some time past seemed to cloud it, stretched smilingly before her. She could not resist sharing some fragments of her hopes with her confidential friend, Miss Stanhope, and Frank Carew's name figured frequently on the pages of her letters.

Her mother's next interruption proved, therefore, a pleasant one to Louisa as she resumed her former topic from another aspect. "It is really wonderful what a liking your father has for that young man. It really seems as if he liked him better than his own son, just as I used to say he did poor Tom Belton. You see that comes of Leonard having been so set against going into your father's business. But I am really very fond of young Mr. Carew myself. He is a most gentlemanly creature, and just seems like one of ourselves to me now. And this trouble will make him a greater friend than ever of your father's. He was telling me this morning that he meant to give him even a larger share of the business than if poor dear Muriel had been spared. Mr. Green seemed to think it perhaps would not be necessary to take him in at all now, you see."

"Indeed, mamma, it would have been

"The dealer scanned it for several minutes and then volunteered to buy it."

very strange to have drawn back now," said Louisa in a tone of awakened interest. "Was it not selfish of Mr. Green to think of such a thing? I am so glad papa means to make him a partner at once. Only don't mention it to Leonard when you write, mamma. He has such a dreadfully jealous temperament, and would only write back cross things. Do tell me all papa was saying about it, mamma." And, laying down her pen, Miss Morgan crossed the room, and, taking from one of the tables a jeweller's box of jet ornaments which awaited her selection, she knelt down by her mother's side, and began to spread out the various necklaces on the maternal lap. Her well-fitting mourning suited her graceful figure. Louisa was looking her very best as she knelt there in the firelight. There was a glow of soft colour on her cheek and a brightness in her dark eyes

as she looked up in her mother's face, eager now to prolong the conversation. Mrs. Morgan, however, though always a willing narrator, happened at this moment to be involved in the intricacies of a full-blown rose.

"Lightest shade — sixteen — eighteen — twenty," was her reply. "Well, my dear, what were you saying?" she added presently. "Oh dear, where did all these black beads come from? I don't like them, Louisa," she said, glancing at the display which her daughter was arranging on her lap.

Before Louisa had time to remind her mother what was the dropped thread of her former discourse, Mr. Morgan walked into the room. He did not often appear at home during office hours, and his coming surprised both his wife and daughter. "Richard, what is it? No bad news from Leonard, I hope?" cried Mrs. Morgan, starting up, and scattering on the floor all Louisa's jet ornaments.

"No, no, I am thankful it is not about Leonard. I have had a letter from the East, and he is well. But I have got another letter which rather puzzles me, I must say. It is from Carew. Just listen to this, mamma, Louisa," said Mr. Morgan, drawing in his arm-chair with an annoyed expression on his florid face. "I really think the fellow's brain must be touched by the loss of poor little Muriel. Listen, Susan, and tell me what you make of this;" and the old gentleman pulled a letter out of his pocket, and read as follows:—

"'My dear Sir,—For the generous offer contained in your letter of yesterday, as well as for your many past kindnesses, I thank you sincerely. It would ill become me, however, to accept further favours at your hands. Even were it my intention to continue in business, I could not venture to take the place which your confidence would assign to me in your firm.

"'It was, however, the dying wish of her whose memory is precious to me that I should return to my profession, abandoned a year ago. My intention is therefore to act upon that wish, and devote myself, as I best can, to the work that was my earliest choice, and which is now hallowed by being Muriel's choice for me.

"'It would have given me pleasure to grasp your hand, and to thank you personally for your great kindness; but it will be the best return I can make for the past that I should not ever again cross your threshold. I now bid you farewell, asking pardon from you and yours, as I have sought it from God.

"'Your's faithfully,
"'Frank Carew.'"

"Now what can you make of all that stuff?" cried Mr. Morgan, dropping his eye-glass and looking up. "Did you ever, in all your days, Susan, hear a man abuse himself as he does? Perfect bosh. Why, Carew is as conscientious and well-conducted a fellow as one can meet. Is it not a queer letter, Loo, dear?"

"Very, papa," replied Louisa briefly, as she stooped suddenly to gather the scattered ornaments. How grateful she felt to those necklets. "Mamma, I must really go and send Anne back at once with those hideous things. There isn't one of them fit to wear, is there?"

"No, my dear. I told you I thought them ugly; only you know I don't like beads."

If Mrs. Morgan had caught a glimpse of her daughter's face at that moment, imperceptive though she was, she might possibly have read there some explanation of the letter, which she now turned with a puzzled face to discuss with her still more puzzled husband. The colour had faded from Louisa's cheek, her lip quivered, but her eyes were cold and tearless, as she left the drawing-room.

"It is a very queer letter, Richard," gasped Mrs. Morgan, depositing her work on her lap.

"Queer indeed, and very awkward too, just as I had settled with Green about his partnership. And do you notice the way he makes his farewell bow to us as a family, Susan? Upon my word that doesn't look very grateful, in spite of his profession of gratitude," jerked out the old gentleman, whose hospitable soul was ruffled by Frank Carew's seemingly strange words. Since, however, we already know the solution of the enigma which so perplexed the worthy couple, we shall leave them to its further discussion by their fireside. Neither shall we follow along the winding paths of the dripping shrubberies their daughter, who had sought this rainy retreat to ponder, in her grief and mortification, the contents of the letter whose import she understood too well. It was not Frank's repentance, in which she had begun to share, nor was it a late loyalty to the lonely orphan whom she had for a time succeeded in defrauding of her peace and happiness in loving, that was stinging

Louisa Morgan's heart now. Rather was it the remorseful, selfish sorrow, of which it might be truly said that it "worketh death;" for are not its fruits envy, hatred, and deadening of the soul? Such, indeed, were its fruits in the heart of Muriel's cousin.

About the same hour as Louisa Morgan wandered in the drenched garden of Mulberry Park, Margaret Carew was also walking out in the rain, but it was along a city thoroughfare she wended her way, and her thoughts were of a more soothing description than those of Miss Morgan. Notwithstanding the sense of loneliness as she hurried along among the crowded foot-passengers, there was a feeling of peaceful gladness in Margaret's heart which the jostle and the jar could not extinguish. On the afternoon when we saw her standing in Mrs. Glen's old-fashioned sitting-room, her heart filled with stinging pain for another's sin, she had entered a valley of humiliation in which she thought she must dwell through all the days to come. It is true the darkest hour was past when Frank, on the following morning, flung himself on her neck in his self-reproach, saying more bitter things against himself than even Miss Martha Glen in her severest mood would have done. And since then, even amid the suspense and sorrow of the past days, the sun had been shining behind the clouds. There was joy mingled with the aching pain which came into Margaret's heart as she thought of the finished earthly story of Muriel's life with its sad closing chapters. For had not the lonely girl gone to exchange the scanty love of her sordid home for the blessed habitations of the pure in heart? And her memory remained to Frank as a legacy instinct with bright hope and elevating influence for the future. Muriel's grave was the path along which his life promised to be led to higher moral purpose during the remainder of his days, and the blessed hope in the assurance of which their imaginations followed her soul beyond the grave would also quicken Frank's spiritual necessities and point him to a path leading to heaven—a pure, holy, patient, kindly life on earth.

A few minutes before Margaret had parted from Frank at a crowded crossing, as he hurried off to a temporary occupation he found in preparing Mr. Beamish's younger brother for an examination. Margaret did not divulge to him that she had also a mission to fulfil on this rainy morning. Remembering his past banter concerning her hopes and plans since her return from Fairquay, for becoming in some shape or other "a working woman," she resolved not to return to the subject till she had something more definite to narrate than hopes and plans. Even that morning, when Frank was talking despondently about ways and means, and making various depressed suggestions, Margaret was not beguiled into any confidences. He accepted Mr. Beamish's offer, he said, until he could arrange as to the best way of returning to his profession. Though his decision with regard to Mr. Morgan's offer was unalterably made before his sister joined him, he had only on the previous evening roused himself sufficiently to write the letter which was to-day being discussed in the Mulberry Park drawing-room. He appeared even to dread discussing the future with his sister, and she knew that he was bracing himself for a struggle new to him, and shrank from the thought of her sharing it. She gathered from some words that he had let fall on the previous evening that, dependent as he had been upon her during the past weeks, it was not his idea that they should remain together, or that she should share the routine to which he was drearily settling. Margaret's decision on that point, however, had been made up as she came to town to join her brother; and it was to prove, if she could, by deeds, not words, that she was able to take her part in his struggle, that she was now setting out in search of the picture-dealer whose address had been given to her by Miss Martha Glen. In hope and fear she was carrying with her a water-colour from one of the Fairquay sketches of which Miss Martha had most approved. The dealer scanned it with apparently unappreciative eyes for several minutes, and then, to Margaret's surprise and delight, he at once volunteered to buy it. Before she left the shop she also received a commission for a companion picture, given to her in an ordinary business-like tone, which fell like music on Margaret's ears. The proverbial sweetness of first earnings was her portion as she hurried back through the dismal rain to the dingy corner to which she had been so strangely drifted. She thought she could understand now something of the stimulus which had nerved Miss Martha Glen's tired eyes as she laboured through so many years to support her mother, and if the daily toil had brought lines of care into her face and streaked her hair with grey, it seemed also to have won for her a brave and thankful heart. God helping her, she, too, would become one of the patient workers, was Margaret's thought and firm resolve as she entered the humble

lodgings in the dismal street where she and Frank lived.

Frank returned from his day's work later than usual, with sad eyes, which told whither he had gone to linger; for Muriel was laid in a city churchyard not far off. He had seated himself wearily, with his head resting on his hand, in mute sorrow, which it wrung Margaret's heart to see. Rising from her seat she went and knelt by his side, saying softly, "Frank, you must not, you promised to me you would not, go there again so soon. It is such a dreary place; it would make one sad to see it, even though none lay there one knew and loved. Besides, she is not there, Frank. We must try with all our might not to think of Muriel as lying there, or go to see that desolate place as if she were. It only weakens our comfort in the happy thought that she is at home with God. I don't mean ever to go to that churchyard again, and I want you to promise me that you never will," pleaded Margaret as she laid her hand on her brother's bent head. But Frank gave no promise and made no reply. Margaret saw that his sorrow was at present too deep, his soul too isolated and desolate, for any ministry of hers to soothe, and she turned to seek for him in prayer the influence which alone could soothe and heal his wounded, despairing spirit.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—MOTHER AND SON.

"Youth, hope and love,
To build a new life on a ruined life,
To make the future fairer than the past,
And make the past appear a troubled dream.
Even now, in passing through the garden walks,
Upon the ground I saw a fallen nest,
Ruined and full of ruin; and over it,
Behold, the uncomplaining birds, already
Busy in building a new habitation."

LONGFELLOW.

"MOTHER, you don't mean to say that you are really longing to be in England now?" said Hugh Hartleigh, one Sunday evening in January, as he stood by his mother's side, leaning against the marble balustrade of the balcony of a house in Sorrento. He was looking out over the blue waters of the bay towards Ischia, and the slanting rays of the setting sun cast a soft, mild effulgence into the room. His mother lay on a sofa which had been wheeled to the balcony, that she, too, might be able to enjoy the pensive beauty of the departing day.

The face which was now turned towards the sunset had an aged expression that did not belong to it a year ago. A slight feverish flush had replaced the clear healthful pallor under which so much energy had lain concealed. The flashing eyes seemed to have lost somewhat of their old fire, and the once lustrous raven hair was now plentifully streaked with grey. What the long years of loneliness and hardship had failed to do a few short happy months appeared to have wrought. For a time, indeed, it had seemed that the brave heart's fibres could hardly stand the tension of the sudden joyous change, and that the new glad music in which Hugh Hartleigh rejoiced was to be swiftly hushed in silence.

For some weeks after Tom Belton's death Hugh had been very much depressed, and though he made a brave effort to fight against his desponding, shrinking spirit, his mother saw that the strain was more than he could well bear. Never did mother cheer and encourage more bravely, comfort more tenderly, and influence more wisely, than did Mrs. Hartleigh. Sustained by her loving sympathy and help, Hugh continued to take an active interest in all that concerned the Chadsthorpe miners, to push forward many of the plans which Tom Belton's kindly heart and practical mind had suggested for helping to raise these poor slaves of toil from their degrading habits of life. He began to tread firmly, and at times almost hopefully, the path of duty which had been so long neglected by him. But it was evident that as yet his tottering steps in that path needed much encouragement and support. Mrs. Hartleigh saw that though her influence and counsels were sufficient to nerve Hugh for the actual performance of his duties, they could not dispel the deep-seated aversion which he felt towards Chadsthorpe and all its memories. As yet he appeared to do his duty from an awakened and, for the present, strong sense of duty, but not with the free, glad, spontaneous energy and satisfaction which alone would enable him to throw off his melancholy and make his future one of happy service. When, therefore, her health began to show signs of giving way under the anxious strain, Mrs. Hartleigh was not unwilling to accede to Hugh's suggestion that she should seek in travel the rest and refreshing that her overtaxed system required. Not long after they had left England, however, Mrs. Hartleigh was taken dangerously ill. A low fever prostrated her, and through many slow anxious weeks she lay hovering between life and death. And when at last the danger was past she returned to life again from the borders of the far-off land a broken old woman. As soon as she was able to be moved she began to long, with an intense

eagerness which seemed born of her feeble health, to see Sorrento. Thither Hugh and she had come by easy stages. And the mother looked again on the spot where one fatal day she bought back her freedom from hated bonds at too dear a price. Hugh dreaded for his mother her return to the place written over with such painful memories; but he soon saw that his fears were needless. A strange soothing power seemed to belong to the familiar scenes. Here indeed it was that the last "shackles of the false vow," first loosened at Tom Belton's dying bed, seemed finally broken and put away. True and bitter repentance had come many a year ago, but not till now did the full sense of pardon visit her chastened heart. As she sat in the sunshine with her son by her side among the fragrant gardens looking out on the sea, it sometimes seemed to her as if the old prophetic promise had begun to be fulfilled for her, as if she were indeed having restored to her "the years which the cankerworm had eaten."

Mrs. Hartleigh had now begun to feel that she had regained as much strength as was likely to be her portion during her remaining years, and her wish to go back to Chadsthorpe became daily keener.

Hugh's shrinking from what was unpleasant was still an unconquered enemy. The stimulus given by the faithful friend now lying in the little churchyard, she had discovered, was already gone. On the Sunday evening of which we speak, a conversation had just closed which left her no room to doubt that Hugh had now not the least idea of ever going to Chadsthorpe again to live. After this conversation there was a long pause. Then Hugh broke the silence rather abruptly, saying—

"I wonder whether young Gordon got married before he went to the East? But whether or not, poor Margaret must be feeling very anxious now. Have you heard anything more about that, mother?" he asked, in a low tone.

Mrs. Hartleigh darted a glance of keen surprise on her son. He had selected a topic which had not before been mentioned between them. "No, Hugh," she said, "I have heard nothing more than was contained in Captain Lake's letter which you showed me, you remember." And after a moment's pause she continued in a troubled tone, "I must say, Margaret's conduct is rather a sore subject with me now. I was so fond, so proud of her, somehow. She was such a real comfort and brightness to me in the old lonely days, Hugh. I cannot think how she could have behaved to me as she has done. Three times I have written to her now and she has never replied. I think at least I deserved to hear of her engagement from herself. She was rather a neglectful correspondent after she left Chadsthorpe, to be sure; but then she came to me with such loving sympathy when I got ill—when your hovering about the neighbourhood became too much for your poor mother's heart, Hugh," added Mrs. Hartleigh, with a tender glance towards the slight stooping figure of her son. "Yes, Margaret Carew's not writing is incomprehensible to me, and I must say I think her engagement to Captain Lake's friend almost equally so." She wound up with an indignant compression of her delicately curved lips.

"I don't see that, mother. Lake always said that young Gordon was a particularly nice fellow," replied Hugh, in a tone which had a ring of defence in it. "I quite recollect seeing him at St. Oswald's and thinking he looked very pleasant. He has certainly got a good and beautiful wife," he added with a little sigh, and there was silence again.

Mrs. Hartleigh glanced wistfully towards her son. Her lips parted as if she were about to speak, but she still remained silent, and laying her head back among the cushions she shut her eyes with a pained expression. A slumbering trouble had been stirred by her son's latest words. There had been in the mind of Hugh's mother a small incipient romance concerning this matter during the eventful days which succeeded the burning of the old manor house. Amid the preoccupations which followed, it was not forgotten. The bond towards this girl-friend, who bestowed love and trust on her during those lonely days when she was a suspected stranger, was one which she felt must surely be very real and lasting. The strong friendship then began to be interwoven with her dearest earthly hopes. Whenever her maternal imaginings pictured, as they often did, her son settled in a happy home, it was always Margaret Carew whom she seemed to see by his side. No direct words on the subject had ever passed between mother and son, but Mrs. Hartleigh had some ground for believing that Hugh's mental visions on this subject were even more vivid than her own. And in looking back to those last weeks of the lonely life in Mrs. Tuckett's parlour which had been so lightened by Margaret's bright presence, she sometimes hoped that the interest manifested by the doctor's daughter

in the long-absent squire, and her desire that he should take up his neglected duties, were of a more personal kind than even the fulfilment of her father's hopes for Chadsthorpe would naturally have awakened. Twice previously to her illness she had written to Greenwood Gate trying to elicit some news, and wishing to arrange an early meeting on their projected return to England, but to these letters she had received no reply. A possible explanation seemed at length to be given to the unaccountable silence when one day Hugh, as he was going out to ride, handed her a letter which he had that morning received from his friend Captain Lake. The news it contained of Margaret's rumoured engagement and speedy marriage to Lieutenant Gordon fell like a blow on Mrs. Hartleigh, and not till then did she guess how much Margaret Carew had been interwoven with thoughts of her son's future happiness. But Hugh had never referred to the news in Captain Lake's letter, and lately his mother had been trying to persuade herself that the idea had only existed in her own mind, and that at all events her son's admiration for Margaret Carew had been but a passing fancy. But there was something in the tone of his voice now, and in the evident interest with which he had been following in thought Margaret's probable anxieties, which revealed much to Mrs. Hartleigh. Hugh had loved the doctor's daughter—how kindly and tenderly she could measure from the filial love with which he had comforted and cherished her.

Hugh still stood leaning on the marble balustrade, with the sunset breeze playing on his uncovered head. His mother called him now, but he seemed absorbed in a reverie and gave no reply; so Mrs. Hartleigh rose from her sofa, and with stooping gait and feeble step she crossed the balcony and stood by his side.

Perhaps it was the glimpse she had of two pleasant-looking girls—the younger looking of the two raising a pair of clear blue eyes and darting an eager, almost inquisitive glance on the occupants of the balcony—following up her own train of thought, which made Mrs. Hartleigh say now with sudden impetuosity—

"My son, you must not linger with your mother longer. I want to see you with a sweet wife of your own and children about your side. You must marry, Hugh; you have youth and a loving heart; you shall not be sacrificed to the sorrowful past. I want to see you in a happy home of your own before I die," whispered Mrs. Hartleigh, looking up with a glance of entreaty into her son's face.

Hugh did not reply for a moment, and when he did so it was in a low faltering voice—"I too had such a dream, mother, but it is over now; I dare say you can guess what it was. You must never talk to me about marrying any more, mother. Margaret Carew is the only woman I ever knew whom I would have cared to have as my wife."

Mrs. Hartleigh could make no reply. Her lips quivered and her eyes filled with tears. Presently in a choking voice she said, "Oh, Hugh, I cannot bear it! My heart will break."

On the afternoon of the following day, Hugh having gone out to ride, Mrs. Hartleigh was seated alone, on a rustic bench placed in a pleasant shady myrtle grove, her favourite afternoon retreat. In front of this seat there played an old fountain, from the sides of which marble mermaids with unwearied arms poured sparkling crystal water from graceful vases, and the gentle spray which the falling water sent up into the sunlight formed lovely rainbows through which Mrs. Hartleigh's thoughts and fancies, both sad and hopeful, had in the past days been interwoven. The expression on her face was very different from that which it had worn on the previous evening, when a storm of trouble had been sweeping across her heart. Clear shining after rain seemed to have come to her now. There was placidity in her glance as she raised her eyes from the old Book on her lap, which lay open at the familiar words, "Be careful for nothing;" but these words seemed to come with a new voice to her to-day as she sat in this little unchanged spot written over with many memories for her. Hearing footsteps, she felt rather regretful in the prospect of having her little retreat invaded, when, raising her eyes, she saw, peering at her through the tracery of the fountain, the bright face of the girl whom she had seen from the balcony on the previous evening. Mrs. Hartleigh felt a strong desire to speak to the possessor of the pair of bright, laughing, innocent eyes which she now caught bent upon her. Had she known that this happy, pleasant-looking girl was none other than Maudie Gordon, one of Margaret Carew's Fairquay friends, and a sister of the Lieutenant Gordon about whom Captain Lake had written the piece of news which had carried such sorrow and disappointment to the hearts of herself and her

son, her feeling of attraction would have been still stronger. But as Maudie Gordon passed her she saw none of the important issues which God was preparing from this chance meeting with a stranger. It was nothing more than the irresistible attractive power of a sweet, frank human face that made her say to Maudie, when she saw her passing glance fixed with a look of longing at the cool, pleasant seat, "Perhaps you would like to come and rest here; there is plenty of room. It is a nice shady seat too, the sun is so hot to-day."

"Thank you, I should like very much," promptly replied Maudie Gordon with a bright smile, as she stepped forward and seated herself by Mrs. Hartleigh's side.

"Don't those nymphs do their duty bravely?" said Mrs. Hartleigh in a kindly voice. "I remember pitying them when I was a very little girl and thinking their arms must be tired pouring, pouring; but when I came here again I was comforted by knowing that their arms and their hearts were of stone, so I kept my pity for people who had to go on with heavier work, whose arms often ached and whose hearts sometimes broke before they finished the end of their journey."

"Yes, that is just what mamma would say," remarked Maudie in a companionable tone. "She is always vexed when Flo and I cry over stories. We are the two who do, and mamma tells us we ought to keep our pity for all the real trouble that there is. But then I have got no real trouble, you see, except when Harry's regiment was ordered to the Crimea. It was very sad to see him go, and everybody got so dull after he left, and we are always so anxious about the war news, and there is such an excitement when Harry's letters come. Nothing has happened to him yet, you see, and I am not afraid somehow," added Maudie with a bright, fearless look, tossing back her long hair and looking at Mrs. Hartleigh. "I feel sure he will come back all right, with perhaps some wounds, you know, just to show that he has been in lots of battles. I did not even cry when he went away, because he made me promise the day before that I wasn't to."

Mrs. Hartleigh glanced with a pleased interested smile into the girl's bright young face, and said, in a friendly tone, as she rose to go: "Good-bye, dear. Mind I shall look for you at the balcony. I certainly did not expect to meet a little English girl beside my poor battered nymphs."

"But I am not English, I'm Scotch," cried Maudie, tossing back her yellow hair and glancing rather indignantly at Mrs. Hartleigh.

"Why that is more wonderful still then; a Scotch lassie!" said Mrs. Hartleigh, smiling.

"Yes we're all Scotch, Highland. We live at a place called Craiggowan, right away in the north. The Gordons are a clan, you know. Our Gordons have been nearly all soldiers. My father was, and Harry our only brother is," rambled Maudie, having got on a favourite topic.

Mrs. Hartleigh's fingers had paused in the fastening of her cloak. "Harry Gordon," that was his name, she felt sure of it. Gone to the Crimea too. He must be the same as Margaret's fiancé. Perhaps, her husband. With a quick, eager glance she turned to Maudie, saying, "Do you know Margaret Carew? Can you tell me anything about her?"

"Why, yes, of course, we know her. Do you know Margaret?" cried Maudie with an astonished and delighted air. "Do you really know Margaret?" she asked, repeating the question before there was time for a reply.

"Yes, I did know her very well once. But I have not heard anything about her for many months. Tell me all you know, my dear," asked Mrs. Hartleigh, almost as impatient as Maudie might have been. She was still Margaret Carew and that was something, was her quick thought, as she listened to Maudie's reply.

"Oh she is so nice and so beautiful! the very nicest, most beautiful of all the people I know. We are all so fond of her. She and her mother were staying at Fairquay, last spring when we were there, you know." But of this fact Mrs. Hartleigh was ignorant, as well as of some others which Maudie proceeded to narrate. "Mamma knew Margaret's father ever so long ago. Her mother we didn't like, only mamma does not like us to say that. But, oh, I must tell you, if you haven't heard. Well, you know, Margaret was very sad looking sometimes, and we couldn't think what was the matter, especially Flo and I. Perhaps mamma and May knew why, but they didn't tell us till afterwards. I don't think Harry knew, for I remember his once saying that beautiful faces like hers had always something sad about them." Maudie was very parenthetical certainly, and Mrs. Hartleigh's face began to cloud a little, but all unheeding the girl went prattling on. "It was not till Margaret and her mother had left, that mamma told us what the trouble was.

Only fancy, how queer; her mamma was actually going to be married to another husband, a Dr. Jenkins, not a bit like Margaret's father, for Harry met him in the train, and said he was horrid! And since then Margaret has had ever so much to trouble her. Mamma sometimes gets letters from her, but she was just saying the other day, she hadn't heard for a long time; but I think she is going to write again. Well, then first her mother married, then her brother Frank was going to be married to Muriel, that was her name, I forget her last one, but she got ill and died."

"Ah! poor Frank; is it so? Poor fellow!" said Mrs. Hartleigh in a pitying tone. "And where is Margaret now? Not at St. Oswald's surely, for I have written repeatedly to her old address."

"Oh, but she has not lived there for ever so long. Mrs. Jenkins—that is, Mrs. Carew, you know—lives at Fairquay, and Margaret stays in London."

"In London? But with whom does she stay?" asked Mrs. Hartleigh, still mystified.

"Why, with her brother, of course. He is studying or doing something, I think. But Margaret paints beautiful pictures, and then she sells them to make money. But you know she has to work very hard, and I think she is still very sad about her mother and all that."

"Poor dear Margaret!" murmured Mrs. Hartleigh, with a softened heart; and then with seeming irrelevancy, which did not, however, strike Maudie, she suddenly asked, "And your brother, has he got a wife to be anxious about him as well as a mother and sisters?" Captain Lake's statement was still unaccounted for, she could not forget.

"Harry got a wife? Why no. What a funny idea!" laughed Maudie, merrily. "Why, Harry doesn't even care for anybody. Just before he left Craiggowan he told me that Britannia was his lady love, and when we were at Fairquay, that time Margaret Carew was with us you know"——

But Mrs. Hartleigh felt it unfair to take advantage of her little friend's frankness, and now interrupted her rather abruptly by asking, "Do you think your mamma could see me, perhaps to-day? I should like very much to call and see her."

"Oh, yes, I am certain she would like to see you."

There was a sound of echoing horse's hoofs on the high road, and Maudie saw through the myrtle trees the other last night's occupant of the balcony riding quickly past.

"Why, there is my son coming back from his ride," said Mrs. Hartleigh, and going to the opening of the path she stood watching the retreating figure as she had watched it on the summer evening when she first met him in the Chadsthorpe Woods. There was a strange brightness about her face when she came back again to the bench where she had been seated, and stooped to pick up the old Bible from the bench where it still lay open. Mrs. Hartleigh glanced at the page as she closed it, and Maudie heard her murmur the words "with thanksgiving," and then she folded the worn book away in her long cloak, and began to walk slowly along the myrtle-bordered path with her hand on Maudie's shoulder. When Mrs. Hartleigh again referred to her wish to make her mother's acquaintance, Maudie was more eagerly responsive than before; she volunteered to hurry on to their rooms and come back presently to tell whether her mother had returned from her drive. This proposal was agreed to with some eagerness by Mrs. Hartleigh, who stood watching the bright Maudie as she hurried along the green path under the terraces. And that evening on the balcony, before the sun sank behind Ischia, Hugh Hartleigh heard from his mother that Margaret Carew was still free.

THE STORY OF THE BULGARIAN CHURCH.

MANY are the points of touching beauty in the—to English people at least—almost unknown story of the Bulgarian Church. It stands before us like a regal oak, planted centuries ago by an honoured hand, battered by countless storms, riven by lightning, lifting up its brave arms to heaven for succour—a poem of history, a monument of endurance.

Looking carelessly at the map of "Turkey in Europe" we are apt to think little of the brave hearts which, in Christ's name, have bled and broken there; perhaps still less of the river of the water of life which flows there, at whose stream those hearts have drunk strength to endure.

For our first glimpse of the Bulgarian Church we must go back eighteen centuries, to the

days of a travelling preacher who, whilst sleeping in Troas, had a vision, and in his vision heard a voice which he says was the voice of "a man of Macedonia,"—a tract of country included in the area here spoken of as Bulgaria*—and the man of the vision prayed him, saying, "Come over and help us." This Bulgarian request to Paul was the first call given by Gentiles to a Christian minister. Responding to the request, Paul left Troas and, proceeding through Philippi (where, with Silas, he got into prison), reached Thessalonica, a city which still rises in amphitheatre from the beautiful shores of the Ægean Sea. Thessalonica is a principal port of geographical Bulgaria, known in modern maps as Salonica.† In the Synagogue of Salonica Paul preached‡—his pulpit is still shown in the town. Afterwards Timothy preached,§ and thus, in response to their own desire, was opened the fontal spring of Bulgarian Christianity. This took place somewhere about the year 53.

A Bulgarian Woman (Trading Class).

So rapidly did the Gospel spread from the Thessalonian Church, that, writing in 54, Paul said, "it had been heard not only in Macedonia and Achaia," (described by their modern names—in Bulgaria and Albania), "but in every place."

Not, however, till seven hundred years later than this did the kings and princes of the land follow in the footsteps of their peasant subjects, and forsake their old Pagan faith for the new faith in Christ. Of the sufferings and struggles of the Bulgarian Church during the long period in which the king and court remained Pagan some reasonable guess may be made from what took place in the first year of its existence. From Paul's letters we learn that affliction already endangered the fidelity of its members.

We have a curiously beautiful story of the way in which the king, at length, was converted:—

"At this period there lived in Salonica the brothers Cyril and Methodios. Cyril, the elder, was learned and studious; the younger, Methodios, enterprising and energetic. Both were inspired to make known the Gospel to the Slavonic population outside the walls, and while at home Cyril prepared himself by study and cultivation of the language, Methodios went forth as a missionary. The latter presented himself at the court of Boris, king of the Bulgarians, and, as the legend goes, caught the humour of the monarch by offering to paint the walls of a favourite hunting lodge. Boris came to examine the work, expecting to see wolves, bears, and regal huntsmen; instead, he beheld the picture of a Great Day of Judgment, like those still common among peoples where justice is dispensed by the monarch in person.

* It may be well to mention here that by Bulgaria is meant not a particular province called Bulgaria, but all that part of Europe inhabited by Bulgarians. The race to which Bulgarians belong have occupied Eastern Europe from before the dawn of history. They were included by ancient writers in the name Scythians. The name Bulgarian dates from the seventh century. It was given by conquerors from the banks of the Volga, who were themselves absorbed into the aborigines of the country, leaving only their name to posterity.

† Salonica is historically Greek, politically Turkish, geographically Bulgarian, and ethnographically Jewish.—"Slavonic Provinces of Turkey in Europe," vol. i., p. 57.

‡ Acts xvii.

§ 1 Thess. iii.

On the throne sat a King, not like Boris, frowning in wild pomp; but majestic and mild. His courtiers stood around him, but they did not flaunt Bulgarian horsetails, nor flourish bloody weapons; they had soft waving hair, and gold circlets, and white wings dipped in rainbow hues. The approved servants were being received on the right hand, above them opened a golden gate; the condemned were dragged off on the left, and beneath them yawned a pit of fire. But the strangest part was, that among the honoured and accepted were to be seen many frail and shrinking forms, the weak, the defenceless, the sick, the blind, and even figures in vile raiment, while among the reprobated were more than one fierce warrior, not altogether unlike to Boris and his lords. The king called the artist to give him the interpretation of this picture, and Methodios expounded it thus: 'The great King is the God of the Christians. He made the earth, and for a while dwelt on it in the likeness of man; but as He took on him a humble form, and was holy and truthful, wicked men hated Him, and He suffered of them all that the evil still inflict on the truthful and the good. At the Last Day He shall come again in His glorious majesty, and shall judge both the living and the dead. He knows the sufferings of the oppressed, who Himself was once suffering and poor; He knows the cruel and violent deeds of great men: such men ill-treated Him and crucified Him on a tree.' Boris considered the judgment throne, the winged messengers, the golden light that played over the throne; he felt himself in the presence of power and glory, higher, other than his own. Then he considered the dress and countenances of the guilty, and the grisly monsters that were carrying them away, and his conscience gave him an uneasy twinge as to his own mode of treating the weak and defenceless. He turned to Methodios and said, 'Canst thou teach me how I and my subjects may escape being sentenced to the pit of fire?' Methodios answered, 'Send to Constantinople, and pray the emperor that he give thee wise men who can instruct thee and show thee how to tame thy wild people.' One year from this time King Boris and his nobles bowed their proud heads in Christian baptism."*

Gaining courage from the circumstance of the conversion of their king, the inhabitants of the western part of the kingdom sought new spiritual advantages. Freed from the necessity of hiding their religion, perchance in dens and caves of the land, they deputed their princes to go to the wise men of the great city of Constantinople, and seek out from among them men who could preach to them, and, above all, men who could translate for them the "Sacred Books" into their native tongue. The princes, in the earnestness of new discipleship, took the long journey as requested, and returned, bringing with them men who, after they arrived, "began to compose a Slavonic alphabet, and translated the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles, whereat the Slavonians rejoiced greatly, hearing the greatness of God in their own language. After which they translated the Psalter and other books."

* "Slavonic Provinces of Turkey in Europe," vol. i., p. 84.

Thus, at the instigation of these Bulgarians, part of the Bible was first rendered into a modern tongue. It is worthy of notice that as their Church was once founded, so the Bible was now translated, at the Bulgarians' own request. This took place about the year 862. In 1862 no less than eighty millions of Christians speaking the Slavonic tongue celebrated the thousandth anniversary of the event.

In the following story a charming peep is afforded of the pure conception of Christianity which they had in those semi-barbarian days and of the spirit it inspired, both in stern warriors of the battle-field and in young girls of the house.

The Czar Samuel came against a town belonging to the young Serbian king Vladimir, from which Vladimir was driven into the mountains. There his warriors suffered greatly. The king reasoned that "The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep," and that it was the part of a Christian king to be to his suffering people a good shepherd. So he purchased release for his people at the price of his own liberty, perchance of his life. Samuel led his captive to Prespa, a town not far from Ochrida, where he had a strong castle and kept his prisoners. This castle was also at the time the residence of his family, among others of his daughter Kosara, a "damsel fair, pitiful, and devout."

Kosara visited the prison and washed the prisoners' feet. In the process of this her lowly work, she came to Vladimir, whose Christly spirit she at once detected. She spoke to him, and was astonished both with his wisdom and piety; then learning that he was of royal rank, and filled with pity for his misfortunes, she desired him for her husband and obtained her father's consent. So Vladimir and his people were re-united, now with a queen by his side worthy of his noble spirit.

Down to comparatively recent times the Bulgarian enjoyed the possession of his native Church, the Bible in his own tongue, and bishops and clergy after his own heart. A change began in the fourteenth century. Then the Turk conquered Bulgaria; but the Bulgarian submitted to the rule of his new Mahommedan master on certain conditions, one among them being, that his Church should be taught and governed by Bulgarians. The Turk accepted this condition, and the Bulgarian surrendered.

These were the Arcadian days of the Bulgarian Church under Turkish rule. Within the last ninety years, without the consent of

Bulgarians, without even consulting with them, in place of their own Slavonic patriarch, who lived amongst the people, and their own bishops, who spoke the people's tongue, patriarch and bishops who speak Greek have been imposed upon them. The Phanar of Constantinople is now the enforced head, the nominees of that functionary are the enforced bishops of the Bulgarian's Church. Greek, too, is thrust into their literature. Now, what are the consequences? If a people's religion were something performed for them by scholarly men, the question whether those scholarly men spoke Greek or Bulgarian would be a mere quibbling about words. But religion is not that. It is what the heart offers out of itself to God; something growing from within the man, as the foliage grows out from within the tree. A man's own tongue and his religion are, therefore, inseparable; for it is that tongue alone which can reach, excite, and express his heart. Take the Bulgarian tongue from Bulgarian pulpits and books, and the moral and spiritual consequences are of the gravest kind. The people's affections, their consciences, their imaginations, are, so far, unreached; religion must decline.

In the measure of their intelligence and zeal, religious Bulgarians resent this innovation as wicked and degrading. Sons inherit from their fathers, and daughters from their mothers, stubborn refusal to accept the new, and persistent longing after the old order of their time-honoured Church. Hence it is that an officious Mohammedan has ever a pretext for informing against his Bulgarian neighbour, and in proportion as that neighbour is an intelligent and zealous Christian does it appear to the rulers their duty to arrest and imprison, or execute him. He is a rebel; for a lover of Christianity and a rebel are to-day identical in Bulgaria, as they once were in England. His situation is in the main of the same kind as was that of our own religious ancestors, who in Mary's day found their way to Smithfield and the Tower.

At the beginning of this century a deputation of Christians submitted a humble prayer to their Mohammedan master, begging for the restoration of their own people to their bishoprics, to be allowed to meet in their accustomed synods to discuss and arrange their church affairs, and to establish a college for ministerial training. In short, begging that all that pertained to their Church and worship should be in the language of the people. But this petition was refused. As merchants they will learn Greek or German; but as men, sinful men worshipping God, they will know none of these. The language of their public service must be the language of their wives, servants, and children—the language they learned on their mother's knee, in which they uttered their baby-prayers. Unreconciled to his conquerors' will, the Christian Bulgarian is not always able to keep silence on the point, even in the church. Wrought up to a pitch of excitement unusual, his feeling showed itself not long ago, when the deputy of the Greek bishop, being on a tour to collect revenue, came to Vélesa, held service in the church, and began to read in Greek. The people instantly interrupted him, ordered him to read Slavonic; he replied that he did not understand it. "Then," said they, "we have some one who does." The deputy was conducted from the pulpit, and a substitute was put into it who knew their tongue and could do as they desired.

It would seem that the intimate union between the people's stubborn Christian spirit and their mother tongue is well understood by their Mohammedan masters. Besides giving them Greek for their Church, they have set their clergy to destroy all the Bulgarian literature they could lay hands on. At Prilip, some years ago, a Greek bishop held a burning; at Veles a Greek bishop held another burning. These, however, were only the gleanings of the fiery harvest of 1776, when the Greek went out into all the country, burning every book and document in the Slavonic tongue. The hatred of Slavonic books extended to Slavonic schools. These were banished from every part of the country, and no place was left where the people might learn but some old convents in the recesses of the hills.

Burnt books, banished schools, and all other cruelties notwithstanding, there is no lack of interest in both books and schools in Bulgaria. A love of knowledge, which neither bishop nor pasha ever did one thing to foster, and which of late years, by burning and bullying and oppression, both have done their utmost to discourage and destroy, survives almost everywhere. Such is the love of intelligence which religion gives, and such is the fortitude and strength to suffer which religion supplies to that love, that wherever the people dare open a school, they open one, and, wherever travellers go with books they find the greatest desire to obtain them.

To destroy their language has been seen to be the way to destroy their Christianity, and to destroy their Christianity the way to

destroy their patriotism. There has ever been a profound and vital union between a nation's religion, its language, and its patriotism. How well the Sultan has been aided in the accomplishment of his ends in this respect by the bishops that he imposes on the Bulgarian Church, may be judged by the following fact. When, at the beginning of this century, Bulgaria fancied she saw the dawn of a better day, and, taking heart, her rich men dared to withdraw their sons from Constantinople and to send them to Russia, France, and Bohemia to be educated, and her common people began to found people's schools, at that time Roman Propagandists, seeking to win Bulgaria from the Patriarch of Constantinople, made one great bid for success. With what? With the Pope's bribe of self-government for their church, and service in their own tongue. Such was Rome's shrewd estimate of the *casus belli* between Bulgarians and their Greek head. But, after fairly considering this tempting offer, the people declared in favour of continuing the fight with their old enemy at Constantinople rather than of entering into what they imagined would be a strength-breaking, degrading compact with their newly volunteered friend in Rome.

The strength of English Christianity, when persecuted, showed itself in its power to do and in its power to bear, but far less in its power to do than in its power to bear. And what has been hitherto, under Turkish rule at least, the strength of Bulgarian Christianity? If the Christian Bulgarian has not done much, he at least has done what he could. He has cultivated his fields and gardens, and managed to get out of them enough to satisfy the rapacious demands of his Greek bishop and Mussulman tax-collector, and the frugal demands of himself and family. He loves his wife, his child, and his horse; and is so set on neatness of dwelling that he will, though broken-hearted, scrupulously tidy his cottage after a massacre. But if he does little, he bears much. His strength and greatness are in his endurance. See how faithfully he has borne the irritation, oppression, and outrage which have attached to his Christian faith. If, instead of by Mohammed, he prays in the name of Christ, whatever the largeness of his intellectual faculties, however fitted to shine in positions of responsibility and trust, the Bulgarian young man is deprived of all chance to rise to them. A Mohammedan must be law-maker, a Mohammedan must be soldier, a Mohammedan must be judge. A Christian cannot rise to even the rank of a rural policeman. He cannot give evidence in a court of law. He is an absolute cypher in the land, save as the subject of additional taxation, and every civil power about him is influenced by hatred of him. Everything is done and allowed to be done which inflicts pain and irritation; and beyond all this, his property has no longer the ordinary security. He may not count even on protection of life and limb.

Of the extent of such disadvantages some idea may be formed by the fact that an American missionary says, that in a place with which he was acquainted from seventy to a hundred Christians were annually murdered by Mussulmans without so much as inquiry being made; and the wife of the British chaplain at Constantinople tells that, in another town, she knew of thirty similar murders, for not one of which the murderer was punished. In short, a Christian Bulgarian is barely tolerated. A Mohammedan may with impunity supply his wants by robbing him and settle his dispute by murdering him. It is not easy for an Englishman to imagine what must be the petty provocations, the nameless worries, of the ordinary concerns of the Christian's life—the day-by-day buyings and sellings, intercourse of tenant and landlord—where such is the unfair relation between Christian and Mohammedan.

In comparison with times like these, surely the times of thumb-screw, rack, and stake celebrity in our own history would be times to be desired. The fiery heat of the land of the Inquisition must have been cool to that of a land where any hot-headed Mohammedan may play the inquisitor on his own account, and persecute his Christian neighbour. Horrible as it must have been to live when the mock judgments of a Jefferies and the fanatical zeal of a Mary determined the Christian's fate, more horrible still must it surely be to live where that fate is determined by the caprice of pampered assassins.

Bulgarian Christians it is asserted don't smile. Be it so. Where is the wonder? Spasmodic heroism may smile at spasmodic martyrdom, but surely the fortitude which is inured to day-by-day irritations, constant as the dropping of water, fevering as the sting of a gnat, deserves something better than scorn if, without a smile, it remains only fortitude. The superficial may see no beauty in the "dogged, depressed look" of the Bulgarian as he speaks of his church and his mother tongue, yet see much in the sparkle with which the Englishman is accustomed to speak of the same. But where

is the comparison? What does it cost us to stand by our mother Church and mother tongue? In him it means that he accepts the crushing out of every hope of mortal success, a position nearly a criminal's, and possibly imprisonment, banishment, or murder. His is the stuff which made our ancestors the sturdy defenders of our religious faith and freedom, and out of which, in happier times, are made the noblest forms of man.

Excluded from all public power, the Christians of Bulgaria still possess moral and spiritual power which nothing but their own extermination can destroy. We will take leave of our subject with a glimpse at one of the main causes of that power—their domestic affections and the somewhat patriarchal form of some of their more influential homes. In these, members of the same family, with their wives and children, eat at one table and live in houses opening on one court, within the protection of one high wall.

"These family associations, or zadroogas," says Miss Irby, "are general throughout Bulgaria, and have certainly tended to sustain the Christians under the lawless régime of the Turk. Besides securing to every household the presence of a number of men to protect the women from intruders, they ensure widows and orphans a maintenance and security in the bosom of their own kindred. Where land is to be cultivated, they enable a family to do its own work without hiring strangers, and they provide a sphere for younger sons without sending them out to service. Thus, too, family intercourse is kept free from the dread of spies; old ties, old memories and customs can be fostered, and foreign innovations can be withstood. Above all, natural affections find their due satisfaction; young women are preserved from temptation, and young men are certain of a comfortable and well-regulated home." *

We do not claim for the Bulgarian immunity from the moral and spiritual evils to which flesh is heir, and which beset the mortal life of English Christians. Practical life among the five or six millions who hold the Christian faith in Bulgaria would not differ much from practical life amongst as many inhabitants of the British Empire. But this we do claim, that between the Bulgarian and his Christian faith there must be a profound union.

If by patriotic Mohammedans Bulgarian Christians are regarded as heretics and aliens, surely by every patriotic subject of Christ, all over the world, they are regarded with fraternal sympathy, and with the prayer that the hour may soon come in which their cruel wrongs shall be repaired and full freedom in their worship of God shall be restored. Such a state of things will surely inaugurate for the Bulgarian a future history of fortitude and fidelity, which shall be seen by all mankind to be yet grander and holier than was ever their fortitude and fidelity in their past little-known history of long suffering under intolerance and wrong. B. W. G.

GALILEO.

Science, Religion, and Infallibility.

By HENRY C. EWART.

II.

IT is needless and indeed impossible to follow the tedious intrigues of the next ten years, during which the powerful influence of the grand-ducal court barely sufficed for the protection of the astronomer. Cosmo, his patron, was now dead, and the minority of his successor threw the power for some time into feminine hands. Galileo's security was thereby lessened, but having, as we have said, nothing of the martyr spirit in him, he had no scruple either as to the use of backstairs influence, or as to the most effusive professions of submission to the teaching of the Church. When in 1623 Cardinal Maffeo Barberini became Pope under the title of Urban VIII., the astronomer, now in his sixtieth year, fondly imagined that he was secure of protection for the brief remainder of his days. For the new successor of St. Peter was a man much given to dabbling in science, and had in earlier years been ambitious of Galileo's society. He must have known very well the opinions of the latter on the Copernican theory; for he had met him in familiar converse. He corresponded with him; and at least one expression amidst many flattering compliments appears clearly to intimate an agreement in Galileo's opinions. At any rate those opinions had not lessened the cardinal's esteem for his friend; for he had composed verses in his honour, "which, however unworthy of the greatness of the astronomer, might be accepted," he hoped, "as a proof of sympathy and affection."

* "Slavonic Provinces of Turkey in Europe," vol i., p. 130

There is little wonder therefore that Galileo's expectations of more freedom should be encouraged by the elevation of his friend to the Papal chair. And these anticipations were confirmed at first by a letter of the new Pope to the Grand Duke, in which the former expressed admiration, not only for the deep knowledge but also for the sincere piety of the astronomer. But Galileo was doomed to disappointment. In the first place the new Pope was necessarily bound by the infallible decree of a predecessor; and no flattering attentions on the part of his former friend could relax the iron bondage under which the priestly despot of Christendom himself was bound. In the next place the very friendship on which Galileo relied proved to be a treacherous mine beneath his feet, and exploded upon him with a horror of fire and darkness that covered his last days with physical misery and moral ignominy. Indeed it gives the last touch to the infamy which blackens the records of ecclesiastical infallibility in that age, when we learn that the condemnation launched against astronomical truth was not the issue of mistaken zeal for religion, but simply the malignant revenge of petty personal spite.

The offence which brought Galileo to the bar of the Inquisition was ostensibly the publication of his book entitled "Dialogues concerning the Two Great World-Systems." Its intention was to compare the Ptolemaic and Copernican systems, and to show the superiority of the latter. In the Dialogues there are three speakers, two of whom, Sagredo and Salviati, represent the views of Ptolemy and Copernicus respectively, while the third, Simplicio, an old-fashioned soul, incapable of comprehending that the world has anything new to reveal, refers every question to the authority of Aristotle, and causes much amusement in his ancient childhood by a prattling, querulous pedantry. This book had cost much labour; and hoping to secure protection for it from a friendly Pope, the author took it with him to Rome in 1630. Here he sought the president of the Sacred Palace—lord chamberlain perhaps we should call him—and introduced the Dialogues to his notice. He described them as a collection of scientific trifles, rather entertaining than serious, and requested that the chamberlain would criticize them severely and expunge freely anything that might appear to him objectionable. The official read the book, or at any rate professed to have done so, and returned it with a permission under his sign manual to print it. Unfortunately this permission was available only for Rome, and Galileo much preferred Florence as the place of publication, and sought a new licence, promising to submit the book afresh to any ecclesiastical censor who might be named in the latter town. The chamberlain agreed, but requested to have the former certificate returned to him for alteration. He obtained it on that understanding, but treacherously kept it, and refused every appeal for its recovery. However, the work was licensed by the Florentine censor named to the author, and was published in 1632.

Now came the outburst of the storm. Somehow or other the conceited Pope got it into his foolish head that the peripatetic simpleton in the Dialogues was intended as a portrait of himself. There seems to have been no ground whatever for the supposition, other than the fact that some arguments of Simplicio had been occasionally urged by Cardinal Barberini. But then they were the common property of the Aristotelians of the day. Galileo disavowed the imputation, doubtless with complete sincerity, and also with the energy of terror. The Grand Duke used his good offices: but all in vain. And under the threat of excommunication, then so terrible, the poor old astronomer was compelled to appear before the Roman Inquisition. In forming our opinion on the real grounds of this severity, it is impossible to forget that the obnoxious book had been twice licensed by ecclesiastical authority, after the most ample opportunity of mastering its contents. It is therefore difficult to resist the impression that something other than the doctrine contained was the real cause of this sudden rigour. The *amour propre* of an arrogant Pope was too clearly the impulse which led the infallible Church to record its irreversible judgment against the truth declared by the heavens as to the glory and the handiwork of God.

It was in 1633, the seventieth year of his age, that Galileo, weakened by rheumatism and palsied by terror, appeared before the "holy office." He was treated with exceptional indulgence, owing to the strenuous efforts of the Tuscan embassy. He was allowed to reside with his friends until the time of his examination; and then his removal for a short time to the prison of the Inquisition was probably intended more to frighten him than for any other purpose. It has been a point of much dispute whether he was actually put to the torture; though it is impossible to doubt that the fear of it added

to the horror of his position. All probabilities seem to be in favour of the negative conclusion. But the authorities of the Roman Church have only themselves to blame for any uncertainty which yet rests upon the question. For they have persistently refused to publish the documents in the archives of the Vatican, the evidence of which would be conclusive. The documents, bound up in a volume, were carried to Paris by Napoleon I. amongst many other Italian spoils, and a translation was commenced which was interrupted apparently by his fall. There the matter rested till 1845, when the volume was restored to the Vatican, under promise, it is said, of publication. Some portions have been made public, but not the whole. And it is just this concealment which gives plausibility to the surmise—for it is nothing more—that torture was really inflicted. On the other hand, if this had been the case, it must have been known to Galileo's friends on his early release from the prison of the Inquisition. He had a sufficient number of enthusiastic admirers, beyond the reach of the Roman Curia, to have trumpeted such an infamy to the whole world. But such evidence is wanting. Besides, the court of Florence had great interest at Rome, and an ambassador who secured to the illustrious prisoner exceptional indulgence in secondary points of treatment, would certainly bring the whole weight of his influence to bear to secure him from the worst practices of priestly cruelty. And in addition it may be remarked, that even intolerant priests usually refrain from atrocities if they can get their own way without them. But Galileo never seems to have disputed their pretensions for a moment. His pleas were only two: first that he had never offended, and next that if he had, he was quite ready to say whatever they wished. It is improbable then, that under such circumstances, and in the face of a powerful court, they would indulge themselves with the diabolical amusement of torture. Whatever credit the advocates of earthly infallibility think they can gain for their cause from such admissions must be conceded to them. The charge against the Roman Church is of a very different kind. It could count upon the mortal frailty of a man who had little feeling for the majestic moral claims of truth. But incapable though he was of martyrdom, he stood before the Inquisition as the representative of divine facts, and in trampling him into the mire of hypocrisy the Church might indeed disgrace the man, but in her treason against truth brought a far deeper and more irredeemable infamy upon herself. Galileo was subjected to four examinations, which we cannot follow in detail. He made no attempt to maintain his right to discover or proclaim the truth. He earnestly protested that he had never intended to contravene the authority of the Church. The accusation against him was, in effect, that after being warned so long ago as 1616 of the Papal declaration that the Copernican doctrines were contrary to the Scripture and ought not to be defended, he had nevertheless perversely and wickedly maintained them in his recently published Dialogues. At his first answer he declared that in the condemned book he had neither maintained nor apologized for the doctrines in question; but, on the contrary, he had made it clear that the arguments of Copernicus were weak and inconclusive. In this hardy denial of despair he of course alluded to the reasonings of those interlocutors in the Dialogues who defended the principles of Aristotle and the system of Ptolemy. It was, however, far too obvious that the victory had been intentionally left with the Copernican advocate. Accordingly, at his second examination, he humbly said that he had reflected upon his former answers, and had re-read his book. He must now admit that in some passages, to a reader who was not well acquainted with him, it would certainly appear that the arguments favourable to the false opinion he had wished to refute were stated with suspicious force. But his fault, he pleaded, had been nothing more than ignorance and inadvertence. He perceived, however, that he had not said enough to satisfy the judges. He therefore offered, at another hearing, to continue the Dialogues in such a manner as to undo any mischief that had been done. "I undertake," he said, "to add to them one or two discussions in which I will return to the arguments set forth in favour of the false and condemned opinion, and I will give them the most complete refutation with which it shall please God to inspire me."

Alas, alas! Was this the lesson Galileo had learned from the imperturbable, irrefutable stars? It is not indeed for mortal weakness to fling at his memory any stones of reproach. But we should be wanting in reverence for higher heroism and in gratitude to our Maker, if we did not give thanks for the noble contrasts afforded in the story of the good fight of faith. Granted that Galileo was old; yet Polycarp was some sixteen

years older when, amidst a raging amphitheatre, he chose death by torment of fire rather than the denial of his Lord. Granted that he was suffering from bodily pain; yet the martyred women of Lyons, whose story is preserved by Eusebius, endured days of torture, uncomplaining, and strong in spirit, because, as it is pathetically said, they were hourly refreshed by the streams of grace that flowed from the heart of Christ. Granted that he was constitutionally weak; but we cannot help remembering the girl Margaret Wilson bound to the stake amidst the flowing tide on Solway Sands. The water rises round her straining neck; it bubbles about her panting lips; it chokes her struggling breath. She is gone! No! the pitiless murderers unbind her, restore her consciousness, cherish her into life again, only to try her faith once more. "Will you forswear the Covenant?" they ask. "Never!" she cries. "I am Christ's! let me go!" And once more the torment of the waves is faced, this time to be the gate of heaven.

With such examples before us it is a dishonour to human nature if we allow great names clouded with inconsistency to lower our standard of heroism. However painful the truth, it must be frankly owned that in the case of the great Galileo the ambition of knowledge entirely failed to give the strength and truth of character which weak women and children have received from faith. There is indeed a devotion to the pursuit of facts which is in itself of the nature of a religion, a love of truth for its own sake; and this has its willing martyrs as well as Christianity. But the mere curiosity of knowledge feels no sacredness in truth; and it is impossible to give Galileo the credit of rising into that higher region of intellectual aspiration in which fact is seen as the garment of God. Hear him in the miserable abjuration, the public utterance of which was a part of his sentence: "I, Galileo Galilei . . . . swear on the Holy Gospels, which I touch with my hands, that I have always believed, that I do now believe, and that with the help of God, I will always believe, that which the Holy Catholic Church, Apostolical and Roman, maintains, recognises, and teaches. But considering that after being commanded by the Holy Office to abandon entirely the false opinion . . . . that the sun is the centre of the world and immovable, while the earth is not the centre and moves, I have written a book in which this false opinion is maintained by strong arguments, to which I have not always given the answer; therefore with a sincere heart, and in entire loyalty, without any suppressed evasions, I forswear, I curse, I detest, the above-named errors and heresies, and solemnly engage to submit to the censures of the Church." *

Surely this was humiliation enough; but common tradition will have it that he descended to yet a deeper depth by uttering between his teeth after the recantation "E pur si muove"—"It moves, for all that." This tradition, however, rests on no contemporary evidence; it is an imaginary addition of after times; and we are glad that it is so. The endeavour to save consistency and recover self-respect by a subterfuge of this kind would only have been an additional evidence of moral weakness.

The poor old man lingered on, lame and half blind, for several years, during a great part of which he was confined a prisoner in his own villa near Florence; and only on the near approach of death was he solaced by free intercourse with friends. Intellectually he is a grand figure in the history of human discovery; and the establishment of the truths he was forced to abjure has been a rebuke under which the impious pretence of human infallibility should have withered. But after all, it is not intellectual achievement which neutralises superstition so much as moral emancipation; and this is the gift, not of mental greatness, but of goodness.

The sacredness of truth, as distinguished from its interest, does not impress itself on the intellect, but on the conscience. But no knowledge educates the susceptibilities of the conscience, except that which reveals God to the heart. Astronomy scales the stars, and Geology sounds the abyss, and much credit they take to themselves for such achievements. But the eye of Faith has already transcended them both, and in its contemplations of the Infinite is overwhelmed with that sense of nothingness from which all humble obedience springs. If the story of Galileo rebukes infallibility it also condemns the pretence of science to do the work of religion. Not the excitement of curiosity, but only the solemn inspirations of loyalty to God, give men in the grandest crises the courage of their opinions. And if, intellectually, few born of women have been greater than Galileo, morally it must be admitted that "the least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he."

* The phraseology is compressed, mainly by omissions, but what is given is substantially word for word.

OUR MONTHLY SURVEY.

I.—HOME NOTES.

AMERICAN VISITORS IN ENGLAND.

IT might be a thankless task to analyse too closely all the motives and considerations which have led to so cordial and indeed so enthusiastic a welcome as that given to General Grant during his recent visit to this country, a visit to be completed on his return from the Continent in the autumn. There was something in it, perhaps, of the too great readiness to fall down and worship success, and especially the military success with which General Grant's name is chiefly associated. But probably in far larger proportion than that of this baser element, was the feeling of desire in this way to show England's good-will towards the United States, and the prevailing feeling of satisfaction and thankfulness that, although at so fearful a price, slavery has been destroyed, and the political disintegration of the States has been prevented. Another American visitor, who has won a not inferior and not less lasting distinction—we are disposed to say a much higher and more abiding distinction—has also been with us, and we are thankful to know that he was welcomed with not less honour, although in a less public way, than the ex-President of the United States. We mean Mr. Lloyd Garrison, who for forty years devoted himself, through evil report and good report through many dangers, privations, and sacrifices, to the championship of the slave. The story of his courage, his pertinacity, his inexhaustible humanity, his clear and steadfast adherence to justice and right, his consecration to a noble and generous purpose—this is written in thousands of grateful hearts, and in the book of remembrance whose record shall never be destroyed. Mr. Garrison must now, we should think, be seventy years of age, although, notwithstanding the pallor of his countenance and an unsatisfactory state of health, he does not look so old. He is travelling in Europe in the hope of recruiting his strength. He was entertained at a semi-public breakfast in London during the past month, at which about fifty gentlemen were present, including some fifteen or sixteen Members of Parliament. Mr. Garrison gave a most interesting address, dwelling particularly upon the condition and prospects of the United States, as affected by the abolition of slavery. He dwelt very strikingly upon the terrible cost at which emancipation had been secured, a cost shared, as he pointed out, and justly shared, by all the States, inasmuch as all had, in some way, had part in the sin of slave-holding. The history of the United States in relation to this matter of slavery clearly showed, in Mr. Garrison's opinion, the folly of setting expediency over against principle, and of endeavouring to enter into a compromise with that which was radically and essentially wrong. Mr. Garrison's account of the social condition and prospects of the enfranchised negroes had its dark as well as its bright side. He was sanguine as to the progress which the coloured population would make, but he dwelt too upon the many difficulties and drawbacks with which they have to contend, and we were sorry to find that he took a somewhat gloomy view of their prospects for the next few years. The white population of the Southern States have behaved better than Mr. Garrison expected they would behave under the heavy disaster (as they counted it) which befel them when their slaves were set free. But the spirit which slave-holding fostered is not dead, and there is a very prevalent disposition to do everything possible to repress and over-ride the coloured race. In some of the principal States of the South, a white man cannot be punished even for killing a man with negro blood in his veins—no jury will convict him of the crime. The consequence is, that during the past seven years thousands of coloured people have been murdered or otherwise maltreated with impunity, and this, Mr. Garrison fears, will continue for some time to be the case. To us in England this seems to be a most shocking state of things; indeed, we can hardly realise it. We trust that the increasing and very large communication between Englishmen and Americans will be helpful in extending to every part of that great country a public feeling which will make the continuance of such a crying wrong everywhere impossible.

THE RITUALISTIC REVOLT.

From month to month the attitude of the ritualistic clergy in the Established Church seems to become more painfully offensive and more utterly intolerable. The world has been ringing with their sayings and doings, and it seems as if some crisis were surely approaching in their relations with the episcopal body to which, with what seems to those who are not of them a strange inconsistency, they persistently cling. The whole country has been scandalised by the discovery, through the Earl of Redesdale's intervention in the House of Lords, of the extensive use among the clergy of a guide to the confessional in the form of a manual compiled especially for the instruction of "priests" in the art of questioning those who confess to them, so that they may receive the "benefit of priestly absolution." Many of the questions suggested were of the most immodest kind, and of course the entire book was based upon a theory of the office and functions of the clergy which the English people supposed had been distinctly and entirely repudiated and condemned generations ago. And yet to those who have even taken the slightest trouble to acquaint themselves with what is going on around them the growth of the practice of confession in the Church of England has been an open secret. Several years ago we ourselves heard a so-called "priest" in an Anglican pulpit, preach a long sermon in explanation and defence of habitual auricular confes-

sion as one of the most essential duties of the Christian life. The language of the "secular newspaper press" has been extremely strong in denunciation of these priestly doctrines and practices, and the general indignation is great. Still it cannot be denied that the priestly party has a large following, and certainly many of its most prominent members seem to be gifted with an immeasurable amount of obstinacy. They will listen neither to the law nor to bishops, or even archbishops. By a technical quibble, which a clergyman who was lately deprived on account of his persistent popish practices was astute enough to lay hold of, one judicial sentence has been nullified; and now it appears that Mr. Tooth has discovered an irregularity in the form of proceedings against himself, and is endeavouring to take advantage of it in the court of law; so that it is quite possible that he may soon be back again as Vicar of St. James's, Hatcham. These instances show how exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, it is to restrain a strong current of zeal—even although it is in a bad cause—by legal devices. A certain section of the Ritualistic clergy have begun an agitation in favour of disestablishment. The speeches we have heard upon the subject have been full of such hard and bitter things against the Episcopal bench, and against that portion of the Established Church which tries to be loyal to the State, that we could not help wondering that the speakers desired, as they seemed to desire, to maintain their connection with such a body, even if it were disestablished and disendowed. We fear that there are many troublesome days in store for the Established Church, which must sadly interfere with its fulfilment of the true functions of a Christian community.

RAGGED WORK IN LONDON.

We observe in the Quarterly Record of the Ragged School Union a valuable summarised statement of the nature and extent of the work done by this important and still very necessary organization. The writer points out that "Christian work among the masses of the poor of London, under the general name of "ragged schools," has been far more comprehensive than such designation implies." The word "school" has probably given to many a mistaken impression, leading them to suppose that the effect of the Elementary Education Act of 1870 would supersede the ragged school movement. As a matter of fact, however, that movement included a great many efforts on behalf of the extremely poor besides the supply of a day-school education, and these efforts "are being carried on with vigour, and are more extensive than ever." Those efforts comprise Sunday-schools, youths' religious services, ragged churches, and mothers' meetings, and by means of these four principal agencies more than 46,000 persons, children, and adults are every week brought under Christian influence and instruction. This is an increase of more than 4,000 as compared with the numbers of 1875. In the ragged Sunday-schools there has been, during the past year, an average attendance of 28,451 scholars and 2,673 teachers, the latter being volunteers from all branches of the Christian Church. The night schools also form a very interesting and useful department of labour. They are specially intended "to aid youths of both sexes to make up for past neglect who are beyond the school board age, and whose circumstances compel, during the day, self-effort and self-support." Last winter the number of these night scholars was 8,697, "of whom 4,881 were always present every night the school was conducted." Then, further, the "ragged school" enterprise includes rendering assistance to from 2,000 to 3,000 girls and boys every year in getting employment. In this department we find the work of the shoe-black brigade, and it is gratifying to know that the 400 boys engaged last year as shoe-blacks in London "earned and accounted for upwards of £12,000," an average of nearly eleven shillings a week for each boy. The importance of this assistance in obtaining work, and encouragement to honesty, industry, and general good behaviour, can scarcely be over-estimated. How many boys and girls every year are thus saved from ruin! Of course it is eminently desirable that the *need* for all this "ragged work" should decrease from year to year, and doubtless it is actually doing so, and will do so. As education and moral and religious influences are extended, we shall have fewer ragged children, and fewer instances of miserable poverty and helplessness among adults. But the same influences will also quicken the zeal of the community in its endeavour to overtake and remedy the evil that remains. And alas! vice and consequent poverty and suffering seem as if they are still far from being extirpated. The condition of our great towns and cities still cries aloud, although with unconscious and inarticulate appeal, to that divinely inspired and generous compassion which found expression in the original ragged school movement.

THE SICK IN HOSPITALS AND AT HOME.

Doctors tell us most emphatically that in many cases the recovery of a patient depends far more upon skilful nursing than upon the use of medicines. The skilful nurse attends to the surroundings of the suffering one, and takes care that as far as possible these shall be free from all that would jar upon the enfeebled system, and continues in attendance to interpose, to calm, and to assist, from hour to hour, through many long and often weary vigils. But a cursory reader of daily newspapers, who is so happy as to have but little experience, in his own person or in that of his friends, of severe illness, may be pardoned if he sometimes feels rather puzzled by the various measures which are advocated for securing the most effectual treatment of sick people. Sometimes we hear the Hospital system strongly advocated. Just lately a very influential meeting was held for the purpose of extending that system to a class in the social scale higher than those for whose benefit it has hitherto been specially carried out. Hospitals have been mainly used by the poor, and their

kindly refuge has been opened free of charge, and has been practically limited only by the amount of voluntary subscriptions which could be obtained. It is proposed now to provide hospital accommodation for patients who can afford to pay for it, and who will be glad to do so. And it is argued that such accommodation will be of immense value, inasmuch as it will secure to the sick the space, attendance, and other helps to recovery, which only the wealthiest can command in their own homes. We are assured, however, by others, that the radical idea of our great hospitals is a mistake, and that their working is full of grave practical faults. If hospitals are kept up at all they should be cottage hospitals, each building supplying beds for at most half-a-dozen patients. Once more, we attend a meeting, and find that its special object is to provide skilful nurses for people in their own homes, and the advantage is dwelt upon of keeping the sick one amidst familiar scenes and under the careful watchfulness of the members of the household. Moreover, we are reminded that the removal of the mother of a family from her home is often, especially in the case of the poor, nothing less than a disaster to the children, who are thus deprived of such supervision as even many sick women can and do give.

The fact is, that the different arguments in favour of these various modes of dealing with the sick are not contradictory of each other. In this, as in so many other questions of expediency, the true answer is the hackneyed one, "Everything depends upon circumstances." In multitudes of cases the hospital is practically the only adequate provision that can be made for the sick person. The system, as several of our London hospitals show, is capable of considerable modification and adaptation, although of course never absolutely free from drawbacks. But in other cases the use of hospitals is practically impossible. While therefore we recognise the value of the proposal to which we have referred for establishing a system by which persons shall be able to have the benefit of hospital treatment on payment, we are glad to see that a meeting was held the other day in Lambeth Palace to promote institutions for the training of nurses for the sick poor in their own homes. Efforts of this kind are among the happy results of that Christian thoughtfulness which has lately given special prominence not only to the inquiry, How shall we help the poor? but also to the further question, How shall we help them in the best way?

FLOWERS FOR THE POOR IN GREAT CITIES.

These summer months, with their glorious wealth of sunshine, have once more filled our fields and lanes and gardens with loveliness—the loveliness of grass, and foliage and flowers. According to custom, too, many flower-shows, with splendid specimens of the beautiful forms and colours which art has helped to perfect, have attracted crowds of visitors, and afforded a wholesome as well as delightful pleasure. We have been glad to notice that flower-shows, furnished by the poor, both in the country and in the town, are increasing in number and interest. Especially is it delightful to observe the encouragement which such institutions give to the dwellers in densely populated districts to brighten the surroundings of homes which often look sadly dreary and unattractive. The cultivation of flowers is one of the cheapest as well as one of the most innocent recreations, and those who encourage it by suggestion, and by helping to arrange for shows among their less fortunately situated neighbours, do a really useful work. The "City Flower Show" in London has been held eight summers successively, and always excites a good deal of interest. The Rector of Bishopsgate is among the cordial supporters of the exhibition, and he and his friends have done much to make it a permanent and successful festival occasion. At this year's show, which was held recently in Finsbury Circus, some hundreds of plants were exhibited, most of them by persons in a humble position in life. The Duchess of Westminster distributed the prizes, and a very pleasing circumstance was that many of the winners were boys and girls, who, of course, were highly delighted with the tributes thus paid to their flowers, which they had reared often with considerable difficulty and care. The Duke of Westminster, in acknowledging a vote of thanks given to the Duchess, mentioned that it was "only within the last few years that it had been possible to grow flowers in the City, owing to the smoky and impure condition of the atmosphere." Happily, a great improvement is taking place in this respect, and it may be that within a generation or so London fogs will become a tradition of past days. The Duke also remarked very appropriately upon the movement which is progressing in many parts of London for planting with pleasant flowers and shrubs the old and disused graveyards, which until recent years too often looked utterly dismal and neglected. These and other open spaces in all large towns might, with immense advantage to the health and comfort of the people, be made, at a comparatively small cost, to bloom with freshness and beauty every returning spring. We are heartily glad to know that this fact is becoming increasingly recognised. Certainly the improvement of this kind made in London during the last few years is a subject for congratulation and thankfulness.

II.—GLANCES ABROAD.

THE WAR AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

Much uncertainty still hangs over the progress of military operations in Eastern Europe and Asia Minor. We know that the main body of the Russian army has now crossed the Danube, and at a smaller sacrifice of life than was anticipated, and every day tidings are looked for of some decisive blow. In Armenia it is clear that the force which the Russians have sent is insufficient for the accomplishment of the purposes of the campaign, and, notwithstanding the wretched inefficiency of the Turkish generals and officers, a serious check has been re-

ceived, and new troops have been hastily dispatched to the scene of conflict. It becomes more and more clear that the enterprise in which Russia has engaged is one which will severely tax the strength and resources of that empire. Meantime we are once again confronted with the awful waste, and the yet more awful suffering, entailed by war. The ambulance arrangements of the Russian army seem, so far as we have heard, to be fairly sufficient to meet the terrible need of the wounded, and there is tolerable provision for the sick. But on the Turkish side there seems to be scarcely anything worthy of the name of ambulance arrangements at all. The supply of food is also miserably insufficient, and as to pay, that appears scarcely to be reckoned upon by the Turkish soldier. Half starved, ill-clothed, badly supplied with cartridges, and badly officered—and all this, be it observed, is according to accounts coming from the Turkish side—these poor creatures are led against the "enemy," and multitudes of them are "shot down like dogs." And yet, strange to say, these Turks fight gallantly, and often show a desperate tenacity and bravery worthy of a better cause. The account of the state of the wounded in Armenia is simply heartrending. They have to drag themselves often for miles before they can get any attention. They wrap round their frightful sores and wounds with clotted rags, and hundreds of them have been seen by the wayside, seeking some alleviation of their pain, by washing their wounds in some running stream.

But the account of the sufferings of these soldiers does not complete the list of horrible results of war —indeed, sad to say, is far from being the most horrible of what is to be told. The track of the armies, and especially that part of it which marks the progress of the wild hordes of more than half-savage races who join either side for the sake of plunder and adventure, or from some fierce native instinct of bloodshed and destruction, is stained by the perpetration of crime and outrage, which seems to cry to heaven for vengeance, and which shows the blackness of darkness, the devilishness, into which men may descend. The air is full of prophecies as to what will be the issue of this struggle, and warlike voices are heard insisting that the critical moment may come, and come soon, when England will have to draw the sword for the preservation of her national interests. May a gracious Providence falsify the prediction! We, truly, ought to be the first of the nations of whom it shall be said, "They shall learn war no more."

THE FAMINE IN SOUTHERN INDIA.

Sad accounts continue to arrive from India of the suffering, disease, and death occasioned by the famine. An estimate appeared lately in a Madras newspaper that the mortality of the next three months in that Presidency would be increased by a million and a quarter in consequence of the scarcity of food; and well-informed authorities consider that the estimate is probably correct. Immense numbers of the poor starving people are employed on Government relief works; but the amount of food supplied to them has been too small to keep up their strength, and many of them have become gradually incapable of doing any more work. We are glad to learn that the Governor of Madras, with what appears to us to be a wise as well as a humane policy, has resolved to allot more liberal allowances, thus departing from the established system of giving barely enough to keep life at its lowest ebb. There are now about half a million of people absolutely dependent on the Madras Government for food, all of them being so reduced by hunger and disease as to be totally unable to work. Of these, sad to say, no less than half are people who have been employed on relief works, but have been compelled to relinquish their tasks in consequence of the failure of their strength. Large numbers are continually coming into the town of Madras from the country districts around, and staying there so as to be near the central authorities under whose direction the distribution of food is made. At least one hundred thousand of such persons are now in the town, and their appearance, in many instances, is wretched and woebegone in the extreme. Gaunt and haggard, their bones almost protruding from the skin, they creep about or sit in dumb and helpless misery until death releases them from the pangs of hunger. As a natural consequence, the rate of mortality is frightfully high in Madras; in March it had reached the large number of one hundred and fifty in a thousand for the month, and is probably now not less than one hundred and thirty in a thousand. Happily the rain has begun to fall, although it had not been very general up to the date of the last advices. There is still much suffering in store, it is to be feared, for the poor people; multitudes who survive will be permanently weakened by the privations which they are now enduring. Large numbers of orphan children too, will be cast upon the care of the Government or left to the kindness of benevolent people. The charge of many of these will no doubt be undertaken by the agents of the various missionary societies, and we can scarcely think of a more fitting sphere for the exercise of Christian kindness and compassion than that presented by the melancholy state of these little ones.

THE BIBLE AND POPULAR EDUCATION IN EUROPE.

In a very interesting address, lately delivered in Chicago, Dr. Mitchell has pointed out the close connection which exists between the spread of the Bible and the general advancement of education. Let it be accounted for as it may, the fact is undeniable, that as the Bible is circulated among "the common people" the scale of intelligence, judged by the recognised test of ability to read, is improved. "From the time of Martin Luther," says Dr. Mitchell, "the Bible has had free course throughout all Northern Germany. Germany has accordingly become the home of popular intelligence. Only four per cent. of all the millions of Prussia are ignorant of their letters." In France, where for many centuries the Bible was a forbidden book, we find, as compared

with Northern Germany, "a very great falling off in popular intelligence." According to the last military census, 30½ per cent. of the male adult population of France did not know their letters and could not write their names. Turning to Italy, Dr. Mitchell presents, from the tables of the Minister of Public Instruction, the following striking series of facts :—

"The different portions of Italy differ greatly in respect to the degree of freedom which the Bible has enjoyed, and differ in a similar ratio in the degree of popular intelligence which will be found. But, for long centuries the Bible was interdicted over *all* the Italian peninsula, and the whole land, therefore, presents a corresponding ignorance. The tables of Signor Matteuci, ex-minister of public instruction, present the facts. Let us begin with Lombardy, which for thirty years has been the most free and privileged part of Italy. It has been especially so since 1848. In Lombardy they have longest had a free Bible, and in Lombardy you will find a larger percentage of the people who can read than in any other part of Italy—by no means a high degree of popular education, but much more than elsewhere in Italy. In 1862, "of every 1,000 males in Lombardy, 539 were, more or less, able to read, and 461 did not know their letters. Of every 1,000 females, 426 could read, 574 could not. That is, throughout the whole population about half were able to read.

"Going one step further south, we find that in Tuscany and the adjacent provinces, 'of every 1,000 males, 359 could read, leaving 641 who could not. Of every 1,000 females, 250 could read, 750 could not.' A little over one-fourth of the whole population in these provinces could read.

"Passing still further south, we find that 'in Naples and Sicily, of every 1,000 males, 165 were able to read, 835 could not. Of every 1,000 females, 62 could read, 938 could not. That is, in every 1,000 of the population, in the Neapolitan provinces, about 10 only were able to read.'

"What a picture is this! In the world-renowned Tuscany, with Florence in its centre, the home of Cosmo and Lorenzo de Medici, the patrons of letters and of art in Italy's golden days, a forbidden Bible for 200 years, and, as a consequence, in every 1,000 people, 740 who cannot read or write their names. In Naples, where the exclusion of the Bible has been carried to its greatest extent, of the men, only 165 in 1,000 who can read, and of the women, of every 1,000 only 62!"

Passing on to Spain, an equally lamentable condition of ignorance is revealed. Spain has been for five hundred years without the Bible, and there, out of about fifteen millions of people, twelve millions cannot read, and there are probably not two millions in all Spain who can write their names. After citing these figures, the speaker justly added :—

"Have I not, then, established, upon a basis of simple facts and official figures, my proposition : that an open and honoured Bible is the very best guarantee of popular intelligence which any land can secure? Wherever this book is diffused and honoured, and brought into contact with the youth, in that land schools, colleges, seminaries of learning of every grade are found, and a voting population possessing that quality of intelligence vital to democratic institutions; wherever this book is put beneath a ban, kept from the people, there, for some reason, no matter now what the reason is, but there, for *some* reason, popular intelligence is at its lowest ebb."

Such facts strikingly illustrate the truth of the Psalmist's saying, "The entrance of Thy words giveth light."

III.—JOTTINGS FROM THE MISSION FIELD.

CHRISTIAN WORK IN NORTH CHINA.

Some interesting notices of work and experience in North China, on the mission stations occupied by agents of the United Presbyterian Church, are given in the *Missionary Record* of that body. The little band of Christian labourers, consisting of three ordained ministers and one medical missionary, who, with some eighteen or twenty native evangelists and teachers, are engaged in that vast field, have been reinforced during the past year by the arrival of two ladies from Edinburgh, who have given themselves to the missionary service. The mission consists of two principal stations, at each of which there is a congregation in attendance on public worship numbering about one hundred. There are sixty-two communicants, and one hundred and twenty-nine children are under instruction in day schools. These are, indeed, small numbers, and when we remember that the population of the province consists of many millions of persons, we can realise how much need these Christian labourers have of a special degree of patience, faith, and hope. Extreme caution is exercised in the admission of professed native converts to Church fellowship. This is necessary, not only because of instances of deliberate insincerity, but also because of the many hostile influences which beset the Chinese who accept the Christian faith, and which comparatively few are able to withstand. Prevailing superstition, national and social prejudices, misapprehension and ignorance, give rise to a great deal of persecution, which, if it does not take the form of outward violence, is very real and very difficult to bear. One of the missionaries writes :

"Besides the applicants for baptism in Moukden, there are many there who, by deputy or by Nicodemus-like visits, let me know they are believers, have renounced idols, pray to the one God through the one Saviour, and hope for salvation, though they dare not apply for baptism. Others have asked for secret baptism. These are mostly literati, or the better class of merchants, who never lose an opportunity of speaking well of Christianity, but dare not as yet face the consequences of a public adhesion to Christianity by baptism. For, whatever it is elsewhere, the public profession of Christianity in Moukden is attended by severe trials. 'It would not matter what I might be called upon to suffer,' said the new evangelist Yin one day, 'if only my old friends remained by me.' And he related how his relations and former friends, though as polite as ever, manifested in their manner that there now existed an impassable gulf; for the man who receives baptism is regarded as a traitor to his country, alienated from it, and the ally of the foreigner, who is one day to attack China and seize it by the aid of these converts. This we owe to the Roman Catholics and their civil do-

minion in China. I have heard him abused and denounced in the chapel in the wildest and most passionate manner: 'Are you not a Chinaman? Are you not the subject of the Great Manjow? Do you not eat [the produce of] Chinese soil, and wear Chinese clothing? And how can you become a foreigner? You are a Chinaman; how have you sunk so low as to speak a foreign language?' (belief and preaching of doctrines derived from a foreign source implying subjection to a foreign country.)

"Conversion is supposed to be the result of magic, acting by means of a pill or powder, which deceives the wisest Chinaman, and makes him the slave of the foreigner. One of my first members informed me that his friends in Chihli never received so great and bewildering a surprise as when he went home, for they gave up all hopes of ever seeing him after he was baptized, as he then was believed to have received 'medicine' which compelled him to return to the foreigner after he had gone three miles from the place of baptism. A former intimate friend of Yin's, a literary man, called upon him after his baptism, and asked his surname, age, dwelling-place, and particulars about his native village, as if he had been a total stranger, just to test his coherence, and to ascertain whether or not his former mind had not been removed by magic! One day I found three young men, in for their degree examinations, standing below the desk from which Yin was preaching, declaiming against him in the most violent manner, loading him with reproaches, as a traitor to his country, ungrateful to his emperor, and false to his sage (Confucius). You can imagine how trying this daily strife and vituperation are to a young literary man, reverencing his sage, and a whole-hearted patriot. I stood up, on their propounding an angry question, saying, 'I will reply to that question.' I leant forward, resting my left arm, in which was my cane, on the desk: the three young men instantly jumped back two paces among the dense crowd. I smiled and said, 'Don't fear, though I have a stick; it is not to beat you.' Yin replied, with a quiet smile, 'They don't fear your stick; they are afraid you will administer to them a bewitching medicine.' I could not help laughing outright, which rather disconcerted them, and then, after replying to their question, that the Jesus-religion was of no particular country, nation, or race, but for *Man*, I told them I had a most potent medicine, one which could heal the diseases of the heart."

Besides preaching and teaching by word of mouth, the senior missionary, Dr. Williamson, devotes a great deal of time to literary labours in Chinese, in which difficult language he is thoroughly versed. He has lately issued a work in Chinese on Natural Theology, and has also contributed a series of articles to the *Shanghai Weekly* on the Life of Christ.

A HINDOO CONVERT TAKING UP HIS CROSS.

In India, as in so many parts of the mission field, the hindrances and difficulties in the way of making a profession of Christianity are often very great, and especially so in the case of natives of good social position. From Bengal, we observe, a narrative has been lately published, which resembles that from China, the substance of which we have already quoted, and which cannot fail to move the sympathy of Christian readers. The Rev. T. Evans, of Monghyr, says:

"The Hindoo gentleman of whom I am about to write, is a pleader in the Court at Monghyr, but his native place is Calcutta. He is a person of English education, and is a member of a respectable Hindoo family, himself a married man with a family. . . . For months past he has been preparing to 'take up the cross.' He was offered a most lucrative situation by a wealthy Hindu chief, but he said, 'No, for under him I shall not be able to follow Christ openly.' Lately, he went down to Calcutta to divide the family property with his brother. After the other property was divided, the brother said, 'Now let us divide the patrimony of the idol.' There is a god belonging to the family which has connected with its shrine about 50,000 rupees (£5,000), and a half share of this was the legal right of our friend; but he said, 'No, my brother, no; I will have none of it; it is an accursed thing, with which I shall not defile my hands or heart.'

"We have in Monghyr a large number of educated Baboos from Calcutta, all of whom were anxiously watching his movements, and doing all they could to dissuade him from baptism, putting all manner of losses and crosses before him. The greatest trial of all was his own wife and two dear little ones in his home at Monghyr; for his wife, when she found that he intended to make a public profession of his faith in Christ, told him again and again, 'As soon as you are baptized I leave you, and will take the children with me.' He did all he could to calm her and persuade her to stay, but to no purpose, for her answer was, 'No, I will not stop with you if you are baptized.' . . . What wonder that he hesitated, and spent weeks and months in a sorrowful and severe conflict between tender feelings and duty to Christ? Again and again has he come to me, and with tears has poured out his sorrow, saying, 'What can I do? I am quite wretched; I cannot sleep nor eat. If I follow Jesus publicly I will have to give up all on earth, and if I deny my Saviour He will deny me. Alas! alas! how can I take up this heavy cross?'

"I never urged him to be baptized, but I failed not to point out to him his duty to Christ, and I would say—'You know your duty; and you must be willing to do it yourself, and that joyfully.' I also felt quite sure that the Lord would some day enable him to give up all for Jesus. And so he did. He was to come forward at a meeting of the Church last week, to request baptism; but he came not. The following day he called on me and said:—'Ah, Mr. Evans! I could not come to the meeting, my heart failed me. I was in an awful state of mind, and I thought I could never give up all for Jesus; but, at seven o'clock on Thursday evening light broke in, and my heart was filled with the joy of the Holy Ghost. I saw a marvellous light, and I felt a marvellous love, and I was able cheerfully and thankfully to say, "All for Jesus!" and now I have perfect peace.' He also said, 'I am ready to go with you now down the Ganges and be baptized, or let me show my love to the Saviour on Sunday evening next by baptism in the English Chapel.'

"I asked him to write me a letter embodying his wishes, that I might circulate it among the church members for their consideration. This he did; and as he was well-known as an earnest seeker for the truth, and as one who had no worldly object to gain, but all to give up for Christ, he was accepted for baptism gladly. Most of Saturday he spent with a converted Brahmin who is now a minister of the gospel—a Mr. Mookerjee, from Calcutta. This brother, having had himself to pass through a like ordeal about fourteen years ago, could well sym-

pathise with our friend, and comfort and encourage his heart.

"The Sabbath evening came, and our friend presented himself before a mixed congregation of Europeans and natives, Christians and heathens, for baptism.

After a deeply affecting service, in which the new convert took part, he was baptized, and went forth to face the trials which this step incurred. Mr. Evans adds that he knows of many educated Hindoos who are convinced of the truth of Christianity, but who have not the courage to avow themselves believers; and such testimony is often given by experienced missionaries.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF "THE GOOD PHYSICIAN."

We have read with much interest the following account of timely and Christian help afforded to a poor sufferer in Madagascar by the Rev. J. Pearse, a missionary who is so fortunate as to have a good knowledge of medicine as well as a kind heart. Mr. Pearse writes:—

"The most trying, but, in some respects, the most interesting case we have had has been that of Rafiringa, now generally known as Lazarus. This man is a soldier in the native army, and formed one of the small garrison at Mahavelona. Having left his station, he was overtaken by sickness on his way to the interior, and it was with some difficulty that he reached this town about a year before our arrival. His wife and a companion from the coast forsook him soon after they reached here, and he was left a poor stranger among strangers. His disease got worse and worse; the people were unwilling that he should receive the shelter of their houses; and he has told me how once, for four days and nights, he lay in the open thoroughfare, and thought that he should have been devoured by the dogs. About two days after our arrival I noticed a poor fellow crawl up to the gate of our compound, where he sat, a crowd around him, and making begging motions to me. I was very busy at the time, going in and out and here and there, opening and arranging our packages and trying to make some sort of a home for ourselves, so that I did not approach him, or in fact take much notice of him; but, taking him to be a poor, neglected idiot, I sent a man to him with a small piece of money and a message to go away, as he was gathering an unwelcome crowd about the premises. A few days after, in conversation with a native, I learned enough about his condition to lead me to say, 'I will go and see him.' Accordingly I went, and a more sad, more wretched, more distressing, human object I have never seen, and hope I may never be called to look upon the like again. Refused the shelter of any house, he had crawled (he had not been able to walk for four months) under the shade of a mud wall, against which a native, not altogether destitute of human feeling, had leaned a few 'zozoro' rushes. Crouched beneath this frail shelter, with a cow-dung fire burning close to him, squatted poor Lazarus, in appearance a human skeleton, but with just sufficient strength to hold out his hand in an imploring manner, while his lips uttered the plea, 'Very aho! very aho!'—*i.e.* 'I am lost! I am lost!' The sight of a fellow-being so reduced was most distressing, while the stench from his filth and sores was almost overpowering. We felt that we must at least try and do something for him, although he seemed almost beyond any human help. I got some of the people sufficiently roused to put up a temporary hut for him; and having, by the promise of a dollar or two, got a man to promise to act as a kind of nurse, we took poor Lazarus in hand. The case was greatly aggravated by neglect, dirt, and want. Day after day I went to the hut, washing and dressing his sores myself, a process which sometimes occupied more than an hour. We sent him cooked food several times daily, got him a mattrass and some kind of clothing, and did all in our knowledge or power to save his life and restore him to health. For some time he wavered between living and dying, but at length I was rewarded by noticing marked improvement. His sores began to heal; his strength gradually returned; and now, by God's blessing, he seems quite recovered, being only a little lame with one leg, which, from the lengthened contraction, will, I fear, be permanent. He is the wonder of the place, and a walking advertisement for the missionary; while our treatment of him has been a practical lesson to the people of love to their neighbour, which, alas! they have all too much need to learn."

Such an instance is indeed, according to Mr. Pearse's homely metaphor, a "walking advertisement." It recalls to our mind a remark which we lately saw in the journal of a medical missionary to China, who unites the work of an Evangelist with that of a doctor. He wrote: "I have had so much to do in attending to the patients who throng to me for advice and assistance that I have had little time lately for *spoken* sermons." *Acted* sermons, however, *i.e.*, truths expressed in loving, unselfish deeds, are sometimes the strongest commendation of Christianity. By the healing of the sick, and the helping of the distressed, Christ expressed many of the loftiest truths of His ministry and life. The Gospel was first commended to the world by the helpfulness and compassion of One "who healed all manner of sickness and diseases;" and very many missionaries have found that a knowledge of the healing art was an invaluable help to them in their work. Even the darkest and most fallen men and women may often be approached in this way, and understand something of the mystery of the Divine love from these sermons without words.

IV.—OUR MEMORIAL RECORD.

MRS. GEORGE BURNS, OF GLASGOW.

This gifted and truly philanthropic lady, whose name has long been honourably known in connection with almost every benevolent institution in Glasgow, died on the first of July at a venerable age. Her long life was marked by a singularly unselfish and intelligent devotion to the task of doing good, kept up until within a very short time before her death. The daughter of a distinguished statist, and the wife of the founder of a great firm of shipowners, Mrs. Burns had the advantage of hereditary intelligence and of a good social position, and these she used with much faithfulness in the Divine work of helping those who were less happily circumstanced; while those with whom she co-operated in such kindly

enterprises readily learned to value and admire the vigour of her intelligence and the inspiring energy of her character. She was the Lady President of the Glasgow City Mission, her association with that useful institution dating from the time when Dr. Chalmers was minister of the Tron Church. Both Mr. and Mrs. Burns were intimately associated with Dr. Chalmers in his multifarious pastoral and benevolent labours. Mrs. Burns delighted to invite the city missionaries of Glasgow to her beautiful home, and to cheer them in their arduous toils; and she was personally acquainted with almost every member of the mission. For twenty-five years too she laboured for the benefit of the cabmen of that city, and two years ago about four hundred of these men presented her with an address expressive of their gratitude for all that she had done on their behalf. She introduced "Cabmen's Rests" into Glasgow, and in many other ways showed her care for the personal, social, and spiritual welfare of a class of men whose employment exposes them to many hardships and many temptations. She also took a leading part in efforts for the Incurable, the Blind, and the Homeless. Mrs. Burns, however, did not by any means satisfy herself with working through societies and organizations, and those who had opportunities of observing her course testify that her direct, personal labours on behalf of the poor, her tender and ready sympathy with them in trouble, and her unostentatious but liberal gifts, formed perhaps the most valuable portion of her manifold services. The memory of such a life is fragrant, and its stimulating and suggestive influence will assuredly long be felt. The end, as might have been expected, was calm, peaceful, and full of confidence and hope.

MR. JOHN CLARK MARSHMAN.

Many who have read obituary notices of this extraordinary man must have felt surprised that they had heard so little of him during his life. Several reasons help to account for this. For one thing Mr. Marshman was singularly reticent about his own doings; secondly, he received very slight Government recognition, and never got into English public life; and lastly, he lived to be eighty-three years of age, so that a good deal of his active career belonged to the past generation. It is fitting that we should notice here a few of the leading facts of a very remarkable life. Mr. Marshman was the son of a very eminent Baptist missionary. In 1800, as a child, he was taken by his father to Serampore, the sphere of Dr. Marshman's missionary labours. As a youth his development was curiously precocious; and a writer who seems to have known him well, states that from 1812, when he (Mr. J. C. Marshman) was only eighteen years of age, he was "the moving spirit of the large religious undertakings managed by Dr. Marshman and his colleagues." "For nearly twenty years," says the same authority, "he held the position of a secular bishop, choosing, directing, and providing for a great body of missionaries, catechists, and native Christians, scattered in different parts of Bengal, collecting and earning for them great sums of money while living like his colleagues on £200 a year." It was natural that so energetic and self-reliant a spirit, possessed of a splendid enthusiasm, should come into collision frequently both with men and systems; and this was the case with Mr. Marshman, although his nature was one of the kindliest. After twenty years he gave up the mission, of which he practically had charge, to the Baptist Missionary Society, and with characteristic ardour threw himself into what has been called, somewhat misleadingly, "secular work." If "secular" in the common acceptation of the word, it was sacred in the truest sense, namely, that of being carried on in a nobly unselfish spirit, and of being directed to the furtherance of the noblest ends. Mr. Marshman established a paper manufactory; he started the first Bengalee newspaper ever published, and the first English weekly newspaper issued in India, known as *The Friend of India;* he published also a series of law books. Each of these undertakings was a great success. In all his work he kept before him persistently the idea of promoting the welfare of the native Hindoos, and the cause of religious freedom and enlightenment. He held that in India education must precede Christianity. We cannot discuss this position here; suffice it to say that with certain limitations it is practically recognised by most of those engaged in that field of labour to-day, and in Mr. Marshman's case the theory seems to have been consistent with a true and fervent evangelistic zeal. For ten years Mr. Marshman held the important post of official translator under Government, having a complete knowledge of Bengalee. This office brought him £1000 a year, and much odium. The money he gave away to educational purposes, without mentioning the fact even to his own family; the odium he bore in silence, knowing it to be originated by small jealousy. "While still a struggling professional man he expended £30,000 on building and maintaining a college for the higher education of natives, a college still worked with the greatest success." He was a scholar in Sanskrit, Chinese, and Persian, and had an acquaintance absolutely unrivalled in its extent and minute accuracy with the history of India, upon which subject he wrote a book which has secured a wide popularity. For the last twenty-five years he has lived in England. Twice he failed in the attempt to get into Parliament, and it is difficult to suppress a feeling of indignation as well as of regret when we recall the fact that he was refused a place on the Indian Council, and that, except the decoration of the Star of India, presented at the urgent request of Lord Lawrence, the Government left his services unrecognised. The loss, of course, was on the part of the Government and on the part of India. But unfortunately Government officials, as well as the managers of other great organizations, too generally look coldly upon men of this stamp, and like to keep them at a distance. Mr. Marshman died at Kensington on the 8th July.

"Little hands always so busy,
Little feet dancing so light,
Little tongues chattering so gaily,
Little eyes sparkling so bright."

LAPSED, BUT NOT LOST.

A Story of Roman Carthage.

By the AUTHOR of "The Schönberg-Cotta Family."

CHAPTER XV.

THE little united family never met again. The next morning, when Viola went to her grandmother's bedside to bring her the sacred eucharistic bread and the morning greeting, the noble face and form lay rigid and motionless on the couch, but with a smile on the parted lips, and a depth of peace on the countenance, such as recalled the beauty of youth.

The whole family gathered silently around her bedside, children and household slaves. There was no loud wailing and lamenting. And following what they knew to be her special wish, and what was, indeed, an ancient Christian custom sanctioned by her beloved Tertullian, they put on no mourning garb.

But there was much grief and quiet weeping. There was a sad and solemn presentiment, as if He who knew what a storm was about to burst, had gathered this frail vessel into port before it came.

But no one seemed to mourn so much or to lose so much in her as Eucharis, so tender had the welcome of the aged woman been to the orphan stranger, so closely had she clasped to her heart her grandson's bride.

Eucharis loved to go and sit beside the venerable form day and night.

When Valerian came back in the evening he found her there, with one babe in her arms asleep.

He shuddered to find her there. The great thunder-cloud lowering over them all filled the heavens with portents and the air with mutterings and the heart with evil omens, and he shrank to see his beloved, his life of life, in such close and voluntary communion with death.

She was not weeping, though her eyes were moist, as she looked up with an expression of exalted trust into his face.

"She has breasted her last storm," Eucharis said, "and see how peaceful it has left her! That look comes, not from this shore, nor from the stormy sea, but from the other shore. She is waiting there, with the blessed ones she so loved and reverenced, for us. See, beloved," she added gently, rising and trying to kiss the trouble from his brow; "that is what is meant by what we call shipwreck; being tossed on our own shore, being tossed home, just as I was."

He drew her gently away.

"It seems as if thy spirit went with her, my own," he said, "and that may not, must not be. We are in the tempest-tossed fleet together—together still. To me it seems as if all the past died with her. While she lived Tertullian lived for us, and Irenæus, and even Polycarp, all whose voice she had heard, with whom she had breathed this mortal air, all even whose children and comrades she had known."

"Is it so with thee?" Eucharis said. "To me they all seem to *live* the more, now that she whose kiss has been on my lips and my babes', whose dear voice has called us tender, childish, petting names, is with that solemn company, is as they have long been. They seem to grow familiar to me, as if they, too, might welcome us with motherly smiles and endearments."

"She is indeed on the safe shore," he said. "She is underneath the altar. But we, we are not only tempest-tossed towards that shore, the whole fleet is broken, scattered, flung hither and thither, the fairest vessels making full sail for alien ports, some running foul of each other, some creeping away out of sight, hugging the shore of this world. It has been a terrible day in Carthage."

Clement, and Viola, and Justa joined them as he spoke.

"Have our brothers fallen, brother?" said Clement.

"Call them not brothers," said Valerian, his face flushing. "They went out from us, because they were not of us. They have not even waited for the appointed day of sacrifice, two days hence. I saw them to-day, a wretched, traitor-troop, creeping beforehand to swear by the genius of the Emperor; some making light of it, others pallid and shivering like a troop of panting ghosts. The very heathen jeered at them. But worst of all are the Libellatici. Priscus showed me his certificate this morning. 'See,' he said, 'the lie is not mine but theirs. They know I do not mean what I pay them for saying I do.' And the coward expected me to acknowledge him still as one of us!"

"You refused to speak to him?" said Clement.

"Certainly," Valerian added.

"Did he seem angry?" asked Clement.

"He turned crimson, and then death-pale," Valerian said calmly. "Perhaps the arrow hit what he has left living of a conscience. For he turned away sullenly and said, 'There are worse apostates than the Libellatici. The Church receives such back. The last may yet be first.' I suppose, threatening me."

"Threatening thee!" said Clement. But there was not so much astonishment as deep sadness and solicitude in his voice.

"Does the Church receive back the Libellatici?" asked Eucharis.

"In these soft and indulgent days, yes!" said Valerian. "But no one can make us welcome them back to our homes."

"Ah, my Valerian!" she said softly, the tears filling her eyes, "to welcome any lost ones back is sweet, is sweetest of all, if only they really come."

"Threatening thee!" Clement reiterated, as if lost in musing. "But ah, not only thee; me, thee, all of us! I was reading this night, as I kept vigil in the chamber of our dead, the letter she loved from the Churches of Lyons and Vienne to their mother church in Asia Minor. The humility of those martyrs was so deep they earnestly rebuked those who dignified them with the name of martyrs. 'To One only that sacred name fully belongs,' they said, bleeding and exhausted as they lay in prison for Him, 'to the faithful and true martyr, the Firstborn from the dead, the Prince of life, or at most to those whose witness to him has been sealed by constancy to death. We are but poor lowly confessors.' They sent no messages of absolution from prison; they sent humble entreaties for prayer that they might endure to the end. And when those whom the torture had overcome were thrown among them in prison, they received them with the tenderest pity and love; they prayed God that their Lord would once more restore these dead to life; and on their betrayers and tormentors never a word of vengeance!"

"Read the letter to us," pleaded Eucharis.

"Not now, I think," he said; "the tortures were terrible, and I know not that it helps to dwell on these. The brethren write, that through all their torments they were 'bedewed and strengthened by the spring of living water that flows from the heart of Christ; for nothing can be dreadful,' they say, 'where the love of the Father dwells; nothing harmful where the glory of Christ prevails.' The story moved me deeply," he added. "But it was not so much their suffering, or their consolations; it was that the very image of the Crucified seemed to shine through them, forgiving, trusting, loving to the end, only distrusting themselves as, necessarily, He could not. It gave me a little hope," he concluded.

"A little hope, brother, my brother!" said Valerian; "as if any of us could fear for thee!"

"I have feared for myself," he replied. "Such small things are temptations to me; such little things are delight and grief to me; a drought, a failure in any of the fruit trees, the devastations of insects on the vines, or the rain-floods sweeping away our terraces. I have said, 'If these things so move me, how shall I stand those? Who shall dwell with the devouring fire?' And then came the answer, 'Even then He would strengthen me, who has not suffered me quite to fail even in these.' It is a disgrace that such trifles should have tempted me, but I have not sworn deceitfully. I have ever thrown away the bad, and sold only the good, and estimated all at its true worth. And if the 'devouring fire,' the bruising stones, the rack and cruel scourges were to come, then we may trust that we also may see the King of saints as never before in His beauty, and be not unwilling to go to Him in the land that is very far off."

So many words from Clement moved them all to the heart, from Clement whose words were so few.

But yet they, in their ignorance, half accepted his verdict about himself. They half believed he had been too covetous over his vines and fig-trees.

And none of them knew the "devouring fire" that had laid waste his heart and shrivelled his fondest hopes. All saw and loved the gentleness, but none else knew, nor did he conceive to what strength that hidden fire had tempered his will and his heart.

The fatal day named in the Edict dawned. Every Christian throughout the empire was to swear by the genius of the Emperor, to lay incense on the altar; or to be liable to torture and death.

The day passed tranquilly at the farm. It was the funeral-day of the grandmother.

The sacred casket of the treasure that had passed from them was laid with the tenderest reverence in the catacombs, near the martyrs she had so loved.

And at the Holy Eucharist, the family, and many Christians who had known her, commemorated her for the first time as among those in "the land of the living," and for ever at rest, still gathered around one Holy Table, still waiting beneath one sacred altar, still living by one Immortal Life.

It was a day of solemn hush and expectation. That evening, any hour in any day or night after that, the blow of the persecutor might fall, the tread of the inexorable officers of justice might be heard on the threshold of that quiet home.

The unity of the attack is something difficult for us to comprehend in these days of extended empire, of many tongues and many kingdoms.

Underneath all that wide dome of sky which they thought roofed the world, the civilised world was absolutely one. What lay beyond seemed to them scarcely to be called the "inhabited earth." It was a ragged edge of wilderness, bordering the true human world, haunted by wild-beasts, and wilder men, by hordes and hordes of wild men, pressing, indeed, in these last years on the empire, but no more possible to be dwelt among peaceably than the arena when filled with Numidian lions and gladiators. And the power of this whole world was in the hand of one who was set on exterminating the Christian church from the earth, deliberately, legally, not by riots and irregular passionate mobs which might irregularly massacre, and might irregularly spare; but by the agency of a most elaborately organized government, still alive to the extremities of the empire to punish if not to defend or save.

By exterminating the Christian church, the men who had undertaken it by no means meant a general massacre of Christians. They meant deliberately every engine of persuasion, or of torture, applied perseveringly, unremittingly, skilfully, discriminatingly, to every individual Christian, to make them cease to be Christians, and so once more begin to be "good citizens and subjects."

The first onset succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations. The mixed multitude who had gathered around the Christian host during the thirty years of peace, scattered at once, melting into the fluctuating indefinite masses around.

The cupidity of the local magistrates disposed of many more, accepting fines and payments instead of sacrifice.

The band that met in the Christian churches in Carthage the Sunday after the day of sacrifice was visibly thinned.

Yet the sifting was far from accomplished. As yet the proconsul was absent from the city, and the persecution was carried on with some languor.

Many who had commercial relations with other cities had time to pack up their treasures, arrange their affairs, even sell houses and gardens, and depart to places where, being less known, they might have more chance of escaping denunciation.

Once more Priscus came, and undeterred by the coldness of his reception, counselled the family to take this alternative before it was too late.

The bishop Cyprian himself, he said, had retired to a place of seclusion on the coast, deeming himself better able at that moment to serve the Church by ruling and exhorting her thence than by dying in her midst.

A purchaser might, he thought, be found for some portion of the farm; and there was some introduction of the name of Viola. But no encouragement was given to any of his counsel, and his suggestions appeared to be so entirely incomprehensible to the family, that he retired baffled, and returned to Carthage.

But the alternative he had indicated had made more impression than he knew.

Clement, walking round the gardens that night, binding up straggling branches and pruning away superfluous leaves, uprooting weeds, half-unconsciously, with the old habit of order and care, fell into great questionings of himself.

So dear to him were these gardens and fields he had made, dear as a picture he had painted, a poem he had written, as a treasure held in trust for the happiness of those he loved, as the work the Master had given him, on every inch of which the seal of His blessing seemed to be visibly stamped, —could it be that cowardice, for him, lay in cleaving to those familiar things, not in abandoning them?

Might it be that the true sacrifice he was called to, was to sell this creation of his, and go forth a pilgrim and stranger with the rest?

He returned to the house in the hope of judging more clearly in the solitude of his chamber, undistracted by the haunting presence of these things which seemed to claim his care. But no steady sleep came to him, only a broken slumber, with a troubled dream of lying buried deep down in a grave under the hills, with roots of great fig-trees and tendrils of vines twining themselves about the fibres of his heart, growing bone of

his bone, drawing their nourishment from his life, the things given to man to feed on, actually feeding on him, and he not dead, but conscious of it, yet helpless to escape.

He awoke as if a burden had been disentangled from him; in his ears seemed to echo the words, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth;" in his heart he answered, "Yea, Lord; nor shall my death consist in the abundance of these things possessing me."

"Valerian," he said the next morning, "I am ready, if we all think it best. Let who will buy the farm, if thereby we may get the sisters and the babes into some securer place. What the bishop has done cannot be wrong for us to do."

But Valerian was sitting with the manuscript of Tertullian, "De Fugâ in Persecutione," unrolled before him.

"The matter stands thus," he read; "we have either both things in our own power, or they wholly lie with God. If it is ours to confess or to deny, why do we not anticipate the nobler thing, that is, that we shall confess? But you do Him high dishonour by despairing of His power to shield us from danger. Why do you not rather on this, the side of constancy and trust in God, say, '*I do my part; I depart not; God, if He choose, will Himself be my Protector?*' It beseems us better to retain our position at His will than to flee at our own will.

"He who bids us shine as sons of light, does not bid us hide as sons of darkness. Why should you be ashamed of gaining glory? Seek not to die on bridal beds, nor in soft fevers, but to die the martyr's death, that He may be glorified who has suffered for you. He who fears to suffer cannot belong to Him who suffered. I will take a quotation from the world (the Æneid)—'Is it a thing so very sad to die?' Therefore the Comforter is needed who guides into all truth and animates to all endurance. And they who have received Him will neither stoop to flee from persecution, nor to buy it off."

"Cyprian is a commander," he added, in answer to Clement, "and may have to direct the host from afar; we are mere legionaries; we have but to stay at our post and stand."

"But the women and the babes?" said Clement.

"If these led us to flee and fail," replied Valerian almost fiercely, "then were the worst the austerest say of marriage true."

Eucharis looked up with a quiet courage. "Christian women are not mere lambs," she said, "to be folded and sheltered; we are your fellow servants and soldiers, to share the conflict and the suffering. Few persecutions without some of us among the martyrs!"

Clement said no more. And as the days passed by he began to think the safest as well as the happiest course might be to remain where they were.

Priscus had returned humiliated and sullen to Carthage.

That evening he had had an invitation to an entertainment at one of the best heathen houses in the city.

He had hesitated about going. Whichever way he turned his self-love was wounded. The Christians evidently looked on him as an alien, and the heathen as a soldier looks at a deserter from the enemy, or as a patrician at a freedmen pretentiously claiming equality with the always free.

He resolved, however, to make the plunge. He must be one thing or the other. And mere security demanded that he should not seem to shrink from the society whose ranks he had joined.

There was much jesting about the dolorous way in which these new Christians kept the festivals; but they would unlearn their morose ways in time. Priscus himself was complimented on his ease and gaiety, and was apparently admitted to the circle with an intimacy which charmed him. It was certainly a freedom to have left the old ascetic rules behind, and to have no limit to one's society, but that it should be the best of its kind. Cliques must always be narrow, and what was the Church but a clique?

Gradually he was drawn into conversation about one and another of his Christian associates, and especially about the family at the farm.

"They seem too good to belong to such a misanthropic sect," the host concluded. "It would evidently be a service to them to persuade them, though by means a little severe, out of so servile a superstition; especially this Valerian, of whose eloquence and large-mindedness you say so much. He must be recovered at any cost to the State. And this farm itself," he added, "seems a possession not to be despised."

"Far from me to draw down what they would consider trouble on the good people," Priscus said apologetically. "I think some of them would never yield—perhaps none of them easily."

"No doubt you honourably shrink from

involving old associates," said the host, not without a tone of sarcasm in his voice; "everything shall be done with discrimination. But there are evidently treasures there worth recovering for the State; and, of course, easy or not, the decree must be carried out. But all that will be arranged when the Proconsul returns. Meantime, sir, we thank you for your valuable information."

The familiar manner had retired into the official. Priscus felt himself sifted, comprehended, used, and dismissed.

With an uneasy sense of humiliation he went home. Had he then given "valuable information"? That meant virtually, Had he made a terrible denunciation? Had he sunk so low already as to be an informer, a traitor? Should he go again to the farm to warn them of the peril?

Of what use would it be? They had evidently despised his advice, or looked at it as a temptation of the devil.

And, after all, if he had not quite meant to lay them open to the persecution, there was certainly something insufferable in that cool confidence and contempt of Valerian's. Such pretensions as his ought to be tested.

And Clement had an abundance of common-sense; he would probably find some way out of the difficulty. It would make them all more merciful in future; and surely mercy was one of the first Christian graces.

And yet, and yet, in spite of all his self-defence, the peaceful little home haunted him in his dreams.

And he woke with a burden on his mind. "An irrational burden," he said to himself. "I at least am on the safe side; it is merely the reaction of yesterday's feasting. I am on the safe side, and there one can best help one's friends on the dangerous side. Who knows what I may be able to do for them yet?"

CHAPTER XVI.

Solemn and blessed were the weeks that followed at the farm.

Every gathering at the Holy Eucharist on the Sunday showed some diminution of the numbers.

Some were in prison for the faith; many had fallen.

"The Church," as the old African master had said of a former persecution, "was awe-struck. Then was faith more zealous in preparation and better disciplined in fasts, and meetings and prayers, and lowliness, in brotherly kindness and love, in holiness and temperance. These tortures will be the fiery darts of the devil, by which faith gets a ministry of burning and kindling."

The thinned ranks pressed closer to each other; the thanksgivings and the prayers had meaning, all empty words being pruned away; many of the faces that remained had the calm and inspiration of earlier days, and others were wet with humbling, penitent tears.

Intervening voices grew faint; the One Voice that commands, the One Face whose light can sustain, the One Lord for whom, if such were His will, they were to suffer, grew nearer and clearer to the menaced company every day.

Letters came among them also from Cyprian. "I gladly rejoice and am thankful," he wrote to the confessors, "most brave and blessed brethren, in hearing of your faith and virtue, wherein the Church our mother glories. Of you I find some are already crowned; while some are now within reach of the crown of victory; but all whom the danger has shut up in a glorious company are animated to carry on the struggle with an equal and common warmth of valour as behoves the soldiers of Christ and the Divine camp. It shall be no light contest for you since God appoints the struggle." He warned them to humility. "Before His Passion," he said, "the Lord Himself girded Himself and washed the disciples' feet."

Deep sank the brave and sympathetic words into the softened hearts. They knew it would have been easier to the bishop to die with them than thus to live apart from them.

At last the summons came.

One morning once more the family had gathered at the Chapel of the Catacombs.

The words of St. Peter had been read to them, echoing through the old Punic vaults, "Think it not strange concerning the fiery trial that is to try you as though some strange thing happened unto you;" and as they issued forth again into the light, in the corner shadowed by the rock where the lapsed husband and wife had knelt, a little band of government officers stood drawn up to intercept them.

One of the officials gave a sign to the others, as Clement and Valerian came out, and the brothers were at once seized and bound to be led away.

Eucharis and the sisters pressed close to them. "We are all one," they said; "take us all!"

"We have no commission beyond these," was the grim and brief reply. "Your time, no doubt, will come."

The rest of the congregation were suffered to disperse, even the priests and the deacons, but none were suffered to linger about the Catacombs.

The soldiers compelled the little company to divide in their varied homeward directions, and then surrounding the two captives they marched rapidly away to Carthage.

It had come at last, all that they most dreaded.

Not in a thunder-clap; with all external quietness, the officers doing their duty without passion, the brothers submitting to the doom without resistance; the band of men, captors and captives, silently marching down the shaded paths among the vineyards and gardens; the little forsaken band of women, the three sisters, silently watching, as so often before, until they were hidden in the valley on the way to Carthage.

Eucharis seemed endued with supernatural strength. She had comprehended the whole possibility in an instant, and as Valerian was led away, for one moment she held his hands in hers, and looking up with undimmed eyes into his, she said with low rapid utterance—

"Beloved, fear nothing for me. In ordinary deaths we cannot choose, and we might have to go separately. In this we *can* choose, we must choose. And we will go to our Lord together."

The wonderful radiance of her smile lit up her face as she spoke, as if, through it, her whole soul were embracing in his, and in that illumination as in a halo, her face was enshrined to him as he went away.

And as Clement looked back, being the last, the smile lighted up again as with a faint but tender after-glow, shining indeed individually on him, and full of reverence and sweetness, but as if from far above, like a soft dew of light from the wings of an angel.

So the women went back to the lonely house to weep and pray, and carry on the household duty, and, defenceless as they were themselves, to guard as best they might the defenceless babes. Few words passed between them.

Although, in one sense, the blow had fallen, in another there was still a time of suspense; and a suspense whose balance is weighed down mainly on the side of fear, leaves little desire for speech.

Nor, indeed, did they weep much. There were too many sacred duties left them to do. The gardens and farm were still Clement's, and as his creation, his possession, or his memorial, every trellised vine and carefully watered orchard was sacred.

The slaves clustered about them for commands and for consolation. For the most part Christian, and from father to son settled on the farm, they were faithful and attached, but smitten, at first, into helplessness by terror or by the loss of the master; until by degrees they began to feel that the order of the household was to be unbroken.

The first impulse of the sisters had been to abandon the routine of daily life altogether—the routine which had become so unmeaning—and to give themselves to one long unbroken vigil of fasting and prayer.

But Eucharis would not have it so.

At the sunset she firmly insisted on summoning the household for the evening prayer.

"It is a confession. You remember Priscus said so," she said, with shining eyes. "*They* are confessing gloriously, and we shall be joining our feeble voices to theirs." And clear through the gardens rang the rich tones of her voice in the familiar evening hymn—

> "Joyful light of holy glory
> Of the Immortal Father,
> Blessed, Holy Jesus Christ!"

At first her voice alone, but soon joined in tremulous, tearful tones by sisters and servants, aged and children, till at last the notes pealed like a hymn of triumph through the valley.

They had not long closed when Priscus appeared, cautiously creeping up in the dark.

"I came to see if I could help in any way," he stammered, in a feeble voice of remonstrance. "But you must be mad—mad. Do you not know that every note is a summons to the enemy to fall on you?"

"We do know that every note is a confession of our Lord," said Eucharis. "Did it sound like it?" and she added in a low, firm tone, "my place is at his side; you know, I am vowed to that. I shall wait to see whether they call for me. But sooner or later, no one can hinder my sacred right to be there!"

CHAPTER XVII.

CLEMENT and Valerian went silently along the familiar garden-paths to the walls of Carthage, their hands bound, and hurried by occasional rough touches from the staves, for the soldiers had orders to be expeditious.

Valerian flushed and his lips parted with an indignant exclamation, as the first indignity of blows fell on him.

And for the first time the whole meaning of martyrdom flashed on him.

The story of the Cross and the acts of the martyrs had to him from infancy been sacred histories.

Around those thorn-crowned brows unconsciously he had seen a halo of glory. The very thorns had become a crown, not of scorn, but of redoubled glory; the cross was the most sacred of symbols; the rack, the scourges, the torture-chambers of the martyrs, had, unconsciously to him, been attended in his imagination by the tender, reverent presence of sympathetic fellow-Christians.

And now a rude blow fell on his shoulders, on his cheek, with a coarse laugh or curse, just as blows and curses might fall on any troublesome and refractory slave, and the indignant expression of resentment scarcely formed on his lips had been answered by a buffet on his mouth.

As they entered the gate Priscus was standing near, and at the moment their eyes met some mischievous boys threw handfuls of mud into Valerian's face, which filled his eyes and for the moment blinded him. He heard the mocking laughter and felt the helplessness of the bound hands, and when he opened his eyes again he saw a smile on the face of Priscus at his bespattered face and clothes. Eyes smarting from a trick of mocking boys, hands unable to shelter them, not glorious scars, but a bespattered face, bruises, buffets, petty insults, the sufferings in themselves so small that a child might have laughed at them, and the associations so mean and low;—was this indeed the first taste of martyrdom, so little in itself elevating and sacred, so like any other kind of small misery, so entirely without anything peculiar in it to ennoble and to strengthen to endure it? He had unconsciously thought of martyrdom as in itself a kind of sacrament, which would bring its own strength. He found it simply like any other of the many tests and temptations, any one of the many rough, common steps of life, *all* sacred as being steps of a pilgrimage, or *none*.

To Clement also came the same petty insults, and to him also came the thought, how like these first steps of martyrdom were to others trodden before. But to him the thought came not as a bitter but a joyful surprise. Were the rough steps of this lofty untrodden path so like the humble daily steps of the old well-trodden path? These few rugged steps which might be the last, and might prove such a rapid ascent to the very gates of the city, the feet of the Saviour?

For, almost more than he suffered himself to think, these petty mockings and buffetings recalled the bitter steps trodden for him by Another. A flood of joy he scarcely dared admit into his heart came with the adoring thought how "they smote Him on the face," and blindfolded, mocked, and buffeted Him through all the long tumultuous night, how He was "despised," how the first steps of the way of the Cross itself were petty insults and mockeries, and how He pitied and loved through all. "Can it be possible," he thought, "that thou sufferest us to walk so close in Thy own steps? Could the simple habit of following lead to a following so near, so evident as this?"

His eyes met the restless gaze of Priscus, and he also saw the half-triumphant smile which Valerian had resented. But over his heart came a pang of pity for the deserter, which for the time made him forget himself entirely. The kind frank eyes rested with a long, grave gaze on the face of Priscus, and there was something in their expression that made Priscus for a moment see himself as he was, and turn away, not angry, but humiliated and ashamed at heart.

At the prison the brothers were separated. Clement was thrown into a room with many others. Valerian, for some reason unknown to him, was alone; perhaps because those who had to discriminate knew what would prove the severest test to him.

Clement had the ordinary distresses of the prison—stifling air, the rude pressure of crowds, some of them criminals for low crimes; coarse fare, coarse speech; bad air, no light suffering to him with his habits of healthy, regular, country work, his life on the fresh, open hills, the unwontedness to him of din and crowding. He had no solitude, and found little time for the quiet regular devotion he was used to. His prayers had to be little more than ejaculations, the presence of the sins and sufferings of those around lay so close and thick upon him; stories of homes left desolate by being deprived of the head; fears of untried hearts expecting to be summoned to confession and tortured; men who had left them a few hours before vigorous and young, returning feeble and tottering, sometimes bleeding and maimed, from the preliminary examination. For as Tertullian said, in other trials men were tortured to confess; in this, having confessed and being ready to die, they were, contrary to all law, tortured to forswear themselves and deny.

And besides these there were the heathen criminals, for whom Clement's soul yearned unspeakably.

But to Valerian none of this was appointed; none of this mingling him with the common crowd, which might have nerved

him by touching his heart with the wants of others.

He was set, as one of another class, in a room apart, airy, and furnished. He was served with civility and provided with wholesome food; and he was treated with consideration, and his solitude respected, except when occasionally one or another Roman official with whom he had been acquainted came and courteously remonstrated with him.

"He was so much above this kind of thing! Of course all educated men knew the valuelessness of popular superstitions; and as far as Christianity was a high moral teaching and a philosophy, which on some sides many were quite ready to admit it was, there could be no reason against his retaining it. It was even granted that there might be something fanatical in this assault on the religion. It was in part political, arising from the necessity Decius felt to put down the partisans of his predecessor Philip the Arabian, who had been said to favour the Christians. It was merely a temporary thing, this violent assault. It would only be necessary to bow for a while till the hurricane blew over. That he should be required to make a concession might be tyrannical; but what he was required to yield were the merest externals, an acknowledgment to satisfy a new government a little uneasy at the way it had arrived at power, by showing that no disloyalty was intended.

"The Christian Church had of late proved itself, it must be admitted, rather a strong organization; and strong secret societies were of course impossibilities in any strongly organized state.

"And if any concession were demanded, surely nothing less could be required of any than an acknowledgment of the genius of Cæsar—whatever that meant, an antiquated mode of saying that you were a subject of Cæsar—and a few grains of incense offered to whom, or to what, who pretended to explain? One of their own great teachers it was reported, had said, 'An idol was nothing at all;' well, a few grains of incense cast forth into nothing, into the void, what were they?

"And what did he concede? Simply the vulgar superstition which had encrusted that high philosophic morality, which no one could fail to admire; if a little severe and joyless, always high and pure. After all, it was to a popular superstition he yielded in refusing to sacrifice. He himself must surely be above that. He but yielded one superstition to another. An unfair demand perhaps, but how slight! And after all he was a Roman, an Imperial officer, and knew how Rome was beset. and how essential it was that she should rule."

Such things were said to Valerian by many friendly, familiar voices of old acquaintance, meaning not to tempt but to help—meaning him not evil, but good.

"You have made us almost Christians," they said, "often before now, by your eloquent words, by your good pure life. You would not destroy this influence by letting us imagine that your religion, like the rest, is after all only a blind superstition, or the obstinacy of a secret revolutionary sect?"

And all this only as an echo to the conflicts and questionings in his own mind.

For, in this terrible solitude, it became clearer and clearer to him that to him Christianity had been chiefly a combination of two things: a great philosophic morality, and a mighty organization.

And now he was not even called upon to deny this philosophy, he was not called upon even to say an unworthy word against the Sacred Name. He was only called on to disjoin himself temporarily from outward adhesion to a society which the State thought dangerous; a society in which he knew too well how mixed the elements were, how low and poor some of the lives.

Christianity to him had been a philosophy and a patriotism. It had scarcely been a faith. But his whole true and loyal nature shrank—shrank as the heart of a citizen of old Rome—from an unpatriotic act, from deserting what to him was the fatherland of his people, and the city in which he was enrolled as a citizen, in this her hour of humiliation and ruin.

Steadfastly therefore he resisted all these friendly appeals, and went forth to confess and to suffer. At the tribunal, once more the brothers met. From the lips of both came the same confession—

"I am a Christian."

"I will not sacrifice."

But the eloquence seemed to have passed from the countenance and the voice of Valerian to Clement.

Stern and fixed as the face of a Roman soldier required to take a post or die, was Valerian's mobile face as the brief words came from his lips. His glance was not upward but forward, not upward as one who looks for an invisible presence, nor frankly on any around, except when he gazed on Clement whilst he spoke the fatal words. And there his gaze seemed riveted; such a radiance was

on the elder brother's face, such a repressed joy in his tones, as they rang through the listening assembly, that the brief sentence, "I am a Christian," in those tones, was in itself a Te Deum, an eucharistic hymn, a song of triumph.

Almost bitterly Valerian turned his eyes away. He seemed looking through his brother's eyes, as sometimes we look through the eyes of the dying, into a world he could not see, up to a Face he could not see;—and with a feeling almost of reproach against God, the thought came to him, "Thou hast hid these things from the wise and revealed them unto babes," and an echo of his grandmother's words, "Do you think the Arena is the only place where the devil does not suggest that there are two sides to everything?"

But seeing or not seeing, shadow or substance, rejoicing or despairing, for this same cause, in this same Church, he had to suffer.

And he suffered; limb racked from limb, flesh torn with scourge and cruel nails, he endured all without a word, almost without a moan, until the anguish took away his senses, and he was remanded to the prison.

And through the agony, as if from another world came to him in the tones of his brother's voice, the words, as from an earlier martyr:

"Thanks to Thee, O Christ! Help me, O Christ! For Thee do I suffer thus, O Christ, for a short while, with a willing mind. Let me not fail.

"O Lord Jesus Christ, we are Christians: Thee do we serve, Thou art our Hope! O God most Holy, O God most high, still this tempest of persecution. Give rest to Thy servants. Give peace to Thy Church. Forgive these, forgive, as thou hast forgiven us.

"Thou who hast come to save, Thou who hast died forgiving, forgive us. O Lord Christ, forgive—forgive and save!"

With Valerian's more finely strung nerves, every pang moreover intensified by an imaginative temperament, the bodily strength succumbed earlier than with Clement.

The last words that fell on his ear before he fainted were these, "Thou who hast died forgiving, Lord Christ, forgive and save!" and never did their echo die from his heart.

Alone again in the prison! through the long hours of fever and pain. But not this time in the easy furnished chamber; still alone, but thrust down into a dungeon, damp and utterly dark, with foul and noisome creatures crawling about him, as he lay helpless there; and always the terrible thought haunting him: "For what am I suffering? For what the martyrs suffered? For Him whom Clement adores? Am I? Is it not rather, as they say, from obstinacy to an old persuasion, from fear of being despised by my own society, from horror of being among the lapsed, pointed at by all? Is it courage or is it cowardice for which I suffer?"

At midnight, it seemed as if from some fresh order of the government, they took him from the dungeon, placed him again in the chamber he had been in before, dressed his wounds, and gave him food and cordials.

And then, while it was still dark, Priscus, not triumphant, but looking haggard and troubled, came to his couch and said, "You have confessed nobly. You have suffered enough. I come with a proposition made to few."

Valerian shrank as if from a serpent. "Only tell me, what do you know of Clement?"

"He was taken back to the prison, given up for dead," was the reply. And there was a tremulousness and depth in his voice. "Your brother is a saint," he added. "I did not know him. I thought he was an ordinary good man, and would have succumbed to the needs of the time."

"*You thought?*" said Valerian abruptly. "Was it then you who brought us to this?"

"Nay," was the confused, stammering reply, "I would have kept you all safe. But now just let me warn you of the new peril that threatens. Your wife threatens to come and denounce herself. She says her place is at your side. She has waited hitherto to be summoned; but she said she would not wait long. And when once she hears that you have confessed and suffered, she will be here, and you will see her tortured before your eyes."

Valerian rose and laid his hand fiercely on Priscus.

"I will not hear of this," he said.

"Then how will you bear to see it?" was the reply.

Valerian fell back on his couch and hid his face.

"For an unmeaning act, for some angry looks from the bishop! They make the terms marvellously easy. They permit you even now, not to sacrifice, but to purchase a certificate. No public act at all. A little transfer of property, and this very moment you are free, before your wife has heard of your torture. She need know nothing but that you have confessed nobly, suffered, and then been liberated. Otherwise she will be to-

morrow as you were yesterday. See, I have the certificate, ready signed; only to be accepted. Not a word. Only to resign a portion of the farm."

"If Clement is gone, the farm may well go," Valerian said. And he accepted the certificate, and was free.

Feeble as he was from the torture, he was not disabled, and before the dawn broke he crept out of the prison-doors into the cool morning air.

Priscus would have accompanied him to sustain his feeble steps; but he declined the hateful companionship, now more hateful than ever, and crept home alone; free.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOME! was it home? Clement had gone home!

Free! was he free? Clement was free!

It was still dark, as he went forth from the gate of Carthage.

Alone! that at least was certain; alone for ever; alone everywhere; alone as those two lapsed Christians, from whose touch he had shrunk as from pollution!

He felt it as he passed the portico of one of the temples, from which a noisy band of revellers were coming. Alone in the midst of these; of their company he would never be, nor would they believe it if he could pretend it. He felt it far more as, threading the less known streets, he passed the familiar door of a house where, especially in these late troubled times, the Christian Church had been wont to assemble. Alone there also. Familiar door, but open no more for him. Sacred threshold, which he had crossed side by side with Eucharis. Holy table and altar, where he had knelt with her, with Viola and Justa, and with Clement—with Clement, now a crowned victor, for ever out of his sight!

For by a terrible Nemesis it seemed to him that the very act by which he had abandoned Christianity had made Christianity to him the only perfectly sure reality. His denial had smitten his doubts into the nothingness they were. His denial had smitten his wavering faith into conscious substance.

And as, feebled and bruised, shattered in body and soul, he tottered along the walls, up and down the steep of the narrow streets, this great solid Roman Carthage, with its temples and tribunals, its quays and dock, its harbours filled with laden ships, its palaces and paupers, seemed as much a dream as the ancient Punic Carthage that had sate enthroned a millennium before by the same seas, and now lay buried below.

Punic Carthage had vanished like a tale that is told, Roman Carthage and Rome herself were vanishing like an echo of the old story; all, all was shadowy and unreal, except, only except, the Christ Clement had died confessing and rejoiced in dying, except the Christ he had doubted and denied, except the world of untold joy into which Clement had entered, and the world of untold sorrow to which he had sold himself!

As he approached the city gate it occurred to him he should have difficulty in passing it. With his torn and bespattered clothes, the haggard look he must have, and the feeble and limping gait of the wrenched limbs, he must seem like what he was—an escaped criminal, or a dangerous vagabond. And what answer could be given to the questions the Roman guards were sure to put? Falsehood was new to his lips; yet to say the truth was to set his seal to the falsehood which had set him free.

The difficulty was solved for him, again by Priscus, who was there before him and spoke a few words to the guard, in virtue of which he was suffered to pass out.

His progress was slow, enfeebled as he was, and before he reached the garden paths along which Viola had been wont to watch his coming from the point above the sea, the dusk was giving way to dawn.

No slow process with that sudden impetuous southern sun, a giant from the first moment of his appearing, rejoicing to run his course.

In those last minutes of the dusk, all but wearied out, he sat down to rest on a stone by the edge of a way-side well.

Below him the path down into the little valley which was the last but one before he reached the farm. Every stone, every tree and flowery thicket, were familiar and scarcely aroused his attention. The tremulous shining of the sea in the distance, under the touch of dawn, drew his gaze for a moment; then, looking down the familiar path and up the slope he saw a light figure advancing.

Old, familiar, sacred symbols came to him on the wings of the dawn.

> "Joyful light of holy glory,
> Immortal holy Jesus Christ."

No more a joyful light to him. But a light, *the* light, real, substantial, eternal as never he had known it before.

Christianity had passed for him from the airy region of thought, and imagination, and emotion, into the solid land of conscience and will.

He stood on no dream-land now. No twilight of unreal, transitory, exaggerated lights and shadows. It was day. And he had sold himself to night, and stood a black unconcealable blot upon the day, a block of unchangeable ice within the sunlight.

Condemned, shivering, conscience-stricken, for ever in the Presence, once so gracious and pitiful, now one pursuing all-pervading tide of judgment; once a sea of light, now pursuing fire.

Terrible words of Tertullian's came to him.

Such "sparks" of anguish, and outward contempt as he had himself to bear, what were they but "some few missiles and sportive darts from an inestimably vast centre of fire?"

He withdrew his eyes from the intolerable light, and looked languidly down the familiar path, and up the slope he saw the slight woman's figure still advancing swiftly, and it seemed stealthily, keeping warily in the shadows of wall, and stone, and tree.

Something in her movements riveted his eyes, and in another minute there was no doubt.

It was Eucharis. She was alone, and crept silently along in the shadows, looking cautiously around her as if she wished to avoid observation.

His first impulse was to rise and exercise his right to care for her; the next to shrink farther into the shade, and never meet her gaze again.

For she was on her way to the prison, to him, to martyrdom, to die for Christ, with him.

The contending impulses whirling through his brain and heart seemed to benumb him into stone. He sat motionless with bowed head and clenched hands, and saw her pass, felt the sweep of her light dress.

She did not look up when she came near; the dusk, and the shadow partly hid him; and timidly she hurried by, without recognising him.

Was he then so changed by those few hours of bodily torture, by that night of inward torture?

She had passed. In a minute the swift light steps would take her out of sight and hearing.

She would pass on to the city, to the prison, and find him gone. She would press on to the tribunal, and give herself up, and be tortured and die.

And to save her from this he had given himself up to death and shame eternal!

His limbs seemed to refuse to bear him after her. It was all like some terrible dream. Perhaps his voice was gone; it was all a dream; already he was a haunting voiceless ghost on the immutable shore! "*She* knows me not." Depart from me. I never knew thee. "She will never know me; Eucharis; nor Thou!"

And with the anguish came at last a cry of despair, a long deep echoing moan, an exceeding bitter cry.

At the sound Eucharis turned, moved by an instinct of pity.

She turned and looked back.

He stretched out his arms, and almost involuntarily uttered her name.

In a moment she was beside him, at his feet, her head on his bosom folded in his embrace. How feeble the clasp of the poor wrenched arms had become! Yet they held her close.

She looked up steadfastly in his face.

"Love, how they have made thee suffer! Thou hast confessed! my confessor! my martyr! and what miracle has set thee free?" . . .

She bathed his hands with kisses.

"Dear sacred hands, racked and tortured for Thee."

He did not deny it. He had suffered.

But he gave her no kiss. He could not kiss her pure brow with lips that had denied and were forsworn.

And he could not speak.

"What miracle, love? What miracle of mercy in the hearts of the tormentors has set thee free? Ah! they are men, His redeemed men, even they! Thou hast touched and melted their hearts, with thy words, with thy patience. They could not find it in their hearts to carry out their cruel work. Thou hast wakened up the Christian soul in the heathen. The rack and torture-chamber have been more eloquent than eloquent speech; the blood they shed has been a font of baptism for those who shed it. I knew some marvel would come for thee. The worst men have such divine possibilities of pity in them, and thou wert sure to touch the worst."

Still he spoke not.

He even withdrew his hands from her kisses. Those hands had accepted the lying certificate. They were no longer worthy to touch her. He spread them over his eyes; a terrible suspicion crossed her for a moment. Had they maimed him and made him speechless—for ever silenced the eloquent tongue? Such things had been done often.

"Valerian!" she cried out in a tone of anguish, "you can speak? Surely I heard thy voice! I heard thee say my name!"

How could he soften it to her. Could he say the truth, that it was for her sake he had done it? That would be bitterest of all to her, that she should have dragged him down.

There was no possibility of softening it to her.

He withdrew his hands from his face, and looked with inexpressive steady eyes into her upturned face.

"Eucharis," he said, "I have set myself free. Not God; I myself. I have accépted a certificate of sacrifice. I have become a a Libellaticus. Priscus had obtained it unasked for me, and he told me thou wert coming to denounce thyself and give thyself up to torture and death with me. And I accepted."

She said not a word, she did not shed a tear, but sank down at his feet, crouching low, there on the ground, as if she had been the penitent.

And then after some minutes' silence, she rose, and standing behind him, gently laid his head on her shoulder, and pressed her hands on the burning brow, and bent over and kissed the quivering eyelids.

"Beloved," she murmured, "my own! you did it for me."

"Thou knowest, O Christ," she moaned, "he did it for me. Thou knowest that he loves Thee. He did it only for me."

There was no passion in her tone, but the most loyal trust and reverence, as well as the tenderest pity. "Look up at me, at thy own Eucharis!" For a terrible memory came over her of the lapsed husband and wife at the Catacombs—the wife who had tempted to betray, and the husband whose eyes had never rested on her since.

"Look up at me. Neither thou nor I have really changed." He did venture to look up in her eyes, and there he met the old look of infinite reverence and trust, blended with a compassion that was half-motherly, half-angelic. And he drew down her hands, bent his head over them and imprinted one long kiss on them, and hot tears fell fast on them which he did not try to check.

"No more a divine ideal and leader to thee," he said, "but a poor failing mortal creature, yet dear to thee still!"

"Thyself still," she said. "To be thy highest self, thy best, for ever!"

And when he looked up again the old radiant smile was on her face, and she said,

"I seem to see a false self coiling and twining round the true. Softly gliding and twining with fond, snaky, treacherous wiles. And I seem to see thee, thine own true self, lulled to slumber in its coils, and at last I see it dart out its fangs and sting thee, thy true self, to the heart. And thou, thy true self, writhest in mortal anguish, but thou art awake, and knowest the enemy. And," she added, as if she were chanting an inspired hymn, "I see Him who bruises the serpent's head coming down to thee, and trampling on this serpent, and setting thee, my own beloved, free; feeble and wounded, my beloved, but free."

So she believed in him, still, altogether, for ever. He knelt before her, humbled, smitten, fallen. But in this humiliation there was the beginning of a sweetness he had never before known, a glimpse of a Divine pity, which, while faithfully humbling to the dust, would never lower or despise; would crush and kill if needful, but only to restore and make alive, and create anew the true being God had meant to be the likeness of Himself.

And she also was learning through him, learning of Christ; for as she knelt beside him and they prayed together, he daring not to utter a word, she appealed not as was her wont to Him as the good Shepherd.

They seemed rather to her to be kneeling together close in the shadow of the Cross, of the crucified, and all she could say was, "O Lamb of God who takest away the sins of the world! 'Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis! Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi dona nobis pacem!'" and then slowly they crept home together.

But with the first glimmering of hope came a purpose to Valerian,—a purpose he distrusted himself almost too much to dare utter, even to Eucharis.

His steps grew more and more tottering and feeble, and but for her he could scarcely have reached the house.

And when they came in sight of the house a rush of memories overpowered him and the purpose was uttered.

"It is a sacred place," he murmured; "it is Clement's home, Clement's creation. How can I enter there, a traitor? Eucharis, I may die yet, not a dishonour to him, to thee, or the babes. Make me a couch of leaves to-night in some outhouse. Let me not pollute the house with the presence of a traitor—even for a night. And to-morrow I shall be strong enough to walk. Let me creep back to Carthage, and confess, and die!"

"If it is God's will, thou shalt go," she replied, for she had thought of this from the

first. "*We* will go, as I had meant, together."

"You think I might dare, I might be accepted yet, and be no dishonour to his name and thine? You think it possible I might yet be permitted and strengthened to do this? If I were at the tribunal now it would, I think, even now be different. I should confess, not a philosophy, not even the Church, but Him, the Christ Himself, and I think He would help me, as He helped Clement. But dost thou think so? He could strengthen me, beloved, even to see thee suffer, if that must be! Alas! I *have* made thee suffer more than any heathen tormentors ever could."

This she could not deny.

But she persuaded him to come into the house, and be laid in his own chamber.

And then she went and told the sisters, telling them also his purpose to go back on the morrow.

But on the morrow the racked and fevered limbs were powerless to move.

Long days and weeks and months of perilous illness followed; the fountain of life drained to its lowest by anguish of body and mind, and loss of blood, and the consuming fire of fever, the brain wandering wildly.

The dark thoughts that were in the air around him, of marriage being not so much a divinely meant completion of human life as a fall to a lower life, had often clouded even his brightest days. And now that the spirit for the time had lost its balance, and its power of shutting up its struggles within itself, terrible questionings came. Eucharis seemed a terror to him, and yet for both their sakes she would suffer no one to know and share this anguish.

"*She* has not fallen," he would say, "she is an angel of light. Only I. I fell once from what Thou mightest have made me be, and so again, the second fall is easy—easy. But she was no tempter, not to the first nor to the second fall. Satanas, that is thy lie! Where two Christians are, Christ is, and thou canst not come. But I am no Christian—no Christian; in that thou sayest truly. And so thou comest. Thou hast power to tempt. She never tempted. She never fell. Only I, twice. She does not know it. She must never know."

Silently she knelt beside him, while he tossed from wave to wave of this tempest; out of sight, when she could, and always praying.

Then, at last, her prayer seemed heard. For gradually that terror seemed to pass away.

And then it seemed that another terrible dialogue went on within the shattered spirit.

Through the hushed and quiet house, through the open windows across the gardens, appalling the slaves at their work, rang in severe, penetrating, commanding tones the words—

"Depart, depart! I never knew you—never, never!"

And then a piercing cry of agonizing entreaty, "Lord Christ, forgive, forgive!" "I knew Thee not. I never knew Thee!"

And then again, stern and clear—

"Depart, depart!"

But then this terror seemed to vanish, and the mind vibrated chiefly between a spasmodic struggle to go back to the tribunal and the torture chamber, the echo of Clement's last words, "Thou diedst forgiving: forgive and save," and a restless search for some lost persons unnamed, whom, at first, no one could comprehend. "I must find them, even were it in hell!" was the bitter cry. "I must find them, and bring them; no entrance without these. Depart, depart. In that ye did it not to these; in that ye despised them the least, ye despised Me."

"But where, Lord, where? It is all dark; fire, tumult, yet dark, all dark."

At last it flashed upon Eucharis that it was the lapsed husband and wife for whom his poor bewildered soul was searching, and from that moment it seemed to relieve him greatly that he was not alone, but she with him, in the search.

"We will find them, beloved," she said in her calm, low voice; "we will surely find them."

"I must not come without them," he said, with a wistful bewildered look; He will have mercy and not sacrifice—mercy, mercy! Without these He will not let me in. No crowns—not crowns of martyrdom will do—nor Clement's prayers—only these two—only to bring these in our hands. Then perhaps he will let us in."

There were many relapses.

But as the reason came back the longing to find those lost ones did not pass away.

"That was no delusion," he said. "It was the voice of our Lord; and He means it. We must find them and bring them home."

This purpose even divided his mind with the resolution to go once more to the Tribunal and confess, so deeply had the words been imprinted on his heart, "I will have mercy, and not sacrifice."

At last the lost strength came back so far that he could creep up the hill to the Cata-

combs, where the little "church of threes," which Tertullian thought so blessed, still ventured to assemble.

The next expedition was to be to Carthage, to the Tribunal, to resign the certificate and accept the penalty. In a few days he would be strong enough for this.

Once more the little broken family went up the shaded path through the vineyards together, Valerian in the garb of penitence, coarse sackcloth, intending to kneel in the nook in the rock outside.

Eucharis knelt there beside him.

She would stay in the dark outside with him. It was her right and her place, she said, and none could deprive her of it.

But when the Holy Eucharist was celebrated, and the separating words were uttered, "Holy things to the holy," and the faithful knelt within to communicate, Valerian touched her and said, "Go—it is His call; thou wilt be nearer me with Him than here outside by my side."

She hesitated a moment, and then went.

She came back with the old radiant smile on her face. And on Valerian's face, also, was a look of peace she had not yet seen.

For in the meantime the two lapsed penitents he had sought so long had crept up to their old place behind him; he had looked round and perceived them, and silently moving back beside them, close beside those from whose touch he had shrunk as from pollution, he held the thin hand of the man pressed on his heart.

And when Eucharis came to kneel beside them, the three looked up with an expression of new wonder and hope in her face. And her smile embraced them all like a sunbeam, like the wings of an angel.

FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY—LIGHTS OF HEAVEN AS WELL AS EARTH.

By the Hon. and Rev. W. H. LYTTLETON, Honorary Canon of Worcester.

1 Cor. xiii. 13.

THE three great Christian graces—Faith, Hope, Charity—may be called the spring and fountain of the Christian temper, three great windows through which the light of heaven pours into the darkened heart of man. Where they are not man is in darkness—without the best joy in the present, without sunlight for the future, without divine comfort for life or death.

Nor is there any reason to think, as some have done, that there will ever come a time when the children of God shall not need them. It has, indeed, very commonly been said that Charity alone will last into the perfect life hereafter. Men have thought that there will be no need of Faith in heaven, because it will be swallowed up in sight; and no need of Hope, because it will be lost in enjoyment. But this is directly against St. Paul's words. For he does not say only that Charity "*abides*"—or lasts, when other things pass away—but that Faith and Hope do so also. In the verses before my text he speaks of some great gifts of God to man on earth which will not be given him in the great world beyond, because they will be lost in greater powers which will be substituted for them. Thus of prophecy, such as it is on earth, St. Paul says that "*it shall fail;*" of varieties of tongues which separate us in some degree one from another here below, that "*they shall cease;*" of knowledge such as we have now, that "*it shall vanish away.*" For all these things, he says, "*are in part*"—in their earthly forms they are imperfect, and belong to an elementary and childish state of our powers. But then he declares that this is not so with the three divine graces mentioned in my text. Faith, Hope, Charity, he says, do not pass away; they *abide*—they live for ever. They are the very spring and unfailing fountain out of which all the best and truest life of all creatures, even of the highest, must for ever flow.

Must not this be so? Must not the highest archangel, dwelling in the very presence of God, yet live and rejoice in and by Faith? For he cannot see or know everything. There are things which are beyond even his knowledge; else he would be equal in knowledge with God Himself. Hence if he is to be at peace, it must be by *trusting* Him who created and who governs the things which he does not see, as well as those which he does see. He must then live and rejoice by Faith and absolute trust in God. And as he must have Faith, so he must also have Hope. For he cannot know all the future as God does; and as he looks for-

ward, his mind must of necessity be full of *expectations*,—either of things dark and terrible, or else of things bright and good; in other words, he must have either *fear* or *hope*. But if he has faith, and no consciousness of sin, it cannot be fear he has, but only hope. So of the two prophetic sisters which ever stand by the side of all created beings, pointing towards the cloud-covered future—Fear and Hope—the spirits of the blest, whether angels or men, can listen only to the bright sister Hope, not to the dark sister Fear; Fear must to them be a false prophetess, because they have perfect faith in God's goodness, and no sense of sin. And as they know that God is almighty and ever active, and that He will be for ever producing new things, they must rejoice in looking forward—not knowing what the future will be, but sure that it must be good, glorious, beautiful, fitting the mind of God.

Hence, depend upon it, all ideas of the future life which represent it as a stark, fixed state, with no change, no movement in it, must be mistaken, and are directly against the Bible. In all life there is *progress* of some kind; it is only death that is still, and changeless for ever.

But if Faith and Hope must be in heaven, so, still more, must Charity or Love, the queen of the three sister graces. For the very life of heaven is in Love—love of God and love of all His creatures. God Himself is Love, and only "he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God."

Amidst all, then, that passes away, here are three things that "abide," eternal as God is, the very life of all creatures for ever and ever, crowned with an immortal youth, a very part of heaven on earth.

When you are living then, or helping others to live, in the spirit of Christian Faith, Hope, Charity, you are practising for heaven; heaven is beginning in you. But when you are in the opposite states—of unbelief in God's goodness or power, of despair for yourself or for others, of enmity and ill-will to other creatures of God—you are out of sympathy with heaven; you are practising—we must say it—for the world of darkness.

Now the fact that Hope is thus a Christian virtue, implies that the Christian life is a life of *progress*. God Himself is called "the God of Hope;" and the whole Bible, the Old Testament as well as New, is marked by progress. The Jews, it has been said, were a nation of prophets; all their great teachers were ever pointing forwards to a greater Future that should be. Under the New Testament this is equally true. And the hope of the second Advent—of a still more glorious revelation of God than any that has yet taken place, is the very life of the saints still.

And now see how these three great Christian graces are closely connected with, and depend upon, each other.

Take the greatest of the three—Charity or Love. In a world in which there was no sin, Love might grow and thrive without difficulty, of itself, apart from any help from without. For there is no difficulty to overcome in loving the good and the loving, the amiable and the noble-hearted; it would be but natural to all men to do so. But in the world as it is, the question is, How shall we love those who are *not* good, amiable, or noble-minded, but sinful and wicked, fallen and degraded, or those who are unjustly our enemies? How shall we retain Charity, not in heaven only, but in this world of sin, and even while hating all sin as God does?

This, we may safely say, can only be done by the help of Hope and of Faith in God. Indeed, perhaps we might venture to say that God Himself can only love the wicked and the sinful for what He foresees they will be, or may yet be made—not for what they are. This seems to be one meaning of the saying that God loves fallen men only *in Christ*. Christ has shown in his own person and human life, what man may become. And because the power of God works upon us to make us so; therefore, in the hope of that future completed salvation, of which the foundations are already laid in Christ—God bears with imperfect beings. He bears with what we are now, in hope of what in Christ we shall be. So, it has been said, a man who had seen the glorious vegetation, the perfect flowers and plants of the tropical regions of the earth, might bear with the dwarfed and stunted plants of the Arctic regions, because he has seen what they become in a fairer clime. And in the infant Christ in us, God sees the perfect Christ that shall be, and in that hope bears with our present imperfections and sins.

Just so do the best and truest Christians maintain love, even to the most sinful. They cannot love them for what they are: but they discover in them glimmering sparks of good that may yet be blown into a flame; still remaining seeds of goodness which may yet be made to conquer and cast out the sin and evil in them. So does their Charity live by and feed upon Hope.

But how can Hope herself live on Earth, except by the help of the remaining one of

these great graces, Faith? For it is not by any strength or wisdom that is in us that we can conquer the mighty evils of nature. It is only by the help of a greater power than ours at work with us on our side. As you fight, *they* may sometimes seem to be few that are on the side of good, and they many that are against it. But Faith opens your blind eyes, and you see the mountain-side covered with chariots of fire and horses of fire—the armies of God evermore fighting in His cause, that will, and must, in the end, prevail.

And there is this great comfort to any loyal child of God in this thought—that the power that ever works for good sees infinitely farther than we do;—it sees the truth in its purity, and therefore it will counterwork not only the errors of our adversaries, but our own too. Be loyal to what you believe to be the cause of the right and the true, and God will over-rule for good all you do; not always by your success, but sometimes by your failures. So may we work and pray in the spirit of the beautiful words of the hymn—

> "Not what we wish, but what we want,
> O let Thy grace supply!
> The good unasked in mercy grant,
> The ill, tho' asked, deny!".

Who are they that do God's work on Earth? Is it not those who first by Charity wish to do it; then by a strong Faith in God, maintain, even in darkest days, the blessed Hope that they can, by God's help, do it? Those who have not these divine graces, do not work for God. In the first place they have not the Charity, which gives the wish to do good. And if they have the wish, they have not the hope. They fight, but it is with no zeal, and so they easily accept defeat. In the parable of the good Samaritan, the priest and the Levite lightly persuaded themselves that the case of the wounded man by the road-side was hopeless,—it was of no use to attempt to do anything for him. So they left him, and passed by on the other side. Their weak Charity, made them easily content to let him perish; their worldly minds made them accept the suggestion of indolence, that no good could be done, that the case was beyond their skill; and they had no living Faith that God would help them. But the good Samaritan was of a different temper. He had not the selfish mind that looks coldly upon the miserable lying by the road-side of this life, and if asked how they came to that state, is content to make the first bad man's answer, "I know not; am I their keeper?" He had warmth of heart and ever-living compassion, and he had *Hope* because he had *Faith*, and so he succeeded. He did the work of Christ, because he had the mind and heart of Christ; and that is the mind not only of Charity, but also of Hope and of Faith.

Thus are these three great divine graces, Faith, Hope, Charity, inseparably connected together; they make up a trinity in unity, of which you cannot separate one from the other two; they live and die together. And of all the best creaturely life, whether in Eternal Heaven, or in this world of shadows, they are the ever-springing fountain, replenished for ever by the Spirit of God.

OUR CHILDREN.

LITTLE hands always so busy,
Little feet dancing so light,
Little tongues chattering so gaily,
Little eyes sparkling so bright.

Little hearts warm and impulsive,
Little hearts joyous and gay,
Little minds merry and thoughtless,
Ever intent on their play.

Little heads constantly ruffled,
Hands that will never keep clean,
Faces that always need washing
If they must be fit to be seen.

Little brows sometimes o'erclouded
With shadow of anger or pain,
That changes to smiles the next moment,
Bringing back sunshine again.

Little wills ever so wayward,
Prone to do that which is wrong;
Naughty fits, coming and going,
Though lasting but seldom for long.

Sweet little penitent faces
Lifted to ours for a kiss,
Whispering softly, "I'm sorry,"
Setting right all that's amiss.

Such are the gifts of our Maker,
The light and the song of our home;
Such are the guides to His nature,
The keys to the world that's to come.

P. SQUIRE.

HYMN.

(IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.)

O THOU, my heart's best treasure!
O Friend unchangeable!
Sweet spring of ceaseless pleasure
For all who love thee well!
Take of my heart possession,
And reign alone therein,
Thou, whose dear cross and passion
Have saved me from my sin.

Joy of my life! thou feedest
My soul with living bread;
Still to faith's sight thou bleedest,
And richest drops are shed.
When tired and faint I languish,
By thee the weak is strong,
And in my night of anguish
I tune my loudest song.

Ah! pour on me thy favour,
Rich fount of love and grace;
Around me shine for ever,
Great Sun of righteousness!
Without thy smile peace-giving
Life were but death to me;
But in thy presence living
True light and life I see.

My heart, in closest union
With thine, dear Lord, made one,
Finds here in sweet communion,
Its heaven on earth begun:
Better 'mid flames fierce-wreathing,
Safe in thy love to be,
Than heaven's own fragrance breathing
If heaven were void of thee!

HENRY DOWNTON.

THUNDERSTORMS.

By J. A. CAMDEN.

"The voice of the Lord is upon the waters: The God of Glory thundereth."—Psalm xxix. 3.

THE voice of the storm is one of the grandest of those with which Nature speaks to us, and in the voice of the storm, he who interprets nature aright hears the voice of Him who rules above the storm. True poet and servant of God, David's heart as well as his mind opened to the appreciation of the grandeur of the thunderstorm. During its distant approach, and throughout all the phenomena which manifested themselves while he listened to the storm sweeping from north to south through the land, he heard, as the undertone which bound all sounds into a true harmony, that voice of Jehovah which was to him an ever-present voice, ordering all things both in heaven and earth. No finer picture of a thunderstorm can anywhere be found than that which the twenty-ninth Psalm presents. Even in the translation of our authorised version the grandeur of the storm is made manifest. Far to the north it begins; the clouds roll up from the sea, the thunder echoes through the valleys of the Lebanon, the vivid lightning flashes, and the storm sweeps away to the south to Kadesh, and dies among the distant hills of Petra.

A modern poet has given us a fine word-picture of a storm near the Lake of Geneva.

"Most glorious night
Thou wert not made for slumber! Let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines—a phosphoric sea!
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black—and now the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth."

But Byron, though he appreciated the grandeur of the storm, and longed to share in its wildness, saw in it only what seemed to him a species of revolt against the ordinary course of nature, an almost revolutionary upsetting of things, which found an echo in his own untutored heart. How differently does the whole matter present itself to the Psalmist! He sees through and beyond the "hurly-burly of the elements" the hand of Jehovah directing it all. Above the crash of the thunder, the rush of the storm wind, and the noise of the forest swaying under the power of the mighty blast, he hears "the voice of the Lord." He ushers in his song by an appeal to the "mighty," the angels, those sons of God who stand in glory and might round His throne, who themselves, when they do his errands, "are clothed with the might, the swiftness, the all-pervading subtilty of wind and fire."

"Give unto the Lord, O ye mighty,
Give unto the Lord glory and strength;
Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name;
Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness."

And when the storm is over, and its last mutterings are heard dying away, he ends by the thought that not only

"The Lord sitteth upon the flood,
Yea, the Lord sitteth King for ever,"

but also—Oh, gracious and comforting recollection!—

"The Lord will give strength unto His people;
The Lord will bless His people with peace."

The ordinary phenomena of a thunderstorm are well known to every one—the gathering clouds, the stifling atmosphere, the sense of uneasiness which comes on man and animals, the quivering of the trees, the gusts of wind precursors of the storm; and then the vivid flashes of lightning and the long echoing roll of the thunder, while rain pours in torrents or the hail lashes the ground, recalling that day in Egypt when "the Lord sent thunder and hail, and the fire ran along upon the ground."

Milton imagines that among the physical discomforts with which our Lord was tried during those mysterious days of preparation for his work which He spent in the wilderness, He may have been exposed unsheltered to the storm.

"Either tropic now
'Gan thunder, and both ends of heaven; the clouds
From many a horrid rift abortive poured
Fierce rain with lightning mixed, water with fire
In ruin reconciled; nor slept the winds
Within their stony caves, but rushed abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell
On the vexed wilderness, whose tallest pines,
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks,
Bowed their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,
Or torn up sheer."

Here we have the chief phenomena of the storm brought before us with the hand of a master.

Hardly anything seems more uncertain than a thunderstorm, and yet the conditions under which one takes place are to a great extent ascertained, and where they are not perfectly understood meteorologists are sure that completeness of knowledge is but a question of time and of patient investigation. Now-a-days there is nothing upon which scientific men are more agreed than upon

the undeviating character of the operation of the laws of nature; and if irregular action appears they no longer accuse nature of caprice, but they say, "We do not yet know all that is to be known."

Thunderstorms are not equally prevalent in all parts of the earth, nor, as we very well know, at all seasons of the year. A thunderstorm in winter is a matter of rare occurrence, and one which, from its very rarity, is peculiarly unexpected; while, in our own country, at least, thunder has come to be so much associated with the summer season that there is a saying to the effect that "an English summer consists of three hot days and a thunderstorm." The most tremendous and most frequent thunderstorms are those which take place within the tropics, where the heat is greatest, where the evaporation is extreme, where the warm currents, both of ocean and of air, have their origin, and where all the forces of nature are most actively at work, and most quickly endeavour to restore disturbances of the general equilibrium. Day rather than night is the time for thunderstorms, though the ordinary stillness of night makes the crash of the storm seem more terrible by contrast. The accumulated heat of the afternoon perhaps accounts for the occurrence of thunderstorms after midday rather than before it; and those diversities of air-currents and of the moisture of the atmosphere which exist in elevated regions cause the thunderstorms among mountainous districts to be more frequent than in plains. The condensation of vapour probably causes the thunderstorm. Acting slowly, the condensation of vapour results in mists, fogs, and clouds; but acting quickly, when the summer sun heats the earth and sea, or when it blazes in the region of equatorial calms, or upon the countries which lie directly under it in its great yearly journey north and south of the equator, condensation, both copious and rapid, brings about an accumulation of electricity, the redistribution of which causes the thunderstorm. If the condensation be not copious, the electricity is too weak; if it be not sudden, the electricity escapes before collecting in sufficient quantity for a discharge. The immediate effect of a storm is to "clear the atmosphere," as we say. Before it begins the air is hot and close, and uneasy feelings pervade the bodies of those who are sensitive to the storm—the mysterious electrical currents in the human frame thrilling in response to the disturbances in the electrical condition of the atmosphere. But the storm passes—

> "The sun with more effectual beams
> Has cheered the face of earth, and dried the wet
> From drooping plant or dropping tree,"

and the glad landscape laughs in the light and rejoices in the coolness which follows the cessation of the storm. The fall of the rain-drops is probably the means by which the changes in the electrical condition of the atmosphere are effected.

When the force of the thunderstorm is not concentrated, hail is a not unfrequent accompaniment of the thunderstorm. In temperate climates hail-storms are most common near mountains, and the terrible hail-storms which ravage the vine-producing region of Central France are more severe because the land lies between the Alps and the Pyrenees. These storms have been found invariably to be associated with barometric depressions, and they appear to be diverted from their course on coming up against high table-lands and mountain-ridges, just as rivers are when high banks oppose their course. The loss caused by these storms is calculated to average annually about two millions sterling; not in Egypt alone is it true that "He destroyed their vines with hail."

The size of the district over which a thunderstorm spreads is usually somewhat limited; but occasionally they stretch over hundreds of miles. One is recorded which stretched two hundred miles—from Antwerp to Minden—and another in India, which covered a district six hundred miles from north to south, and fifty miles in breadth.

When a child hears a thunderstorm it is the thunder which he fears. The bright lightning flash dazzles him, and he hides his face, but the terror to him lies most in the thunder. A wise parent knows that the fear of a child in a thunderstorm may be partly produced by physical depression—a nervousness which may be striven against, yet cannot be entirely overcome. But a father, or a tender mother, while giving support to the clinging arms of the child, will speak gently to him, will make him hear in the thunder the sound of the air rushing in to supply the space left by the "glittering spear" of the lightning, as it divides the atmosphere and makes a path for itself where the air resists it least. The flashes of lightning frequently extend a mile or two in length, and instantaneously divide the air throughout their whole course. The sudden rushing together of the air also takes place at once, but the sound which is thereby produced takes some time to travel to the ear. When the storm is immediately overhead, the flash of the lightning and the crash of the

thunder are simultaneous; but ordinarily the first thunder sound comes from that part of the path of the lightning which is nearest to us, and the rolling noise is produced by the waves of sound as they successively reach the ear. "Who hath divided a way for the lightning?" is the question which may well be considered when it is flashing round the house where the children, safe within, are watching the storm as it passes without.

The lightning of the near thunderstorm darting through the air passes where it meets with least resistance, and, therefore, often appears zigzag, or it gives off branches which make it seem forked. Sheet lightning, when flash after flash quickly illuminates the murky sky, sometimes, at dusk or at night, looking blue or violet, or even pale green, is generally accompanied by low and distant thunder. The silent lightning, or summer lightning, which with its faint quivering radiance fitfully lights up the evening sky for hours in summer, is the reflection of the lightning of distant storms.

Sometimes lightning takes the form which is called "ball lightning," but this is one of unusual occurrence. The lightning appears like a globe, sometimes moving slowly, sometimes being stationary, but in a short time exploding with violence. This form of lightning has not as yet been satisfactorily explained.

The rain that comes with thunder pours down with extreme violence, and among the hills the brooks and rivers become swollen so that they rush along their channels with increased force, and sweep all before them. The trees bend and sway under the weight of the storm-wind, and the commotion of the elements is such that it seems as if nothing but destruction can follow in its train. But to those who know how to regard wisely the phenomena of the storm, the magnificent spectacle which it presents is but another manifestation of the power of nature's God working through laws to the carrying out of a definite end. The disturbed electrical condition of the air must be righted, in order that life may be carried on, and the storm is the means by which the normal state of things is regained. That there is danger in the storm, as in many of the other operations of nature, we know; that feelings of awe are inspired by its accompaniments we are also aware. The imagery of the storm was that by which the Hebrew poets set forth the grandeur and might of Jehovah. Darkness was under His feet; "His pavilion round about Him were dark waters and thick clouds of the skies." "The Lord also thundered in the heavens, and the Highest gave His voice; yea, He sent out His arrows and scattered them; and he shot out lightnings and discomfited them." Amid "thunders and lightnings, and a thick cloud upon the mount," the Law was delivered from Sinai; and, when the Lord was pleased to communicate to Elijah his message with regard to the condition of the kingdom of Israel, while Elijah stood on Horeb, the Mount of God, the Lord passed by, "a great and strong wind rent the mountain, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; . . . . . after the wind an earthquake; . . . . . after the earthquake a fire; and after the fire a still small voice," hearing which Elijah, with his face wrapped in his mantle, went and stood in the entrance of the cave to hear what the Lord had to say.

Happy are those who, while listening to the voice of the storm, can hear, and can teach others to hear, under all, that "still small voice," which speaks to the heart with power, and which, speaking, brings peace.

THE POSTMAN'S DAUGHTER.

By the AUTHOR of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

ARE there not everywhere—I fear there are—children, not exactly "naughty" children whose constant outcry is, that they "hate lessons?" Regardless of the endless anxieties—to say nothing of the endless pounds—which their parents have expended upon their education, they seem determined to learn, not as much, but as little, as they possibly can: are glad of any excuse that helps them to shirk work, and appear to consider that the whole end and aim of life is play. Poor little souls! they will soon find out their mistake! Quickly enough comes the time of all work and no play; when to please one's self, or to amuse one's self, is the last thing one is ever able to think of. But—a truce to preaching just now—I only want to tell, for the benefit of all idle children, a simple little story which has lately come under my notice—a "quite true" story, though as yet a mere fragment, literally a "story without an end." What the end

may be, fate—that is, God—will prove in time; meanwhile I can do no harm, and may do some good, especially to those lazy children aforesaid, to relate its beginning.

I arrived one afternoon, on a brief three days' visit, at a certain town in the west of England. Almost as soon as I entered, there was put into my hand, with my post letters, another, unstamped, which looked not unlike a tradesman's circular, more especially as it was addressed in a clear, clerk-like hand.

I noticed this (being rather particular about handwritings, as is the habit of those accustomed to read many MSS.: for many people, especially young people, hardly recognise how strong is the involuntary impression thus given: whether good or bad, careless or neat, firm or feeble). I opened the letter:—

"DEAR MADAM,—Please excuse the liberty I take in writing to you, but I have been so interested in some of your books——"

I closed it abruptly. Truly, if one were given to profane jesting, one would be inclined to hope that heaven was a place where one's "works" did not follow one! Oh! the innumerable letters which we authors are in the habit of receiving, where a little eulogistic comment on our writings is followed by a reference to their own, and a petition to read them or get them printed. A young "poet" actually once asked me to publish his volume at my own expense, adding that "posterity would reward me!" And, oh! something very like a page of verses occupied the second sheet of this letter! No wonder I shut it up with a kind of sigh, half weariness, half pity. Will these hapless rhymesters never learn that poetry—even real poetry—seldom pays? And prose scribblers, "the mob of gentlemen"—or gentlewomen (alas! too often, poor gentlewomen) "who write with ease," and think that their facility, and their poverty, constitute an undeniable claim upon the world to read them—can these unfortunates not take in the simple truth—that really good work, soon or late, is sure to find its market—it is too rare a commodity not to be valuable; while bad work, however bolstered up by the best of introductions, if anyone be so uncandid as to give them, will as certainly find its level too, and drop into its natural grave—the waste-paper basket?

Replacing the letter in its envelope, to be read when less busy, I did not think of it again for twenty-four hours.

"There was a note for you," said one of my friends next day; "the postman brought it from his little invalid daughter. She cannot stir out of doors. She thought perhaps you might come and see her."

This was quite another story. Somewhat conscience-smitten, I sought for the letter, and continued it.

——"so interested in some of your books which I have read, and so often wished to see you, that I thought perhaps if you could spare time you would not mind calling. Father, who is the postman, told me you were here.

"I am a little deformed girl, and am just recovering from a severe attack of bronchitis. I have always been fond of reading, and composing bits of poetry and prose. I enclose a little piece which I have written lately for you to see.

"Believe me to remain,
"Yours respectfully,
"E. M. H——."

I will not give her name, or her address; initials will answer all the purpose. But I was touched—would not anybody have been touched?—by this simple little letter, well and neatly written, orthography and grammar quite correct—remarkably so for a girl of fifteen, as I heard she was. I know, I am sorry to say, many a girl, and boy too, of the same age, costing their parents from £100 to £200 a year for school education, who can neither write nor spell half so well as the postman's daughter.

And the poem—here it is:—

"A MEMORY.

"Where the far-off mountain heights
Tower above the leaves that quiver,
Where the chequered golden lights
Shimmer on the rippling river,
Grew my flower of life's delights
In my heart still fair as ever.

"All around, beneath, and o'er,'
Silver bells soft music ring;
Valley lilies fragrance pour,
Bird, and bee, and brooklet sing;
But my lily is no more,
She is dead, as dies the spring.

"Some day on a distant strand,
Far beyond the rolling river,
In that joy-illumined land,
Where no sad voice whispers 'Never,'
She will take me by the hand,
We shall live and love for ever."

Nothing very wonderful, certainly, nor original; merely the echo of other poems with which the girl was familiar, but correct in rhyme and rhythm, graceful, musical,—quite equal to many verses written in albums or sung in drawing-rooms with great applause. Nay, I have known several middle-aged

bards, who set great store by productions not very superior to that of this child of fifteen—this "little deformed girl," as she wrote of herself with such simple pathos. Do any of you blooming damsels of fifteen, just beginning to find out—or to wish—that you were pretty,—and no harm in being pretty, but a very great blessing, if you are not conceited over what is no merit of yours—do you, can you, imagine what it would be to write of yourself deliberately that pathetic line?

Unquestionably, I must go and see her, and early next morning, the only time I had.

A lovely April morning it was; one of those days which make one feel glad to be alive. The garden was full of birds' songs, budding leaves and flowers; the familiar outlines of the high moorland beyond looked exquisitely soft and still. Thither, in another hour, we were all going,

"Beyond the blue hill's utmost rim,"

to a tiny bay, a paradise for children, where the miles and miles of bare green down and lofty cliffs dip into a hollow, in which the beating of the tide has made two arches of sea-worn rock, called the Mermaid's Cave. Already we seemed to smell the salt breeze, as it came in landward a few miles, bearing with it the scent of furzy commons and primrose lanes. And such blue sky—such sunshine! Yes, it was, as I say, good simply to be alive.

We turned out into the fresh morning air, and went down the town to see the postman's daughter.

I do not know if she had expected us—probably she had—for, though so early in the forenoon, she was up and dressed—so far as it can be called "up" merely to move from bed to sofa. Her being "dressed," too, was a very mild form of toilette; still she looked exceedingly neat and clean, even pretty—for she was rather pretty in face—and, alas! there was little to notice except the face; the poor stunted figure appeared no bigger than that of a child of ten years old, and the white, wasted hands were also unnaturally small. But the eyes, the brow,—all she had of physical life seemed concentrated there.

One could quite understand now how it was that the girl wrote poetry; how hers was one of those abnormal cases in which the mind is too large for the body—or rather, when the mental faculties, deprived of the balance-weight of a healthy body, take refuge within themselves, and develope to an almost painful degree, often to the absolute ruin of that house of clay which may be said less to shelter than to imprison the soul.

In fine, this was obviously one of the sad stories, so common and so inexplicable, when "Why hast Thou made me thus?" seems the natural outcry; when reason sinks powerless to explain away what seems so cruelly unjust and hard, and even faith, quicker sighted, can only accept the wonderful alleviations that sometimes come, and trust to having the mystery of it all cleared up one day. Evidently it had pleased God to give this poor girl a soul, but to put it into a body so feeble, so diseased, that how the two had held together for fifteen years was a marvel. Yet her looks were neither sad nor discontented; on the contrary, the face had a remarkably placid expression, and her smile of welcome and the few words she said were equally self-possessed, gentle, and sweet.

"Yes, she had been lying there, not once out of the house, ever since Christmas—four months now. Part of that time she had suffered much (the root of her ailments was in the spine), but she did not suffer now—not, anyhow, as formerly. She was very comfortable here, even though it was a street, and the room (a respectable artisan's parlour, about twelve feet square), was not large. But when the weather changed she hoped to get out into the garden behind: she had lain there a great deal last summer. The flowers beside her—yes, somebody had brought them; she was excessively fond of flowers. And books—she read every book she could get hold of; and she was teaching herself Latin and French; had tried to become pupil-teacher at a school, so as to earn her own living, but had broken down in health, and been obliged to come home. Probably she had worked too hard, been too anxious, for she did not get well, as other people, after an attack of bronchitis, but had been invalided for months. Certainly, she did sometimes feel rather tired, but people were so very kind in coming to see her,"—and so on—and so on.

All these facts, communicated, scarcely so much by the girl herself—she seemed a very silent creature—as by her mother, a delicate-looking woman, neat, respectable, and quiet, reached me vaguely, for I felt oppressed by the exceeding sadness of the whole thing, except for that which sanctifies sadness into something higher than joy—the brave endurance of an inevitable ill.

Inevitable it surely was. I saw at a glance

that no earthly power could ever make this poor girl's life into a healthy life, or take from her that burden of pain which she must have borne from her cradle, never to lay down, except in that last bed from which, we believe, the spirit springs triumphant into, not rest, but the everlasting and ever joyful service of God.

Poor child, only fifteen! to be left lying here, while I, a middle-aged woman, but in perfect health and strength and capacity of enjoyment, was going with a tribe of children and young people across the green country to the beautiful sea-side, as delicious to me still as to them! Our world, it seemed limitless—but hers was condensed into one narrow room, the street outside, and a small glimpse of sky above the roofs of the opposite houses, except for that strange kingdom—"my mind to me a kingdom is"—which the poor young thing seemed to have taken by storm, against all opposition of fate, and where, by her looks at least, she reigned in content. Her books, her needlework, when she was too ill to study, the flowers beside her—the little MS. book which she did not offer me, nor did I propose to read—all bespoke a nature strong in itself, and capable of doing what so few of us do—making the best of things.

I said little, scarcely more than the girl herself—in fact, I could not; I felt that instead of instructing I was learning; but I promised her a few books, and gave her the advice that a wise friend—a literary lady, too—gave to me in my teens, "My dear, never mind your poetry: finish your education."

Throughout that sweet spring day, full of a strange mixture of pleasure and pain, which it is needless to dilate upon here—across the scented moorlands, gleaming with yellow furze, and the wide green down, every mile of which was haunted with many memories, until we came out upon the long blue sea-line, calm as the eternity which rounds them all—I was followed by the thought of that helpless little figure, and placid contented face, lying in the dark corner, quite away from the sunshine, the sea-line, and the flowers.

Not altogether from these last—for one of my young folks took her that same afternoon the most lovely handful of hyacinths, primroses, orchises, and cowslips. If only we could have gladdened her ears as well as her eyes, by wafting to her the happy cry of the cuckoo, the song of the lark and thrush, the musical beat of the waves on the beach, or the thud of the tide against the Mermaid's Cave! But all these delights, which so many count as nothing, yet which to one of the poetic temperament are—must be—almost everything, were to her, at present at least, denied.

But "my faith is large in time," and in that patience which, by cheerful acceptance of the sad present, sometimes opens the way to a better future. Only the wicked are God-forsaken—even in this oftentimes sorrowful world.

I went home, and turning over in my mind what could possibly be done to brighten that sad, shadowed life, and to make the most of it, for herself and for others, be it a long life or a short one, it occurred to me to send one or two of her poems, and tell her story, for the benefit of the young readers of the SUNDAY MAGAZINE. And in order that the facts might be given as simple facts, without any imaginative gloss, I wrote for accurate information as to her brief history, which her mother had told me, but which I had listened to in a hasty, preoccupied fashion while watching, full of many thoughts, the little childish face.

This was the answer I got, enclosed in a letter from the mother. The both are worth any language of mine:—

"I was fifteen on July 8th, 1876. I have been to Miss H——'s boarding-school for two and a half years, before which I had a few months at the British school in this town. In addition to geography, history, &c., I learnt French and a little music. From Midsummer to Christmas, 1876, I learnt Latin, and taught a junior class. In December, 1876, I passed the examination of the College of Preceptors, in the first division of the third class, and received a certificate for the seven subjects on which I was examined, viz., arithmetic, grammar, geography, English history, scripture history, French, and free-hand drawing.

"I gained three first prizes in the first class before I began to teach—one for English and two for French and English. I also received some prizes from the editor of *Kind Words*, viz., senior prize in the young author's competition, for a poem called 'Dreams and Realities,' two books, and ten shillings in money, July, 1874; senior prize in handwriting competition, January, 1874; junior prize for verses for a birthday-card, October, 1874; senior prize for a poem on the 'Sabbath,' August, 1875.

"I also gained honourable mention in *Kind Words* for a sonnet; for handwriting (1875); for an essay on a favourite proverb; for a set of button-holes; for an historical

mental picture; and for six original proverbs. In July, 1876, I had a poem called 'Summer' printed in *Kind Words*. E. M. H."

Merely this statement—bare facts, not a word more—but what a catalogue of work done! including the admirably feminine work of the "six button-holes." What patience, what perseverance! and this in no high or even middle rank, but that of a postman's daughter! What an indomitable struggle after education in the boarding-school, probably a very small one, where the little pupil-teacher contrived, during the two and a half years, to do so much! When many girls, healthy, well-to-do young creatures, whose parents pay from £100 to £150 a year for their education, contrive to do so very little!

This girl's parents; I did not see her father, but here is what her mother says of her:—

"DEAR MADAM,—My little girl herself has written the statement which you require; and as you wished for her character, I will give it to the best of my ability.

"She has always been truthful and conscientious, fond of study, and anxious to learn, and as far as I have been able to judge, during the time she was with Miss H——, won her respect and confidence, and the love of her school-fellows.

"I have always wished that she should have education enough to fit her for a teacher, for I thought it probable she would not be able to earn her living in any other way. In consequence of her spinal weakness which she has suffered from ever since she was a twelvemonth old, and for which she wears iron supports, I fear that the teaching and learning combined, during the last half-year she was at school, was too great demand upon her strength, and was partly the means of bringing on the illness from which she is only just recovering.

"It will be a great grief to me if she cannot have any more education, as she has often said, when we have talked of her future as a teacher, 'Ah, mother, if I am able I shall be a writer!' Throughout her life she has had a great deal of suffering, which she has always borne cheerfully and patiently," &c. &c.—(the rest is merely thanks, and need not be copied).

Both letters I have transcribed *literatim;* they are absolutely accurate as to spelling and grammar. What advantages of education the mother had, I know not; but evidently enough to appreciate and desire the like for her child; and she encloses what I conclude is the latest written poem, which I give without comment, correction, or criticism, except the reminder that the writer is still under sixteen.

"SONNET.

"Could the singer, hearing angel music sung
But give the world one thrilling, matchless strain;
Could but the poet translate unto men
The hundred whispers of his spirit's tongue;
Or could the painter's trembling eager hand
Depict the glowing hues of earth and sky,
The beauties radiant to his soul's clear eye,
Man would not laugh and fail to understand.
But now our voiceless spirits yearn for wings
To soar beyond these stifling prison-bars
Out in the silence, out beyond the stars,
Beyond the memory of earthly things,
Where thought and fancy find an utterance free,
And all is life, and love, and liberty."

And now, why do I tell this simple little story, of which no one can foresee the end? There have been cases—I have known several such—in which a strong, persistent, ardent soul, though imprisoned in a most feeble body, has yet managed to live on and do good work in the world, for twenty, thirty, forty years. This may be her lot; we cannot tell. But the sustaining of such a faint spark of physical life requires more care, more luxury, than her station is likely to provide her with, even if she is ever able to earn her own bread. Can anybody help her? not as charity—such a spirit is above all ordinary "charity"—but by making existence a little easier to her, till she is able to help herself. For this cause I make public her innocent little biography of fifteen years.

Also, since such a history points its own moral, and preaches better than any homily of mine, I offer it to the serious consideration of all thoughtless children—careless children—idle children—with the one brief counsel—"'Tis never too late to mend."

IN THE HEART OF HUNGARY.

By the Rev. W. G. BLAIKIE, D.D., LL.D.

IT had been an old promise to one of my student-friends from Hungary, that if I visited his country I would go to Debreczen. Of course that alone would have been enough to turn my footsteps thither. But there were other reasons why I should do so. The town of Debreczen is a stronghold of the Reformed Church. Of its population of fifty thousand, nine-tenths are Protestant, and of these the vast majority are Reformed. It has a university, largely attended, and is the seat of a superintendent. The country round is almost as thoroughly Protestant. In a map illustrating the religions of the Austrian Empire, the neighbourhood of Debreczen is the only spot that can boast of an exclusively Protestant colour. It is remarkable how Debreczen has come to be distinguished in this way. Thereby hangs a tale. The real question, however, is, not why Debreczen is unlike the rest of Hungary, but why the rest of Hungary is unlike Debreczen. If the Protestants had but had fair play, what is now the exception would have been the rule, and what is the rule would have been the exception. To make this out, we must glance at the history of the Protestant Church of Hungary, regretting much that so great and interesting a subject must be discussed here in a very cursory way.

In the days of Luther, several local causes favoured the Reformation in Hungary. Some of the persecuted and scattered Waldenses, who did so much during the two centuries preceding the Reformation to keep alive the flame of vital Christianity in Europe, had found an asylum in Lower Hungary. Many of the Hussites and Taborites when expelled from Bohemia, were driven into the northern parts of the country. The "cup" cut out on the stone wall, still remains on not a few churches to indicate their Bohemian origin. Under the desolating scourge of Tartar invasions, many parts of Hungary had at times been left almost without inhabitants, and the Hungarian kings had invited German settlers to supply the empty place. These colonists kept up correspondence with Germany, bought books at Leipzic fair, and brought over the writings of Luther. Maria, wife of the king, favoured the Reformation in its early days and invited Reformed preachers to the country. She also sent a number of divinity students to the German universities, and particularly to that of Wittemberg. In those days, young men returned from Germany with their faith quickened, and the reformed doctrines were eagerly received, and spread widely through Hungary. Not indeed without great opposition. The bishops and other leaders of the old faith were not to die without a struggle. The diet of the kingdom passed a decree for exterminating the Lutherans. The Archbishop of Gran got a royal commission to the same effect. But God, who used the Turk oftener than once for protecting the cause of truth, used him signally on this occasion. In 1526, in the famous battle of Mohács, the Hungarians were utterly defeated by the Turks; seven bishops and archbishops were among the slain, and the king, attempting on horseback to cross the marsh Csele, was crushed in the mud by his horse falling backwards at the bank. The scheme of persecution came to an end, and though partaking in other respects of the calamities of the country, the Protestant cause was suffered to live. In the period that followed it made amazing progress. Hardly any of the nobility or gentry remained in the communion of Rome. Hungary, with the adjacent Princedom of Transylvania, might then be said to be a Protestant country; and a bright career seemed to open for its people, who were now

eager to push on with schools, and literature, and all the other adjuncts of Christian civilisation.

But kings had not yet learned to respect the consciences of their people. In the seventeenth century, the kings of Hungary were educated by the Jesuits, and the Jesuits became the real rulers of the country. Foreign soldiers were hired, and the policy began of taking the churches by violence from the people and banishing the pastors. It was this policy that broke up the Protestant cause. In spite of Protestant victories and Protestant treaties, it was continued. And it prevailed, too, during the eighteenth century. Villages would be surrounded by an armed force, the people driven into the churches, holy water sprinkled upon them, and having been thus turned into good Catholics, the severest punishments would be inflicted if they should apply to Protestant pastors for the rites of religion. The reign of Maria Theresa (1740—1780) was signalized by the most shameful treatment of the Protestants. The plunder and forcible seizure of churches and schools continued; but the spirit of the people could not be wholly subdued. When preaching and the sacraments were forbidden at any place, the people travelled for miles to the places where they were still legalised, and the poor often spent their last penny in such attempts to obtain the bread of life. On the slightest provocation, men and women were imprisoned for long periods, to be dismissed with a hundred and fifty or a hundred lashes; fines were inflicted, out of which Popish churches were built; Protestant churches were closed, or seized for Catholic worship; Bibles, prayer-books, and catechisms were confiscated; all manner of Jesuitical arts were put in operation, where open violence was not likely to succeed. At one time the Archbishop of Canterbury tried to protect the Protestants, and the British Government instructed their ambassador at Vienna to endeavour to get justice for them. But to little purpose. By such means as we have adverted to, the Protestant interest was sadly weakened. The Jesuits boasted of the number of their converts, and the returning prosperity of their Church. And it is not difficult to see what the end would have been, had not Joseph II., Maria Theresa's son, becoming disgusted with the Jesuits, with whose arts and hypocrisy he was but too familiar, bent his energies to check their influence, and provide toleration for the Protestants of his empire.

From 1781, the tide turned. In 1791, additional securities were provided for the Protestants. Since that time, the Protestant Church has enjoyed comparative tranquillity. Unhappily, it has been divided, as we remarked in a former paper, into Reformed and Lutheran, and there has not always prevailed the best spirit between the two. The Reformers adhering to the Helvetian confession are about two millions in number, and have about two thousand congregations. The Lutherans, following the Augsburg confession, are under a million, making the entire Protestant population about three millions. The Magyars are generally of the Reformed, and the Germans of the Lutheran persuasion.

Hungary was not fortunate in her kings, male or female (for even when a woman reigns she is called *rex*, not *regina*); but it was otherwise at one time with the adjacent Principality of Transylvania. In the beginning of the seventeenth century, Béthlén, Prince of Transylvania, was an eminently pious man, and a great champion of the Protestants. Rákóczy, who succeeded Béthlén, was entirely like-minded. It is said of Béthlén that he had read the Bible from beginning to end six-and-twenty times. He took it with him in his wars as his counsellor and guide, and, however much he might be occupied, spent a considerable portion of each day in its perusal and study. Rákóczy, surrounded by his staff, read and prayed morning and evening. The memory of these men is fragrant to this hour, and when, in library or picture gallery, you are shown their portraits, they are spoken of as the good princes of Transylvania.

We think we have made out our position: we have shown how it happens that the rest of Hungary is unlike to Debreczen, rather than why Debreczen is unlike the rest of Hungary. In fact, Debreczen was at one time reckoned to belong to Transylvania, though it is not really *trans sylvam*—it is not in the woody region at all. But from this cause the neighbourhood of Debreczen remained comparatively unmolested in the enjoyment of its Protestant churches and faith. It stands now like an oasis in the desert; we would fain hope to be a fountain of light and channel of blessing not only to the kingdom of Hungary, but to the east of Europe at large.

But now for our journey from Pest to Debreczen. After passing the suburbs of the capital and some of the nearer stations, we come to a very peculiar region, and all the live stock, both men and animals, seem to

assume a peculiar look. We find ourselves, in fact, in a vast plain, and at first, with the dried up look which everything has in the autumn heat, we have difficulty in saying whether or not it is a desert. The vast herds of lean horses which we pass might seem to justify the unfavourable conclusion, only, in a little while, we get into the region of corn, and there, to be sure, we behold a great unbroken ocean of wheat—stretching, in one vast flat field, without interruption, to the horizon. The extent of the plain is overwhelming; it reminded me of the middle of the Atlantic, or rather it would have done so had I not remembered that in the middle of the German Ocean, out of sight of land, there is just the same appearance as in the Atlantic, of unlimited sea. But here it was a sea of bread. Well, it is a comfortable thought that the world possesses so big a cornfield, and that God makes so large provision for our daily bread. But it is curious to think that, in this great Hungarian plain, there are miles upon miles without so much as a hillock, and that no doubt there are natives to whom the existence of rocks and mountains is a matter of faith, pure and simple. Even stones are not to be met with in some districts. The plain is probably the bed of some old-world lake, and it is said (though on what evidence I do not know) that in some places the soil is five hundred feet deep. In their ignorance of mountains the natives must resemble those of the Shetland Islands, many of whom have never seen a tree. The story goes that once, when a preacher there was expounding the incident of Zaccheus, he had to explain what sort of thing a tree was when he told them of the tax-gatherer climbing up into the sycamore! Can it be that an elaborate explanation is needed of the ark resting on the mountains of Ararat, the giving of the law from Sinai, the view of Moses from Pisgah, or the Delectable Mountains of the "Pilgrims' Progress?" After all, the effort of imagination needed to conceive such objects by those who have never seen anything of the kind is but a trifle compared to what must be constantly made by the blind. But then blind persons are conscious of their want, and accustomed to make the effort to compensate for it; people with all their senses, who have never seen trees or mountains, have neither the sense of deficiency nor the habit of compensation.

And it was not the flat plain alone that gave the country a remarkable look. Here we pass a shallow lake, through which the fishers are coolly wading with their hand-nets and their baskets. Yonder is a flock of sheep swimming in a row across the lake, followed by a boy. Herds of cream-coloured cattle are browsing here and there, unlike any we are familiar with, whether on highland hills or lowland downs. Horses treading out the corn surely betoken an approach to the East. Still more do we feel ourselves in an eastern longitude when we mark the dress of the peasantry. The men wear light-coloured linen trousers, which, folding round their persons, have all the look of petticoats. Generally, the appearance of the peasantry is poor. The country is rich, but somehow it does not appear to have been found out how its resources may be applied to improve the condition of the mass of the people.

On Hungarian railways things are taken leisurely. Ample opportunities are given to "refresh." Ten minutes, we think, is about the minimum time for stoppages, and at the important stations it is half an hour. It must be owned to be somewhat disadvantageous to travel through a country without knowing a word of its language. Even German, should you be expert in it, is not of much use, for the Hungarian people have long had an aversion to German in consequence of its having at one time been forced upon them. At length, after some nine hours' travelling, we reach Debreczen in safety, the distance from Pest being about a hundred and twenty miles. In a little while we are in the full, overflowing current of Debreczen kindness and hospitality.

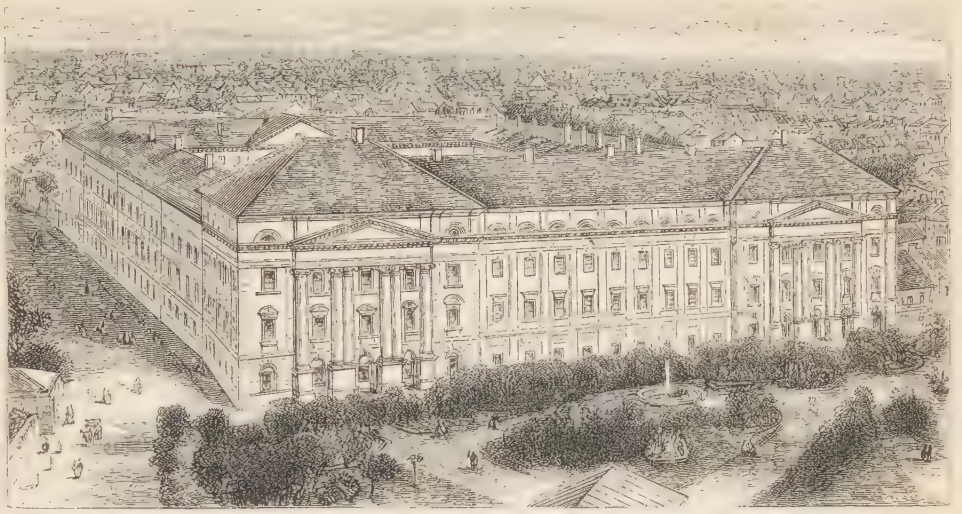
Let us look round for a little on this town of Debreczen. It is unlike any we have ever seen. It is not in the least modern, not in the least conventional. Its chief street is wide everywhere, and in the heart of the town it swells into a square. Here and there are handsome buildings, but the general appearance of the street is irregular and *negligé*. There are no modern hotels. The great church stands in a conspicuous situation at the head of the street, and behind it the university; both, as our woodcuts show, large and handsome structures. The side streets consist mostly of cottages, embedded in trees. Seen from the top of the church, the town has quite a *rus in urbe*, or *urbs in rure*, appearance. No forest of tall chimneys, no dense Salt-markets or Canongates, no bare wildernesses of brick and stone; but lines of quiet houses, set down among trees; so that if plenty of air and green leaves can give health and comfort, Debreczen ought to be a comfortable town.

Chief Church of Debreczen.

Let us just glance at the market in the square the morning after our arrival, as it happens to be market day. More than ever our fancy is carried to the East. See how bright is the dress of the women—a napkin thrown over the head, a jacket and a petticoat, all of different colours, though perfectly plain and simple. Of animals there is great abundance. The little waggons containing a few sacks of flour may be drawn by three, four, or five horses, lean and lanky, with a man riding on one of them, and a foal or two hovering about. Tents and booths run along the sides of the market, covering various wares. At one part may be seen the crockery; at another, glancing brightly in the sun, the tin pans of the market. But the fruit stalls are the most interesting of all. What gigantic melons, both green and yellow! A working man buys for a mere trifle a quarter of a water melon, as big as a leg of beef, and with a crust of brown bread sits down against the wall, and makes a substantial, not to say savoury, breakfast. And here, to vary the scene, comes marching through the market a row of soldiers, in blue caps and bright-coloured undress. Add the flutter and movement of passengers and purchasers, and you have quite an interesting scene of Eastern animated nature, more likely to reward the efforts of the artist than many a more pretentious fair.

It is not often that strangers from the British Isles are seen in Debreczen. And the attention paid to them when they do appear seems to be in proportion to the rarity of their visits. Two excellent Scotch ladies, who had been there a few months previously, were well-nigh overwhelmed with the abundance of kindly attention. For ourselves, never was our modesty, on the one hand, or our capacity of partaking of hospitality, on the other, put to so severe a test. There seemed no end to the kindness of our friends. And when we had left, there followed us "laps," *i.e.* newspapers, in which amid a desert of Hungarian, the surname of myself and my companion rose, the only familiar words in the wide waste of typography. Though we could not read the lines, we could read between them; and tantalising though it sometimes is to know that you are written about yet not to know what is said, in this case we could rest in absolute confidence that all would be as kind as it was possible to desire.

Shall we speak of some of our Debreczen friends? Here is the excellent superintendant Révész, one of the first preachers in Hungary, calm, mild and tranquil, but warm and loving, a father in Israel, enjoying quite a fortune of respect and affection from the community. Here is Professor Balogh, once a student in Edinburgh, simple and earnest, doing his best through his journal and other means to make known in the East the movements of the West, and introduce among his countrymen whatever of value our Western Churches present. Here is a venerable pastor, Michael Tósh, much respected for his devout character, who spent seven years in an Austrian dungeon after the Kossuth rising, and who held up his wrists to show



College of Debreczen.

us where he had worn his chains. Another friend is a pastor of great learning, Dr. Emericus Révész, editor of an important theological journal (in German), author of many valuable papers and books, with all the liveliness of a Hungarian, and the application and power of a Teuton. Another is Alexander Rörössy, Professor of Law in Debreczen, who also lay in chains for his patriotism, learning English in his prison, and now, with an enthusiasm not to be restrained, poured out his soul in praise of liberty and in honour of all its friends. And in this enumeration I must not forget my good friend and former pupil, Francis Mark, now a master in the gymnasium, a universal favourite among his fellow students in Edinburgh, ever frank, bright and beaming, and whose services as cicerone and interpreter, given with ungrudging cheerfulness, contributed most essentially to the enjoyment of our Debreczen visit.

One could feel that the compliments that were paid to Great Britain were not mere compliments, but genuine utterances of the heart. The sympathy of the British people in the struggle of Hungary under Kossuth had made a deep impression. There was no mistaking the cordiality of the words—"I love England, because England loves freedom, and if possible, I love Scotland more, for it has been eminently the friend of freedom." We could very cordially express in return our admiration of the Hungarian spirit, which in recent times especially had proved so steadfast to the cause of constitutional liberty. With more appropriateness, perhaps, as Christian ministers, we could refer to the persecutions and trials of the Hungarian Church. We could refer to the days when the flood of tribulation poured over it, as if it would sweep all before it, but when the enemy came in like a flood the spirit of the Lord lifted up a standard against him. We could speak of its remarkable position in Europe, as if God had preserved it for great ends, to become a great blessing to the East. And we could refer to God's visiting of His Churches in the West, in the way of granting reviving grace, as a hopeful thing for the East, and express the prayer that the stream of spiritual blessing would soon spread over all their borders. And if, in any respect, the Churches of the two countries should come closer together, this would be a very special ground of thankfulness, and would encourage the hope that the Hungarian Church would soon advance to the noble mission for which it seemed to be designed —an evangelical light in the East of Europe.

Debreczen has three Reformed churches, the largest of which, capable of holding a congregation of four thousand, is represented in our woodcut. On the 14th April, 1849, from the pulpit of this church, Kossuth proclaimed the overthrow of the Hapsburg dynasty; and but for the interference of Russia, overthrown it would certainly have been. The church possesses a celebrated bell, presented in 1636 by Rákóczy, Prince of Transylvania. Around it, in Latin, are the following texts, significant of the spirit

of the donor:—"To-day, if ye will hear His voice." "Not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy." "Blessed are they that hear the Word of God and keep it." "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God." "I was glad when it was said to me, Let us go up to the house of the Lord." "The just shall live by faith." The selection of texts indicates a genuine Reformation spirit.

Behind the church is the college, consisting of a training school, a gymnasium, a faculty of law, and a faculty of theology. The number of students altogether amounts to some two thousand. It was built in 1803—1816, and an inscription in Hungarian intimates that its existence was due to the contributions of the adherents of the Reformed Confession in the district beyond the Theiss.

It does not appear that there is much church activity in Debreczen. We paid a visit to a hospital for the poor in the suburbs of the town. It consisted of a number of cottages, somewhat old and poor-looking. Things seemed to go on in a somewhat primitive fashion. At dinner time the inmates brought or sent basins to the kitchen, where an ample service of hot soup was dispensed to them. We did not learn that there was any such visitation of the hospital by charitable Christian ladies as we are accustomed to at home. The soil seemed quite a virgin soil for such labours of love. The people were mostly old and worn out, and seemed to have a more than ordinary share of dull, joyless feeling.

Our visit to Debreczen lasted but two days, and we cannot enter into many details. It was a visit of singular enjoyment. When we left it, we felt as if our heart remained behind. The superintendent came with us to the railway station, and bade us farewell with a double salutation on the cheek. We turned our faces westwards and homewards, knowing well that this, the most easterly spot we had as yet ever visited, would have one of the greenest nooks of our memory.

SETTLING A DIFFICULT QUESTION.

A Story, with many Morals. In two Parts.

By Mrs. HOPE.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

"CHRISTIE, come awa'; leave that weary knitting, and come out by and see what a fine like auld man's head I hae clippit out o' stane." These words were addressed by a lad about eighteen to a young girl about a year or two his senior, who was seated by the window of a small hut, knitting away with a velocity and regularity almost equal to a machine at a pair of grey-ribbed stockings.

"I daurna, Jock, for maybe Sandy'll be here the morn, and I hae given him my word to hae twa dizzen o' stockings knit for him."

"Deil tak Sandy!"

"Whisht, whisht, laddie! dinna speak o' the evil one; he's aye near eneugh without that."

"Deil tak the stockings then!"

"Na, na, that's witless, Jock, for ye hae muckle need o' the siller. How are ye to gang to a town and study to be a painter unless ye hae a hantle siller? And a' that I earn helps, laddie."

"Muckle good that will do!" cried the boy in a sullen manner. "Ye might sit and knit night and day, and ye'd never get in the siller I shall want."

"Ye must wark too; ye can do a fine turn at the harvest, and the laird's grieve promised mither he'd see and get ye placed in the laird's ain pleesure ground and gairden."

"I canna do that sort o' wark, Christie; I just hate it."

"Ye shouldna hate ony guid wark, Jock. I fear me, as the minister says, that ye hae an unco' temptation o' Satan in a' that drawing and dabbling in colours and chipping o' stanes."

"The minister is an auld fule."

"Jock, be quiet; I wunna hae the minister spoken agin for nobody, and Sandy too is vera dootful that ye wull e'en mak salt to yer bread."

"Confound Sandy, the blethering idiot! Wha asked him to meddle?"

Christie's colour rose, and she retorted in angry words that Sandy, being a pedlar and having seen a great deal more of the world than Jock, must know a great deal better, and that he said that Jock had far better settle down at some good, honest, steady work, rather than waste his time drawing, sign-painting, playing on the fiddle at fairs, and trying his hand at carving.

"Wha cares for Sandy and his fine notions?" said the angry lad. "He kens weel eneugh the price o' yarn and the way to get siller out o' silly lasses like you; but he doesna ken what men can mak for themselves by painting and music, and sic like. Ye should hae heard the gentlemen at Clashmore Castle, when I gaed there wi' my pictur o' the auld ruins o' the castle by moonlight. Ain o' them—a Yankee they ca'd him—said I'd soon coin gold."

"Hech me! It's fine talking, but there's mighty little outcome in such blether. He didna buy your picture, did he?"

"Na, he didna," said Jock, reddening; "but the time will come, Christie, when I shall hae my pocket stuffed wi' siller."

"Ye're a daft callant," answered Christie, who took a most prosaic view of her brother's multifarious talents, though in her heart she was proud of him, and had at times dim expectations of a fairy-like future. However much she may have cherished these luring phantoms in her innermost soul, she steadfastly refused to take any outward interest in his coarsely daubed portraits, his squeaking, self-made fiddle, or his strange jangling verse.

The brother and sister between whom this conversation passed were Scotch peasants of the poorest class. Their hut, built of rough stones thatched with ferns and heather, consisted of but two rooms, a but and a ben. The mud-floor was worn with the footsteps of many generations, full of dips and hollows, in which oft the rain collected, when heavy showers of sleet and snow descended the wide open chimney which gave exit to the peat smoke as it curled up from the fire on the hearth.

The cottage stood all by itself in the middle of a wide moor. It was a wild and solitary spot, some miles from the village of Clashmore, which might be discerned in the distance creeping up the slope of a neighbouring hill. Except a small patch of bog hay and a tiny kail-yard, there was no sign of cultivation for miles round Loch-end—for such was the name given to the hut, on account of its situation at the extremity of a narrow winding loch, which lay lost in the heart of the purple moor, like an emerald in a Holbein setting of rich-coloured enamel. Save the cry of the curlew and the black-cock, the whirr of the partridge and the grouse, there was no sound of life all round, excepting the plash of the trout as they rose to the surface of the clear water of the loch.

It was just the spot in which a boy who had any love of nature might be expected to have his heart full of strange longings to imitate the weird beauty around him. Each day clothed the lonesome landscape in varied beauties. The morning mists floated with strange fantastic forms over the hills each sunrise, the ever-varying shadows brought into relief first one crag and then another, and threw a mysterious depth of deep violet colour into the quaint hollow in the distant mountain known as the "Corrie of Dunphail." Dark mountain tarns, whose breasts were unruffled save by the wild ducks, gave back, with a precision unknown to art, each crack and crevice in the overhanging boulders, and pictured each scarlet rowan-berry and each waving fern. Sunset brought a fresh panorama of beauty to startle and delight the artist's eye. The hills crimsoned as they bade their nightly farewell, then slowly faded back to their dullest phantom grey, and, rolling themselves in mist, awaited the morning sunrise. Nor were the heavy autumn mists and winter's snow without their own beauties.

Jock had ever been a queer, unsettled boy. Day after day he would play truant from school and spend the day roaming over the far-stretching hills and moors, or looking for gold among the pebbles in the mountain streams.

In vain did the dominie scold, the minister reprove, and his old widowed mother, Jean Cameron, entreat him to alter his ways. Their words produced absolutely no effect. As he grew older he became more and more unsettled. For days he would work hard in the woods, then followed a quarrel with the laird's forester, and for weeks the incorrigible Jock would moon about at home, to the annoyance of the busy women. He earned money in his own erratic way. For miles around he played at every fair and wedding and harvest-home. Not a sign in the neighbouring villages but bore some trace of his brush, and many hard staring portraits adorned the best parlours of the village inns, attesting his industry more than his talent. Jock wrote verses, too, after the manner of Burns. When the laird's son came of age he sent up a copy of verses suitable to the occasion. Jock's genius, however, was not in the complimentary and the didactic, but in the condemnatory and prophetical. After a terrible quarrel with the head gamekeeper, when Jock was prohibited ever setting foot in the plantations, he poured forth his wrath in glowing verses, prophesying all manner of evil to the land where the princes consorted with thieves; which allegorical sentiment being rendered into English, alluded to the

laird and his gamekeeper in the little world of Clashmore. But his poetic flame burst forth irrepressible in its wrath when orders were issued from the castle, that as "*the* duke" (of course the local duke is *the* duke) was coming over to shoot on the moor, the village people were to keep quiet, and not let the children hoot after him and throw stones, according to their invariable practice to strangers.

The following verses were thrown off at the Black Bull on the occasion, and quite established Jock's claim to be a poet in the eyes of his village companions :—

"The duke cam' driving thro' our town,
As proud as any king, sir,
He looked not up, he looked not down
At any one o' us, sir.

He deemed hissel' a man too grand
To care for sic puir folks, sir.
We're guid eno' to till the land
Or keep the kye and sheep, sir.

He wonders that we daur to come
Atween the wind and him, sir.
I wonder that he breathes the air
Defiled by common lungs, sir.

It seems to me the time may come
When I may be on high, sir;
And the duke lie groaning down below,
Spite all his pride and pelf, sir."

The minister shook his head over these uncharitable lines, and said oracularly, "Little good will come of one who despises dignities." The verses found their way to the castle, and were shown to one of the young ladies, who was rather amused; but the laird, who was not a very generous man, was horrified to think that such sentiments existed among his cottars, and mentally recorded a black mark against Jock Cameron's name as a dangerous fellow, unprincipled and impious. Before this unlucky copy of verses was promulgated the old gentleman had been rather proud of "his village genius." He had sent for him to exhibit his sketches, had allowed the old housekeeper to enlighten his ignorance of art by parading him round the house and showing him all the family portraits, from Eneas Macpherson in the days of Macbeth to the portrait of the present proprietor, done according to the most approved modern taste by Sir Colin Smudge.

So Jock drifted into the unenviable position of being the bad boy of the village. He did not care, but Jean did, and many a night did she waste both time and breath in urging on him the need of altering his ways. She looked upon painting and music as wiles of the evil one, and wept bitterly at the awful condemnation which would light upon Jock for going over thirty miles across the moor to the nearest town to see a play given by some strolling players. "To think, Christie, that I should hae lived to see the day when my laddie should gang to a Satan's synagogue; it is waur than death."

Christie, though scandalised, tried charitably to make excuses for her brother; but excuses only made matters worse, and brought down a torrent of righteous indignation on her for "sheltering the evil-doer."

Christie was too well inured to her mother's rhetoric to be deeply affected; she kept the wheel busily going, and let its monotonous murmur keep up an accompaniment to the angry flyting, while her thoughts wandered far away after their own fancies. Christie was, however, a good daughter and a diligent worker. She could reap like a man in the harvest-field, and was the best haymaker far and near, tossing the poor hay, damp as Scotch hay generally is, with more vigour and energy than any modern haymaking machine. In winter she span and knitted; and as her mother helped in the carding and spinning, the two women managed to keep body and soul together.

It is not much that Scotch peasants want to achieve that. Oatmeal porridge and oatmeal cake were their staple food. A good old cow grazed among the heather near the door, and gave milk of wonderful richness, which diversified the simple diet. Meat was almost an unheard-of luxury. There was no butcher in the clachan, and few of the inhabitants ever tasted any unless there happened to be a few sheep smothered in the winter snow, which delicacies, smoked and dried, were partaken of under the name of braxie mutton.

To do without is far happier than to have wants which cannot be satisfied. Jean and Christie had few wants; therefore, poor as they seemed, they yet were happy and contented. They were free from discontent, caprice, and envy; and had it not been for the constant anxiety about Jock they had been happy.

CHAPTER II.

At last the grey-ribbed stocking was finished. Christie drew out the needles with an air of triumph, and opening a big oaken chest, which stood by the window, took out forty-seven other stockings exactly alike, laid the last finished one neatly on the top of the bundle, and proceeded to tie them all up in a neat packet, which she surveyed with intense satisfaction.

"There, Jock," she said, "yon stockings will bring me in the best end o' eight-and-

"The voice of the Lord is upon the Waters:
The God of Glory thundereth."

forty shillings. Ye maun allow that's a fine sum."

"Toots, lassie! what's that! I mean to mak four-and-twenty pounds for my pictures, which wunna tak' a tenth part o' the time to mak'."

"Hech! pity me, at your havers again," cried the shrill voice of Jean Cameron, who just then entered the cottage, clad in an old red cloak, the hood of which was drawn over her mutch. Jean looked like some malcontent little fairy, who had come down the chimney to announce disasters and disappointments, as she stood at the doorway, leaning on a stick, and looking sharply at her children. "'Twud be a deal mair to the purpose, Jock, if ye wud settle down to a guid, steady job; the minister tell't me the day he wud be pleased if ye were to cast his peats for him, down on the Moss."

"I'll nae cast peats for nobody," said Jock doggedly; "I reckon my hands can be mair profitably employed than in sic like wark."

"Pride comes afore a fall, laddie," said the mother, looking anxiously at the tall, handsome lad, who sat lounging on a settle by the fireside, with his fiddle on his knees. "Pity me, ye're just a neer-do-weel! Much wud yer puir faither hae greeted to see ye sic an idle laddie."

"I'm sure I'm busy eneuch; last night I played awa over at Kilgrain; and the night I'm bound to gie them a tune at auld Allan Boyle's dancing schule in the village."

"A sinful' waste o' time, laddie," continued the mother, with a sigh.

Jock rose like a great, lazy giant, stretched himself, and taking his long grey plaid from the wall, flung it over his shoulders, and taking his precious fiddle in his hand, was striding out of the house, when his mother said: "Sandy the pedlar's back the day in the village; mayhaps ye'll see him in the evening: so ye can jist tak Christie's stockings wi' you, and that'll save her ganging that gate."

"Haste ye, then!" said Jock, impatiently looking at the old clock, which ticked in the corner, and which told him that the time was drawing near when his services would be expected.

Christie hastened to produce her neat bundle of knitted stockings, which she gave to her brother, with many recommendations as to care.

"Mind, laddie, no' to be beguiled with whuskey the night. Mind, 'wine is a mocker,' as the wise man saith."

"Oh, Jock, do heed what mither says!" added Christie, in a pleading tone. "Dinna gang and get overtaken in spirits again; ye ken ance ye give in, ye are no' to haud or to bind."

"Deil tak' me if I tak' a drap mair than is gude for me!" cried Jock, impatient to be off.

"Hech me! if ye dinna get home afore the sma' hours, I'll just bar the door, and ye may lie out on the heather," cried the widow, as a parting farewell.

Jock strode off in hot haste, but with that lazy, swinging gait so peculiar to mountaineers, that it seemed as if he was getting over the ground without the least exertion. Christie stood by the cottage door watching his stalwart form, until a turn in the path hid him from view. She then set off along the muir, to fetch home Crummie, the cow, as it was milking time.

Crummie was feeding sedately on a patch of ground, from which the heath had been burnt off the previous autumn, and which was now covered with soft, rich herbage.

Driving her home, Christie milked her, and then re-entered the cottage, where her mother was now busy carding wool.

It was a humble place of abode, and bore no signs of what is ordinarily called comfort. Yet it had not the squalid appearance of extreme poverty. The floor, it is true, was of mud, and the rafters, exposed to the smoke of generations, were of a shining, glistening black, as if made of ebonized wood; but, by the light of the bright fire in the open chimney, the picturesque colouring, and the solid nature of the small amount of furniture which there was, prevented the kitchen having the forlorn, cold, squalid air of an ill-kept English cottage. The chairs, tables, the massive kist in the window, shone with assiduous rubbing; nor did the box-bed in the corner offer the same repulsive appearance as the untidy shake-downs in a Southern cottage. The handsome old spinning-wheel in the corner, the well-tended flowers in the window, and the few old grimy volumes of Buchanan's "History," Foxe's "Martyrs," and Harvey's "Meditations," all suggested that the inhabitants of the hut were human beings who lived for other things than to work, and eat, and sleep.

The usual concomitants of extreme poverty were wanting. The air around was fresh and pure, the clearest water sparkled in the burn, which rippled over its pebbly bottom not twenty yards from the door.

There were no noisy, wicked neighbours,

making day odious, and night hideous, with their tumults.

The surroundings were such as might have elevated the heart of a hermit; mountains pointing to the sky, pure air, earth and water all around. In such a calm retreat the mind was insensibly elevated above ordinary vulgarity.

The calm, the stillness, was as odious to Jock as it was elevating and soothing to Christie. He longed for the busy haunts of men; imagination pictured a world of life and action beyond the mountains—a world where his talents would be appreciated, a world of bustle, success, and applause.

Christie saw with a keener insight than he did that he was ill qualified by temperament and education for making the figure he longed to do; but her mild representations met only scorn and mockery from Jock, who contemptuously railed at her advice and her fears; and spoke of Burns, and every self-made man he had ever heard of in his small literary acquirements.

CHAPTER III.

Jock found a goodly company assembled in the old schoolmaster's barn, to learn of Allan Bogle, the professor in the saltatory art.

The barn, rudely lighted by a few candles fastened into wooden lustres, which had been invented by Jock himself, was almost empty, only a few sacks of potatoes occupied a corner and furnished seats to the dancers and to the spectators.

Jock's appearance was greeted with great delight by the dancers and the old professor, who walked about with a pompous air of dignity and condescension, and told for the hundredth time how he had the honour of dancing the sword dance and a strathspey before his gracious majesty George IV. on the occasion of his visit to Scotland.

The lads and lasses were all well-grown and comely. The show of beauty was considerable, and to judge from the incessant talking and laughing, there was no lack of fun and daffing among the younger members of the party.

The seniors were represented by the old schoolmaster in a red Kilmarnock nightcap, old Dymock the smith similarly adorned, the grandee of the village, "Peter the merchant," the only and successful store-keeper, who sold everything which village life required, from a dip candle to a new suit of clothes.

His rival, Sandy the pedlar, had established himself in a corner, and having opened his pack, was driving a smart trade in ribbons and keepsakes among the young folk. He was a short, fair man, lithe and active-looking, with a shrewd, sarcastic cast of features and a twinkle in his clear pale blue eyes which told of a close, calculating temper.

Jock accosted him as he entered the barn, delivered over the precious stockings, to pay for which Sandy took out of his pack a moleskin purse, in which reposed a good bundle of the dirty crumpled bank notes so dear to a Scotchman.

"Here's till your sister," he said, counting out the money. "I ca' ye a' to witness I hae gied Jock the money, so if he gangs and drinks it, I'm no' to blame."

Jock's ruffled feelings had not time to vent themselves before Sandy drew from his pack a coloured lithograph of a well-known waterfall in the neghbourhood, and holding it up jeeringly said, "See, my man, if that isna a fine pictur?"

Jock scratched his head and could not deny it was. All the young folks gathered round and admired it, handing it from one to another with exclamations of "Pity me, it's fine!" "Gude save us, it's the vera pictur o' the fa'!"

"Weel, then, guess what's the cost o' sic like a pictur?"

"Twenty punds," said Jock with the air of a connoisseur.

"Twenty fiddlesticks! Try again."

"Maybe ten."

A loud sarcastic laugh greeted this guess.

"Twa shillings, lad, and I e'en brocht it to let you see what vally them like things hae, that ye might be dune wi' your clash about hundreds and thousands o' punds for picturs."

"Extraordinar!" cried Jock. "A man couldna do it for that."

"A man didna do it," said Sandy with a tantalizing air of the superior man who has seen the world and knows what's what.

"Wha did it, then?"

"Machinery, lad," said Sandy condescendingly.

"It's taking the bread out o' men's mouths," said Jock despondingly.

"Never mind, Jock; tune up, we're a waiting!" cried Mysie Dymock, the queen of the village. "I'm just longing to hae a gude foursome reel to warm me." Jock, thus asked by one to whom he was known to be devoted, at once repaired to his corner and mounted himself on a rickety old table surmounted by a chair, which served as musician's gallery. "At your will," said Sandy to the pretty Mysie, and they took

their station at the command of old Allan, who now, quite in his element, put his scholars through their steps with wonderful agility, hopping and skipping about like an old goat.

Jock's temper, never one of the sweetest nor under the best control, was not improved by the evident favour which Sandy found in the eyes of the fair Mysie. They danced together reels and country dances, and Mysie, usually so polite and joking with the fiddler, had not a word to say to him to-night. Jock's fiddle shrieked and groaned to express its master's bad temper, but the unobservant dancers, not knowing the inward cause of this unpleasant outward manifestation, jeered the moody musician with sharp jests on the unmelodious sounds which greeted their ears.

"Body o' me!" said the old smith, "one wad think a body was killing a pig to hear sic awfu like yelps and gurns."

"Here, lad, gie me the bit fiddle, and gang tak a drap o' whuskey; ye're drouthy, I'm thinking," said another gifted member of the community, also Jock, but known by the cognomen of "the Laird," on account of a few acres which he was very proud of possessing.

Jock the Laird accordingly seized upon the fiddle just as the old master issued orders for the sword-dance to be performed.

Here was an opportunity for Jock to redeem his character in the eyes of the fair Mysie, for to his other accomplishments he added that of a first-rate dancer.

No swords being forthcoming, their place was quickly supplied by the more homely poker and tongs laid cross-way on the floor. Jock began lightly footing the national dance with a neatness and quickness which won him loud applause from the onlookers, until an unlucky accident brought his performance to an abrupt conclusion. Peter the merchant had doled out sundry oranges and cakes to regale the company, and an unlucky piece of orange skin was heedlessly thrown right in the way of the dancer.

Stepping upon it in his moment of triumph just as his dance was concluded, down he fell at the very feet of Mysie and Sandy, who laughed unceremoniously and unrestrainedly. Jock rose, scowling at his rival, and immediately taxed him with being the author of the mischief.

Sandy, whose tongue was sharp set, gave a sharp rejoinder, and even Mysie tossed her saucy head and said something about looking before you leap. A regular quarrel ensued, which was only stopped by the interposition of the whole company, who vowed they would not have their fun spoiled, as they were going to dance "Babbety Bowster." Mysie commenced her round among the young men like a true village coquette, raising hopes she never meant to gratify by pretended pauses in front of her many admirers, until at last the "bowster" was dropt before Sandy, who claimed her hand for the dance.

Jock retired angry and gloomy and stationed himself in a dark corner, from whence he glowered on his rival with an expression of ill-will which attracted the attention of the sharp old blacksmith.

"What gars ye luik sae gloomy, lad? Ye're nae fretting after Mysie? Tak' some sneeshin, that'll do ye guid; ye're no quite yersel the nicht; hae some whuskey." And he produced a bottle and glass from among the potato sacks where he was sitting.

He remembered afterwards that Jock took a heavy draught of the liquor, but though after that he danced wildly, bounding from the floor higher than any other dancer, and snapping his fingers like castanets, the settled frown never left his dark face, and his eyes looked wild and bloodshot. At last the dance was over, and the company, after singing "Auld Lang Syne" and "God Save the Queen," parted with many quips and jests.

As they walked through the village, escorting the lasses to their doors, Jock heard the faithless Mysie give the pedlar a promise to meet him next evening at the trysting stone.

"I'll not fail, my bonnie lass," answered Sandy, as, shouldering his lightened, pack he prepared to cross the muir which stretched away to the not distant hills.

Jock's road lay in the same direction, and as the two set off together the old blacksmith shook his head at them, remarking they ought to be had up before the sheriff and bound over to keep the peace.

MRS. CHISHOLM: THE EMIGRANT'S FRIEND.

ONE day, about sixty years ago, a poor widow called upon a lady living in Northampton well known for her kindly and abundant charity, as her husband was for his public spirit and his honourable character, and told her sad tale. It was of a kind only too familiar to benevolent people everywhere. The poor woman, with three children, had been left unprovided for, and she was trying to get money enough to enable her to open a small shop. She had brought with her a petition setting forth her case and making her simple appeal. The lady listened with her wonted sympathy, and took charge of the petition for the purpose of showing it to those who might be likely to help, and when the applicant had gone laid it on one side. Her little girl, a bright child of seven, with beautiful auburn ringlets, had been present at the interview, and, although herself scarcely noticed, had paid close attention to all that had passed. Her childish sympathies had been thoroughly aroused, and the course which she promptly took showed that ability and readiness to give a practical form to tender and compassionate emotions which are the characteristic distinction of the philanthropist. The little maid, without telling anybody what she intended to do, quietly got possession of the petition, went up-stairs, dressed herself with precocious feminine instinct in her best frock and a pair of pink shoes, and set forth upon her enterprise. With much shrewdness she called first upon the principal man in the town, Dr. Carr, a friend of her mother. The young visitor was ushered into the drawing-room, and the good doctor soon appeared. The petition was presented and the story told. The doctor's first impulse was, as is not uncommon in such cases, to decline to subscribe, but the little girl was equal to the occasion, and urged that if the list were headed well she would certainly succeed elsewhere. Such entreaties were not to be refused, and Dr. Carr put down his name for five pounds. The next gentleman who was called upon did the same, and others readily followed with various amounts. Meantime the little girl was missed at home, and her mother in some anxiety sent the servant out to look for her. The search was soon successful, for the young philanthropist was on her way back, flushed with joy, and having upwards of twenty pounds down in her subscription list. The little girl, of whom this is a perfectly authentic anecdote, was afterwards known to tens of thousands in both hemispheres as Mrs. Caroline Chisholm, "the Emigrant's Friend." Seldom have so early indications of character proved more strikingly prophetic than those afforded by the incident we have narrated. As a woman Mrs. Chisholm exhibited the same ready sympathy, the same quick sagacity, the same strong self-reliance, the same promptitude in action, of which in her early childhood she gave such remarkable promise. She was a born philanthropist.

At twenty years of age Caroline Jones, for that was the name of the little girl who began her philanthropic labours in the way noticed, became Mrs. Chisholm, the wife of an officer in the army. Two years after the marriage Captain Chisholm was ordered to Madras. In the military life of that station Mrs. Chisholm speedily found a sphere for her generous sympathies and wise activity. The daughters of the soldiers there, brought up in the midst of the rough barrack-life, were early familiarised with evil, and seemed from the force of circumstances to be almost inevitably destined to a degraded womanhood. Of course it was nobody's business to interfere on behalf of the poor children, and, therefore, nobody did it. No doubt some ladies thought of the subject sometimes, and felt emotions of pity and regret. But the wisdom and strength were lacking by which a remedy might be devised and supplied, and so pity languished under the sense of helplessness. Then, too, for the young and attractive wife of an officer, the fashionable pleasures and follies of Indian society were very generally quite sufficient to absorb all the energy that could be expended with any comfort in that enervating climate. Mrs. Chisholm very soon set herself to the task of doing something for these poor children, and happily she found in her excellent husband a most cordial coadjutor in this as in every other benevolent scheme which her generous heart devised. A room was taken in the neighbourhood of the barracks, and a girls' school was opened. The spot was unpleasantly and unhealthily situated; nevertheless, in order that Mrs. Chisholm might be able to give her personal supervision to her work, she and Captain Chisholm removed to a residence close at hand. The self-denial which the step involved may be inferred from the fact, that several of their acquaintances declined to visit them in their new abode from

fear of catching, in going to and fro, some infectious disorder. Soon, however, it was found that the nearness of the barracks was a great disadvantage, and the scene of operations was transferred to a more suitable site. The School of Industry thus established was conducted with much sagacity of method and with great success. The benefits conferred and the evils averted by it cannot be set down in words.

After about six years in India, Mrs. Chisholm, now the mother of a young family, settled down near Sydney, where her womanly soul was stirred when she witnessed the perils which beset young women and girls, both on the voyage out and on their landing on the shores of a new country, where as yet the state of things was such as to favour the wishes of those who were impatient of the restraints of morality and religion. Emigration was at that time under far less careful supervision than at present; and the inhabitants of the colonies, in their first struggle for a livelihood and for the foundation of a new community, had scarcely yet found time and energy at their disposal to look every phase of their social life fairly in the face.

Mrs. Chisholm's benevolent activities appear to have been called forth first in Sydney by the forlorn condition of a party of Highland immigrants, who had arrived there, ignorant of the language (speaking only their native Gaelic), and without implements, or any definite idea of how to set to work. Captain Chisholm, himself a Highlander, was able to communicate with these poor people in their own language. Mrs. Chisholm became their adviser and friend. She lent them money to buy tools with, and enabled them to make a start. It is gratifying to know that the good folks made such faithful use of the timely aid thus afforded that their kinds friends were encouraged to help other similar cases, and to consider how such service might be rendered upon a larger scale and in a systematic and comprehensive way.

There were circumstances too, as we have already hinted, of a yet more painful kind which pressed themselves upon Mrs. Chisholm's attention, and seemed to summon her to the labours for which she was so eminently fitted. In a small volume, entitled "Female Emigration Considered, in a Brief Account of the Sydney Immigrants' Home," published in Sydney in 1842, Mrs. Chisholm has given some account of her work, and of the facts which impelled her to undertake and continue it. The book consists of notes and memoranda, put together without order and without any pretensions to literary style; but it is touching as a fragmentary record of most important and useful labours, and as affording glimpses, by half unconscious self-revelation, of a truly noble and generous heart.

Noticing that on their arrival in the colony many young girls were homeless and friendless, and that consequently many of them strayed from the path of virtue, Mrs. Chisholm was led to visit the "Immigrants' barracks," and to make observations and inquiries. On the first evening she specially noticed a young and beautiful Highland girl, to whom a gentleman (?) was paying marked attention. Mrs. Chisholm spoke a word of warning to the girl's mother, but received in reply assurances that Flora was in no danger. Mrs. Chisholm, however, found that the gentleman was a man with a wife and family, and she saw signs in subsequent visits that the girl was entering a downward path. Soon afterwards she lost sight of her for a time. But her soul was stirred within her, and she resolved to devote all her leisure time to the endeavour to serve these immigrant girls, and by God's blessing never to rest until decent protection was afforded them. "In January, 1841," writes Mrs. Chisholm, "I wrote to Lady Gipps, and from that time I never ceased my exertions. I knew that every ship's arrival would increase the necessity for such an institution. I felt convinced that the evil which struck me so forcibly would soon be made apparent to the good people of Sydney; and I felt assured that the God of all mercy would not allow so many poor creatures to be lost, without disposing the hearts of the people to unite and save them."

This confidence was not finally to be disappointed. But the enterprise, like most other good ones, had to be pushed on against many discouragements, difficulties, and acts of opposition, which would have driven back, in disheartenment and disgust, a spirit less brave and true to its mission. "During the season of Lent that year," Mrs. Chisholm says, "I suffered much; but on the Easter Sunday, I was enabled, at the altar of our Lord, to make an offering of my talents to the God who gave them. I promised to know neither country nor creed, but to try and serve all justly and impartially." Mrs. Chisholm was a Roman Catholic; and she may have anticipated, by an instinctive prevision, in this consecration of herself to

her work, that not a little of her difficulty would arise, as it actually did, from the suspicion and opposition of those who could not give any member of that communion credit for being actuated by pure humanity, but imagined that apparently innocent plans of benevolence coming from such a source must necessarily conceal some dangerous and propagandist purpose. In Mrs. Chisholm's case the best answer to such suspicions is afforded by her actual career. To us that career seems distinctly to show that the truly catholic and generous resolution, to which by God's grace she came that Easter Sunday, was kept in all simplicity and faithfulness. Of course there were many to whom Mrs. Chisholm propounded her scheme who were ready to tell her that, although they wished it well, it was impracticable. It was for her to falsify the prophecy. She obtained the consent of several ladies to form themselves into a committee for the establishment of a Female Immigrants' Home; but when her schemes seemed at length likely to prosper, she was cast down again. Many of her Roman Catholic friends dissuaded her from the attempt, and their influence, on the one side, and Protestant objections on the other, combined to harass her in body and in mind. She thought she would leave Sydney at least for a few days' rest and change; and an incident which occurred as she was on the very point of starting seemed to her to be a providential interposition and a renewal of her call. We quote the account which Mrs. Chisholm herself gives.

"I started in good time, as I thought, for the Paramatta steamer; indeed I was so certain of this, that though a friend overtook me in King Street with a conveyance, and told me he should only be just in time, I refused. I wished to be alone for a few minutes. I was aware I had been much tired, and I knew a few minutes alone would give me time to smooth my feelings, and meet my friends at the steamer with spirit. Perhaps I did not walk so quickly as usual, at all events I was too late. I then made for the Flagstaff, a favourite walk of mine; and as I had promised, if I remained in Sydney, to spend the evening with ———, I knew there would be many there, and I must appear in spirits, I must not let them know that during the day my feelings had been used as a door mat.

"Near Petty's Hotel, I caught sight of a frail beauty; her dress told her fate. She evidently knew me, and wished to avoid me; I was determined to overtake her; and I was able to do this, for I hurried on. I laid my hand on her arm and the wreck of my Highland beauty stood before me. Alas! how different from the lovely girl she once was. The ruddy rose of the Highlands was changed for the tinge of rum. She had been drinking, but well knew what she was about. 'Tell me where you going?' 'To hell,' was her answer.

"I continued to walk by her side. She became insolent; but I was determined not to leave her. She made for Lavender's Ferry and said, 'My mistress lives over there.' I said, 'I will go to the other side with you, as I want to say a few words to you.' She was unwilling, but I persisted, and we crossed over. I felt certain from her manner that she meditated suicide.

"I passed to the left and bade her sit down. I knew the circumstances of her family well, and my first question was of her mother. 'Did you see your mother die?' (I knew she did not, for her mother had consented to her remaining in service in Sydney.) 'No.' 'She died happy.' No reply. 'Are you a mother?' She seized my hand and placed it on her heart. 'God is merciful.' She shook her head. I saw a letter in her bosom. I drew it out with her nodded consent. It was from her brother; he felt her disgrace, and taunted her with being the first in the family who had known shame. 'I loved ——— better than any, save ———.' And again she shook her head. 'Your brother loves you even now.' 'No, no.' 'Were there any in your family that ever commited murder?' She shook with horror. 'Then, why will you?' 'It's there I meant to drown myself,' pointing to a distant spot. 'It's there we met often, and *there I would die.*'

"I did not leave the place until, with subdued feelings, I heard her vow never to attempt self-destruction. I procured her lodgings; and although I had been much tired and fatigued, I was able to join the promised party. My spirits returned; I felt God's blessing was on my work. From this time, I never thought of human help; I neglected no steps to conciliate; I increased my exertions; but from the hour I was on the beach with Flora fear left me."

Henceforth Mrs. Chisholm was inspired by yearnings to seek and to save those who were in danger of being lost. She appealed to the Government to allow her to take some part in the oversight of female immigrants on their arrival at Sydney, and after many discouragements and persistent efforts she became what would perhaps now be called the "lady superintendent" of the Immigrants' Barracks. The post, thus obtained with so much difficulty, was no enviable or easy one. A small room in the rough wooden building was allotted to her, and there she determined to sleep at night as well as to work by day, as she saw that her presence on the spot was indispensable to her efficiency. The place was overrun with rats, and the first night Mrs. Chisholm remained she was alarmed immediately after putting out her light to hear these creatures running about in all directions. Relighting the candle she sat upon the bed until three rats descended from the roof upon her shoulders. She got up, cut some bread into slices and placed it in the middle of the room, and then sat up the whole night and watched the rats feasting, as many as thirteen and never less than seven of them being at the dish at the same time. "The following

night," Mrs. Chisholm naïvely remarks, "I gave them a similar treat, *with the addition of arsenic;* and thus passed my first four nights in the Home." To face such experiences required no ordinary self-denial and resolution. But the work involved greater trials. Mrs. Chisholm was obliged to give up for a considerable time the direct personal care of her children, and this cost her a hard struggle. But the sacrifice was made in obedience to the claims of the public duty to which she seemed so emphatically and imperatively called. There were kind and trustworthy people to care for these children; but there seemed to be no one else to care for the hundreds of young girls, exposed to so much peril, and many of them so helpless. This undoubtedly was for the time Mrs. Chisholm's work; her eminent qualifications for it, and the pressing need of the colony, united to mark out her vocation.

Mrs. Chisholm undertook to watch over the girls while they were in the Immigrant Barracks, and to assist them in obtaining situations. Of course the inmates of the temporary home were continually changing, and at one time Mrs. Chisholm had nearly four hundred girls under her charge. Such a position required the greatest tact and firmness; for both those seeking employment and those who wanted help were in many cases sufficiently unreasonable. Then, too, the task of shielding the girls from the numerous "objectionable persons"—men and women—who sought to decoy them into evil on their first arrival, required much vigilance and care. Not a few difficulties arose also from the mixture of good and bad among the immigrants themselves.

One great difficulty was to get young women into the interior of the country. There was no organized system of accomplishing this, and it has been stated, we believe correctly, that when Mrs. Chisholm began her work there were six hundred girls walking about Sydney in want of situations. As giving an idea of the conditions under which a large number of these girls commenced life in their adopted country, it may be mentioned that Mrs. Chisholm once received sixty-four girls from an emigrant ship just arrived at Sydney, and found on inquiry that all the money they had amongst them was fourteen shillings and three halfpence. How were girls in such a position to travel, especially in a country almost without roads, and in which "the bush" was the lurking-place of many dangers? The only thing to be done was for some woman, competent for the task, to organize and personally superintend the distribution of this helpless population. Scattered over the country were many houses of squatters and settlers where help was badly needed, and would be joyfully welcomed. Mrs. Chisholm saw what was necessary to be done, and with a courage, sagacity, and self-denial, consistent with her whole career, and worthy of the highest praise, she undertook to do it. She took repeated journeys into the interior, taking with her bands of young women and girls, sometimes to the number of eighty, and pursued her way until she had found homes for them all.

But these noble efforts on behalf of young women, unspeakably important as they were, formed only a part of Mrs. Chisholm's great work. That work developed in many forms and directions. She undertook the cause of men as well as women, and delighted to be the adviser and helper of entire families. Large and increasing numbers of unemployed men were becoming an element of serious danger and difficulty to the colony. They were at a loss how to help themselves. Government officials at home and abroad were too much trammelled by official traditions to know what to do; but this one brave, quick-eyed, gentle-hearted Englishwoman saw how the difficulty was to be met, and introduced a new order of things. She established a labour agency, introducing a proper form of agreement for signature by employers and servants, thus rectifying a great and growing evil arising from the want of a clear and fair understanding on both sides. She conducted parties of men and families, as well as women, into the bush, going as far as three hundred miles into the interior, taking with her from Sydney, at one time, one hundred and forty-seven persons—a number considerably increased on the road. Then, too, she advanced money to those who were prepared to go alone to situations, trusting to their honour and to the honour of their employers for repayment; and although in this way she advanced £10,000, she only lost £16 in such transactions! She found homes altogether for eleven thousand persons. Besides all this she kept up a perpetual correspondence with the Government authorities and persons of influence about the mode of dealing with immigrants and assisting their settlement, and especially about the arrangements in emigrant ships. She exposed the scandalous want of attention to order, comfort, decency, and morality which prevailed in emigrant vessels; and at

length she compelled attention and introduced improvements for which thousands have still reason to be thankful. She was troubled by the sight of separated families—husbands whose wives were far away in "the old country," and others who longed, but knew not how, to gather around them in the new world those who had lived and loved together in their early home. She saw that the convicts who had served their term would have an infinitely better chance of recovering their moral and social status if their wives and children could be brought to them. She set herself, in her own practical, energetic way, to deal with these social problems, and as far as might be to help to their solution. With indefatigable perseverance she collected a vast amount of information, and succeeded in convincing the Home Government of the soundness of her plans. One result was that large numbers of wives and families of convicts were collected from all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, and sent out.

After several years of incessant labour, Mrs. Chisholm returned (in 1846) to England with her husband and family. In England she established a Family Colonisation Society, of the committee of which Lord Ashley (now Lord Shaftesbury) and many other well-known philanthropists were members, Captain (now Major) Chisholm being the honorary secretary. She was called upon to give evidence before committees both of the House of Lords and the House of Commons on the subject of emigration, and was regarded as an authority upon the subject in some respects unrivalled in the extent of her information and the soundness of her judgment. Mr. Lowe, speaking of her work, which as a member of the Australian legislature he knew well, said that her mission was "one of the most original ever devised or undertaken by man or woman; and the object, the labour, and the method were beyond all praise."

Mrs. Chisholm was eighteen years in Australia, during eight years being actively and entirely engaged in labours on behalf of the emigrant. Eight years in England were devoted to the same work. The strain of her arduous labours told upon her system, and for the last six years of her life she was a confirmed invalid. She fell asleep in her home in London on the 25th of March, 1877.

E.L.W.

THE FLIGHT OF THE SWALLOWS.

AROUND the old minster the swallows are flying;
Soon into white winter the year will be dying;
Soon, soon the chill winds through the boughs will be sighing,
And ice will be here;
South, south are the summer and happy birds singing,
And sunshine, that only here Spring will be bringing,
So the wise swallows gather in flocks for their winging
To warm climes so dear.

Are they twittering and chattering of bright days departed?
Of dear happy nest-homes from which they have started?
How they wheel, as if exiled, they lingered, sad hearted,
Their known eaves to leave;
And why should they thus stay the moment of starting?
Why so seem to loathe from grey skies to be parting?
Think they of the happy hours here they spent, darting
Through many a red eve?

Do birds, like to men, hover round parted pleasure?
Has the Past its dear memories, to bird-thoughts a treasure?
Is the Gone to you swallows, Oh, sweet beyond measure?
Ah, that who shall tell?
Men know not the mysteries that haunt their own being,
And swallows may hide feelings deep from our seeing.
Well, fleet ones, speed far, from the snows to come fleeing;
God guides you. Farewell!

W. C. BENNETT.

"JESUS LIFTED UP."

Question and Response.

By ALEXANDER HAMILTON, M.A., D.D.

THE person of Jesus is encircled by a peculiarly sublime halo when He stands confronting death. Sometimes, indeed, the heart seems breaking under the load of accumulated sorrow; but the self-sacrificing cry —"not my will but thine be done"—not only redeems the passing fear from frailty, it adorns the trembling with the beauty of filial love and brotherly compassion. If the Saviour had not felt, as only His deep soul could feel, the poignant agony and the weight of woe; if, by reason of superhuman strength, the burden of a world's sin had lain lightly on Him, and the curse of death had rested on His spirit as but a surface evil, then His sufferings had lent no glory to His life. He had not been for us the "man of sorrows." His real manhood, however, bore the real grief, and the mysterious incarnation only made Him capable of the intenser agony. The burden borne by Him to the cross was infinitely heavy, and all its weight was felt by Jesus to the full. Therefore it is that our hearts go out to Him with their light afflictions, sore enough indeed for us, and our souls are stirred within us, as when before death itself the Saviour glories and is glorified. It is true that His spirit was sustained by the thought of the magnitude of interests involved in His constancy to the end; but those interests were all unselfish, all pertained to others. The shout of coming victory cheered Him amid the deafening cry of "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" but that victory was one gained for others. The judgment of the world was at hand; the prince of the world shall now be cast out; but this was in order that man might be released from his direful bondage, that by the overthrow of the tyrant, the slaves might be set free; so that, the chains falling from off them, their will might be their own, and the way opened up to new and holy liberty, to new and holy grace. No thought of self moved Jesus on to suffering, made him heroic before the cross. His mission was to work out the will of God for man's salvation. Onwards through suffering He marched; forward to the cross He boldly went, sustained by that one divine motive, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."

There are two aspects of the drawing power of Christ worthy of special consideration. The one is the nature of that power as issuing from the death of Jesus; the second is the nature of that power as affecting the heart of man. In other words, the power as a *question*, seeking for man; and the power as a *response* from man answering to the call.

I. We will consider this power as going forth from the death of Jesus and seeking man.

There are many who think that our Lord had here before Him that ascension to glory which should succeed His descent into the regions of the dead; but we incline to think that although He well knew what must follow on His sufferings, yet His thoughts are here centred in the cross; and this opinion is borne out by the expository words of John, and also by the general understanding of the lifting up of any one as signifying what death he should die. The Ascension is never spoken of as a part of Christ's redeeming work. The glorious termination of that work was reached on the cross. The expiring Saviour could utter, "It is finished." Then closed the day in which He had worked the works of Him that sent Him. Thereafter it was night, as far as enduring for man was concerned. A new sphere must now witness the day of other activity. Upon the completion of the mission of self-sacrifice, He went home to watch over the results and gather in the fruits.

Believing, then, that the Master now spake

of His death, it is worthy of notice that the lifting up of Jesus is the condition of the exercise of the drawing power here referred to. The cross is no accidental adjunct to the Saviour's career. Calvary is not some sad spot, where the scene enacted might in more favourable circumstances have been dispensed with. The death of Jesus is a necessity to the world's salvation. That life so beautifully, yea, divinely fair, in which was manifested the full harmony of human will with the will of God, and in which was disclosed the depth of the ocean of pure love, must be crowned, in order to its completion, with the sublime sacrifice of Jesus lifted up. Multitudes in all ages have admired the simple, suffering life of Mary's son, and listened with attentive ear to His sayings, so pure and precious; but the weary sin-laden spirit has found its rest alone in the dying Saviour's bosom, the bosom which now heaved with yearning love for all mankind. "The hour is come. . . . Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." Jesus would draw all men unto Him, but this can only be, if He is lifted up from the earth.

Why this necessity? is the question now forced upon us.

And *first* of all here we learn that man must be freed from the chains which prevented his approach to Jesus. The human will was now so enslaved that man could not call that will his own; and a fatal paralysis had seized his nature, so that the energies could not go forth towards freedom. Satan was the tyrant who revelled in the subjection of humanity to himself, while sin, in its condemning and enslaving power, made all attempts at self-liberation vain and ineffectual. This reign of terror must be ended, the prisoner's shackles must be loosed. Spiritual death must in some way have its sting extracted and its victory annulled. Only when freed from the curse and power of sin could man be capable of responding to another call. By the death of Christ alone was the prince of this world cast out; then was the bruising of the serpent's head which symbolized the overthrow of Satan's rule, and the emancipation of the human soul from the tyranny of sin. On the cross was sacrificed the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. That death, so mysterious to the whole universe of created intelligences, which seemed to be the discomfiture of Jesus and His mission, was in reality the subjugation of demon power. That hour, which to other ears seemed to strike the funeral knell of human hopes, sounded forth the doom of Satan and his empire; and to the ear of God there ascended the grandest note of jubilee which even heaven had ever heard. The chains long riveted fell off with heavy clank, the prison doors flew open, the eyes bedarkened by the gloom of ages once more beheld the light, ears listened with joy again to the long unheard music of love. Man could now feel with hope the drawing power of Jesus; and when the promised Comforter did come, the advocate of Jesus with our hearts, then the freed spirit was introduced to marvellous light and liberty.

A *second* point for reflection now suggests itself, and that is the more *personal* element in this drawing power; Jesus lifted up will draw all men unto *Himself*. We are sometimes apt to rest upon the mere *doctrine* of Christ's death, as if that were the all in all of our hopes and endeavours. That death, however, is here represented, not as an end in which we are to feel satisfied, but as the means of attracting us to Him who died. It is only in the person Jesus that our end is realised; all things but lead us out to Him. Nothing merely about Christ can save us; nothing merely concerning Christ is our desire. It is Himself that is our salvation and our desire. Even His death must be the means of drawing us to Him. And how well fitted is it so to do! In that death do we behold the culmination of a truly glorious career, do we behold the majesty of divine love in suffering. The divinity of the sufferer shed glory upon the human of the Redeemer. The Son of God, His humanity is exalted. The son of man, His divinity is glorified. The person Jesus is thus clothed in that majesty of suffering, of suffering sublime because willingly endured through most unselfish love. The spectacle of the cross thus conquers worlds. This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith, that faith by which we cling to Him who died for us, who died for all. Many a power, of varied kind, has been exerted upon the hearts of men, and the ruder passions have been subdued, and a warmer charity been diffused. Fear has restrained the outbursts of the selfish human will and forced men into submission to a higher will. But that Saviour alone, omnipotent in the glory of dying love, has completely won the heart of hearts, melting the soul of mankind by the boundlessness of mercy, rousing it to enthusiastic ardour by

the grandeur of self-denial, and completely binding it for ever to Himself by the all-attractive power of love, all which attributes and motives meet in the Saviour "lifted up."

II. We will now consider the nature of this all-embracing power as it affects the heart of man, evoking the response.

This of course is but another side of the same great subject, some aspects of which have already presented themselves; still it is one deserving of special and separate consideration. The death of Jesus is not a power to us independently of ourselves. Absolutely, it may be viewed as of incalculable value and influence. By it, as we have seen, barriers are removed—a way of freedom is opened up. Apart from the conduct of man, it stands unrivalled as an exhibition of divine love and mercy; yet its power on man depends upon the harmony between human needs and its adaptation to those wants. In short, the death of Jesus is a drawing power, not only, as has been shown, by reason of its own inherent efficacy, but also by reason of its being the soul's desideratum, supplying its deepest needs, satisfying its varied longings, fulfilling its earnest aspirations. Nor is that power of narrow range, appealing to few sympathies. It is all-inclusive in its objects. The religion of Jesus is of universal application and adaptation because He was the Son of Man, the representative, not of one age or class, but of humanity. He was bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. One common sin separated between God and man; the one death of our Lord removed that sin, and thus unites the common heart to God. All men may be the subjects of this embracing power just because they are men.

First of all here, this aspect of the truth affects some of the more general questions regarding the salvation of mankind. Many of these are involved in mystery to us, but none of them need perplex our action. If we be Christians, what we must desire is to bring men to Jesus, and that can be done only by holding forth Jesus lifted up. Men may talk of the seeming failure of this plan, may speak of the wide diversities arising from education and other modifying circumstances, may think of applying new modes more consistent with these diversities; but whatever be the external clothing of our teaching, the substance must ever be the same. Without the lifting up, Jesus never says, I will draw all men unto me. It is not for us to limit the universality of the Saviour's drawing power; it is not for us to declare that its embrace is not wide enough to enfold the world, that there are men whom that death cannot affect, hearts which cannot be stirred by the spectacle or moved by the power of the dying love of the Son of man.

Age indeed may differ from age, and nation from nation. In one there may be but the feeblest glimmering of truth; in another the sun may be higher in the heavens. In one there may be but the rudest culture; in another, educated reason may have reared the lofty temple buttressed by the gathered notions of the centuries; but in each and all there is the same human soul, and it is to that soul the Saviour in His death appeals. The glorious truth of that death may indeed appear in varied form, and be coloured with various tints by the receptive mind. Different aspects of it may tell upon different hearts; still by it the Lord will draw all men to Himself. Standing there with death before Him, our Saviour clearly knew the character of man. He did not speak in ignorance of human nature; the phenomena of succeeding ages were not concealed from Him. The end from the beginning lay stretched before Him, and yet He said, "I will draw *all* men unto me." Before His all-consuming love the barriers of age and nation disappeared, and the heart of humanity felt the touch of humanity's Redeemer.

But *secondly* here, we may briefly notice a few of the more individual aspects of this subject presented by the same age or same people. Each human heart has its peculiarities. Whilst there are great substantial samenesses, even those samenesses have their circumstantial varieties. There is no mechanical mould in which the spirit of man has been cast. Human souls are not great machines regulated and set agoing by some powerful skilful hand. Man, while a creature, is a person, each man distinct from all other persons in the universe; distinct, not only by reason of innate variety, but also by reason of his very individual life, a life which acts for itself, a life which has its own will. This variety is different from that beheld in nature around us; for on material creation variety is imposed, imposed by the skilful hand of the Divine Maker whose love for the beautiful is perfect. But in the soul of man variety is developed by the nature and action of that soul itself. This being the case, and without any other reason needed, it is evident that every great fact and every great truth will be so taken up and absorbed by the soul as to receive from it an individual shape and colouring. No one object

appears absolutely the same to any two spectators. No one truth operates in the very same way on any two hearts. Therefore do we rejoice in the many-sidedness of the grandest of all truths—in the endless number of attracting points in the grandest of world-facts—in short, in the perfect adaptation of the Person Jesus to the desires of man, as well as in the bigness of that Saviour's heart where are chambers sufficient for all to dwell in, where is a love ready to embrace all.

Every soul then feels in its own peculiar way that Jesus, through His being lifted up, is the very person it has been longing for, the one great drawing power. Amidst the shaking of human hearts the Lord appears as the desire of all nations. In Him the longing for divine revelation is satisfied, as also the longing for reconciliation to the Father and for restoration to the Father's home. To the spirit filled with doubts and darkness as to the nature and the character of God, lost in its wanderings throughout the infinite, God manifest in the flesh appears —and God, revealed as holiness and love in the death of Jesus, touches the darkness and it flies away. The soul is thus drawn to Jesus. To another heart filled more with fear arising from the conscious warfare carried on with God, weary of its efforts to appease His wrath, and trembling as it gazes on the dark, dark future, Jesus the Prince of Peace appears, having made peace through His own blood; and as He comes the tumult ceases, despair flees the bosom, and the joy of holy reconciliation-calm is felt as thus drawn out to Jesus.

Again, another soul is battling with the boisterous waves of temptation—evil without is calling loud to evil within; the night is black and stormy. The spirit's strength is nigh exhausted and must soon give in; but a voice louder than all other voices is heard. The Comforter appears in all the strength of holiness. "Fear not, for I am with thee," draws out the heart to Jesus. And so with that poor downcast soul upon whom the cloud of dark affliction rests, feeling as if alone in the great universe of God, no note of sympathy heard amidst the many notes around. In dreary solitude it dwells as if isolated in suffering from every heart—the spirit droops and fain would flee away, it knows and cares not whither. But when the uplifted Saviour is beheld, when the suffering Jesus is seen as suffering for all, when His brotherly compassion is felt, when the sweetest voice that ever spake is heard saying, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest," then that heart leaps out for sympathy to Jesus, it hopes in Him and sings, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee."

Thus varied may be the points of longing touched, varied the satisfied desires, varied may be the aspects of the character and work of Christ presented to the hearts of men; but it is the one Jesus lifted up who draws all to Him. Different may be the notes struck within the spirit of each man; but all blend in the harmonious music of boundless love. Different may be the aspects of the Saviour's work and death that first aroused our hearts, but that which really moves and really draws and really keeps, is the dying love of the uplifted Jesus—this is the grand question which draws forth the response of all.

GIVING AND RECEIVING.

By Mrs. FRANCIS G. FAITHFULL.

"THE mouse, hearing the voice and knowing it to be the Lion's, immediately repaired to the place and bade him fear nothing, for that he was his friend. Then straight he fell to work, and with his sharp little teeth gnawing asunder the knots and fastenings of the toils, set the royal brute at liberty."

It was a timely service and well done of the mouse thus to return the mercy that had once been shown him. But though gratitude may be a spur to special efforts, it is not, it ought not to be, the only motive for kind and charitable deeds.

Men and women have surely no right to be happy, they have hardly even a right to live, unless they are helping to make the lives of others happier and easier. And all can do something in this way. That fable of the Lion and the mouse is very true to nature, for the least may often help the greatest. And the poor, even when hard pressed themselves, may help those poorer still. Goldsmith in his darkest days was "never so pinched and wretched but he could give of his crust and speak his word of compassion," and when he died his staircase was thronged by the weeping women whom he had befriended.

Some dim notion that all *are* bound to do their part, to be of more or less use in this world, does generally dwell even in those to whom the divine injunctions, "Bear ye one another's burdens," "Be kindly affectioned one to another," are by no means the guiding rule of life. But, mixed with the good ore of kindness, there is often a heavier weight of dross. We are asked to fulfil some troublesome commission for an absent friend, to entertain a dull visitor, or to undertake an irksome bit of business. We don't like—perhaps our consciences won't allow us—to refuse; but we do our work grudgingly, impatiently, as if we had good reason to feel aggrieved. Or, if our tempers are placid and we refrain from grumbling, are we always free from the opposite failing, a complacent pride in our own good nature, showing itself in speeches such as this, "It really was a good deal to ask of me but I did it; I never like to be ungracious"?

Then there is the meaner pleasure of patronage; in other words, the pleasure of realising and forcing others to realise our superiority in influence, rank or wealth. And there is the tyrannical pleasure of power, when our benefits give us, as they sometimes do, a despotic sway over our protégés. A more respectable weakness is the craving for gratitude, but still it is a weakness. Assuredly "He is not a man, who doth not delight to make some returns thither whence he has found great kindness." But it is not for us to clamour for these returns. The often heard complaint, "After all I had done for him he might have shown more consideration for me," sounds pitiful enough when we recall Elizabeth Gaunt, brought to the stake by the monster whose life she had saved, and saying simply ere she disposed the straw around her, "My fault was one which a prince might well have forgiven. I did but relieve a poor family, and lo! I must die for it."

Even when the metal is pure it may be cast in a misshapen mould. There are plenty of people who do their kind acts heartily, who desire exceedingly to rain blessings all around them, and who yet from some fault of taste, some want of tact or sympathy, contrive to give more pain than pleasure. It is in truth a very fair test of our regard for any one, whether we feel it a pleasure or a pain to be indebted to him. When we love or admire keenly, the sense of obligation may be wholly delightful. When we like cordially, it may be agreeable; but when the tie of gratitude binds us to those whom we do *not* love, who are repulsive rather than attractive to us, then it may be very galling, and all the more so, perhaps, the more fully it is recognised. For gratitude cannot create affection between uncongenial spirits, affection being a spontaneous growth that won't be forced into existence at our will.

And knowing and admitting this, as we most of us must, ought we not to be careful how we thrust our assistance and civilities on those who do not seem to be drawn towards us? Let us serve them if any way lies open; but, when we do so, let us be on the watch for any sign of shrinking on their part, any reluctance to accept our proffered favours, and let us show them as little as we possibly can, that we *are* serving them. Indeed we can never do our kind offices too simply and lightly. There is surely no need to parade them, no need to let it be seen that we are making any effort. Why cannot we "do good by stealth and blush to find it fame?"

But it is not only the manner of our services which may need mending, there is something too to be said about their nature. Bacon's quaint saying "Neither give thou Æsop's cock a gemme who would be better pleased and happier if he had a barley corne" might often be remembered with advantage. It is provoking to be presented with a second barometer when we have long been wishing for a microscope. It is terrible to be saddled with a white elephant in the shape of a cumbrous chiffonier which chokes up our tiny sitting-room, or a silver tea-urn which our little maid can't keep properly bright; and it is more terrible to be the possessor of a many-coloured gown or conspicuous scarf-pin which we are ashamed to wear and yet dare not leave unworn.

But there are lower depths than these. To be forced by a well-meaning hostess to sing or play in public, to be led up and introduced to some notable stranger, may be torture to a shy person, though torture inflicted quite unknowingly; and many a delicate girl would far rather endure a backache than be installed ceremoniously in the most comfortable of arm-chairs and supplied with a footstool before a circle of spectators. What is wanted here is not the *will* to be pleasant or serviceable, but the close observation, the quick perceptions which will enable us rightly to divine what gifts and what attentions are likely to be welcome or unwelcome. But when perceptions, are keen enough, wilfulness sometimes comes in the way. We honestly want to do good to others, but we have our own notion of what

is best for them, and our notion, whether it be right or wrong, is not always theirs. We drag some fagged London guest a dozen miles to see a "show" place when he has ninted pretty plainly that he would be better content to lie on our lawn and listen to the thrushes. Our sick servant requires a change—it does not greatly matter whither, so the doctor says—but we choose to fancy that the sea air must be most strengthening, and so we decide to frank her to some pebbly beach, disregarding her timidly expressed longing for the breezes of her native hills. An overtasked mother is on the brink of a break down, and we insist on carrying off all her nursery tribe, deaf to her pleadings that she won't be happy unless we leave her the baby. "You want entire rest," we tell her. Yes; but perhaps she knows better than we do whether there can be any rest for her without her infant.

After all, there is but one safe guide in doing kindnesses. To picture vividly to ourselves how we would have them done for us, and then to go and do them in like fashion. Tastes of course may differ widely, and we cannot always tell instinctively what others will desire; but we can almost always learn, if we will take the trouble, and, having learnt, we can further their wishes as we would have them further ours.

One beautiful deed of kindness lives in my memory, done in a beautiful way. The wife of a City clerk recovering in lodgings from an infectious illness was doubting whether she might venture home among her children, when a letter came urging her to prolong her quarantine in a country house just then empty. It was a proposal which many would have hardly cared to make to their near kin, and it was made by one whom she could hardly claim as friend, in these words, "I regret that I can only offer that which costs me no trouble or difficulty." Before reading the letter it might have seemed impossible to consent; afterwards it would have been still more impossible to refuse. Fears of being troublesome, or it might be dangerous, fears of being too much beholden, all were swept away by the overflowing sympathy which offered a boon as though entreating one. Nor did that sympathy slacken when the invalid was once established in her new quarters. Every comfort and enjoyment that thought and care could devise were supplied her there, through happy weeks of returning health, by the thought and care of one, herself lying on a suffering sick-bed hundreds of miles away, one who neither then nor ever after showed the slightest consciousness of the good deed she had done, and who doubtless was *not* conscious of it, since to her it was but one of very many "nameless unremembered acts of kindness and of love."

That noble longing to ease the pain, to lighten the burthens, to relieve the wants of any suffering fellow-creatures, be they whom they may, that longing, born of tenderness and pity, is not too common in our world; and all honour be to the men and women who, moved by it, have spent their lives, like Vincent de Paul and Mrs. Fry, in ministering to their kind. But there is yet another way in which we may give comfort, and even delight, and it is a way not unlikely to be overlooked by some of those most inspired by the spirit of self-sacrifice.

To such there often seems small satisfaction in amusements and pursuits into which helpfulness to others does not distinctly enter. Nay, we might almost say small satisfaction in the society of those who have no need of help. Their hands are "too full of gifts to give for putting out a hand to take a gift."

And surely this is a pity. It is better, indeed, to give than to receive, but then "giving" should be translated very freely. Our joys, our pains do not spring wholly or chiefly from material things. It may soothe us when we are racked by headache if some one enters with soft tread to bathe our throbbing brow; but it may bring us a far keener thrill of pleasure if on another day that same some one comes to us saying, "I am here, not because you need me, but because I need you—because it is a happiness to me to be with you" It may lift a weight from our minds if when we are oppressed with many cares an energetic friend steps in to solve our perplexities; but our hearts will bound higher when by any exertion of ours he is able, clasping our hand, to say, "You have cleared my way; you have dispersed my clouds." We may enjoy a picnic or a drive that has been planned for our pleasure; but don't we enjoy still more the assurance that some pleasure we have planned has refreshed and enlivened our companions?

And so, once again there comes in the golden rule. All who have tasted for themselves the bliss of giving should be willing that others should taste it too; all who rejoice to feel that they are useful should let others have the power of being useful in turn to them; and all who own that "love is the incense that doth sweeten life" should know that in giving that incense they may be giving the most precious of earthly gifts.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS ON THE HILLS OF GALILEE.

By W. C. PROCTER.

VI.—NAZARETH.

THE land of Palestine, at about half its length, is divided by a broad uneven winding plain, which runs up from the low ground along the sea-coast till it is divided, broken up, and finally stopped by the mountain barrier of the Jordan valley. A ravine piercing that barrier and descending rapidly to the river was, in Old Testament times, the vale of Jezreel; and this name, in its corrupt Greek form of Esdraelon, came in later days to be applied to the whole of the plain. The southern boundary of Esdraelon is formed by the mountain heights of Samaria, where, on Ebal and Gerizim, the curses and the blessings of the law had once been solemnly pronounced. The northern boundary is formed by the still bolder mountains of Galilee. Midway along their front these Galilean hills are folded back, and a curving valley runs north-eastwards. Not far from its mouth this valley opens out into a rounded basin, and here, against the western side, a little town reclines. It is not larger than many an English village, numbering only between three thousand and four thousand inhabitants. It has no form nor comeliness. A solitary minaret breaks the monotony of the white stone cubes within which its poverty-stricken people dwell. Its streets are narrow, with here and there a little square, and its pavements are dust or mud, according to the season of the year. It has few windows opening on the street, which gives to it a dead and dreary look; and its poorer inhabitants, its labourers and artificers, have often but one room, lighted only by the door. Their furniture is a mat or two, a few cushions, and a wooden chest; and the single chamber is workshop, kitchen, dining-room, bedroom, all in one. The one bright spot of the little town—its "eye" as it was called in the poetic language of old—is the fountain just outside its precincts, where clear water bubbles through broken and ruined stones, and where graceful girls, often accompanied by trotting children, rest their pitchers on the margin while they gossip over the household news of the day.

What interest can there be in a shabby, shrinking, paralysed old town like this? Why do troops of pilgrims toil hither from the ends of the earth? The reason is, that this is Nazareth. For some thirty silent and mysterious years Jesus lived here; years of which, with the exception of one brief anecdote, there lives no record but this—"Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man." But though there is no detailed record there is a certainty in the associations, which is entirely lacking in regard to most other scenes of the gospel story, excepting only Jerusalem. And even in Jerusalem, the site of Calvary, of the Holy Sepulchre, nay even of the Temple itself, has been disputed and wrangled over till we almost despair of certainty. But about Nazareth there can be no doubt. Lying generally out of the track of warfare and revolution it has subsisted with little change for two thousand years. As houses crumbled away they have been renewed; but their sites have probably been little altered. Arabs took the place of Jews, and mingled with Syrians to form the present race of inhabitants. The crescent flamed out in the place of the cross. The synagogues and their schools in which Jesus himself had been a scholar disappeared, and Christian churches and convents took their place. These again were eclipsed, if not supplanted, by the mosque whose minaret still dominates the little town. But through all such changes, vast as they were in their spiritual import, the conservative influences of the slumbrous Eastern air have prevailed to keep the physical aspect of things little altered. The narrow streets in all probability lie mainly in the same lines as of old. The houses and workshops are of the same type; though the low flat domes seen here and there are, we believe, one of the fashions introduced by Saracen builders. The beauty for which the women of the town are celebrated amongst travellers is, doubtless, partly owing to some specially favourable influences of air, soil, and water. And such influences were scarcely less favourable, probably much more so, at the time of the Christian era than now. Almost certainly the fountain where the girls fill their vessels stood of old where now the water trickles through broken stones. And thus, although the records of the life of Jesus at Nazareth are so scanty, we can understand how there is a special vividness in the associations of the place. The pathway, worn by many feet between the houses and the town well, was trodden by Mary morning by morning through those

Nazareth.

sacred but speechless years, and here by her side the child Jesus ran with hands often filled with lilies of the field. By these narrow streets the Holy Family passed to and from the synagogue every Sabbath day; and up that bare, sloping hill-side they toiled, thinking of the strange things they had seen and heard, as they reached their home again after the first Passover attended by the divine child.

Besides the fountain, there is another spot, though not within the town itself, that must have been familiar to the eyes of Jesus in the days when His lonely contemplations were growing to a vision of a world-wide kingdom of God. Nazareth itself is, as we have seen, shut in by sheltering hills. Its horizon is therefore contracted, and children confined to its streets would form no idea of the vastness of the world. But on the heights that look down upon it from a few hundred feet above a view of land and sea is obtained such as, according to the unanimous agreement of travellers, has few rivals on the face of the earth. Westwards there is shadowy Carmel looking gloomily down on the sunny blue of the ocean as in the days of Elijah. And from that headland the mountain heights opposite sweep southwards and eastwards, having glimpses of the sea between, while at our feet the broad blooming plain recalls the old traditional description of the Promised Land, "flowing with milk and honey." Away to the south-east Mount Gilboa breaks the smiling prospect with its melancholy ridge and tragic memories, while close to our left Mount Tabor lifts its bold dome-like head. Between those summits the distant background of Gilead and Edom spreads a dusk of dark mountains. And turning our heads we see the hills of Galilee like billows rolling northward to where the snowy Hermon, like a huge foaming breaker, marks the horizon. Can we doubt—it is impossible to doubt—that in the early dawn, before the hammer and the saw in the carpenter's shop were awake, or in the late evenings when they were hushed, or in the Sabbath preparation when all houses were set in order, the Son of Man stood often here and looked with wistful eyes upon a world where divine glories were clouded with human shame?

Nazareth, like many another now famous name, lay long in contemptible obscurity before its hour was come. Its fate is in this respect a curious contrast to that of other holy places. Capernaum, Magdala, Tiberias, Cæsarea, Philippi, all had histories apart from the Gospel, and were at different periods and for various reasons, conspicuous places, either to Jews or Gentiles. Now, however, their very sites have vanished, or are recovered only with uncertainty. Nazareth, on the contrary, whose identity and continuous life has survived the two millenniums of Christianity, was, up to the Christian era, so obscure a place that it is never once mentioned either in the Old Testament, or by Josephus, or in the traditions of the Talmud. The causes both of its early obscurity and of its safety from destruction were in all probability the same. It lies apart from the main tracks of war and revolution, which usually rolled along the Jordan valley, or across the passes of Benjamin, or over the plain of Esdraelon. But it would appear that Nazareth was worse than unnoticed in the ancient times. Its name was under a deeper shadow of contempt, of the reason for which, nothing satisfactory so far as we know has ever been discovered. "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" asked Nathanael with a tone that implied the impossibility of anything but a negative answer. And, indeed, Philip does not argue the point. He only says "come and see;" as though he meant, "if you put it on that ground I have nothing to say; but come and judge for yourself." It is noteworthy too that the opponents of Christ persisted in calling Him "Jesus of Nazareth," although, so far as his public ministry was concerned, he was far more closely associated with Capernaum. It is true that the place of a man's birth or reputed origin often became a kind of surname to him, as in the case of Judas Iscariot.* But this only happened when either the remoteness or the unfamiliarity of the place, or some other characteristic made association with it remarkable. Thus we read of Saul of Tarsus, and Nicholas of Antioch, and Lucius of Cyrene. The cases of Mary Magdalene and Joseph of Arimathea were probably different. For very diverse reasons, they would be prominent characters of the localities from which they came; and hence the name of the place was associated with their own. In regard to the greater name of which we are speaking, it seems not unlikely that the low repute in which the town was held was precisely the reason why the opponents of Christ insisted on its association with His name. And without offering any opinion on the perplexities of the passage in which it is said "He shall be called a

* Iscariot means "a man of Kerioth, or Kirjath."

Nazarene," we can hardly be mistaken in thinking that the evangelist is recalling the contempt with which the epithet was used. It was almost certainly this shadow of disrepute resting on the town which led to the selection of the name "Nazarene" as one of the earliest appellations given by the world to the followers of Christ. To this day it is the word familiarly used by Mohammedans; and there can be little doubt that they caught in their conquest of Palestine the tone of contempt with which the name of the town was uttered. How different is the feeling towards that name now! There can be no more striking illustration of the marvellous triumph of Christianity than the fact that the name forced upon it as a word of contempt has become impregnated with an aroma of lowly virtues. For when we think of Christ as the Nazarene it is always His humility and tenderness that are nearest to our hearts.

There is one occasion recorded in the Gospels when the men of Nazareth went far to justify their evil reputation. But before that, Jesus had grown up and gone in and out amongst them, for thirty years. And of these years, silent though they are, we love far more to think than of the one rude stormy hour in which the passions of the rude townsmen threatened to destroy the Divine life that had ripened amongst them. For all that time the home of Jesus was in a carpenter's shop, probably very similar to the tenements in which the artisans of modern Nazareth pursue their trade. But there is no need to suppose that such a home was blighted by the squalid poverty that makes many portions of Oriental towns so repulsive now. The Roman government was vigorous; but unless in some exceptional cases it was not, like that of the Turks, degrading and destructive. The means of communication established to secure the imperial dominion gave great facilities for trade. The masters of the world were careful not to interfere too much with local customs and modes of life. Thus each province was stimulated by contact with a material civilisation higher than its own, while at the same time it was left to develop, according to the special gifts and tendencies of its inhabitants, the impulse given. We may therefore well believe that though the external features both of town and country life in Palestine remain very much what they were at the Christian era, yet the standard of comfort and decency was higher then than it is now. And we are confirmed in this impression by the fact that the Gospel narratives, which contain many pathetic pictures of human sorrow, never even imply such scenes of squalid misery as may be witnessed in the poorest districts of our own great towns. The only cases of utter destitution mentioned are the imaginary instances of the Prodigal Son and of the beggar Lazarus laid at the rich man's door to die. We cannot therefore be far wrong in believing that the condition of life among the humbler classes of Judæa was that prayed for by the wise man who said, "Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me."

The trade carried on in this home of the holy childhood is said to have been that of a carpenter. But the word thus translated is not necessarily confined to workers in wood. According to the statement of Justin Martyr, who lived through the middle of the second century, yokes and ploughs for the use of the agricultural population around were made in this shop at Nazareth; and this would require the use of iron. Division of labour was not so well understood in those times as it is now, and probably the whole of the work in both materials was done by one set of artificers. But whatever the real nature of the occupation was, there can be no doubt that the type of all manhood in those early silent years taught by example the close association of honesty and industry. In the still earlier days of childhood, He must have joined morning by morning the groups of children who ran or lingered along the narrow street to the school of the synagogue. And when the mysteriously growing spirit felt the need of a solitude that the little town could not afford, the heights above would yield a wide field of contemplation, in which all the kingdoms of the world might seem to lay their material glory and their moral destitution at his feet.

One single ray of light alone pierces the grey mists that hide that long divine dawn from curious eyes. It shows us the people of Nazareth busily preparing for their annual pilgrimage to the Temple of the Lord. The journey does not seem a long one in our eyes; but it had to be made on foot, and provisions had to be carried for the way. Much preparation was therefore needed, and many hurried from house to house consulting their friends and forming parties of fellow-travellers. In this one house, the home of the holy childhood, the occasion was greater than usual. For the son who excited such strange forebodings and mysterious hopes was now of an age when He too must present himself before the Lord, as the law required

of every Israelite. The sequel of the story leaves no room to doubt that many a question would be asked on this journey such as Joseph and Mary would find it hard to answer. In the law of Moses it was anticipated that the children of coming generations would ask at the time of the great feast, "What mean ye by this service?" And never had any child been born to the nation, who had such an interest in the question as this one. But in that time of Sadducean rule combined with hollow Pharisaic professions among the people, we may be sure that the pomp of the Temple services already wakened in the divine child feelings such as were afterwards expressed in the parable of the Pharisee and Publican. He could not be satisfied with outward show. The revelation of the Father in His heart, reflected and confirmed by contemplations of the glorious world from the hills of Nazareth, must have had many points of contrast with the heartless ceremonial of the Temple. The prophets had said that God would have "mercy and not sacrifice, and the knowledge of God rather than burnt offering." Why then were the rich with their costly gifts so much more honoured than the struggling poor with their prayers and sighs? If a man were to eat with unwashen hands he was defiled, and could not enter the most sacred courts. Why then should false swearers and dishonest traders be allowed a privilege denied to those affected by the slightest impurity? Surely it was the perplexity of questions such as these that drew the heavenly child to listen to and afterwards to join in the discussions of the doctors. And if so we may well believe that His questions excited as much perplexity as His answers aroused wonder and admiration.

The friends and kinsfolk who came up from Nazareth probably formed groups, who during the journey had all things in common. The children of one household mingled with those of another, and their absence from their own parents excited no uneasiness during the day. But at night families were naturally gathered together, and any wanderer would then be missed. So it was amongst these pilgrims from Nazareth. The first day's journey was always a short one, so that any omissions at the outset might be corrected, and things left behind recovered. Such reminiscences of Eastern travel throw a very great deal of meaning into the few words of St. Luke's narrative: "they, supposing him to have been in the company, went a day's journey; and they sought him among their kinsfolk and acquaintance." What parent that has ever sought for a missing child needs another word? The easy unconsciousness of careless habit, the first perplexity at night, the growing anxiety as one group after another is scrutinized in vain, the anguish of certainty, the anxious return, all are pictured to our sympathies. But why should the parents have been so long as three days in their search? Surely they might have found him earlier had they gone straight to the Temple at first. Perhaps they did not know him sufficiently yet. Indeed that seems to be implied in the innocent surprise of the word: "How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Fathers' business?"* But they did not understand, and as they went down to Nazareth with Him surely they kept silence; for "His mother kept all these things in her heart." And heart-treasures of that kind are more favourable to meditation than to speech. But the mysterious greatness of His Spirit only increased the sweetness of His docile obedience. And for eighteen years longer Nazareth still saw him growing "in wisdom and age, and in favour with God and man." "The second man, the Lord from heaven," was all that time an obscure citizen of a town that had no history, and was unnamed in prophecy.

But Nazareth was unworthy of the Divine gift. Little towns are apt to beget a pettiness of spirit in their people. Decent conventionality is their supreme ideal, and they are incapable of distinguishing genius or inspiration from eccentricity and impious rebellion. If the curtain could be uplifted from those hidden years, it would perhaps be found that Jesus "increased in favour" with men only so long as there were no signs apparent of His exalted mission. But so soon as the hour was come He felt that His work must be elsewhere. Capernaum and Magdala and Bethsaida, like most other little towns, would tolerate in a stranger what they would not have borne from one of their own children. But Nazareth, just because it had nursed the childhood of the Saviour, rejected His salvation. The people thought of their fellow-townsman who had gone forth from them, as of an ambitious adventurer, who wanted to glorify himself by the strange things that He did. They were angry and indignant that one whom they had blindly counted to be one of themselves should

* Some high authorities would translate, "Wist ye not that I must be in my father's house?" But in either case the above observation is justified.

turn out to be so unutterably above them. Some sneered at the stories that came to them of his extraordinary powers; others said, "Let him try his powers with us, who know him better: we shall see!" In the midst of this state of feeling Jesus came to Nazareth, and the lesson which He stood up to read in the synagogue was the burden of Isaiah to the poor and broken-hearted. Then Jesus told them—if we understand the short narrative aright—that this was just the burden of the Lord to Him. He was not the mere wonder-worker, not the adventurer they supposed. No, He was anointed to preach the gospel to the poor, to heal the broken-hearted, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord. They had been talking of His strange deeds in other places, and they said, "Whatsoever we have heard done in Capernaum, do also here in thy country." But that was not at all what He was sent to do. They only misunderstood Him; and it would turn out, as in the ancient times, when the only place unblessed by a Divine mission was that from which the prophet sprang. Then they became fierce in their anger. They waylaid Him, or they seized Him there in the synagogue; they carried Him above the city to the overhanging heights. And they would have cast Him headlong, only that His calm faith baffled their confused rage. "He, passing through the midst of them, went His way." So far as we know He never returned. No apostolic visit to Nazareth is recorded. The place has no more part in the New-Testament history, and remains a long-enduring type of the living death that often results from guilty neglect of heaven-sent opportunities.

HARTLEIGH TOWERS.

The Story of a Noble Purpose.

By the AUTHOR of "Andrew Gray's Story," &c.

CHAPTER XXIX.—LITTLE HAND HAD MUCKLE GOLD.

"PLEASE, sir, Mr. Josiah's been and fallen down on the mat. Betty said as how I was to fitch you as quick as ever I could," gasped Tony Larkins, presenting himself one morning between nine and ten o'clock at the door of the dingy little parlour of Frank's lodgings. Margaret and Frank were seated, busily engaged with their several occupations, and the latter turned from the microscope at his side with eyes possessed by his work to listen to the breathlessly delivered message, while Tony stood with a sprinkling of snow covering his small person, and holding a bundle, almost as big as himself, of daily newspapers for sale. A scowling landlady stood behind him with a checkmated air. This hasty entrance into the sitting-room was the course of action on which Tony had decided as he scampered to the door. Once before he had brought a message to Frank and had been disappointed in his expectation of seeing him, for the landlady, with a swift, searching glance towards his boots, told him that the gentleman was engaged, but that she would take the message. Nothing daunted by the snowy state of his feet, which he perceived were the offending members, Tony on this occasion pushed aside that "vinaiger un," as he had reported her to little Fan, and flinging open the door he blurted out his news.

"He is not much hurt, I hope, Tony?" asked Frank, looking grave.

"Fell on the frozen steps, I fear?" said Margaret, looking up at the snowy Tony from the sketch on which she was engaged.

"No, miss, t'aint that," narrated Tony in a shrill rapid voice. "He was just a goin' to take a paper of me as he has done since I have been in the line. But he isn't alleys werry ready to give out the coin, you see, miss," he added, glancing at Margaret with his twinkling eyes; "but this mornin' he opened the door hisself and says, 'Well, boy, this is a cold morning; *she* would have been for giving you a bit of breakfast I'll be bound; see, here's two-pence for you;' but when he got it out of his long pocket and tried to put it in my fingers he couldn't, and then he jest gave a little stagger and down he flopped like a stone. I hollered as loud as I could bawl and Betty came a runnin' up the area steps. 'Go for Mr. Carew, Tony, he's in a fit,' says she. But you see, sir, Betty couldn't get him up no ways, and I fitches the sergeant from No. 14, and then I runned round here to fitch you," wound up Tony, darting a glance of curiosity towards the microscope, which he noticed for the first time.

"I must go at once, Margaret," said Frank, rising wearily. "I will follow you immediately, my little man," he added, turning to Tony, whose gaze was now diverted from the microscope to its owner. The results of

his observations were that "the doctorin' gent warn't near so pretty as he'd used to be," that even the coat he wore was not so sleek and smart as his master's, the news-agent. Hitherto he had dwelt in Tony's imagination as belonging to the region of beautiful fairy princes, of whom he loved to read in an old book "Miss Murral" gave him; but now he looked more like one of his own every-day customers who stopped to buy a newspaper from him as they hurried to their daily work. Frank Carew certainly looked weary enough, head and foot, as he hurried along the bleak streets with the biting east wind eddying round the corners.

Never had the corner house of Ingrave Square looked more forlorn than it did on this December morning, was his thought, as he glanced up at its gaunt walls with a shiver —"Her life-long home; she never knew another," he murmured, as he went slowly up the steps. Betty looked subdued and awe-struck when she appeared at the door. Frank read at once what had happened from her face.

"He's awa," she said in a stern whisper. "The sergeant lifted him intil the dinin'-room richt canny, but the breath was oot o' his body or iver we pickit him aff the mat. Puir auld crater, he's gone til his account! Come ben', the corpse is here," she muttered hoarsely, leading the way into the dreary dining-room.

One of the windows only had the bolts of its shutter undone. The dim grey light was falling on the sofa, where, beneath the sheet, which Betty was now reverently lifting, lay all that remained of Josiah Morgan. His scant grey hairs were falling over his ghastly face, the sunken eyelids were closed, but the long bony fingers lay tightly clenched together. Frank stood gazing at him in silence for several minutes. Betty was by his side, but he seemed unconscious of her presence. "Poor old man! She would have cared. She loved him," he murmured, and stooping over him he tenderly lifted the straggling grey locks from his wrinkled forehead. Then, taking hold of the clenched fingers, he was laying them gently across his chest, when out of one hand there rolled the two-pence which had been on its way to Tony's little palm when the dark wave rolled so swiftly and silently over the giver.

Might even they not be reckoned among those cups of cold water of which One has said of the giver, "Verily he shall in no wise lose his reward?" thought Frank, with a gleam of joy flitting across his sad face as he stooped down and reverently picked up the coins. Just then a wintry sunbeam fell on the dead man's face like a benediction.

"She prayed for him, Betty. Let us hope God has answered her prayers," said Frank in a quiet tone as he covered the body and moved away. When they reached the gloomy hall Frank briefly explained that, being in no way connected with the deceased Mr. Josiah, he could take no step concerning the sad routine which must follow, but that he would immediately inform Mr. Richard Morgan of his brother's death, and that the message would be more properly sent in her name, which he would do. But Betty felt that her task in this dreary home was done at last, and she little recked of the goods and chattels; besides, something else was troubling her mind as she glanced keenly at Frank now from under her rugged eye-brows.

"Deed, sir, ye're lookin' mair like a corp yoursel' than onything livin'. It's my belief ye're workin' yersel' too sair. It's ill done o' that sister o' yours to stan' by and see it," wound up Betty with a frown of indignation, always inclined as she was to be rather severe on her own sex, besides retaining a special prejudice against Margaret. As for Frank, he had long since won her forgiveness. Still, in her heart of hearts, when Betty looked into the changed face she felt she would not have had it otherwise than sorrowful. That stooping mien and downcast air appeared to her a sort of expiation for the trouble which she had watched shadowing the last months of the life of her sweet young mistress. As he hurried away along the familiar pavement she stood looking at him with much the same thoughts as passed through his mind when he took his farewell glance of the dead.

Next morning there appeared at the door of the darkened house, seeking admittance, a grim, rusty-looking individual, whom Betty recognised as the person who had once or twice visited her master during the past months. He now walked into the dingy library with an air of possession; placing on the old writing table the bag which he carried, he explained that he had been sent thither by Mr. Richard Morgan to take all necessary steps. He forthwith proceeded to trot over the house like a tame rabbit, Betty meanwhile at his heels, with feelings not unlike those of a terrier dog. Banging doors and shutters, peering into drawers and cupboards, up and down he

went. A new feeling of partisanship towards her old master lying below—so near and yet so far away—crept into Betty's mind, as, mute and scowling, she watched him wandering about Mr. Josiah's dreary sleeping chamber. The old cabinet would tell none of its secrets to-day, however. The lawyer made some pretext for wishing to glance into it before he sealed it up, but after grubbing among a rusty population of keys for one to fit the ancient lock, he was obliged at last to give up the search, and for once Betty felt glad that "Dagon" had stood its ground.

To see the stranger fussing about this hallowed place was more than poor Betty's heart could endure. Hitherto she remained strictly monosyllabic, resisting all attempts to be drawn into conversation. So it was with some surprise that the lawyer heard her say from the threshold, as he was about carelessly to pull open a drawer, "Oh dinna, dinna handle her bits o' things! I canna bide to see yer fingers amang them. Ye'll no fin' ony valuables there, tak' my wird for it. Ye're lookin' intil the wrang place, sir," cried Betty, driven to imprudence in her grief.

"Well, there certainly seems nothing but rubbish there, to be sure," he said, closing the drawer after a brief survey. "But that grasping old fellow must have lots of hoardings stowed away about this musty place. You have been long here, I understand; had a hard enough time with the old miser, I'll be bound."

"Misert here or misert there, it's no my place to stay and hear my master misca'd, and him lyin' there, wi' the breath hardly oot o' his boddy. Gin it be the key o' my ain kist ye're wantin' ye're welcome to't, but I winna be privy to the like o' ye rummagin' amang the puir dead crater's things," wound up Betty, as she stamped away towards the kitchen regions; and presently the man of business was heard to bang the entrance door and depart. Meanwhile Frank had returned to his lodgings and commenced his work again with a slow, depressed air, answering all Margaret's questions by monosyllables, after having informed her, without comment or explanation, that Mr. Josiah was dead. Margaret's eyes were not blind to what Tony and the faithful Betty had observed in Frank's face. Anxiety and overwork as well as sorrow were beginning to tell on him already, even when it seemed to Margaret's burdened heart as if the struggle were only beginning. Margaret knew full well the sad chamber of memory in which he was dwelling, as he sat by the little fire, the book which he had been reading lying shut on his knee. She would fain have gone to his side to try to whisper some words of comfort, but it was not the first time she had been almost repulsed in such efforts. A strange shadowy barrier, making talk and sympathy concerning the subject nearest their hearts impossible, was somehow rearing itself between them, she thought with a heavy sigh as she bent busily over a drawing, the sale of which would be necessary for the payment of their weekly bills. She hardly ever liked to remind Frank at what a low ebb were their finances, but she thought probably the fact preyed on his mind more than it did on hers, though on that subject also he had lately been preserving a morbid, repressed silence. Some time previously he had been able to earn a little by journalistic work, but latterly he did not seem to have been able to rouse himself from his forlornness to anything except the inevitable routine. Had she been, after all, wise to cheer her brother on to the renouncing of the easy lucrative post which had been put in his offer for a struggle which seemed likely to overwhelm him? she began to ask herself despondently.

On the afternoon of the third day after Mr. Josiah's death, Margaret and Frank were seated at their usual work when the kindly tones of a familiar voice were heard, and before they had time to exchange words, old Mr. Morgan came bustling into the room.

"Well, I declare you rising generation are the funniest people possible. Here have I been playing hide and seek after you through a whole parish of grimy streets. But I am glad to have found you at last, my dear," was his greeting as he shook hands with Margaret, and then turning to Frank he took his pale fingers into his kindly grasp, saying in his heartiest tone, "Well, Carew, I have come to congratulate you, though you did throw overboard our friendship rather shabbily, I must say. Still I am not the man to bear grudges, as you know, and I just wanted to tell you that I am heartily glad to hear of this windfall that has come to you—a very big one it is, upon my word!"

It would be difficult to say whether Frank or Margaret looked the more puzzled as they listened to Mr. Morgan's words, "windfalls," in any shape, seemed so very far away from their horizon at present. Margaret began to ponder what mistaken idea could have taken possession of the old gentleman's

mind. She wondered, too, whether he could have heard of the sudden death of his half-brother, he looked so smiling, and she remembered well the sad expression which his face had worn when he came to Greenwood Gate to tell Frank the news of Tom Belton's death. Reading their bewilderment in their faces, "Ah, you don't know, I see. But you have heard of poor Josiah's death, haven't you? I thought the old servant told me she sent for you at once, and that it was you who telegraphed for me, though it came in her hand," said Mr. Morgan, looking in his turn slightly puzzled. "I took it for granted, too, that Josiah would have given you some slight hint of his intentions, but after all it was more like him to keep his secret as long as he could. He is gone, Carew, and he has made you a very rich man—he has left you every penny of his fortune."

"His money—to Frank!" gasped Margaret, to whom in the present pressure of hard times this piece of news seemed to belong to the miracle world. "Oh, I am so very glad!" she added, with a long-drawn breath. Frank made no comment, but drawing away his hand from Mr. Morgan's he folded his arms.

"So you may be glad, young lady," said Mr. Morgan, beamingly, as he glanced at Margaret's radiant face. "Your brother will have more money than he knows what to do with. How much I can't say yet," he continued, looking again at Frank. "I have just come from Ingrave Square, where I appointed to meet Mr. Dakin, Josiah's man of business, it seems, though I never heard of his existence before. You see Joe and I didn't pull together, Carew. I couldn't stand his grasping ways, and the wretched home he made for that dear child, Muriel, always angered me; but it was no good talking to him. His love for hoarding had grown into a mania, even when a lad at school, and he has been hoarding, hoarding, ever since, and would hardly ever part with a penny, literally. Why, Mr. Dakin says he was never able to get any payment from him, and that is a great deal for a lawyer to say; so, Carew, you will need to see to that—act handsomely, you know. I told him you were not likely to follow Josiah's footsteps. Dakin hadn't an idea of the contents of his will. Josiah asked him to prepare it only two months ago, but took care he should not see whose name was filled in. He had then talked of a memorandum about his funeral, too, which he said was in the drawer beside his will, and it was in looking for it he came on the news of your good fortune, young man. He wants to be buried in Wales, beside his wife. It is our native place, you know, so we must lay him there, poor fellow."

"But, Mr. Morgan, surely he has not left Frank all his money? that would not be fair; of course you ought to have the most of it, when you are his brother," said Margaret, whose sense of justice came to compete with her delight in the thought of easier times for her brother. "I am sure Frank would be satisfied with only a little bit of the fortune."

"Bless you, my dear, I have got plenty," replied Mr. Morgan cheerily, "and, thank goodness, I never loved money for its own sake, like poor Joe. Why, Carew has really more right to it than anybody. It would have all belonged to the little girl if she had lived, you know, Miss Carew. Poor Muriel! it is sad to think how bare he kept her, with so much gold lying by. Susan will be more indignant than ever at Joe when she hears how much he has left. Why, Carew, you were the only brightness that ever came into the dear child's life. I am glad she had that, however, though it was so short, and this arrangement of her grandfather's is just what she wished. Josiah has a note about that, which you will see."

They had all been standing as Mr. Morgan talked, but seating himself now, Frank covered his face with his hands and groaned aloud. Mr. Morgan glanced questioningly at Margaret, and then with a mixture of perplexity and pity his eyes rested on the bent figure. "Come, Carew, you ungrateful fellow," he said presently, in a rallying tone, slapping him on the back, "you have never opened your mouth to say thanks to Dame Fortune for all the gold she has brought you in her lap. Mind you don't get miserly over it, like Josiah. Open heart, open hand, always, my boy; that's the golden rule. Poor Joe! what a deal of good he might have done with his money in that wretched neighbourhood, to be sure. But we shall hope that you will do all the good for him, shan't we, Miss Margaret?"

But Margaret could hardly respond in the same cheerful tone. Frank's shame and sadness seemed to have fallen on her. It was certainly rather a sanguine view to take of the wasted life, to think it was in the power of any other to undo its harm and fulfil its undone duties. But she must not dwell on the dark side of things now. It

"Ye'll no fin' ony valuables there, tak my word for it."

was much that her brother should be lifted above the petty cares, which must have harassed him more as the months went on, and deprived him of the leisure of mind necessary for taking up the threads of his old work. She glanced somewhat impatiently towards him now. He had listened to Mr. Morgan's good-natured reproaches without even raising his head. It did seem ungrateful, after the old man's generous kindliness, she felt, with a rising of sisterly indignation, and anxious to make some amends, she said, in a faltering tone, "It was so kind of you to seek us out to bring such good news!"

"Why, my dear, it is quite a treat to me to be the bringer of good news. My wife would tell you so. Certainly I cannot say that I admire your quarters here, Miss Carew," he said, shrugging his shoulders as he glanced round. "How came you ever to stumble on such a wretched place? Why, it is worse than Ingrave Square. By the way, Carew, about that nice Scotch servant? It was very shabby of Josiah to forget her in his will. She's another person you must do handsomely by. Come, my dear fellow, rouse yourself to your new responsibilities. I really don't quite understand you," said Mr. Morgan, looking into Frank's face, who had now raised his head and sat gazing in front of him, the picture of forlornness.

"Mr. Morgan," he said presently in a low tone, without raising his eyes, "you don't know what it is to have kindness stinging one like a sharp pang. That is what yours has done now. As for this money, I will not, dare not, touch a penny of it. It was left to me, on the mistaken

supposition that I had fulfilled a trust, which I betrayed." After he had finished speaking he walked towards the window, and stood looking out on the dreary street landscape, while Mr. Morgan and Margaret exchanged involuntary glances, which, on the part of the former, implied utter bewilderment.

"Stuff and nonsense, Carew," he ejaculated, as soon as he recovered from his astonishment and was able to speak. "There is your sister looking as bewildered as I am, and no wonder. It seems to me as if Joe's money has really just come in the nick of time. Excuse me for saying it, but you look like a couple of overworked creatures hidden away in this wretched hole. You look twenty years older than when I saw you last, Carew. It was a foolish move leaving St. Oswald's. I thought so very strongly at the time, but that letter of yours rather shut me up, you see," added the old gentleman, a shadow of irritation crossing his benevolent face as he spoke.

"Margaret, you surely think I am right in my decision?" said Frank, turning suddenly round, facing his sister, who lowered her eyelids when she met his gaze, and replied presently in a low, troubled tone.

"I cannot say I do, Frank."

"That is right. There is a sensible girl for you," cried Mr. Morgan heartily. "I am glad to see you're not carried away like the rest of them, my dear. As I was saying, I don't know what the rising generation are coming to. There is my daughter, Louisa, wanting to spend the spring as she has spent the winter, with that girl Stanhope, away among foreign papists, instead of coming home to keep her old father and mother company. And look at Leonard, too, my only son—keeps writing grumbling letters because he hasn't got shot yet, or the next thing to it; and here you are, Carew, turning up your nose at the handsome fortune that Providence has sent to you! Dear, dear, my old head is quite turned among you all!" and a look of genuine worry overspread Mr. Morgan's florid face as he took up his hat and held out his hand to Margaret. "I have to go back to Ingrave Square now, to meet Dakin, and make arrangements about this sad journey to Wales, you see. You ought to come with me, Carew, but I cannot say that I want you to meet Dakin as long as you are in that absurd frame of mind. Why, the fellow would think you crazy. I shall leave him with you, Miss Margaret. See and bring him to a better mind. You look tired, my dear girl. The first thing you must do with your money, Carew, is to take your sister away for a nice long tour. But you must come and pay us a visit at Mulberry Park before you start; I am not going to be taken leave of in a cavalier letter, mind," added Mr. Morgan laughingly, as he held out his hand to Frank.

"I am coming with you, Mr. Morgan. I shall not keep you a minute waiting," said Frank, as he left the room.

"Poor fellow! little Muriel's loss seems really to have upset him dreadfully. I never saw a man so changed," said Mr. Morgan, in a pitying tone, after he had gone. "Upon my word, I would not have given him credit for such keen feelings now. Besides, my wife and I did not think his liking for the little girl was masterful, by any means; you see he might have married her if he had been very anxious before the year was out. But certainly he seems sadly cut up," continued Mr. Morgan, musingly.

"What dreadful rubbish this is about his not taking the money, though! I have no patience with people looking as glum over a bit of good fortune as though it were a stroke of adversity," jerked out Mr. Morgan, feeling unfairly inclined to vent his irritation on poor Margaret. "But of course he will never be such a fool as to refuse the money. I dare say the news did take him rather by surprise at first, and no wonder, if he believed poor Josiah's constant statements about his poverty."

"No, Mr. Morgan, I feel sure Frank does not mean ever to take the money. I can see he has made up his mind, and perhaps he is right," replied Margaret, in a faltering voice.

"Bless me! what do you mean? Why, Miss Margaret, you are as bad as he is. Refuse a fortune that belongs to him! Did ever anybody hear of such infatuation," cried the old gentleman, his florid face getting redder with vexation as he spoke. "Besides, my dear, I must be plain with you. You are very much requiring the money, perhaps more than you know. That fellow, Jenkins, who has married your mother, is quite an adventurer; I hear his Fairquay prospects are anything but prosperous. He will require any money your mother has, and more if he can get it, I'll be bound. To tell the truth, it very much surprised me that your mother should have anything to do with a man like him. I took the trouble of calling to tell her so, but she didn't take it over well. Why, though he happens to have the same profession as your father, they are as different as light from darkness. And

then the idea of your wearing out your pretty eyes with trash like this!" wound up Mr. Morgan, glancing contemptuously at the little table littered with the various working tools of the brother and sister. "Come, come, Miss Margaret! don't look so disheartened now. It is your part to bring your brother to a better mind if you think he is really in earnest about this bit of folly. As for me, I could never touch a penny of the gold which poor Muriel's little hand really put into his, if he would only see it in the right light. It will have to go a begging somewhere, mind. Carew must not forget that I have some pride as well as he has, for surely pride must be at the bottom of such a refusal."

Margaret sat looking with troubled eyes into old Mr. Morgan's face. All the waves and billows of trouble seemed to be going over her. This news about her mother brought a fresh anxiety to her heart. It was a painful surprise to her that her mother, whom she knew to be singularly unfitted for privation of any kind, should be threatened with such now.

Their mother in difficulties, and they almost penniless, and yet Frank could refuse the help to which kind old Mr. Morgan, certainly, had proved they had a right, and which he sat pleading they should accept. Surely it was mere morbid unreasonableness, was Margaret's impatient thought as she glanced towards her brother when he re-entered the room. There was, however, an air of great determination on his face which seemed to forbid further expostulation. Happening to call him back from the little passage after he had turned to follow Mr. Morgan, merely to ask whether she should put away his microscope for the day, Margaret could trace an expression of repressed displeasure on his face, as he gave a monosyllabic answer. "He thinks it was about the money I was going to speak—that I wanted to persuade him into what he believes to be wrong. He does not trust me—he never will any more," cried Margaret, in the bitterness of her heart, as she bent again with tear-dimmed eyes over a sketch of one of the sunny Fairquay landscapes.

CHAPTER. XXX.—THE MINISTRY OF PAIN.

THE experience of the past few weeks had been educating Margaret into expecting silence and repression in Frank's comings and goings, but she was conscious that a new feeling of discordance had sprung up between them as she awaited his return from Ingrave Square. When he walked into the little back parlour she hardly ventured to look up from her work. Presently he resumed his favourite attitude of sad reverie, and Margaret decided that he had lapsed into one of those periods of morbid silence with which she was now becoming familiar. She was therefore rather surprised when he suddenly pushed aside his chair, saying hurriedly as he looked at his watch, "I have no time to waste. I leave for Wales to-night, Margaret, to take poor Mr. Josiah to sleep among his fathers. It was rather touching, was it not, that, after all those sordid years, he should have wished to be laid among the breezy mountains of his boyhood? It seemed something of the nature of a higher aspiration, don't you think? Who knows? The poor dark soul may have been lifted at the end up to the hills of God after all. It was Muriel's prayer to the last. Betty has been telling me some strange things, Margaret."

It was so long since he had mentioned Muriel's name that Margaret, who had been training herself to avoid it, gave an involuntary glance of surprise. Frank seemed to notice it, for a look of pain crept into his face, and relapsing into silence again, he began a restless walk up and down the little parlour. Glad to think that the unnatural banishment of that name might now be at an end between them, Margaret would fain have heard what were the "strange things" which had stirred her brother from his morbid silence, but she felt hardly sure enough of her ground to continue the conversation.

Presently Frank stopped in his restless pacings, and said abruptly, "Margaret, don't you think you should go and join our mother at Fairquay?"

A swift feeling of pain, not unmixed with anger, swept across Margaret's heart as she listened to this unexpected suggestion. Was this to be the end of it all—of the early friendship between them, of the later love and trust which she had been imagining so deepened by the recent sorrow and privation they had been sharing together? And was the bond to be thus easily snapped? Surely, then, she had been living in a fool's paradise all those weeks, in dreaming that she was any solace to her brother in his forlornness, or he could not have been so willing to part with her. Some minutes passed before she could trust herself to make any reply. She must not reveal her soreheartedness to one who seemed so regardless of it, was her thought, as she replied in a repressed voice, "Very well, Frank, if you

wish it, I shall write and tell mamma I am coming." A hot tear dropped on the sun-lighted foreground of the sketch she was finishing, and, feeling afraid that Frank should see such a trace of feeling, she rose suddenly, and was about to leave the room when Frank, who had been standing with his face to the window, now turned, and said in a faltering voice,—

"I shall be very desolate without you, Margie. But it's selfish for me to have allowed you to stay here so long. I often thought I ought to say go, but never could make up my mind to part with you, for you have been everything to me lately, Margie. But Mr. Morgan is right; this is not a fit life for you."

In an instant Margaret was at his side. "Oh! I am so very, very glad. Then, Frank, you really don't want me to leave you after all!" she cried, and a joyous light came into her eyes, which reminded Frank of the old sunny Chadsthorpe days.

"Yes, Margie. I do want you to leave me," he replied slowly after a pause. But Margaret could listen with tranquillity to the reiteration now. "It would be like my old selfish self, which you know I have been trying to kill, to wish you to stay here longer and share my privations. You have had too much of it already. The fact is, I have been so absorbed in my own sad thoughts and struggles that I have not thought what wretched company I made for you, till kind old Mr. Morgan pointed it out to me a little while ago. Besides, this is not a suitable place for you to live in."

"Frank, I am not going to leave you; so you really must not hurt my feelings again by even hinting that you want to get rid of me," replied Margaret. "Now don't say a word more about it," she added, as Frank began in a remonstrative tone. "Come, you must eat something and get your portmanteau ready for this journey. And Frank, dear, I am glad you have undertaken it. It was selfish of me to grudge you. It is something you can do for her sake, and it will comfort you to do it, I feel sure," she said as she looked anxiously into his wearied face.

"But, Margaret, you must listen to me," he began in a troubled tone. "I cannot allow you to sacrifice yourself like this for me; it is unmanly, it is cruel. Besides, to come to practical matters, do you know that my reserve supply of money is actually just done? I must try to earn a living somehow, but don't seem to have either head or heart for work just now, to tell the truth; and I assure you there stretches before me a prospect of very unromantic poverty," added Frank with a bitter laugh.

Fain would Margaret have put into words her thoughts of the past hours, and ask him if he did not think it would be more kind and generous to Muriel's memory to accept the money which she seemed so lovingly to have placed into his hand; but remembering how deeply he seemed wounded by her difference of opinion on that point, she felt she must accept his decision.

Frank had opened his desk as he was speaking, and now stood with his pocket-book in his hand. "Why, Margaret, I didn't think my finances were at such a low ebb. I shall have barely enough for the expenses of the journey, I declare. They are owing me something for that last article of mine, to be sure; but the railway company will hardly feel inclined to trust me with a ticket, if that is all the prospect of payment that I can offer."

Again Margaret felt inclined to suggest that, at all events on this occasion, poor Mr. Josiah's estate might be allowed to defray the expenses; but what she did say was, "No, Frank, you forget. This is not the last five-pound note. I was paid for that drawing the day before yesterday, you know. The money is not touched yet. I shall fetch it." She did not remind him, as she put the money into his hand, that this evening their rent was due, but only glanced at her half-finished sketch, resolving that it must be turned into money as quickly as possible.

When Frank returned from his sad mission to the Welsh mountains, his physical languor of the past months seemed to have taken a more definite form. He was in a burning fever, and as soon as he reached his lodgings he was completely prostrated; and Margaret had to cease working for the money which they needed so sorely, to take her place as nurse by his sick-bed.

As she sat nursing him through anxious days and weary nights, it seemed as if another blow, heavy and meaningless, was being inflicted on one who was already bruised and crushed beyond hope of restoration. The sick man seemed to lack the buoyancy of spirit which was necessary for the beginning of recovery. Margaret's hopes grew fainter as the days crept on, and her own sorely-taxed strength also threatened to give way. Frank once, during the first days of his illness, roused himself to

suggest that his mother should be sent for; but after Margaret had written the letter by his side he suddenly changed his mind, and begged that she would not even let his mother know how ill he was. His entreaty had been so urgent that Margaret was obliged to yield. So entirely were they hidden away from all their known world during these weeks that Margaret was astonished to hear a voice in the passage asking about Mr. Carew, one day as she happened to be passing up-stairs to the sick room. Surely she had heard those rough kindly tones somewhere before, she thought, and glancing round she saw Betty Skinner standing in the doorway. Betty was still camping in the dreary kitchen regions of Ingrave Square, having consented to take charge of the house for a time. It was Tony Larkins who had brought her at last the news of Frank's illness, and she at once started to inquire about him. She still retained a strong prejudice against Margaret, which was at this moment increased by a dogged belief that somehow or other it was owing to her "neglect" that Frank's illness was due. Margaret, on the other hand, felt much drawn to the faithful servant who had clung to her young mistress with such protective devotion, and hurried to the door as soon as she caught sight of Betty. The first glance at the sister's worn, anxious face cooled Betty's indignation by several degrees, though at first she struggled conscientiously against any diminishing of its heat. Too well the faithful creature knew what such anxiety was, not to be able to detect its genuineness in another. She readily accepted Margaret's suggestion that she should see the sick man. It was one of Frank's worst days, during which he had seemed always to fall into a sleep which seemed to Margaret more like stupor. Betty stood for several minutes motionless and speechless, gazing earnestly, with furrowed brows, at him as he lay breathing heavily; and then suddenly she turned away, and without a word began to retrace her steps down-stairs.

"What do you think of him, Betty?" asked Margaret in an eager whisper as she watched her, for the silence was terrible to her anxious heart.

"Sic a thing—to speir when the man's asleep!" retorted Betty sharply. "Some folk has little sense," and without another word she pursued her way to the street.

It was on the evening of the following day when Margaret was settling herself for her nightly vigil that she heard a strange step on the stair. It was late, and she knew that there were no other lodgers in the house, Frank was still dozing, and Margaret held her breath with a momentary feeling of fright as she saw the handle of the bedroom door slowly being turned. Presently the door was pushed slightly open, and after a moment Betty Skinner walked quietly into the room.

"Betty!" exclaimed Margaret in a much relieved tone, though to the new comer the exclamation seemed to betoken the presence of some other feeling, for she replied in a nettled way,—

"Ay, it's jist me, naebody better," and depositing promptly the red cotton bundle which she was carrying, she stepped towards the sick-bed and indulged in another long dumb scrutiny of the patient.

"I kent fine ye wad be anggered at my interferin', but ye maun let me bide wi' him the nicht at ony rate," whispered Betty at length, with a half-dogged, half-beseeching air, as she glanced at Margaret who stood in the dim firelight anxiously examining Betty's face for an opinion.

"Angry! How could I be, Betty? You don't know what a comfort it is to see a friendly face. It was so good of you to think of coming back to-night, Betty. But, tell me, how do you think him looking now? There is a change somehow since yesterday, I have been imagining; but, oh Betty! it seems to me he gets weaker always. The doctor has not been here since yesterday. I was thinking of going for him; he lives not far off."

"Na, na, he canna do him muckle good," replied Betty bluntly as she still kept her eyes fixed on the sick man.

"Betty, speak to me," cried Margaret, laying her hand on her shoulder, and as Betty looked into the beautiful young face she read its woe. "You don't mean to say you think him so ill as that?—you don't think he is"... and then she stopped, and a deadly pallor crept into her face. The shock which Betty's words had given her was too great for her frame weakened by watching. She would have fallen if Betty's sinewy grasp had not been laid on her arm.

"Deed I think I might ha' bidden at hame if this was a' the guid I was to do," she muttered as she stretched out her hand for a tumbler of water, which she raised to Margaret's lips.

"Thank you," said Margaret presently. "You see what a poor nurse I am," she added with quivering lip, as she looked anxiously towards the sick bed.

"Oh, he's a' richt. I jist wish I saw ye sleepin' as sound," said Betty, replying to her glance by an energetic whisper, and then she went again and took her stand by Frank's side, and Margaret tremblingly followed. "This will be a strong workin' hand long after I'm awa', Miss Carew," she muttered presently, pointing to the pale nerveless fingers which were lying outside the coverlet. "It's life no death that's afore the lad, that's plain eneuch," she continued in an earnest whisper. "Ye fairly mistook my word aboot the doctor. I was jist carried aff my feet like to see him get the turn that canny, sin' I was here yestreen, and I thinks to mysel' this is the work o' the Great Healer. An' deed, mem, it was jist fat the lad was needin' to be laid down like this, and get a rest til his sair hert; an' I dinna wunner that it was wounded sair eneuch after a that's come and gone."

Margaret, who had listened eagerly to Betty's comforting words, now said in a low grateful whisper as she took the weather-beaten hand which had been nerved through tribulation for so many ministries of love. "Betty, how can I ever thank you! You have brought real hope for my brother into my heart. I have been so sad and faithless about everything lately. Things did look so dark before, and this illness of my brother seemed only more useless pain leading on to the dark end. And I felt so rebellious that a life which promised once to be so useful and happy should end so early and so sadly."

Frank kept slowly strengthening his grasp on life after that evening, but it still remained doubtful to Margaret whether it was not to be merely a return to the nerveless darkened life which belonged to the previous months. The intense strain was over now, for Frank seemed really on the way to recovery, and, indeed, pronounced himself well though he still bore many traces of the battle which he had fought with the beleaguering fever. But with returning strength Margaret had not been able to trace any return of his old buoyancy, for which she sought traces with even more eagerness than she watched for the glow of health in his pale sunken cheek. "The blessed ministry of pain" did not seem, as Betty had prophesied, to have done its work. His morbid silence and dejection appeared, indeed, rather on the increase as the days went on. He had not left his room nor indeed shown any inclination to do so. The hours spent in dreary silence seemed to Margaret interminable. Usually she sat working by his side, but one bright March day, wishing to finish a sketch for which the light in Frank's room was not suitable, she went down-stairs to their parlour and sat working alone there.

Frank had promised when she left him to try to write a letter to his mother. He had at last allowed Margaret to send her news of the illness which he had passed through, and since then anxious letters had been frequent. Margaret felt that the most reassuring reply would be a sight of Frank's own handwriting and had urged him to make the effort. But most likely she would find when she rejoined him that the materials were lying just as she left them, and the letter still unwritten thought Margaret with a sigh, feeling as if Frank's gloom was fast settling on her own spirit. It seemed as if the bright sun rays were dancing mockingly through the dusty panes on her work, which had become a grim toil instead of a pleasant pastime, as it appeared at first. These returned sunbeams spoke of spring, of joy, of greenness and life. For nature the gloom of winter was gone, but on the poor broken life up-stairs it seemed that wintry torpor would remain through all the changing seasons.

And these spring sunbeams reminded her, too, of some brightness which had vanished out of her own life. She had been very happy during some spring days a year ago. Little had she guessed when she was passing through those days that their events would be stereotyped into such lasting memories, she thought now with quivering lip, as she recalled the strange lights and shadows of that last visit to Chadsthorpe—her tightening faith in the stranger seamstress, in spite of the mystery which seemed then deepening round all she did and said, and then, as it always happened now in these backward glances, it was Hugh Hartleigh who became the central figure. Visions of his tall, stooping figure moving about among the familiar scenes of Chadsthorpe, seemed to overlay earlier memories, though it startled Margaret to find that such was the case. Why should it be so? she asked herself with a quick flush of vexation as she bent with vehement diligence over her work. What was she to them now, the long parted mother and son, who were together again after so many years of cruel separation? It was little wonder that they should shrink from all which might remind them of the past days with their many-sided pain. Chadsthorpe seemed still doomed to remain forsaken by its owner, for Mrs. Jenkins happened to add, as a postscript to her last letter, that she understood "that heartless woman

continued to keep the poor deluded young squire dancing attendance on her abroad." And so these friends had vanished out of her life, though her days could never be quite the same again, as if they had not crossed her path, thought Margaret, turning with a sigh to her sad present. If only Frank could again be cheerful and courageous, they, too, might have their joyous spring succeeding the blackness which seemed to have fallen on their lot. More than Margaret guessed, she too had been imbued by her brother's deepening sorrow, sharing it sympathetically, till it began to take such actual possession of her that to have broken in upon Frank's sad reserve would have been as painful a jarring to her own sensibilities as it could possibly have been for his. It was some realisation of this which made her feel increasingly hopeless about being able to help him. Some hot tears were being hastily brushed away now, so that she might not rouse either the curiosity or the sympathy of the landlady, whose step she thought she heard in the passage. To her astonishment it was Frank who opened the door, his tall figure seeming to fill the threshold, and his pale face gleaming from the shadow.

"Why, Margaret, you look as scared at me as if I were a ghost! and indeed it is no wonder," he added, as he crept forward with stooping gait and feeble steps towards the table.

"But, Frank, how ever did you manage to get down-stairs alone?" gasped Margaret as she rose. But as she did so her anxious expression changed into one of gladness. Was it only the returned sunshine which was lighting up Frank's face? Was it not rather some streaks of God's merciful healing beams which had come to gladden his despairing heart? thought Margaret, as she gazed.

"Yes, it was rather venturesome, perhaps; but I managed to crawl down nicely," he replied to her exclamation of astonishment. And then, glancing at her, he added slowly, "But I have had a resurrection, Margaret, since you saw me, so I thought there was no good staying in my grave any longer!"

"Yes, Frank, I see it in your face. You are your old self again," cried Margaret joyously.

"No, not my old self, I hope," he replied, with a shade of sadness flitting across his face. "But, Margaret, I think her prayers have begun to be answered for me at last. Her sweet forgiveness was not enough; I might have rested there and been satisfied. I needed to cross the rough stepping-stones she spoke of in that last talk we had. Margaret, thank God for me. His pardon has come shining into my heart to-day like the bright sunshine yonder. It has healed me. You are right, I am well again."

Margaret's heart was too full for words; it was Frank who, after a long pause, again broke the silence.

"How bravely you have been able to cross these rough stepping-stones, and to pass through this dark valley with me, Margie!" he said in a low moved tone, as he laid his pale fingers on the bent head. "It cut me to the quick a little ago as I lay thinking of all the privations, as well as all the pain, you have suffered. I never, somehow, realised it before. It seems about that, too, as if I had suddenly awaked from a terrible dream. And, Margie, I was cruel and harsh in my feelings, if not in my words, about poor Mr. Josiah's money."

"Forgive me, Frank; it was very faithless of me, perhaps, but I wished you to take the money very much. I could not see it as you do," faltered Margaret. "But, please, don't let us talk about it any more," she added eagerly. What was anything in comparison to the health of soul which seemed to have come to Frank?

"You know, Margaret," said Frank in a firm tone, "the words learnt at our father's knee. I felt, as I sat up-stairs, as if his voice were offering them to me once again, as a watchword, as he did one Sunday evening long ago under the old pear-tree at Chadsthorpe—and I am going to dare to take them as mine now, after all that has come and gone. They are the old familiar words, Margaret: 'That we who live should not henceforth live unto ourselves, but unto Him who died for us, and who rose again.' Not even for her sake, as I thought I could do at first. I needed the Living Presence, Margaret. He is risen again, and I have had a meeting with Him."

As Margaret sat listening to Frank, and clasping the hand of her old ideal Red Cross Knight of childhood's days, she remembered some words of Caleb Bartlett's: "It is only the risen One who can bring life into withered hearts, and it is His presence—not his memory." It seemed to her as if in her heart she now understood them for the first time. And so, after all, it was Frank who helped to place his sister's hand more firmly into the holy clasp of the Friend who sticketh closer than a brother.

THE OLD STORY.

A GARDEN where laburnums grow,
Where the pink thorn and lilacs blow,
And guelder-roses drop their snow.

An arbour in that garden fair
Swept by laburnum's golden hair,
And, later on, by roses rare.

A maiden in that sheltered bower,
Unconscious of the passing hour,
Holden by happy thoughts' sweet power.

What hath the open letter told
That turneth Life's grey sky to gold
And doth high Heaven itself unfold?

Oh, *new*, *old* story! learned so well!
Thou bindest her with potent spell,
Sweet, strong and irresistible!

Thou giv'st a dream of *two*, to glide
In ark of love o'er ocean wide
Glad, with perpetual summertide!

Thou dost a sunny scene portray,
Wherein two walk in flowery way,
Blessing and blest the livelong day.

O *Love!* bright treasure, held so fast,
When from the world Sin's first rude blast
Swept far our gifts of promise vast,

Sole salvage from the wreck of all
Our fair possessions at the Fall,
When deep to lower deep did call!

We hold thee still—bright, through the tears
Wept over thee through all the years;
Our *own*—'mid joys and hopes and fears!

When Sin's dark, awful deluge gave
Our Eden dear a hopeless grave,
Love stood the storm and rode the wave!

ELIZABETH SURR.

OUR MONTHLY SURVEY.

I.—HOME NOTES.

MR. JOHN BRIGHT ON COBDEN AND HIS WORK.

THE speeches delivered by Mr. John Bright at Bradford, on the 25th of July, were of singular interest and importance. The occasion was the unveiling of a statue of Richard Cobden, which has just been placed in the Bradford Exchange. Mr. Bright spoke with all the stately yet simple eloquence of which he is so great a master, and his words were full of wise counsel and of high moral purpose. At the morning gathering, when the ceremony of the day was performed, Mr. Bright naturally addressed himself to the task of reviewing the character and career of the friend with whom he was so long most intimately associated, both in private life and in public labours. It was a noble and pathetic tribute to remarkable gifts, and to even more remarkable virtues. Referring to the day of Mr. Cobden's funeral (it was in April, 1865), Mr. Bright said: "Before we left the house, leaning upon the coffin was his sorrowing daughter, one whose attachment to her father seems to have been a passion scarcely equalled among daughters. She said, 'My father used to like me very much to read to him the Sermon on the Mount.' Why, his own life was to a large extent—I speak it with deference and hesitation—a sermon based upon that best and greatest of sermons. His was a life of perpetual self-sacrifice." Those who have now reached middle life, and are passing beyond it, can recall the indefatigable devotion with which Mr. Cobden, and Mr. Bright too, laboured for the abolition of the Corn Laws, and can realise the truth of Mr. Bright's description of the great benefits which have come to all classes of the community from that measure: "There is not a homestead in the country in which there is not added comfort from his labours, not a house the dwellers in which have not steadier employment, higher wages, and a more solid independence. This is an enduring monument. He worked for these ends, and for these great purposes, and he worked, as it might be said, even almost to the very day when the lamp of life went out." But although Mr. Cobden succeeded in convincing our legislature and our country that laws which practically prevented the importation of corn were mistaken and mischievous, and thus effected an immense and most beneficent revolution in England, there was another object on which he had set his heart, but which, as Mr. Bright pointed out, he altogether failed to realise. He desired to persuade the Governments of Europe to reduce their enormous armaments, and so to avoid the lavish and wasteful expenditure and the perpetual risk of war which the existence of such armaments involved. Unfortunately the armies of Europe are now larger than ever, and the wars of recent years have been on a scale, both as regards expenditure of men and money, which has probably never been equalled in history. Mr. Cobden believed very much in the agency of commerce as an instrument for the promotion of "peace on earth," and it was this belief which inspired his efforts to secure the ratification of the Treaty of Commerce between England and France. He saw with singular clearness, and in this he has a worthy successor in Mr. Bright, that through commercial relations the interests of different nationalities would become more obviously united, and that thus a thousand influences would be brought into play which would indispose for war. That this has been the effect of the commercial treaty between England and France, every one who can look back upon the state of feeling between the two countries thirty years ago and compare it with that which exists now is perfectly aware. The English and the French people now understand one another far better than they formerly did; the idea of military rivalry between them has fallen into the background, and is certainly, if slowly, altogether receding from view. The doctrines preached by Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright have been plentifully sneered at as constituting an appeal to mere selfishness and as calculated to destroy some of the higher qualities of a nation's character and life. This, however, appears to us to be a merely superficial objection. Both these eminent men would have been among the first to acknowledge that commercial intercourse is not necessarily an unmixed good, that its value as an instrument for the promotion of goodwill depends on the principles on which it is conducted, and that even at its best it is but one—and not the highest—of the instrumentalities by means of which the unity of nations must be brought about and perfected. But it is a poor sort of piety which would reject the services of such an agency as "common or unclean," and it is a pitiably false conception of national virtue which leads men to prefer the glittering parade of military skill and courage to the more homely but more serviceable and abiding excellence of commercial industry and integrity. All may not be able to accept the political programme of Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden in its entirety, but all Englishmen owe a debt of honour and of gratitude to the statesmen who have taught us that political influence may be consecrated to the tasks of a noble benevolence, and that the pursuits of commerce may be dignified by being made a bond of international unity, and by being made to contribute to that divine teaching of the nations of the world, the effect of which shall ultimately be that "they shall learn war no more."

WESLEYAN CONFERENCE AT BRISTOL.

The One Hundred and Thirty-fourth Annual Assembly of the Wesleyan Conference has recently been held in Bristol, a city famous in Methodist annals. This meeting of the Conference is remarkable as the last under the old constitution. Until now the members of the Conference have been exclusively ministers; henceforth they will consist of

ministers and laymen in equal numbers—two hundred and forty of each. The change is an important one; and as our readers know, from references in these notes, has been the occasion of very prolonged and anxious discussion. Perhaps, however, the change will not prove to be so radical as might at first appear; for laymen have long exercised an important influence as members of various committees which have sat in connection with the conference, and have had the administration of various departments of the ecclesiastical system. Moreover, from numerous causes which have been hinted at in the discussions on details which have taken place in view of the new arrangement, it appears likely that for a long time to come clerical influence will in many ways predominate. Still the new order of things will make itself felt, and its effects will be watched with much interest by the friends of this great religious organization.

The new Wesleyan President is the Rev. Dr. Pope, the theological tutor at the Didsbury College, for the training of ministerial students. Dr. Pope has a very high reputation among the ministers of his denomination as a preacher, a theologian, and a man of culture. He is favourably known to a wider circle as the translator of Stier's *Words of the Lord Jesus*—a work which must have given the translator immense trouble for the German original is peculiarly crabbed and involved in style. Dr. Pope presided over the recent Conference with dignity and efficiency. His disposition is generally conservative; and he stated in his opening address that his motto as president, with respect to the Methodist order, was, "The maximum of adaptation with the minimum of change." He was one of the minority who opposed the modification of the constitution of the Conference by the introduction of lay members.

The proceedings of the Conference, relating as they did chiefly to matters of internal administration and routine, have not sufficient general interest to call for lengthy notice here. One subject came up for discussion which deserves mention, and which shows that Methodism is feeling in the ranks of her ministry, something of that theological restlessness, that tendency to change and modify forms of doctrine, which is so characteristic of this age. Some few of the younger ministers, two or three we believe, resigned their position on the ground that they no longer believed in the doctrine of eternal punishment as taught in the acknowledged Wesleyan standards, namely, John Wesley's four volumes of Sermons and his Notes on the New Testament. The report of these resignations led a member of the Conference, a minister of, as we understand, unquestioned orthodoxy, to plead that the Conference would not push matters so far as to exclude from their communion men of high character on account of their difference from their brethren on such a doctrinal point as this. The plea for this relaxation of doctrinal standards does not seem to have found any further support, and it drew forth from some of the leading ministers, including the president, a very strong declaration of Methodist adherence to the old views on the subject, and of the resolution of the Conference not to allow it to be regarded by those holding the position of a Methodist preacher as an open question. It was stated by the minister who urged the wisdom of a relaxation of the denominational creed in this particular, that many of the Wesleyan ministers were in doubt upon the subject of the teaching of Scripture as to the final destiny of the impenitent; but the statement was warmly repudiated, and the president remarked that if any such cases were brought before them, the Conference "would know how to deal with them." Dr. Osborn maintained that upon this topic Methodist preachers "had resigned their liberty of thought," and were bound to accept John Wesley's teaching. Our own thought upon the matter is, that while creeds may serve a valuable purpose by formulating an accepted theology, they must always fail when used for repressing reverent personal inquiry into the real teaching of the Bible, or for compelling the mind to accept a foregone conclusion.

ASIATICS AND AFRICANS IN LONDON.

Many curious, and often painful, phases of social life in London are, from time to time, brought under our notice in the pages of the *London City Mission Magazine*. In a recent number we have the annual report of the missionary who for many years has been engaged in trying to do good to the large floating population of Asiatics and Africans who find their way to the London docks on board various vessels, and many of whom make a more or less prolonged stay in this country. First, we are presented with a brief summary which gives us an idea of the different creeds and nationalities of those whom the missionary seeks out and regards as the objects of his care.

"The following has been my district during the past year:

"On board, 8,259; passengers, 200; ayahs, 100; visitors, 120; in opium rooms, 100—total, 8,779.

"The above, arranged according to their creeds, are about as follows: Mohammedans, 5,579; Fetish Moslems, 2,500; Xavierites, 350; Hindoos, Buddhists, 300; Protestants, 50—total, 8,779; and by nationality thus: East India, 5,729; East Africa, 2,500; Turks and Egyptians, 200; Arabs, 150; Chinese, Burmese, Malays, 150—total, 8,779.

"The 8,259 met with on board ship are those who compose the crews of the various ships visited. The 200 passengers were also visited on board ship, but they formed no part of the crews, but had either arrived on a visit to England, or had come on board to return to their Eastern homes. The numbers in the opium rooms represent those visited here alone, and not met with elsewhere.

"Among the creeds, too, the Fetish Mohammedans may require some explanation. These are the East African liberated slaves, who, though they profess to have accepted the religion of their Moslem captors and masters, and have submitted to the *modus operandi* that turns an infidel into an orthodox Moslem, have imported with them no small amount of the heathenism of Central Africa. They know but little of the doctrines they

have blindly embraced, and therefore have none of the prejudice and opposition of the educated Mohammedan. In these ignorance and superstition reign supreme."

As will be seen from the statement, a good deal of the missionary's work has to be done on board ship, and the writer of the report says, "On no occasion have I found it difficult to secure an audience, though sometimes stormy." It is clear from the narrative which follows that the work requires a good deal of tact and sagacity, so as, on the one hand, to avoid interference with the necessary discipline maintained in vessels, and, on the other hand, to present the message of Christian truth in a way which will conciliate prejudice, and excite interest and attention in the minds of the men. We quote one painfully suggestive incident from the narrative before us:

"A young man, a saloon servant, seemed to be under the influence of the truth. He paid me several visits at my own house, accepted a Testament, and had Christian instruction each time he came. I thought him advancing in spiritual life. The young man was deceived with the idea that all Englishmen are Christians ruled by the Word of God. Many Christians converted from heathenism have the same idea. The steward of the ship wishing him to assist in an act which he considered dishonest, he demurred and reasoned, but he received a severe blow for so doing, with an imprecation to which the heathen language of India cannot give expression. The poor fellow came to me with a contused eye, and complained that if Christianity had no better influence on Englishmen than that, it was unworthy his acceptation. I endeavoured to show him the folly of his deduction, but with what effect is doubtful. He deserted from his ship, obtained another, and left for his home in the East."

A very interesting portion of the missionary's work is that devoted to East African liberated slaves, of whom about 2,500 have come under his teaching during the year. These men, belonging to various tribes, have been brought here from Central Africa, and were intended for the slave market at Zanzibar, but they have been released by British cruisers from Arab ships. They are for the most part in a woful state of ignorance and superstition, and during twenty-four years of labour the missionary has only found twelve who could read in any language, and these had received instruction from Christian labourers at Shurampoor. Touching and singular details of efforts on behalf of some of these poor creatures are given in this report.

The missionary closes his account of his singular and multifarious labours with a statement of a very modest enterprise which, if carried out, would obviously increase his capability and opportunities of usefulness. He says:

"I have passed over the Chinese, Javanese, Malays, &c., without any special reference, although they have formed an interesting part of my work; and I will now conclude my report by referring to an uncultivated sphere of labour among Asiatics, that has seriously occupied my mind and prayerful consideration—a sphere of usefulness on which I hesitate to enter. On evenings, and all day on Sunday, there are hundreds of these men wandering about the North Woolwich Road, whiling their time away, and often getting into trouble. Something of a reading-room or house of call, where those men could meet by themselves, read, write their letters, hear news from home, and obtain advice, both temporal and spiritual, is needed. Probably such a place would be a power for great good. I often conceive myself directing such an influence, having an Oriental library at my service, composed of Guzeratee, Bengalee, and Hindustanee books, with Scripture mottoes and pictures hanging about, endeavouring to turn every visit to a spiritual account. It could scarcely fail, for I have carried on that scheme in miniature for many years, and many of my most encouraging cases have arisen from such opportunities. Bible classes and readings of Scripture at my house are common, so that it would only be extending the same thing. Now I am crowded with fourteen present, but in the proper locality and with such attractions I should anticipate a large increase. Probably the most charming feature of such a work would be the possibility of gathering the Swahelis together; these need special attention, for they have yet to realise the real meaning of friendship and sympathy; and I should feel something was done if I could so far raise them to a sense of their manhood as to esteem my friendship and come under my roof."

Surely in such a case the small amount required will be readily furnished. When the wish of our Christian friend is known there can be no difficulty in the way of the realisation of his kindly, benevolent, and sensible proposal on behalf of these poor "strangers within our gates." We may add that the same Magazine from which we have culled these facts contains other interesting details of the work of the London City Mission, and an earnest appeal for greatly-needed funds.

II.—GLANCES ABROAD.

THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

The sickening story of carnage, cruelty, and suffering still comes to us from day to day from the seat of war, and we almost become impatient for the news of some great and decisive blow which will open up the prospect of the close of the struggle. For this, however, we have still to wait; the summer weeks are rapidly passing away, and before long the chill autumn rains and the icy breath of approaching winter will add to the hardships of the camp, and the sufferings of the field of battle. The Russians appear to have been too venturesome both in Armenia and on the Danube; they have presumed too much upon the incompetency of the Turkish commanders, and have suffered serious reverses, so that for the moment their progress is checked. Those who are best able to judge blame the Russian generals very severely for the way in which troops have been recklessly sacrificed in foolhardy attacks upon strong Turkish positions, but there seems to be but one opinion as to the issue of the campaign. Russia cannot afford to be defeated, and although the Turkish soldiery fight with unquestionable valour, they must finally yield to the greater numbers and resources of the invading power. Russia shows a

disposition to concentrate her entire force upon this enterprise if necessary. And what then? Statesmen and diplomatists, as well as multitudes of less important people, are eagerly and earnestly discussing what must be done in the event of Russia's success. What of the Danubian provinces? What of Constantinople? Certainly we shall not venture to prophesy. Nevertheless, we do not refrain from expressing the earnest hope that this impending catastrophe to the Turkish government may, in God's gracious providence, bring about changes which will deliver both the Moslem and Christian populations from the grinding, brutalising, and corrupting tyranny under which they have so long groaned. The Turkish administration has been a curse and a scandal to humanity for generations; it has been a festering mass of dishonesty, vice, and cruelty; it has desolated and kept in miserable poverty some of the fairest portions of the earth; it has placed its iron heel upon the necks of millions of unhappy people; its history has never been fully written except in the tears and blood with which the soil of Europe and Asia has been drenched, but what has been written cannot be read without extorting the cry, "How long, oh Lord! how long!" Russia too, it may be said, has ruled with an iron hand, and has steeled its heart against the lamentations and miseries of the conquered and oppressed—and it is true. But the last twenty-five years have witnessed changes for the better in the administration of the Czar, signs of vitality, of capability of progress, of susceptibility to the influences of enlightened views—to which Turkey affords no parallel. The perpetuation of Turkish rule as it has been and is means misery and despair; *any* change which transfers authority to other hands means hope and the possibility of better things. Upon the whole question, we cannot help expressing the regret and even shame and disgust with which we have observed how a considerable portion of the newspaper writers of this country have dealt with these great interests, and even with the facts or alleged facts of the present conflict, from the miserable standpoint of mere political prejudice and partisanship. English journalism has certainly been deeply dishonoured and discredited by the course which some of its representatives have lately pursued.

THE AMERICAN RAILWAY RIOTS.

An outbreak of violence and disorder has taken place in some of the most flourishing of the northern and western States of America, which seemed for a few days to threaten something like a civil war. Towards the close of July there was a general strike of the men employed on the Baltimore and Ohio lines of railway. The disturbances speedily assumed a most alarming character, and spread from town to town like an epidemic. Pittsburg, a great centre of manufacturing industry, something like Birmingham, was for some hours in the hands of the rioters, railway property there to the value of about a million sterling was destroyed, houses were pillaged, and some hundreds of lives were lost in the endeavour of the police and soldiery to restore order. Baltimore, Chicago, and many other large cities, were scenes of almost equal violence, and general alarm began to prevail throughout a large number of the States. Prompt and stern measures of repression were, however, adopted; indeed, the President did not hesitate to order out the entire available military force of the United States, under the command of two distinguished generals, in order to deal with the rioters, and after about ten days or a fortnight the disturbances seem to have been brought to an end. It is believed that in the course of these tumults several hundreds of persons have been killed, and property has been ruthlessly destroyed to the value of at least six millions sterling.

The immediate cause of the strike was a reduction of ten per cent. in the wages of the men engaged on the railways, a reduction rendered necessary by the failure of the American iron trade, and by the general and extreme commercial depression which has prevailed for some time. The disorders also afforded an opportunity for the lawless, disreputable and unemployed portion of the population to gratify their love of disturbance and their taste for plunder, of which they were not slow to avail themselves. No doubt the riots were fomented and prolonged by people of this class; but this fact does not relieve those who led to the breaking of the peace from the chief responsibility for the consequences; for every community contains dangerous elements, upon which any sign of insurrection against social order acts like sparks of fire upon tow. It is certain, however, that these disturbances point to very unsatisfactory relations between what are commonly called "capital and labour" in the United States. It used to be supposed a few years ago that the vexed question of the proportions of profit which might be claimed by the capitalist and the workman respectively had at length been solved under the more favourable conditions afforded by the newly constituted social system of the United States. If no other proof were forthcoming, the events to which we have referred would make it clear that this is not the case. The fact is, that human selfishness, greed, and unscrupulousness must be taken into the account in the new world as well as in the old, and there as well as here they form an unknown quantity, the presence and power of which may make themselves felt at any moment in a very startling way. The railways of America have unhappily become associated in the public mind with an immense amount of jobbery, corruption and trickery, and one of the results of such a state of things is that the workmen employed by the different companies appear to have little scruple as to the means they use in order to secure for themselves as large a slice of the profits as possible. Of course we in England cannot throw stones at the Americans upon the subject of the relations between employers and employed, and have no disposition to do so. Such incidents as these, however, may help to make it clear to all of us, by an example

on a tremendous scale, that the supremacy of selfishness is the certain occasion of difficulty and disagreement between master and servant, and that when the bond between the two represents a mere monetary arrangement it is very likely, when dispute arises, to be torn to shreds and trampled under foot.

THE DISTRESSING TIDINGS FROM SOUTHERN INDIA.

We had earnestly hoped that by this time some more cheering news would have been received from Southern India, but unhappily the prospects of the food supply of that vast territory become darker as the months go on. It is now only too certain that a second year's failure of the rice crop has taken place, and that, as Lord Salisbury lately said on a public occasion, "another famine is settling down on the vast districts of Southern India," a famine which, when all has been done that can be done, must inevitably cause "a terrible mortality." The measures taken by our Government in the recent case of the famine in Bengal were, it is true, signally successful; but besides the distressing fact that this calamity falls upon the Madras Presidency while it is still suffering from the desolation caused by the failure of the previous harvest, the conditions are such as to make the distribution of relief exceptionally difficult. The population of Southern India is scattered over a much larger area than that which had to be provided for in the famine-stricken districts of Bengal. "In order to carry supplies to famishing people," says Lord Salisbury, "you must have means of transport. This is a vast region which no railway crosses. The transport must be by cattle, and this terrible drought has already killed vast multitudes of the animals that are essential to any effective transport." Altogether, Lord Salisbury, who as the Secretary of State for India is in a position to command the fullest information, appears to take the most gloomy and despondingview of the prospects before these millions of our fellow-subjects. According to the latest accounts, more than a million and three-quarters of the people in the Madras Presidency are daily dependent for the scanty supply of rice necessary to keep body and soul together upon the British Government, and it is said that "some twenty millions of people are threatened with death by starvation." The authorities there, headed by the Duke of Buckingham and Sir Richard Temple, are exerting themselves to the utmost to grapple with this fearful and tremendous foe, but in view of the statements of Lord Salisbury, it seems impossible to be sanguine as to the success of their efforts. We observe that at a meeting lately held in Madras, under the presidency of the Duke of Buckingham, it was resolved to make an appeal to the public at home for assistance. We doubt not that such an appeal will secure a very generous response. One result of these fearful and repeated visitations in India will be, we trust, that the Government will give earnest attention to the development of a more complete system of artificial irrigation. It is impossible that we should settle down quietly if any remedy is possible, while so many millions of those whom we have undertaken to govern are exposed to the recurrence of such desolating and overwhelming disasters.

THE RELIGIOUS CONDITION OF NEW MEXICO.

The following simple but graphic account of New Mexico, lately communicated on unquestionable authority to an American religious journal, deserves attention. It affords a sad illustration of the baneful effects which are developed under that system of priestcraft to which the Papacy affords its special sanction:—

"The territory of New Mexico was first occupied by the troops of the United States in 1846, and has remained under its jurisdiction until the present time; and yet the language, manners, customs and general condition of its people remain substantially the same as when it was a part of old Mexico.

"Missionaries brave dangers from hostile people and the unfriendly climate of foreign lands, but for some unexplained reason but few seek labour in New Mexico, which needs the benign influence of an enlightened Christianity as much as any country on earth.

"The territory of New Mexico is more than twice as large as the State of New York, and has a population of nearly 100,000 people, exclusive of the Indians, who number over 23,000. This people maintain about one hundred and sixty Roman Catholic churches, while there are but three Protestant church edifices, and not more than five Protestant ministers of the Gospel in the territory.

"The Spaniards brought the Roman Catholic religion with them at the time of their conquest more than two hundred years since, and the condition of the people is the same as that found in any country which has for a long period been under the control of the priesthood of the Roman Catholic Church. The elasticity of the Roman Catholic policy adapts it to all conditions of people and all kinds of governments, and hence you see that Church one thing in New York, and another in New Mexico, Spain, and Italy, although it would be the same in New York as in other places if it could gain the upper hand and take control of affairs.

"Two-thirds of the people of Santa Fe, the capital city of New Mexico, kneel in the streets upon the approach of the bishop: some even prostrate themselves, and remain in that position until he has passed. The approach of a priest is the signal for the men to uncover their heads and stand at attention while he is passing. This discipline is extended to all the relations between priest and people.

"The Church demands and receives from these ignorant persons, who acquire barely enough to keep soul and body together, one-tenth of all they raise, manufacture or earn; and in addition every favour of the Church is sold. Baptisms, confirmations, marriages and deaths, are all fruitful sources of revenue, and in these, as in other duties of the Church, the service rendered is measured by the money paid. The dead whose friends can afford but a small sum to pay the priest for the funeral services are not allowed to be taken into the church, but the funeral procession is met at the door and a few hasty words, supposed to be a prayer, are muttered, and the corpse is hurried along to its last resting place. The tolling of the church bell, which is considered a necessity to a departing soul, is also a subject of taxation, and, like everything else, is graduated according to the amount paid. The poor who can pay but a dollar, and are scarcely able to pay that, are entitled to a single stroke

of the bell; and the writer has been informed that the sexton holds the rope to let the bell return easily to its normal position, that he may avoid giving two strokes when but paid for one.

"Of the people of New Mexico it is not too much to say that not one in ten can read or write; and if the priests could make it so the proportion would be even smaller. Thanks to the Americans sparsely scattered over the Territory, a few Mexicans are under influences which bring them some education.

"A public school system was inaugurated about three years since, and from it much was expected by the friends of education; but in all the counties save one the funds raised for this purpose by taxation are turned over to the priesthood, and the free schools become parish schools, where a sufficient knowledge of Spanish is taught to enable scholars to learn their catechism, and with that education generally ends. The priests cannot see any reason why the common people should know more than their catechism; and until some determined effort is made by the Protestant people of the East that will be the beginning and end of education among the Mexicans.

"The demoralized condition of the people who have been so long under the control of such a church and such a priesthood cannot be described. Nothing like it is known to those who have not visited countries exclusively under Roman Catholic influences."

III.—JOTTINGS FROM THE MISSION FIELD.

IDOLATRY IN JAPAN.

We recently gave some statistics of the results of mission labour in Japan and of the Christian agencies at work in that country. Under the title "Places I have visited in Japan," the Rev. C. F. Warren, of the Church Missionary Society, is publishing in the *Intelligencer and Record*, issued by that organization, an interesting series of papers, giving a vivid idea of the superstitions which still retain a firm hold on a large part of the Japanese population, and which, although to some extent checked by the enlightenment of the ruling classes, present a trying obstacle to the efforts of Christian missionaries. Describing a Buddhist temple near one of the cities, Mr. Warren says—

"The temple is dedicated to Kwanon, the Goddess of Mercy, and figures of her are here enshrined in the various buildings which stand in the temple grounds. In one of the buildings may be seen representations of the thirty-three forms in which she is said to appear for the succour and help of mankind, and in another place groups of tiny images of the same goddess, with a central figure of larger size. No one who pays a visit to this temple, and sees the crowds of worshippers thronging its courts, or climbing the hill to worship within its precincts, can for a moment doubt the popularity of the worship of Kwanon, or the estimation in which she is held by the common people.

The temple is indeed beautifully situated on a lovely hill, and from its elevated position there is a splendid view of the city and its suburbs, but the idolatrous practices which one is compelled to witness at every turn are sad and depressing. The district in which the temple is situated is renowned for the manufacture of pottery, and pottery-shops line the road to the temple; but, as the hill is ascended, one cannot advance many yards without sights and sounds of idolatry. Climbing the hill through this line of pottery-shops, we enter the temple grounds, and approach the principal temple building. Here idolatry and superstition seem to have run mad. Worshippers crowd, and, having completed their devotions, pass out and make room for others. There sits an old man, drawing near the verge of eternity, repeating something from a sacred book which he has open before him, and at intervals striking a metal bowl, which does duty for a bell. Close by the raised place where this old man is sitting is an object of great veneration. It is the image of Bendzaru in a squatting posture. It is much disfigured. The lacquer with which its face, arms, and legs were once covered is worn away. Why this disfigurement of the idol? it may be asked. It is no want of reverence for it, let me assure you. Watch for a moment, and you will have a satisfactory explanation. One after another the people approach, especially the aged and infirm. Each in turn rubs various parts of the image, and then the corresponding members of his body—eyes, ears, breast, arms, legs, &c.—and, finally bowing, mutters a prayer, and makes an offering of one or two cash, which is thrown into a box placed there for the purpose. All this is done in the hope and belief that virtue is communicated by contact with the image, the body strengthened or preserved in strength. Pass now along the front of the building. Here the worshippers throng to visit the principal shrine, and perpetual worship, such as it is, is carried on. The temple is built over a valley, having heavy timbers for its foundation, and in addition to the original horizontal rails to protect persons from falling over, a fence has been erected outside it. This fence has a history. It is not to prevent daring children, who might be tempted to climb on the rails, from falling over, but to stop those feats of frenzied superstition which were once practised here. Formerly, persons sometimes threw themselves from this temple into the valley below, after having made some request at the shrine of the goddess. It may have been that some poor creature, whose whole happiness in life appeared to depend on the granting of some request, was maddened to do it. The request was made at the shrine, and the poor devotee, holding an open umbrella in his hand, threw himself into the valley below, believing that, if the goddess of mercy would grant his request, he would be landed uninjured on the ground below. This practice is happily now a thing of the past, the Government having very properly interposed to protect its people by forbidding it, and by causing the outer fence to be erected.

"But Kwanon is still enshrined and worshipped at Kiyo-midsu. The intellectual awakening, which is now in progress in this country, has led many to renounce open idolatry, and all belief in the objects of worship which have been venerated for generations past, but a far greater number still worship as their forefathers did, and Kwanon has her numerous votaries."

Buddhism, however, although widely professed by the Japanese, is, as Mr. Warren reminds us, an imported religion, having been introduced about the sixth century of the Christian era by the Chinese, who had themselves received it from India in the first century. The native religion of the Japanese, still largely adhered to, consists in the worship of mythological heroes, symbolized by certain birds, beasts,

plants, and trees. Mr. Warren describes a temple dedicated to the worship of the fox.

WAYSIDE PREACHING IN CHINA.

Missionaries receive, no doubt, different impressions of the various branches of their work, and form different estimates of their relative importance, corresponding to the varieties of the gifts with which they, as God's servants, are endowed. The Rev. T. Barclay, writing from Taiwanfoo, in China, to the *Missionary Record* of the Presbyterian Church of England, describes his own experience of itinerant preaching—upon which we have often heard missionaries speak with such emphasis and enthusiasm—and does so with a candour and discriminating caution which deserve honour and very much commend themselves to our judgment. He had recently spent ten days in travelling, visiting various mission stations and Chinese towns and villages. He says—

"On the way I had abundant opportunities of preaching. The visits of foreigners are rare, especially of foreigners who can speak the language, so that, generally, whenever my chair was put down in a village or market-place, a crowd gathered to see and hear. After allowing them to look and wonder for a time, I generally sought to make known to them my message. To this they listened patiently. At least, they stood in silence, and without a single expression of rudeness, whilst I was speaking. The string of questions, however, with which they met me as soon as I was done, relative to myself, to my clothing, to our western customs, to anything except to the truths I had been preaching, seemed plainly to indicate what it was that had attracted their attention. So that I think the value of such wayside preaching may easily be over-estimated. It may arise from a want of faith on my part; but what little experience I have had would lead me to look for but little fruit in the way of conversions from a system of going about preaching to the crowds that assemble, and then passing on to another village. The people's minds are so filled with curiosity that they do not think much of the message spoken. The terms used are often somewhat strange to them; or, if they suggest any ideas, these are often very different from what we wish to convey. Then the truths taught are so new to them in all their extent, that it is exceedingly difficult for the speaker in an open air address to explain what the gospel scheme really is, and exceedingly difficult for the hearers to comprehend. Nor does this arise only, or mainly, from the indistinctness of utterance on the part of the missionary, though the difficulty, no doubt, is thereby increased.

"I remember once hearing two of our helpers speaking to a man for, I should think, about an hour, explaining the whole scheme of Redemption from Adam to Christ. At the end the man remarked 'Very good indeed! You come here to teach us, that we men are heaven-born and earth-nourished;" a favourite phrase oftheirs. He apparently had failed to grasp the idea that any strikingly novel doctrine had been presented for his acceptance. On another occasion the same two helpers went with me to a village near Toa-sia, where a large crowd immediately gathered. We got on to the steps of a temple, while they stood in an open space in front. Then we preached to them, sung to them, argued with them for a good while. Next evening a Chinaman from that village came to worship. It was the evening of a heathen festival, and on such occasions heathens are apt to be specially troublesome to their non-conforming relatives. This man, though not yet baptized, has a leaning towards Christianity, sufficient to lead him to give up observing heathen rites, so that that evening he was glad to leave his home to come and worship with us. He said he had heard of our visit from some of those who were present. Judging, apparently from some remarks he had heard, he said to us that it was well to be very plain when speaking to such an audience. 'Speak to them of the bad harvest last year, and they will understand you; but when you speak to them about their souls, they can't follow. They think they have seven, and get confused.'

At the same time I would be sorry that any one should think that such open-air preaching is of no use. It lets the people know that a new religion has come among them, one that "makes for righteousness," and demands their adhesion. If there be any dissatisfied with what they have, and seeking something better, it calls to them to come and investigate, and, if there be a chapel within easy reach of the place, it forms an important part of our aggressive work. Besides, often after hearing what we say, the people have their curiosity aroused, and are willing to buy tracts. I myself sold some seven hundred or eight hundred on this trip. These tracts, bought often, no doubt, in thoughtlessness or fun, may afterwards be the means of awakening thought and recalling to remembrance the words heard; so that though, perhaps, not much direct fruit may be looked for—and I understand that in the history of the mission, not much direct fruit has been seen from this department of our work—still we may believe that much may be done in the way of awakening inquiry, dispelling prejudice, and preparing the way for the subsequent establishment of the church."

BIBLE CIRCULATION IN GREECE.

The following report, communicated to the American Bible Society by one of their agents, describes the attitude of the Greek government, and of the ecclesiastical authorities there, towards the subject of the circulation of the Bible. It is evident that enlightened principles of religious freedom have still to struggle against suspicion and intolerance in Greece, a kingdom which has disappointed many of its too sanguine friends with regard to political progress. Greece is weighted with many difficulties and drawbacks, the origin of which is to be found far back in her history, but the natural resources of the country, and the endowments of the people, point to the possibility of an important future. The realisation of this must depend, as many instances prove, very largely upon the way in which the Holy Scriptures are freely welcomed as one among the influences by which the true progress and enlightenment of the nation are to be secured.

"One colporteur, Zepherius, spent most of the year in the Ionian Islands, several months in Corfu; in this latter island, where three years ago the agent for the British and Foreign Bible Society was near losing his life and not a book could be sold, our colporteur visited every village and cottage thoroughly, and succeeded in selling a number of copies of the Scriptures; indeed, he found that the circular of the government and synod had produced less effect there

than in other parts of Greece. But the greatest hindrance during the year was the opposition of the holy synod and government to the circulation of the Bible.

"For several years, colporteurs both of the American and British Societies have been from time to time arrested, their books seized, and they prohibited from selling. They have generally been released after a little while; but this year the matter was specially brought to the attention of the authorities, who promised to examine into it and in due time to give their decision. It seems that the question was referred to the holy synod, and the result was, that about the 1st of June the government issued an order forbidding the use in schools of certain books, a list of which was appended, whose teaching the holy synod had, after examination, declared to be contrary to the doctrines, traditions, sacraments, etc., of the Greek Anatolic Church; at the same time a second circular was issued to the governors (nomarchs) of the provinces virtually forbidding the circulation of said books as hurtful and dangerous. The first books on this list of forty-eight were all copies of the Holy Scriptures in the original Greek Septuagint, and in translations published by the British and American Bible Societies; of the others mentioned, almost all were old books, out of print, while one was a collection from one of the works of their own most celebrated writer, *Koray*, the father of modern Greek literature.

"Soon after these circulars were issued a short article was published in se eral of the Athens papers calling attention to the action of the government and synod, pointing out the character of the forbidden books, showing that the prohibitions would operate chiefly on the circulation of the Scriptures, and asking if this fairly represented the public sentiment and wish of the Greek people; and also declaring plainly that the great Bible Societies of Great Britain and America would not be deterred by this from their work in the kingdom, but would continue to circulate God's word, as they had a right to do under the constitution and laws of Greece.

"The effect of this publication was what we desired and expected. The question was at once and thoroughly discussed, in almost all its aspects and by most of the Athens newspapers. A majority of these papers, all but two, disapproved of the government's action and opposed it on various grounds, while several condemned the course both of the synod and the government in the severest terms.

"About the same time it was represented to General Read, the United States Minister at the court of Greece, that the books of the American Bible Society had been unfairly and unjustly condemned, and that the property interests of American citizens were injuriously affected by this unjust decision, and he was requested to call the attention of the government to this phase of the matter, and to request either that the prohibition be revoked or that the question as to the character of the books, especially the Scriptures, be submitted to some impartial tribunal, where we should have a right to a fair hearing. For we felt sure that no fair-minded and enlightened Greek would declare that God's word was contrary to the doctrines of his own church; that very word which to so great an extent had been preserved and handed down by that very church in the past, and the reading of which by even the common people had been so strongly recommended by their own *Chrysostom*, the "golden-mouthed." General Read very kindly and promptly took hold of the matter, and after first informing himself thoroughly, very courteously but fully represented it to the proper authorities.

The result of all was, that some six weeks after the first circular the government issued a third, which, purporting to be an answer to the inquiry of one of the nomarchs as to the meaning of the first circular, declared that it was not the design of the government to direct the arrest of the booksellers or the seizure of the books, but only through the nomarchs to warn the people against those *pestilential* books (a word hard to translate, but very strong and offensive).

"So that the attitude of the government at present is this: at the recommendation of the highest ecclesiastical authorities of the kingdom, the holy synod, it has declared that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, all and every part published by the Bible Societies of England and America, contain doctrines contrary to the teachings, traditions, sacraments, rites, and ceremonies of the Greek Church. (And who will dare gainsay the testimony of so august a body, and one so well qualified to testify that which they have seen and known?) It has furthermore prohibited the use of the Scriptures in all the public schools of the kingdom; and while declining formally to direct the seizure of the books and the arrest of the seller, which would have been plainly contrary to the spirit and letter of the Greek law, yet it has publicly and officially warned the people against the purchasing and reading of the Bible, and the minister of education and ecclesiastical affairs, over his own name and official signature, has declared the word of God to be 'pestilential matter.'

"In justice to the Greek people, however, it ought to be said that the conduct of neither government nor synod is approved by them, at least the more enlightened and intelligent, and it is believed that a majority would be glad to see the Bible freely circulated throughout the kingdom, and read in all the schools of the land; but that minister still retains his place, and continues to direct the educational and religious affairs of Greece!

"The effect of all this has been in most places to decrease the sales of the Scriptures, for many very naturally looked with suspicion upon books against which such emphatic warning had been given by both Church and State; but it is not believed that this diminution of circulation will be permanent, except so far as sales to schools are concerned, for the Greeks are very shrewd, and will soon find out that the books are neither hurtful to morals nor injurious to virtue and religion.

"This is well illustrated by an incident which occurred in Corfu, with which I will close this report. In one of the villages which had been visited before, when the people gathered about the colporteur and were about to buy some of his books, the parish priest told them not to get those books, for they were all heretical and condemned by the synod and forbidden by the government. A plain countryman, acting as spokesman for the rest, promptly replied, 'That is not so; we have those books, and they are good; besides, if they were really heretical, don't we know that the government would have them seized, and the man who sells them seized?' This silenced the priest, and the colporteur continued his work without further molestation."

"SETTLING A DIFFICULT QUESTION."

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LAPSED, BUT NOT LOST.

A Story of Roman Carthage.

By the AUTHOR of "The Schönberg-Cotta Family."

CHAPTER XIX.

THAT evening, as Valerian and Eucharis sate among the vines on one of the terraces Clement had last finished, the little children playing at their feet, Valerian said,

"To-morrow, then, at last, I go again to Carthage."

"*We* will go," she said, laying her hand in his, "if indeed thy strength is restored. I would not ask that we should delay a day."

"Strength will be given," he said quietly. "But I must go alone."

"Thou wilt not distrust me?" she said. "Have I ever weakened thee by look or word? Surely," she added, raising her clear soft eyes to his, "the old terrible fear is not creeping back over thee? Thou dost not fear I am to be a tempter to thee?"

"Nay," he said, "given by God that we should make each other His very best; given to me as His guard and angel abiding with me to lead me on. But, beloved, I am not going to denounce myself—to proclaim myself as one who has a right to seek the martyr's crown. I am going simply to unsay a lie. For thee to offer thyself up with me would be tempting them to do a wrong."

"Is this a sudden thought?" she said.

"I have thought of it for weeks," he replied, "but have not dared to tell thee. And," he added, taking the babes in his arms, "there are these; thine and mine for ever. How dare I suffer these to be bereaved of thee?"

"Nay, I am *thine* first and for ever," she said. "Of that I am sure. Do not seek to bewilder me from this."

"It is true," he answered; "it is true. If God calls thee, it will be; but not to-morrow. See what to-morrow brings to me."

"Dost thou command?" she said.

"I feel sure God would have it thus," he replied. "To obey is better than to sacrifice. He knows, beloved, what a sacrifice this obedience is."

She said no more.

All night she struggled silently with the agony of longing to go with him.

But in the morning she was ready.

As they knelt together alone, perhaps for the last time, she said, "Not our will, but Thine be done." And then, when they rose, she added, "Beloved, thy will is mine. God will have mercy, and not sacrifice. I will not cause any to do wrong. I will stay with thy babes, and with the lapsed ones thou lovest, and one day we will bring them home together."

And so he went forth in the early dusk alone, with a buoyancy of heart he had never felt in his brightest days, back to Carthage.

When he was out of sight, Eucharis went and told the sisters, and, together all day, the three women had but one thought in their hearts. But neither of them spoke of it.

And neither of them said any words of prayer. They knew not what to ask, and scarcely what to wish. Only, all day long, as they watched the babes and went about the household work, they were offering that most precious life to God.

The household tasks were done. In the heat of the noontide Viola was reading in a low voice the last letter from Bishop Cyprian, to Justa, resting wearily on the couch.

Eucharis was watching beside the sleeping children, when a step was heard, familiar, and yet sadly changed from the old buoyant tread, heavy and slow.

No one else heard it, and her heart seemed to stand still, and she almost fainted; but she felt if it was Valerian it could be no joyous return, and rapidly she crept out to intercept and meet him, that whatever sad tidings he had to tell, he might tell to her alone.

She met him outside the gate.

"I am come back to work for thee and thine," he said, trying to put a cheerfulness into his tone and look.

But she only took his hand, and drew him apart into their own room.

"A burden has been laid on thee, my beloved," she said. "Let me share it."

He sat down on the couch, and for the first time in her sight broke down utterly, the vainly repressed sobs convulsing his whole frame.

"They will not accept me. God will not take me," he said. "Thou must bear with me still, disgraced and dishonoured as I am. God may forgive, but the lost steps can never be retraced: the lost moment for confessing Him can never be given back."

Gently she drew the whole story from him.

The officials had treated his retractation

quite lightly, as a thing of no importance. At first they had spoken sarcastically, as if they thought Valerian wished to escape paying the fine involved in the certificate.

"Excuse us; you have duly paid part of your share in the encouragement to your sect to follow your prudent example, which we understand many did; but we cannot spare you the rest, a portion of that excellent farm. Just now the Government is more in want of farms to buy soldiers to fight the Goths with, than of Christians to make examples of. The order for the suppression of the sect for the moment has relaxed. At present we require nothing but the lands."

And when he insisted on giving up the certificate, they at first refused to receive it, and then after a consultation one of them said—

"There are two meanings to this agreement. One, that it is a pledge of your lands being made over to the State. That is irrevocable. The other, that it is a sign of protection to you That, if you please, you can certainly resign. Yours has been a wisely timed decision. The Emperor Decius is, as perhaps you have heard, in Pannonia, on the borders of the Empire, sorely pressed by the barbarians. Perhaps even worse. And for the moment we have other things to occupy us besides the scruples of the Christians."

"And so," Valerian said, after concluding this narrative, "I was dismissed. And there is no going back, no recovering the lost ground, no unsaying the evil words, no undoing the base deed for ever."

She looked up in surprise.

"Did you ever think there was, beloved?" she said. "I never did. Where then were the humbling, the blessed humbling? Forgiveness is forgiveness, nothing more, nothing less, melting us in the dust at His feet, lifting us up to heaven to His feet. What did you expect more than to be forgiven?"

He was silent some minutes.

"I see," he said at last, "I have been longing, perhaps not so much to serve the Master, as to wipe off the stain from my own name,—for thy sake, Eucharis, and the babes'."

"The stains are washed away with other blood than ours," she said. "In His own body He bore our sins."

"But how is the prodigal to know himself really forgiven," he replied, "except by being allowed once more to toil and serve as the child? The best robe and the fatted calf are good, and the Father's kiss must be heaven, at first. But after the feast we need the 'Go work in the vineyard,' the 'Come follow Me.' God forgive me if it is presumption; but if you could know how I thirst for something hard to do—something that shows I am trusted once more!"

"Is not this hard enough," she said, "to bear the scorn and the misunderstanding, such as that of to-day? I think," she added, "we can never go back; but I think there is not a point from which we may not go upward, and we will try. I think the sacred vestments of the Temple are not patched and mended vestments. The Master does not mend, He makes new. I think the sacred vessels of the Temple are not broken things pieced and cemented. If they are broken and have a flaw, they are thrown into the furnace again, be they potter's clay, or be they gold, and made perhaps more beautiful than before. It is His gold and His Temple. And He must have it all perfect."

"I see," he said after a long silence. "But we cannot choose our own furnaces."

That evening, for the first time, Priscus reappeared at the farm. He seemed uneasy, and desired to see Valerian alone.

"I have been much grieved at your illness," he said. "And, to-day, I was a little sorry to find you had been again to Carthage. It is scarcely prudent yet. This rumour about the Emperor might yet be disproved. And, of course, it is hardly to be expected they should relax as to the estate."

The hot blood rushed to Valerian's face.

"Prudent!" he said. "Do you think I waited till it was prudent? I went at the first moment I had strength. But why should you believe me?" he added, in a changed tone—"why should any one?"

Then, with a new impulse, putting himself aside, he held out his hand to Priscus.

"You meant well by me, I think," he said. "Perhaps, yet, you and I may stand together, not outside, but inside, not in yielding, but confessing."

Priscus hesitated. The generous impulse called out one in him.

"You did confess," he said, "and suffer bravely. And I—I never meant to forsake Christianity in the end. And now that that madman is slain, all will be right again."

Valerian felt unable and unworthy to debate.

And after a pause Priscus resumed.

"I am sorry about the farm. But I know you never had your heart in it as your brother had. And, in the hands of a friend, it will be much the same, if you will stay."

"In the hands of a friend?" said Valerian, bewildered.

"I felt no one would make such an advantageous arrangement as I could," Priscus replied. "And that money of my uncle's falling in just at the time made everything easy. I cannot be much here. Indeed, I often think of settling in Rome. The manners of the people one meets at Carthage are so provincial. The Christians have no tolerance, and the heathen no cordiality. You can live here as long as you like, and manage it for me, and send me a rent. I should not demand anything exorbitant."

This then was the "furnace" for the present; to live on in the old home, as tenants and servants of Priscus, the betrayer, the Libellaticus, the tempter, and be subject to his commands and his visitations. No burning, fiery furnace set up on the plain in sight of all the people, where the Three Martyrs might walk triumphant in the flames. A common household furnace heated with very common-place fuel, but hot enough to burn out a good deal of dross.

CHAPTER XX.

Patiently, and with a content of heart he could scarcely comprehend, Valerian took up the yoke laid on him, and set himself to make the best of the little fertile world Clement had created, for the new master, taking lessons of the old slaves in details he did not understand. He had agreed to pay a rent in kind, and thus to be rather a tenant than a bailiff. But it was not in the nature of Priscus not to assert his rights of proprietorship in detail. The form and time of paying the rent were frequently changed; fault, not always unjust, was found with the cultivation of certain fields and gardens, as compared with their state in Clement's time, and the weight of inferiority to Priscus and to Clement was made in a thousand ways to press sensibly on Valerian. The best rooms in the house were by degrees reserved for Priscus, and the family lived in those of the servants.

But, in no morbid sense, humiliation had acquired an indescribable sweetness for Valerian. He accepted slights at times, almost with gaiety, as if they were hints and tokens that his penitence was not rejected. In some strange manner, he felt more in the right way, and more consciously treading a path, less drifting in a pathless wilderness, than ever before.

The footprints of Clement seemed before him; and now and then, more than footprints of Another Whom he had begun first truly to follow when he seemed to desert; more than silent footprints of a vanished life—a Voice, saying, in each call of humble every-day duty, in every step down towards the lowest place, "Follow Me."

Healthy work of the hands it was to which he was called, the merciful, wholesome toil in the sweat of the brow to which the multitudes are called: the work of liberating nature from her oppressors, which he had once envied Clement, not, however, pursued as by Clement, with the stimulating sense of gathering an inheritance for his beloved, but simply as a day labourer, working for their daily bread.

But to him this was simpler and sweeter; not that he coveted humiliations, but since the destitution of martyrdom had become for him truly the highest place, property had ceased to be a thing to be coveted for him or his. By degrees also, as he began to cease to want martyrdom, as a restoration of his own dishonoured name, the ambitions of love began to displace the ambitions of self. And if at first even these brought suffering, as he felt to what his fall had reduced those he loved, the joy in their patience and cheerfulness, and all the treasures of mutual help poverty brought out in them, made the thankfulness sometimes deeper than the pain. It was given him also to have at their humble table the two lapsed Christians who had been brought so close to his heart; at this table he sate beside them, apart from the family, below the lowest slave, according to the rules prescribed for penitents.

Every day he sat beside them, and knelt beside them as the hymn went up at evening, the three silent voices which as yet dared not take up the Sacred Name in praise, adding depth to the music of all the rest.

Every day he kept the man beside him at his work in field and garden, their hands and their eyes meeting in the familiar labours, training, pruning, sowing, reaping, gathering together, till the terrible strained look slowly passed from the worn face, and human glances of recognition replaced the fixed impersonal gaze. Fellow-labourer, and fellow-servant, at least he had become with other men, and through these common services, the hope of the reknitting of the deeper ties might dawn at last on the troubled broken heart.

Morning and evening for a moment his face brightened always as he met the smile of Eucharis, the first human glance he had willingly met for years.

She called him always by his name, Justin,

not the feigned name he had chosen to give himself, but the true old name the wife had told her; and although at first he had resented this as a betrayal, by a severe glance at his wife, by degrees the familiar syllables in the quiet, glad tones seemed to welcome him like the touch of a mother's hand.

But tender and considerate as Eucharis was to Justin, her manner to Candida had an inexpressible sweetness, a reverence of pity, a patience of undying hope, at times a sisterly gaiety, at times a daughterly attention, that robed and crowned the poor, forlorn despised one in the sight of all as with bridal or royal robes; yet always unobtrusive and spontaneous, as a thing inevitable and in the natural course of things.

She herself smoothed the masses of hair sorrow had early made silvery, and (in defiance of Tertullian) arranged it around the well-shaped head in plaited coils.

She insisted on adding those tender touches to the coarse penitential dress, which gave to the slight bent form the simple grace belonging to it, turning the marks of time and grief on the worn face and bent figure, from signs of neglect as of something trampled on, to claims for reverence, as on a land hallowed by sacred, fruitful furrows. Yet the eyes of her husband steadily avoided her still; on her his reviving glance of human sympathy and recognition never rested.

Valerian's bearing to her was reverent as a son's, St. Paul's brief golden code of all chivalrous courtesy towards women being in her case blended with a peculiar tenderness.

But Eucharis could not induce him to plead for her with her husband.

"It would be useless," he said; "and besides, whatever other duties God laid on him, must for a long time to come, he felt, be fulfilled through deeds rather than through words, so worthless had the most eloquent speech become from lips that were forsworn!"

At length, therefore, Eucharis herself took courage, and lingering behind with Justin and Candida, as they returned one morning from the Church of the Catacombs, sending Candida on with a message to Valerian, she walked by Justin, and said to him, in a low grave voice—

"You are beginning to hope you may be forgiven!"

A strange unwonted severity in the gentle voice startled him, and he looked up. The eyes were as grave as the tones.

"You told me to hope!" he said in a tremulous voice.

"Our Lord has forbidden us not to hope," she said. "But He has also far oftener forbidden us not to forgive."

He glanced at her with a quick flash of interrogation.

"We must forgive all, save the tempter," he replied with a burst of bitterness. "The tempter is the devil; *she* was my temptress."

"What! are we not all children of a temptress?" Eucharis said; "a poor, bewildered, tempted, lapsed wife, who tempted her husband;—and was better nevertheless," she added, with a sudden flash of indignation, "than the husband she tempted. For he was base enough to accuse her to God, which she would never have done. The devil himself is an accuser as well as a tempter. Poor, tempted, forsaken Eve, how did she feel when she heard her husband accusing her to God? Shall I tell you how I think she felt? I think, being but a poor tempted woman, yet to be the mother of all living, God never suffered the fountain of love to be quenched in her heart, and while Adam was excusing himself and accusing her to God, and accusing God for giving her to him, I think poor Eve was prostrate in the dust of the wilderness at her husband's feet, at the feet of God, in the anguish of her humiliation accusing no one but only herself, and excusing him. And, therefore, I think, perhaps, in the heart of Eve, and not in his, first sprang up a Divine hope as she embraced her first-born, and welcomed him as "a man from the Lord," the man from whose race at last the Son of Man was to be given. But remember," she added, the look of joyful inspiration shining once more in her eyes, "Son of Man because Son of Mary, blessed for ever, blessed above all women. And from blessed Mary's lips came the first response which first reversed the curse. It was the adoring heart and subject will of a woman which, accepting the will of God, began to reverse the curse of Eve. Eve was tempted and fell, and herself tempted, but she never sank so low as to lose love and become an accuser." Then laying for an instant her hand on his, she concluded, "Our Lord may forgive those who, having been sorely tempted, fail and even tempt. But He cannot forgive those who, being faithfully loved, refuse to love, who being entreated for forgiveness refuse to forgive. Not Bishop Cyprian, not a council of the whole Catholic Church throughout the world, not the dying pleading of martyrs, not the dying lips of the Christ Himself, can absolve the heart in which such sin is cherished."

Justin fixed his eyes on her face with a mingled expression of anger, wonder, and awakening hope. And she left him.

CHAPTER XXI.

It was evening, and after the sultry heat of the day the family were once more gathered together at the evening meal; the sisters Viola and Justa at the head of the table, the slaves below them, and apart from all, in the garb of coarse sackcloth, Justin and Candida, with Valerian and Eucharis close to them, when a bent and feeble figure, in coarse raiment, soiled with sordid work and the dust of travel, appeared at the door, leaning like an old man on a thick staff.

No sound escaped the lips; the frank, wide-open blue eyes were fixed with a bewildered, horror-stricken gaze on Valerian. And Valerian was the first who, with a low cry of awe, such as might have greeted a disembodied spirit, uttered the name.

"Clement!" he exclaimed. "Brother" he did not dare to say; and in another moment he was at his brother's feet and embracing his knees.

Clement threw aside his staff, and, stooping down, threw his arms around his brother's neck and kissed him, and finding himself unable to raise him, knelt down beside him, locked in a close embrace.

Then rising himself, and resting his hand on Valerian's shoulder, he said—

"What does this garb mean? Who has so wronged thee? He was a confessor; he was tortured to the last point of endurance! I saw him. He fainted. I thought he had died, and that I should never see him again."

And slowly, as if recounting the deeds of a hero, Clement went over all the humiliations and torments they had inflicted on Valerian, and told of his silent, unmurmuring endurance unto what seemed death.

Eucharis knelt beside her husband, the tears streaming over her face as she looked up through them with a radiant smile at Clement.

"I knew how thou hadst endured," she said, "though thou wouldst never hear me speak of it."

"Who has so wronged him?" Clement resumed.

"I. None but myself. Who could have so dishonoured me but I myself?" Valerian answered. "I accepted a certificate of sacrifice; I sold thy birthright for it. Betrayed at once thy Lord, and thee, and all. This home is ours, is thine, no more," he added in a tone almost of despair, "and all through me."

Then Eucharis spoke to Valerian with a tender severity.

"Hast thou a right to malign thyself before us all?" she said, "and before this blessed one, who loves thee as his life, and to break his heart?" And then she told how Valerian had repented immediately and sought to return, of the long, perilous fever and agony, and of his journey back to Carthage, and resigning the certificate before the persecution closed.

Then a joyful smile came over Clement's face, which seemed to take the weary, care-worn, aged look away; he insisted on raising his brother; and with his arm around him he said, "This is no Libellaticus. I have been in the mines, and they call me a martyr or confessor. But he endured more than I, before he fainted; he has endured more since, and the Church must recognise and honour him. And together we will go to the Altar, together to God our exceeding joy."

The whole little company pressed ardently around Clement's feet. "Confessor! martyr!" they cried, kissing his feet, his hands, the hem of his poor travel-stained miner's garments.

And Valerian murmured, with head bent down and lips pressed on his brother's arm,

"To the altar, if ever, brother, absolved through thee!"

But Clement gently disengaged himself from their passionate, almost adoring homage.

"Brothers, sisters," he said, with a tender austerity, looking down on all, "You humble me in the dust. You make me wish to sink and hide beneath the earth, in the grave, in the mines whose darkness has covered me so long. Who am I, that you so honour me? What but a common soldier that has simply stood in his rank—has been called to do what the whole host would have done if they had been called?" And laying his hand on Valerian, he added in tremulous tones "He endured more. What were my sufferings, with my easy, quiet nature, my nerves braced by outdoor work, my imagination like a child's, unburdened with more than the moment's load, to his? Take a courser from the Arab tents, sensitive, eager, the noblest creature of its kind, and try to make it endure what you inflict on a dull beast of burden. Some can suffer more in one nerve than others in their whole body. The quick imagination can gather the agony of a life into a moment. And,"

he added lowering his voice, "the heights must be measured by the depths. Think what he had to lose. Yet I am not defending him, unless against himself. I am only defending myself against your homage. What is a Christian, but a sinful creature Christ has redeemed, a feeble creature Christ upholds? What is a 'confessor,' martyr even (and I am no martyr), but simply one who cannot bring his lips to say the Son of God is not what He is. Have you so little faith in Him as not to know He has the making of His martyrs in you all? This is our martyr," he said, tenderly laying his arm with a smile on the shoulder of Justa.

Eucharis lifted one of the children, the little Charis, to his arms. But the little one was shy, and frightened at the strange earnest voice and soiled garments, and hid her face on her mother's shoulder, and set up a little moan.

"See," he said, with a smile, "the babes understand better, they know I am but a weary, worn, mortal man. Take me back as the son from the far country; if you will, kill the fatted calf for me, and give me the new robe, and shoes on my feet, for they have had none these many days. But I pray you set me on no cold and lonely pedestal. Take me among you once more as one of yourselves."

And so in a short time, after the bath and the change of raiment, Clement sat among them as of old at the simple meal, and that evening went his old journey of inspection round the farm, observing and directing as of old, so that one of the old slaves shook his head, almost grumbling, in a bewildered way, and said that night to another as he went home from work—

"Is that all the difference it makes to be a martyr? No more change than that? He spoke as sharply about the old horse having a sore on its shoulder, and cared about that branch of the vine being broken for want of support, as if he had not been at the Tribunal at all."

"Very strange," was the reply. "And they do say, it is all none of his now—all sold to that dainty gentleman from Rome. Yet if he had died under the torture, he would have had the crown. What becomes of the crowns when the martyrs do not die?"

But Eucharis heard them, sitting with her children gathering grapes under a thick trellis, as they passed. And she rose and met the old men, and said—

"Do not you see the crown? The holy angels see it. And I think they saw it long before he went to the Tribunal."

And as she went down the terraces he had made so carefully, and along the garden he had watered, she sighed bitterly as she said aloud to herself, "None of it his now! None of all this dear world, that he made so fair, ever more his own!"

But little Charis was possessed with the thought of the crown.

"Do you see it, mother?" she asked, eagerly. "Is it of gold or of flowers?"

"We shall all see it when our eyes are opened, darling," she said. "Of gold more beautiful than flowers, and flowers more lasting than gold."

The little ones were prattling on together, when Clement joined them, and Charis was quite content now to be enthroned in his arms.

She pressed her small dimpled hands investigatingly on his forehead, and looked wondering in his eyes.

But all the evening she would not leave him, until she fell asleep with her head on his breast. She did not wake until her mother had taken her from his arms and had gently laid her on her own little bed.

And then suddenly she woke, and sat up and said—

"Mother, I didn't *feel* it either, the crown. Where is the crown?"

"He has laid it at the feet of Jesus, the Good Shepherd," she said.

"I am so glad," she said. "I couldn't lay my cheek close against a crown." And, contentedly, she fell asleep again.

When Eucharis came back she found Valerian and Clement alone in earnest debate.

Clement looked up at her and said, "Sister, if by being allowed to confess and suffer I have earned anything from you, it is that you should believe me. You who see the sufferer may, in your generosity, exaggerate the sufferings you do not share into something unlike all the rest of life, and us who suffer into a patrician order apart from the people. What it may be with others, I know not. But I do know what this confessing and suffering has been to me. If I was strengthened to take that last step which seemed to you a soaring flight, I know I was only able because it was one of many previous steps. And perhaps," he added in a low voice, "not the roughest. Cease to set me apart as a consecrated being, otherwise than as you all are consecrated. For me, at least, inside this shrine of martyrdom, the exaggeration and the

halo did not exist. There, alone in the mines, toiling through the days that were nights, for gains that would never enrich me or mine, I learned some lessons. I learned, beloved, that I had sunk below the true place of a soldier of Christ, the glorious place of the day-labourer, and had been labouring, not gloriously as one with a commission from the King, for Him, but sordidly, as those who know Him not, for the things themselves. I do not exaggerate. It was not entirely so, or the steps would have led the other way, and not, as thank God they did, to the mines. Dear to me was every stone of those rebuilt terraces, every one of those fields and trees and vines; for your sakes, I had thought, for His sake who gave the work, I thought, but too much I know now for their own. I waked to it, first, the night when Priscus told us of the persecution. I dreamt the soulless things were feeding on my dead heart, on me buried and entombed beneath them. And in the mines, once more—nay, as never before—I woke to the glorious joy of being not my own, but altogether redeemed, and doing every stroke of work as a slave, a ransomed willing slave of the crucified King, the Son of God. And every stroke of the pick-axe made music in my heart, as if it had been a note in a Eucharistic hymn. See, beloved; God knew me and taught me, and a pure joy it was to hear those poor old men to-night say, I cared as much for the work, and looked after it as sharply as if it were still all my own. Not you, brother, God—God, has abased me, has raised me thus a little nearer the place He took Whose poor garments, given in charity, were gambled for before He died. And brother," he continued, laying his hand on Valerian's shoulder, with a tenderness in his tone which obliged the downcast eyes to lift themselves to him, "brother! in other ways I think our Lord has been teaching thee. We had all set thee on a pinnacle; and ah! beloved, there is no serving and little praying on any pinnacles. And now thou art beside the lowly ones, loving, honouring all, ready to place thyself beneath all. And beside thee, there, I see Him who made Himself of no reputation, and, holy and immaculate for ever, was baptized among the publicans and sinners. Only, by the laws of the Church and the external order which must be reverently obeyed, to thee it is given to show thy penitence and to wear the sackcloth; while to me, though the faithful honour and exalt me with an honour which, for His name's sake who strengthened me, I dare not refuse—to me, beloved, knowing all the while what I was and am, it is only permitted to wear the sackcloth inwardly, wrapped around my soul. But to-morrow," he said rising, "I go to Bishop Cyprian and ask him for thy absolution."

"Never without a public penance," Valerian said in a low voice. "Not even, brother, as the price of thy suffering. Am I wrong? Is this also pride?"

"I think not," Clement said. "I understand. The sackcloth would be welcome to me."

"Yet thou mayst use thy patrician rights," Valerian added, "for those two lapsed ones; they sacrificed, which men think a deeper fall. Plead for them. For the desire of my heart is, if ever I am permitted to receive the Holy Eucharist again, it may be with them—by their side."

CHAPTER XXII.

Decius was slain in battle, perishing with his army on the Pannonian frontier at the hands of the Goths. The persecution ceased for the time, and once more the purged and sifted Church of Carthage was free to meet openly in the city.

Strange separatings and unitings! Since last they met, testings by fire, revealings by fire of what had been or had not been before the fire came to try it.

There was Celerinus, with the bright evidences of his wounds, and limbs and his sinews worn out with tedious wasting away, grandson and nephew of martyrs, now the first in this new struggle, the leader of the soldiers of Christ, so that the title of confessor, as Cyprian said, was no unfamiliar or novel thing in his race; he simply advanced in the footsteps of his kindred.

And his reward was to read the precepts and gospel of the Lord to the Church, so that "the voice which had confessed the Lord might be heard daily in those things which the Lord spoke. There is nothing in which a confessor can do more good to the brethren, than that, while the reading of the gospel he so bravely and faithfully followed is heard from his lips, every one who hears should imitate the faith of the reader."

There was Aurelius, very young, yet twice a confessor, "excellent in dignity and lowly in humility," taking as the highest honour, "after the sublime words which spoke out the witness of Christ, to read the gospel of Christ *whence martyrs are made*," and "since joy is always hasty and gladness can bear no delay," reading on the Lord's Day for Cyprian himself.

There was Numidicus, chosen to be ordained presbyter, "illustrious as he was by the brightest light of confession," his first exhortations having been uttered on the pile among the flames and stones, where he encouraged many to die, his own wife dying at his side, and he himself left for dead, scorched, and bruised, and crushed among the stones and ashes, whence his daughter, searching for the corpse, had the strange joy of bringing him out alive.

There were numbers of tender, lowly, and faithful ones who pleaded for the pardon of the lapsed. Celerinus "leader and first," fervently pleaded for his own lapsed sister. For such Cyprian had words of fervent homage and gratitude.

There were also some whom their confession seemed to have lifted up so that they demanded absolution for the fallen as the price of their own blood. For these Cyprian had fatherly warnings.

Had they suffered anything rather than sacrifice? and would they have the Church treat sacrificing as if it were nothing?

And corresponding to these among the lapsed were easy and self-excusing consciences, who claimed their pardon, not as the gift to the repentant of the Christ they had denied, but as an indulgence to sin.

To these—germs of more than one separation and real schism from undisciplined pride—Cyprian was austere as our Lord to the Pharisees.

Sin, sin, faithlessness, failing was *the* evil. True forgiveness, which might make the forgiving Lord and the absolving Church of the faithful dearer than ever, he could not refuse to declare. But easy absolution which might be an indulgence to sin, was poison. No physician, he said, would give the food of the healthy to the sick. "God was not the God—the Church not the Church—of the dead but of the living."

But for those who were contrite and broken-hearted, the bishop had welcomes, grave indeed and sad, such as truly penitent hearts would desire, but inspiring to new hope and to new possibilities of faithfulness in the future.

He had returned to Carthage.

And his words of mercy, discriminating faithfully between one sin and another, and one repentance and another, fell like healing dew on the broken hearts of Valerian and Candida.

"God did not make death," the bishop said. "Assuredly He who wills that none should perish chooses that sinners should repent, and by repentance should return again to life. In the Psalms we read as well the rebuke as the clemency of God, threatening at the same time as He spares, punishing that He may correct, and when He has corrected, preserving.

"The Lord also in His gospel setting forth the love of God the Father, says, 'If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give His good things to them that ask Him.' The Lord is here comparing the Father after the flesh, and the eternal and liberal love of God the Father.

"But whereas the Lord left the ninety-and-nine who were whole, and sought after the one wandering and weary, and Himself carried it, when found, upon His shoulders, we, on the contrary, not only do not seek the lapsed, but drive them away when they come to us.

"See! a wounded brother lies stricken by the enemy on the field of battle.

"There, the devil is striving to slay him whom he has wounded: here, Christ is exhorting that he whom He has redeemed may not wholly perish. Whether of the two do we assist? On whose side do we stand? Whether do we favour the devil that he may destroy, and pass by our prostrate lifeless brother, as in the gospel did the priest and Levite? or rather, as priests of God and Christ, do we imitate what Christ taught and did, and snatch the wounded man from the jaws of the enemy, that we may preserve him healed for God the judge?"

With tender fatherly discrimination he entered into the various temptations which had led to the fall, distinguishing those whose lips no unholy food of sacrifice had touched, whose hands had thrown no incense on false shrines, from those who, advised perhaps by false friends among the clergy or laity, had accepted the certificate, and so saved their kindred. And even among those who had sacrificed, he recognised many degrees of temptation and of sin.

These distinctions gave no comfort to Valerian, whose whole rest lay in accepting the lowest place. But there, in the depths, the strong declarations of the will of God being life, of the large and liberal love of the Father, flowed like a fresh baptismal stream over his soul.

Only to Justin the bishop's words, and the permission for public confession and penitence, and the promise of absolution, seemed to bring no peace.

Still he gnawed his heart apart.

"She tempted me," he said to himself, "and I fell. But for her I might have stood where Clement, where Celerinus, where Aurelius stand."

Yet the words of Eucharis had pierced his conscience, if not his heart.

And on the morning of the day of public penance, as they stood together, he and his wife—she with her masses of silvery hair falling loose and dishevelled around her, as at a funeral, he with shaven head like a criminal, both in sordid sack-cloth, sprinkled with dust and ashes—he took her hand, and looking steadfastly in her face, without tenderness, but without anger, he said, calling her for the first time by name, "Candida, my wife, may God forgive thee!"

And she, sinking on the ground at his feet, looked up with streaming, imploring eyes, in his grave, worn face, venturing at last to utter to him the self-accusation which ceaselessly filled her heart.

"Thou wert so strong and brave, and couldst have done so much, and I have made thy life a waste and a ruin. There is forgiveness; but what can give thee back the lost years?"

As she spoke, like a vision from heaven, Eucharis appeared at the door, she also in sackcloth, and with her masses of chestnut hair around her like a veil.

She was withdrawing, but the words of Candida and the agony in her face, and the stony gravity of his, drew her forward in spite of herself, and standing before him with her eyes not fixed on him but looking far away—

"Brother! brother!" she said, "there has been ice in thy heart. Take heed that the heart which has so fondly clung to thee, be not taken from thee to Him who loves. There has been hell in thy heart. Not she, but the merciful Christ who knew thee better, kept thee, kept thee through her fond foolish words from dying what might have seemed the martyr's death. For not for Him wouldst thou have died. Think what it might have been to rise from the stake and the confession, not to His welcome and the martyr's crown, but to the blank look of rejection in His face, and the words 'Depart from me, I never knew you,' you who never knew love."

But Candida sobbed, "Ah, lady, lay no burden on him; you did not know him. I did. He might have been a Cyprian but for me."

Then Eucharis knelt down for an instant beside Candida, and laying the throbbing heart on her breast, and kissing the tearful eyes, she rose and left them once more together.

For some time they neither of them moved.

And then Justin knelt down beside her and taking her hand laid it on his heart, and said—no more in his hollow impassive voice, but in tremulous broken tones,—

"Lord Jesus, we have sinned against Thee and against each other; but I more; longer, and much more."

Then rising, he drew her gently up beside him, and laid the drooping head on his breast and smoothed the silvery tresses, half in benediction, but more with something of the old fondness, and murmured old familiar words of endearment which she had never dreamed she would hear again.

The public confession and penance were comparatively little to those whose bitterest and sweetest confessions had been made long before to each other and to God, and whose penitence was bound for ever in blessed humiliation around their inmost hearts.

Yet were they a solemn seal and consecration, and a recognition of the unity of the Body of Christ—the Church; all sin being sin not only against Him, but against her, against each other; all grace of forgiveness or of faithful suffering being part of the common tide of life flowing from the sacred heart through all the many members, through all the one Body.

Together side by side the three knelt and confessed before all, and before all received with bowed heads the absolution of all the Church through the hands of the bishop and the clergy.

And beside them knelt Eucharis, though by her husband's command forbidden to wear the penitential garb she had put on, kneeling in her simple white robe among the penitents and receiving the benedictory touch from Cyprian's hands.

And together, by his especial sanction, they went afterwards to the altar of God, to God their exceeding joy.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE home among the hills continued, more peaceful than ever. Candida and Justin remained on the estate, living apart in a cottage trellised with vines. Clement pursued his old work of aiding and liberating nature from her foes, and guiding her to her highest ends; no longer complicated by peril of being buried beneath the multitude of the things that he possessed, since he

worked as a day-labourer for Priscus, whose conscience, quite healed of its little scratches of regret, inclined him to look on himself as a benefactor whose gift of prudence had saved the family of his friends from ruin.

He still regretted, indeed, that Viola would not be induced to take the same view, and he had an uneasy sense that neither the Church to which he was reconciled nor the heathen world quite appreciated his position. But at all events they appreciated his farm and his feasts, and in this imperfect world, Priscus concluded, one cannot have everything.

There are certain stern and towering virtues, there is a certain exalted and rigid piety, he considered, which no doubt have their value; and the lowly dwellers on the lower levels, without whom the common needs of those lofty souls could not be supplied, must be content with their easier paths and their tamer glories.

With him then remained the splendours and the gains and the cares; with them the honours and the heights. Only, sometimes he thought it was perhaps rather an uneven distribution of Providence, that not only the lofty joys of religion, but the simple joys of human life seemed assigned more largely to these exceptional Christians.

There was a gaiety of heart in the impoverished and toiling family, laughter as joyous as that of their children's, a freedom of heart, and it seemed even a capacity for giving, greater than his; for they had received more than one orphan of those martyred in the persecution, and it was clear that the bent and aged man whom Valerian had chosen to associate in his penitence ("as if a Sacrificatus and a Libellaticus were to be mentioned in the same breath!") could not earn his salt. Whereas he who had the house and estate found that the servants, and the entertainments, and the style of living expected of a man in his position quite absorbed his revenues.

Yet, if he had watched as Eucharis had watched, or even Clement, he might have known there was one heart in that happy, tranquil household, which with all its penitence, and humility, and even content —with all its wealth of love and of loving —never lost the longing to be trusted once again and tried, to be given once more something hard to do, something mighty to say for the Church and the Lord.

Great gifts had been given to Valerian; not those external gifts which can be contentedly laid down and which may enrich in being resigned, but interior gifts of heart and mind which can never be laid down, and which eat into the soul when they lie unused, imaginative insight into other men's hearts, eloquent speech to move men's hearts to their depths, and lift them to their true heights.

He was content, indeed, as long as it should be appointed him, to be silent, to labour with his hands from morning to night; but with him the work of the farm was not as with Clement, work of vocation, and therefore employment of the whole being, but work of endurance, which left the larger half of his nature unemployed.

Therefore to him this toil and silence could only be preparatory. They might last thirty years and prepare for three of ministry; no Christian would murmur at that proportion; they might last all this earthly life and prepare for service in the large enduring world, where they serve day and night. But brief, or long, or life-long, this could be to him only a time of waiting and training.

The end was coming sooner than he thought, though slowly. A terrible shadow of death was sweeping over the shores of Africa. The plague was approaching; in two years it spread from Ethiopia and Egypt, along those thickly peopled and fertile coasts, creeping slowly and steadily on, irresistible and inevitable, folding its deathly coils round one after another of those prosperous cities which rose within sight of each other, till at last it reached Carthage.

There, like an organized blood-tax, like one of those cruel tributes of young and cherished lives claimed by a victorious foe, it passed systematically from house to house and from street to street, until all the land was foul and dark with it.

Clement and Valerian both watched the slow advancing of the murderous tide, with awe and sympathetic horror, but yet with a strange difference of feeling unconfessed to each other or to themselves: Clement as if it were to be an end, Valerian as if it were to be a beginning, a call through death to higher life.

Into house after house the relentless enemy came, with terrible abruptness and swiftness, carrying off rich and poor in the fulness of life. Some fled their houses, and many fled from the city. Some cast their dead and dying out from their houses "as if they could cast out death with the dead."

The streets were strewn with corpses, unburied. The city became an open cemetery.

Then Cyprian appeared at the head and front of the peril.

He had retired from the persecution to a place of refuge near, as a true chief and leader choosing the reality of service to his people rather than the reputation of personal courage. He had been content to be misunderstood by some, and even accused of cowardice; whilst by wise and sober yet burning words he had from his exile encouraged the confessors to suffer, touched the impenitent lapsed with noble shame, and inspired those who despaired after their fall to renewed courage and hope, and while rendering ardent and loyal honour to the martyrs, had restrained the exaggerated homage which would, ultimately, have lowered both the martyrs and the whole Church.

But now that every street of Carthage was a focus of infection and the true peril was that the Church might abandon her duty, Cyprian was in the midst of his flock again.

He gathered his people together in one place, and implored them not to do as the heathen were doing around them, forgetting all care and duty in a panic of selfish terror. He reminded them how God loved mercy, and inspired them with noble examples from times of old. Nor would he suffer them to let their mercy be limited to the Christians, to their own people. A glorious opportunity was open to them of recompensing with loving service at the peril of life, the scourge, the rack, and the stake so lately inflicted on them. They must not be content with cherishing their own people, there was nothing wonderful in that, publicans and sinners would be kind to those who were kind to them. They were called to something more, to love their enemies, as the Lord had done, and had commanded them; to practise a clemency which was like that of God, of Him who made His sun to shine on the evil and the good, exhibiting all these kindnesses not to His own only, but to aliens.

"It becomes us," he said, "to answer to our birth, and it is not fitting that those who are born of God should be degenerate, but rather that the sonship of a good Father should be proved by the emulation of His goodness."

At once the multitude before him, the Church of Carthage, from a portion of the broken and panic-stricken crowds around, rose at the bishop's word and by his guidance to the sense of their true dignity and place and power, into a great society of beneficence, an organization of mercy in this needy, stricken world.

"The various ministrations," says Cyprian's friend and deacon, Pontius, "were carefully distributed according to the quality of men and their degrees. Many who by the straitness of poverty were unable to manifest the kindness of wealth, manifested more than wealth, making up by their own labour a service dearer than all riches."

Some devoted themselves to the burying of the multitudes of dead, and meantime to the scaring away of the troops of dogs which began to feed on them.

Some distributed bread among the women and children deprived by the pestilence of the bread-winners.

Some gave water and food, and such medicine as they knew of, to those already stricken with the plague, or soothed the poor dying sufferers, exhausted with fever and loss of blood, and all the loathsome symptoms of the disease.

They did this, knowing well themselves, and warned by Cyprian, that they were armed themselves with no charm against the infection. "Some wondered," he said, "that there was no exemption for the faithful from the ravages of this terrible plague, no distinction between the heathen and the Christian. The distinction, he reminded them, lay not in exemption from death, but in what death had become to them, the gate of life and everlasting joy."

And so, with the scars and mutilations of persecution fresh on them, maiming and enfeebling their bodies, these Christians went forth joyfully at the word, and in the steps of the Master, to "do good to those who had entreated them spitefully and persecuted them."

And the Church rose for a time incontrovertibly and visibly to her glorious place as an organization of charity through the world.

The brothers Clement and Valerian came hastily back from Cyprian's eloquent oration to organize the household at the farm for aid in the work.

Priscus had long since fled, seeing nothing but insanity, moral and mental, in exposing his precious life to this indiscriminating foe. If he wished, he said, Clement might send what he liked to Carthage, reserving a moderate rent for him. The provinces evidently were not the sphere destined for him, and he did not think he should return.

The whole products of the farm, therefore, were at the disposal of the Christian family.

Justa alone remained constantly at the home, to take care of the children, to direct the slaves, and to send off every morning fresh

fruit and milk and provisions of all kinds to the city. Viola was to come every morning and evening to bring tidings of what was most needed, and to guide the distribution.

Clement undertook the most perilous office of burying the dead.

After a faint resistance Valerian suffered Eucharis to join him in ministering to the sick and the dying in the city.

Together they commended their children in prayer to God, and then to the arms of Justa and Viola.

Even these precious little ones were not to be exempted from their share in the peril, since Viola and the slaves were necessarily to come and go continually between the house and the infected city.

Alone the husband and wife went forth in the early morning together.

Clement had gone the night before, and Viola was to follow, with Justin and Candida, from their hut, with the provisions.

Once more along the familiar paths among the vineyards and gardens, the fresh breezes from the sea playing around them, the sweet wholesome vines and fragrant shrubs sending up their delicate incense through the dewy air, up and down Clement's familiar terraces, through the shadows of the gently-stirring leaves, they walked together.

They paused for a few minutes on the seat by the wayside well, where they had met in that terrible dawn when Valerian was returning vanquished from the prison.

"It is given us at last," she said, "to encounter peril for Him, for our Lord, together."

He was silent for a minute, and then he said, with a tremulous voice, but with a look of hope and resolution such as she had not yet seen in his face,—

"Together, now, beloved. But the pestilence is no common pile where voluntary martyrs suffer death together and together go to God. Death in the pestilence is lonely as in the home. Are you prepared even for this?"

For he thought of himself as summoned at last, and of her returning, perhaps, alone by those familiar ways.

"I am not ready, beloved, to part from thee," she said. "How can anything make me ready for that but the hand of God? I am content we should be in the hands of God. I cannot say more than that. I cannot look at such a horror; but need I? I can look at Him—at His hand, our Lord's, pierced for us—at His face; is not that enough?"

They knelt together a few minutes in speechless prayer, and then they went on to the stricken city.

A few days afterwards, in the deserted house where they had nursed a plague-stricken mother to recovery, Eucharis and Valerian were alone together once more: she, stricken, on a lowly couch, he kneeling beside her.

The summons to the bitter parting had come, but not for him.

It fell on him as a terrible impossibility, something incredible and contrary to nature, which it would be quite simple and natural that any miracle should be sent to counteract.

This angel of mercy that had risen for them out of the sea, this heavenly creature who had inspired him to hope, and other lost souls to love, full of life and joy as a happy child, full of immortal strength and helpfulness, he thought, as the young men in shining raiment at the sepulchre, it was impossible that she could be seized and holden of death, of a common loathsome pestilence like this.

The room must be full of holy succouring angels watching over her, ministering to her even as she lay there.

He had but to wait; he might not see them, but one would surely come and take her by the hand, and death would fall off from her like the chains from Peter, and she would rise and go forth with him!

The angels were there indeed, though he did not see them, and some divine touch was laid on her burning hands, and death, with the mortal life he had smitten, did fall off from her like a broken fetter.

But never more would she go forth with him.

"Dost thou remember," she said, with interrupted breath, "when we knelt together outside at the Catacombs, and thou bad'st me go up to the altar, 'nearer thee there with Him, thou saidst, than even by thy side?' It was true, beloved, and I am going." And then with a long, wistful gaze upwards, "I am ready. I see Thy face! It is enough." Then one more long, wistful gaze on him, "The babes, this poor world,—need thee a little longer. Never be afraid of loving too much. I am going to Christ; and He is love. Nearer thee, beloved, with Him, nearer thee."

At intervals she tried to speak again, but often the parched lips refused utterance.

Yet once he though the heard words like "To those who know Him not, to those who never heard——"

And again, "Lord, I have not loved him too much. He has not loved me too much. Love is Thy will, is Thyself. More love—more—to Thee—to all; not less, more love—more of Thee. Go forth, beloved," she would murmur; "do not stay with me; go on with the succour—you will follow me soon."

And then as a refrain recurring often, "Nearer thee, beloved, with Him, nearer thee."

And so she passed away from his sight. And he was called to the sacrifice which was *the* sacrifice to him, which was death, which was the cross; yet, not a terrible wrong and mistake, but the very footsteps in which he had asked to tread.

Together the brothers laid the beloved in a quiet place they found a little out of the city.

And for the first time, as they embraced each other beside her grave, a vision came to Valerian of how Clement had loved her.

"Thy sacrifice," he murmured, "was made long ago. No wonder thou wast ready for martyrdom."

They did not linger by the sacred grave. They raised a cross to mark it, and then resolutely they went back to their post in the stricken city: Clement to lay the dead in the earth consecrated by her lying beneath it; Valerian to succour the sick, and minister to the dying.

Alone, and yet he felt not alone. His lips seemed opened, as if the dear silent voice spoke through them; all the old eloquence came back to them, and to many who heard him, his words of faith and love were as the priests' feet of old bearing the ark and keeping back the waves, so that they passed the dreaded river as the King's highway, and entered the King's presence as through the Beautiful Gate of the Temple.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE little hut where Justin and Candida had once found a home was empty. The two she had so loved and succoured were summoned from their labours of love in Carthage to trace the same path as Eucharis. The farm had become a home for orphan children and young maidens left destitute by the persecution and the pestilence.

Patiently Valerian went back to the old life without Eucharis, to fulfil her purposes and carry out her life in the old familiar ways, if such were the will of God, alone.

But this was not demanded of him.

The true sacrifice, as so often, was one God only could recognise, but his devoted service in the pestilence was a sacrifice the Church and the bishop could recognise as an expiation for his failure in confession, and as a claim to ordination.

He was chosen and ordained deacon and presbyter. He was called to be much about Cyprian, seeing the gravity and joyousness, strictness and severity, of his rule and life.

Once more it was given to him to speak eloquent words to the listening people, with the weight of a true life to sustain them, and with a faith which left him no doubt what was shadow and what was substance, with a love to Christ which by degrees made it even a joy to think that Eucharis had the joy of being with Him.

Not long after her death, Cyprian had sent a large contribution to Bishop Numidicus to ransom several Christians who had fallen into the hands of the Goths when the Emperor Decius was slain and his army lost.

With this ransom Valerian obtained permission to go among the Goths, to fulfil his old purpose, and the dying wish of Eucharis, to bear the name of Christ among those who had never heard it.

And Clement and the sisters, abiding in their calling and place in the Church, felt nearer him in what they felt to be his true place and calling than if he had remained with them.

After he left the persecution broke out again, under the Emperor Valerian, but this time especially directed against the bishops and chiefs of the Church.

Cyprian was as ready now to suffer death at the head of his flock as before to suffer misunderstanding and exile to succour them.

He was arrested in the gardens near the city which he had once sold for the poor, and which the Church had purchased back for him.

Tranquil and majestic, the officers of justice treated him as a fallen prince, and the multitudes, Christian and heathen, thronged his road to the scaffold as if he had been a sentenced emperor.

"Art thou Thascius Cyprian," the proconsul asked, "the bishop of so many impious men? The most sacred emperor commands thee to sacrifice."

Cyprian answered, "I will not sacrifice."

"Consider well," the proconsul rejoined.

"Execute your orders," was Cyprian's reply. "The case admits of no consideration."

The orders were clear for the proconsul and for the bishop. He was led by the racecourse, to finish his course with joy;

the Christians pressed around him with passionate homage, for a look or a touch; and in an open field close to Carthage, surrounded by trees which the multitudes climbed to see him die, gentle, and fearless, and tranquil, he submitted his neck to the axe and was slain.

* * * * *

A century and a quarter passed over the North African Church, and the persecutions of Christianity by the Roman Empire were over for ever. Still the Church was militant in the world, and in a chapel by the coast of Carthage, dedicated to St. Cyprian, a Christian mother spent the night in agonies of tears for her son, lost, it seemed, to her and to God.

The greatest Father of the African Church has told it in his Confessions:

"But why I went hence and went thither thou knowest, O God! yet shewedst it neither to me nor to my mother, who grievously bewailed my journey, and followed me as far as the sea. But I deceived her; holding her by force that she might not either keep me back, or go with me, and I feigned that I had a friend whom I could not leave till he had a fair wind to sail.

"And I lied to my mother, and such a mother! and escaped: for this also hast thou mercifully forgiven me, preserving me thus full of execrable defilements from the waters of the sea for the water of thy grace, whereby, when I was cleansed, the streams of my mother's eyes should be dried, with which for me she daily watered the ground. And yet refusing to return without me, I scarcely persuaded her to stay that night in a place hard by our ship, where was an oratory in memory of the Blessed Cyprian. That night I privately departed, but she was left behind in weeping and prayer.

"And what, O Lord! was she with so many tears asking of thee but that thou wouldst not suffer me to sail?

"But thou, in the depth of thy counsel, and *hearing the main point of her desire, regardedst not what she then asked, that thou mightest make me what she ever asked.*

"The wind blew and swelled our sails, and withdrew the shore from sight, and she, on the morrow, was there frantic with sorrow, and with complaints and groans filled thine ears, who didst then disregard them; whilst through my desires thou wert hurrying me to end all desire; and the earthly part of her affection to me was chastened by the allotted scourge of sorrows. For she loved my being with her, as mothers do, but much more than many; and she knew not how great joy thou wert about to work for her out of my absence. She knew not, therefore did she thus weep and wail, and by this agony there appeared in her the inheritance of Eve, in sorrow seeking what in sorrow she had brought forth. And yet after accusing my treachery and hard-heartedness, she betook herself again to intercede with thee for me, she went to her wonted place and I to Rome."

Monica to her desolate home, and Augustine to Rome, to Milan, to Ambrose, to his conversion, to Christ, to God, to his bishopric, to his martyrdom in his episcopal city of Hippo by the Arian Vandals.

A few hundred years more and the whole North African Church, in those flourishing cities by the coast, was swept away, trampled to death under the iron pressure of Islam.

Yet still the sweet and sacred names of her three saintly mothers—the two young martyr-mothers Perpetua and Felicitas, and Monica, pure and fervent type of self-sacrificing mother's love, for ever perfume the whole Church of God as with the ointment very precious from the broken alabaster vase.

And still from the three eloquent voices of her three great men and fathers, Tertullian, Cyprian, and Augustine, "the echoes roll from soul to soul," the living inspiration breathes from heart to heart, in lands and languages they never dreamt of, from age to age throughout the Church of Him for whom they lived and died. For, as Tertullian said, "*this community will be undying.*"

JOY IN GOD.

By the Rev. ADOLPH SAPHIR, B.A.

"That thy people may rejoice in thee."—Psalm lxxxv. 6.

THE end and aim of the Psalmist's prayer for a revived soul was that he might rejoice in God. Joy in God is the object of all God's revelations, gifts, and dealings. Even in the Old Testament dispensation, God's people were commanded to rejoice, and many festivals were given unto them, in which they were to give thanks and to be joyful in their God. But we live in the times of fulfilment. The darkness is past, and the true light now shineth. The Son of God has come, the Holy Ghost has descended; to us the gospel is preached in its fulness, and the gospel is full of joy. There is joy in the heart, there is joy in the city, when the gospel of Jesus is believed. And as all the Epistles exhort the Christians to rejoice in the Lord, so the Book of Revelation describes to us the final consummation, even the marriage of the Lamb, when the saints who have been faithful shall enter into the joy of the Lord's kingdom.

Of this joyous character of God's revelation and of God's children, we have two very significant illustrations. First, in the fact that song is an element in all the meetings of God's people. Whenever the saints meet, they sing; and song is the expression of joy and gladness. As soon as Israel was redeemed, as soon as they were delivered from their enemies, they began to praise the Lord (Exod. xv.). In Babylon, in a strange land, it is impossible to sing the Lord's song. But we, who are saved by Christ, and who rest in His love, we can rejoice and sing praise, and even the sorrowful and afflicted brethren are able to sing in our assembly, for God gives them songs of faith and hope even in the night of their grief and trial.

And, secondly, the Lord's Supper, in which we commemorate the love of our Saviour, in which we show His death, and in which we realise our union with Him and the whole Church, is pre-eminently a festival of joy. At this table, which God hath prepared for us, we are able to say, "Thou anointest my head with oil, my cup runneth over. We rejoice in the Lord, whom we love; we rejoice in hope of the glory of God, which shall be manifested at Christ's coming."

When the apostle Paul wrote to the Romans, he expressed the hope that he would come to them "in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ." This is our joy. Christ is the Son of God, the Son of Man. He lived on earth, glorifying the Father. He suffered and died on the cross. He rose again, and ascended above all heavens. He sitteth at the right hand of God, and maketh intercession for His people. He shall come again in glory and power. This is Christ; and Christ is the gospel. He is God and man: this is good news, for He is the Mediator between God and us. He lived on earth the perfect, holy servant, magnifying the law: this is good news, for thus He offered unto the Father perfect obedience. He suffered and died on the cross: this is good news, for by one offering He hath perfected for ever them that are set apart in Him. He rose again: in this we rejoice, for thereby He became the second Adam, the First-born among many brethren. He ascended, and in Him we also are seated in heavenly places. He intercedes, and therefore our faith faileth not, and we are kept by God's power unto salvation. He shall return, and we who are alive then, as well as they who have fallen asleep in Jesus, shall be glorified and be with the Lord for evermore. Christ is His own gospel. What is the blessing of the gospel of Christ? The blessing of the gospel of Christ is my possession of all things that pertain to life and godliness. In Christ all is given; repentance and the remission of sins, justification and sanctification, the adoption of children and the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. The blessing of Aaron is fulfilled in the covenant God, Father, Son, and Spirit; we possess divine love, grace, and power, all-sufficient in time and eternity. And the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ means that we know and realise all the gifts, all that the Father by the Spirit hath given us in Christ, and that we receive each gift in its fulness. That we look not merely at our justification, but also our adoption and our resurrection-life; and not merely at our present peace, but also our future glory; that we receive the full import of Scripture gifts and promises, full remission of sins, perfect acceptance in the Beloved, the indwelling of the Father and Son by the Spirit, victory over all sin, the hope of being glorified together with Christ at His second coming—such is the Christian joy.

This joy in the Lord can only be in a heart which is decided and no longer halting and hesitating between God and the world. Christ says, "These things have I spoken unto you, that *my joy* may be in you, and that your joy may be full." It is *Christ's* joy which is to live in us. And does Christ rejoice in the things of the world? Can the love of the Father be in us if we love the world? Do you not think that, however difficult it may be to explain in words, we all know what is meant by the "world," and by the love of the world, against which the Lord warns us, to which we are not to conform ourselves?

Do we not know what helps and what hinders our faith, our prayer, our heavenly-mindedness? The question is not so much, "Is this amusement and company, in itself, right or wrong?" but, "Is this atmosphere and influence helpful to me or injurious; is it in harmony with the Holy Ghost, whom I dare not grieve—is it in harmony with my character, my work, my future, as a Christian?" As for the world God has made, we know that the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof. And the children of God have always rejoiced in the manifold works of their Father; the beauty and wisdom of His creation fill them with wonder and delight. We rejoice in everything that is good and honourable and lovely. We rejoice in friendship and affection, in the life and progress of human intellect and energy. But Christians are strangers and pilgrims upon earth. They know that the "world" which is opposed to God and Christ, is also their enemy. They know that the world, instead of improving, is only becoming more hostile to the gospel of the Cross. They know that, if they wish to rejoice in God and to live with Christ, they must keep themselves "unspotted from the world."

For, as the Lord's Supper teaches us, our joy is in Christ Jesus, who was *crucified*. We remember sin and death, and yet we are able to rejoice. But believing that Jesus died for us, we believe also that we have died. By the cross of Christ the world is crucified to us, and we unto the world—the world is dead to us. The flowers it shows us have no fragrance to us; the colours, no brightness; the water which it offers cannot quench our thirst. By the cross of Christ the world is dead to us, even as we appear dead and uncongenial to the world. Thus have we died, and our life is hid with Christ in God. Jesus from His heavenly throne looks down and rejoices in the world, which was made by Him. He loves the strength of the mountains, and the grandeur of the sea, and the beauty of the flowers, the attractiveness of childhood, the ardour of youth, the wisdom and the strength of man. He, the Eternal Word, is the Architect of all; but by the world, Jesus was crucified, and by the world Jesus is still both unknown and hated. He has His dwelling and His joy alone in the hearts of unworldly people. They live now in sympathy with Him, fulfilling what is behind of the sufferings of Christ. And when Jesus returns, He and the Church will rejoice over a transfigured earth, and in a renewed and sanctified humanity, when God's will is done on earth as it is in heaven.

Be filled with the Spirit, and rejoice in Christ Jesus. *Only the full heart is in safety.* You remember the parable of the unprofitable servant. As no single illustration can set forth completely and adequately spiritual realities, the Lord, after comparing the kingdom of heaven to ten virgins going forth to meet the Bridegroom, compares His people to servants whom the master entrusts with talents, and who have to give an account of their stewardship. Why was the unprofitable servant cast into outer darkness? What sin had he committed? Of what crime had he been guilty? The parable is written for our instruction and warning. It cannot benefit those who are on the other side of the grave, or outside the professing Church. It is *we* who must ask earnestly, Why was that servant cast out? And is not this the answer, *Because he had not rejoiced in God?* He thought in heart (whatever sound truth he may have confessed, and whatever loving, truthful, and joyous hymns he may have sung), he thought in his heart that the Lord was a hard man. He had sufficient religion to make him uneasy, and to keep him in bondage, but not sufficient to make him happy, joyous, strong; to make him enterprising and energetic. And, in the spirit of unbelief and narrow, selfish fear, he hid his one talent in the napkin of formal worship and outward obedience, and then returned it to the Lord—but no longer the good and beautiful gift He had bestowed. Oh, Christians beloved! our blessed Lord is bountiful, generous, infinite in His goodness. His joy is that we should have a perpetual harvest: and as in Israel, the prophet Amos predicts, the days will come when the ploughman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed, that harvest shall follow harvest, even so ours is to be constant rejoicing and bearing fruit.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

MOST glorious Augustine! mighty soul!
Among the grandest since apostles died!
Thy name, recorded in our Church's roll,
We ponder o'er and o'er with loving pride;
Its lustrous glow illumines every clime,
Irradiate with fire of thought sublime!

Marvels of grace divine in thee were wrought;
Led onward, step by step, through doubts and fears,
From death to life, through agonies of thought,
We trace the wanderings of those awful years,
"Made for the eternal"—scorning to be blest
Till thou couldst find in Him thy soul's true rest.

Oh! that dark night! that "*feeling after God!*"
That weary aching void none else could fill!
This was the sickening maze thy spirit trod,
Ere thou couldst own the Omnipresent Will,
The mighty "Self-same," *felt* yet not discerned,
The very Truth for which thy being yearned.

Light shone at last! and no uncertain morn
Spread its soft day-break o'er thine aching heart,
Nor wouldst thou thankless quit a night forlorn
Whose "*tenebræ*" had wrought their solemn part.
For starless twilight, and for sun-bright days
Thy meek "Confessions" yield their duteous praise.

Father and saint! while as on thee we muse
Our souls catch somewhat of thy heavenly fire;
Shadows may darken and false lights confuse,
Yet would our longing spirits still aspire
To the Supremely Good, the Always Wise,
Since only the Eternal satisfies!

If in the gloom our hearts desponding shrink
And fail with "looking upward" through the night,
On thy mysterious wanderings we would think,
Led on by grace through darkness into light,
Nor fear that we are even now alone,
Since we may plant our footsteps in thine own.

Thou, too, hast felt the agony of doubt!
The craving for a certainty divine;
The awful solitude—the reaching out
Of man's frail spirit to the Immortal Shrine;
These were thy meed erewhile, and calmly now
Beams of unfading splendour deck thy brow.

What then (O bliss, beyond seraphic thought!),
If light with darkness, in our musings blend?
If we, too, reach the goal, in safety brought,
Where morning breaks upon our journey's end?
The wilderness of Doubt for ever past,
Beholding the Eternal Good, at last!

GENEVIEVE M. J. IRONS.

SETTLING A DIFFICULT QUESTION.

A Story, with many Morals.

By Mrs. HOPE.

CHAPTER IV.

THE village church at Clashmore was a little less plain than most Scotch churches, as tradition asserted it had once been an Episcopalian place of worship. It was therefore a little less of a barn-like structure than most in the country side, and as the congregation was small it had been left undisfigured by those great eyesores in most churches—the galleries. It had, however, no belfry, and the bell which by early morning summoned the scattered worshippers hung in the topmost branches of a large hollow ash, which stood on the side of the kirkyard, the said hollow affording a safe shelter for the old rusty black pall, which had covered the bier of the rude forefathers of the hamlet as they were conducted to their last resting-place.

The kirkyard stretched for a considerable distance around the kirk, and as it was situated on the top of the hill, up which the village sloped, it commanded a splendid view of the surrounding hills, woods, and muirs. Little troops of worshippers might be seen wending their way along the valley; the old wives in red cloaks giving a bright and homely look to the party, which otherwise seemed too modern and everyday in Sunday attire; the lasses with gay parasols over their sunburnt faces, and gaudy bonnets and dresses, which spoiled the rustic beauty apparent in their every-day costume.

The kirkyard was the established club of the village on Sunday morning; neighbours met who lived miles apart, and exchanged the gossip of the country, discoursed about the weather and the crops, the fairs and prices, and all the topics which interest the rural mind.

The visit of Christie to the village to inquire after Jock furnished a subject for many remarks, and the village gossips shook their heads and made many wise remarks to improve the occasion.

But the bell began to relax its clamour, and the congregation filed in to occupy the sacred edifice. Not a few collie dogs followed their masters and lay down peacefully in a corner of the wide square pews, their noses resting blissfully on their paws.

Among the congregation were Jean and Christie, who never failed in snow or rain or heat of coming to listen to the "discourse" of their minister.

The general attitude of the congregation was severely critical, they listened to each sentence of the sermon, as if it was in their power to put to the vote the question of orthodoxy or heresy.

This day the Rev. Samson McGruther gave infinite delight to his people, he preached an eloquent and learned discourse on the evils of the Papacy, and enumerated all the cruelties and oppressions which had been perpetrated in the name of God.

Coming slowly out of church the parishioners stopped to express their satisfaction.

"A powerful discourse, Mr. McAdam," said the fat merchant rubbing his fat hands.

Mr. McAdam, the pedlar's uncle, responded with unction, "Wasna it? He heaped every epithet on 'the man o' sin."

More criticism would have taken place had not Mysie interrupted the two elders in an anxious hurried manner.

"What's come o' Sandy that he's no here?"

"Sandy!" said the grey-headed old man, whose face would have made a fine study for St. Peter. "I ken naething o' Sandy."

The colour forsook Mysie's face, and she trembled as she said, "Gude guide us, feyther! what can hae come till him?"

"The lassie's daft," said the merchant; but then suddenly remembering the quarrelsome evening at the dancing school he said, "It's rale curous, Maister McAdam, that ye ken naething o' Sandy; he said he was ganging to the Glen last Friday nicht."

"My certie, then, he never cam."

Jean and Christie had now joined the group, and stood listening with anxious countenances to the inquiry.

"Hoots! wha need mind?" said the easy and jolly merchant; "they'll be aff on a spree. Mind my word, bad pennies always turn up."

No laugh responded to this faint attempt at a joke.

The widow sank down on a gravestone, and wiped away a big tear which had rolled down her furrowed cheek. "I wish I hadna had that fearsome like dream last nicht."

"What was it, neebur?" said old McAdam. "I dinna attach much credit to dreams mysel', but still we mauna neglect them a'thegither; and it is a strange like thing these lads getting out o' sight like this, and Sandy sic a steedy lad; I mind I too had an awsome like dream last nicht. I dreamt he was lying stark and cold on the side o' the glen."

A scream stopped the speaker; it came from Mysie, who had sunk pale as death at her father's feet.

Just then the minister came out of the vestry, and stopped at once by the excited group, to inquire into the cause of such an unwonted disturbance.

The widow sat rocking herself to and fro on the tombstone, Christie stood by pale as death, Mysie was surrounded by half-a-dozen sympathetic neighbours, who were holding balm and peppermint to her nose and chafing her cold hands.

Old McAdam leant on his staff, with his eyes cast down and his face full of perplexity, and the prosperous Peter kept letting off the steam in a series of "Body o' me! Lord preserve us! Gude guide us!"

"What may be the immediate occasion of this unwonted excitation?" asked the minister, who spoke Johnsonian language on great occasions.

"It's the elder has been telling them a' a dream he had, and that has scared them like," said an old mahogany-coloured woman, whose face was surrounded by her red hood.

"This seems hardly a convenient season, or a suitable place for the telling of dreams," said the minister with a puzzled countenance.

"It's about Sandy, wha has been lost sight o' syne Friday, that a' this fuss is being made," said the merchant angrily.

"Just come to the Manse, and let me hear in detail what the occurrences are."

"There are none, sir; it's a' havers of the women," continued Peter with an angry look at Mysie, who was now leaning pale as death against the old ash-tree.

"McAdam, just come with me," said the minister, looking compassionately at the old man.

"Let me come too, minister," said Jean.

"Certainly," said the worthy man, and the party adjourned to the Manse.

"Mither is anxious I should tell ye, sir," began Christie, "that she has had just the same dream as Maister McAdam, she told me the morn, but we had clean forgot it until he was speaking o' his."

"This seems strange," said the minister. Sitting down in his study chair he took a pen and paper and noted down the circumstance, and heard all the accessory facts as to the non-appearance of either Jock or Sandy at their respective destinations.

"'Tis a singular thing, a very singular thing," he said. "God grant no more may come of all this!"

After kindly sympathizing with both Jean and Christie, and offering them hopes as to "all this being but a delusion of the Evil One," he dismissed them, advising old McAdam to go to the place he had dreamt of, so as to shake off the troubled impression of the dream by facing the reality.

As they left the Manse the grey-haired elder turned with an anxious face to Jean, "Can ye tell the exact spot ye dreamt of?"

"Ay, surely that I can. He was lying close by the fall ahint the great aik tree."

"Gude save us!" said McAdam, "that's just where I saw him. God grant I may find it's a' a delusion!"

This unwonted occurrence had occasioned no little talk in the village, and on issuing out of the Manse garden all the stalwart men and boys were found collected in a group, to offer their services to look all over the country for the lost men.

"There's been some dark work," said the gauger, whose mind always ran on conflicts with the owners of illicit stills in the mountains.

"Maybe they've been pressed for sodgers," suggested another. "Ye mind Willie Cameron over yonder by Glen Ruach? he was missing ten years, and deil a body could guess whar he was. The auld wives were ay saying it was the water kelpies, but we kend better than that."

Setting off at a swinging pace over the muir, the men soon distanced Jean and Christie, who proceeded leisurely home. Jean, hoping against hope that she might find Jock at the ingle side, and Christie brooding over a thousand dark forebodings.

Evening had set in, Jean was seated by

the fire with her "specs" on, and reading aloud out of the Bible to Christie, when a loud knock was heard at the door.

There was no need to tell Christie to hasten to open it; she flew in a moment and flung it open, but it was not Jock's face which became visible by the light which fell on it from the lamp; it was the rough countenance of the gauger, Donald McOnie.

"I thought ye wud like to hear how we sped on our errand, mem."

"Come ben," cried Jean.

When he was in the house by the fire they noticed how pale he was and how he trembled.

"Speak, in God's name!" cried Christie.

"Ah me! then ye dreamt too true," was all he could say.

"Ye dinna mean it! Sandy's no deed?"

"Deed and cauld."

Christie walked to the other end of the room and sobbed convulsively, while the widow sat motionless, pale with horror.

"The worst o' it is he's met wi' foul play."

Then for the first time it struck Jean that suspicion must fall deservedly on Jock. Her heart almost stood still with terror at the thought, no words could she articulate, her mouth was parched, her throat swelled and choked with an unspoken fear.

At last Christie, having conquered her emotion, reappeared from the gloomy corner to which she had retreated, and asked Donald—

"Are ye sure he hadna fallen ower the rocks?"

"Na, na," cried Donald shaking his head, "there's nae doubt there's been foul play."

"It's awfu' wark!" said Jean, rocking herself to and fro.

"How d'ye ken there's been foul play?" asked Christie.

"There's nae doubt o' it; there's awfu' gashes on his head, and a' the contents o' his pack lie scattered about. McAdam's awa' to Glasgie to gie information to the polis."

Christie shuddered; she dare not ask, Whom do you suspect?" she felt it could only be one man who had done the deed; she recalled how Sandy and Jock had fought as boys in and out of school. They seemed to learn even chiefly to spite each other. In every game it had been the same spirit of rivalry. Jock could never speak peaceably to Sandy nor Sandy to Jock; and now what had come of it? She trembled all over, her thoughts became troubled and confused as she tried to imagine other causes and another agent at work in this terrible deed. No, she could not cheat herself, the words seemed imprinted on her heart: "Jock is a murderer!"

CHAPTER V.

THE days passed on, and no news of Jock.

Poor Sandy had been decently buried in the old kirkyard, near where his forebears lay.

There had been much tribulation and grief in the village, for Sandy was a good-natured lad, and had done his best to please all his patrons and patronesses.

Mysie was ill of a fever; the sore prickings of conscience had overwhelmed her; for had she not played with the two men, sometimes showing favour to one and then to the other, until she had caused the angry bitter feeling which had led to such a fearful deed?

There was no doubt in the minds of the villagers that Jock had done the deed.

Every one knew he was hot-tempered and passionate, and that the idle life he led, and his constant discontent and envy of those better off than himself, had soured him.

It was a strange thing that the money which the pedlar had in his moleskin purse was safe in his box, which had been lodged for the time in the sheriff's keeping.

This little incident was a relief to Christie, if anything could be a relief at such a time. Neither she nor her mother could bear to go nigh the village, or to leave their hut for a moment, in case Jock should appear.

He was the one constant topic of their thoughts, and yet they could not speak of him to each other. Christie collected his coarse rough daubs of pictures, and stowed them out of her mother's sight in the big kist, with the heavy feeling in her heart that they would never be asked for again.

How she wished she had been more outspoken in denouncing the vanity of his hopes and projects, and had more clearly pointed out to him his duty to his mother and himself. How she sighed and wept in the dark nights, scarcely daring to sleep lest his hand should knock for admittance. And if he did come, what was she to help him to do? to fly—but where? She turned pale and anxious-looking, and her poor mother seemed as if she could never hold up her head again.

One day when Christie was spinning and the old wife baking her bannocks, the cottage door was roughly opened, and in walked a policeman with a summons to order the two scared women to appear at the sheriff's the next day at twelve o'clock.

"What for?" said Christie.

"To give your evidence concerning John Cameron, who is apprehended on the charge of murder."

The thunder-bolt, so long dreaded, had fallen at last. The poor mother covered her face with her hands; Christie, pale as death, sat at her wheel as if turned to stone.

Much as she had feared this hour, it was still more terrible now that it had come. The strange legal phraseology and the unwonted stiffness made her realise the fact that they had a startling connection with the far-off life of the world. Insignificant as they were, the law recognised them as entities of the great community.

In their humble solitude, living so apart from all other manifestations of human organization, this girl had never realised that she and her relations were but part of a great human society, bound by its laws, liable to its punishments.

The overwhelming novelty of the idea that none, however poor, could escape the notice of the law, crushed her, and was in itself a startling revelation; as startling as it will be to us at the great hour of doom to find the awful significance which each of our lives has had, and how intricately the small and even insignificant actions were interwoven with the great, while in judgment, over high and low, rich and poor, sits an Omniscient and Omnipotent Being.

The religious point of the question had indeed presented itself to Christie with fearful vividness, but she had failed to realise what it was to be caught in the meshes of human law. In her double dread and misery she had thought of detection, but not of the accompanying publicity and punishment.

The poor mother thought of nothing but her son.

"Let us gang to Jock," she cried.

"Na, na," said the policeman, "he is safe in prison; ye canna see him without an order from the shirra."

"Oh, Jock, Jock! ye will bring down my grey hairs wi' sorrow to the grave!" mourned the widow.

Christie could not comfort her; she could not say it might be all a mistake; she could see no comfort right or left, and a leaden weight fell on her heart as she thought of the next day seeing Jock stand as a criminal.

The next day rose calm and bright, the birds sang sweetly as if there were no such things as woe and sin in their blithe world.

Nature was bright and beautiful, fresh sweet-scented orchises were opening on every green and damp spot on the moor, and the rich golden blossom of the furze scented the air with its luscious fragrance. By early morning the mother and daughter were astir, for they had far to go to the sheriff's court.

Christie's pale face was shrouded with her grey plaid thrown over her head as she walked firmly into court, her mother leaning heavily on her arm.

Christie durst hardly trust herself to look at Jock.

There he stood between two policemen, pale and sad. The devil-may-care look was all gone; his face was worn and haggard—he seemed no longer a boy of eighteen, but an old man. He pleaded "Not guilty."

Christie gave a sigh of relief; old Jean clasped her hands as if in prayer.

But few witnesses could be called. No one had beheld the deed.

Old MacAdam certified to finding the body of Sandy, and beside it a hatchet, by which some cruel blows had been given.

Peter MacKerracher, the owner of the hatchet, said he had left it in the copsewood near the glen, where he had been busily occupied cutting the copse and piling up the bark. He had left it out of carelessness and inattention.

There was nothing to fix the crime upon Jock, until the Sheriff called the prisoner's sister, and asked her several questions relative to her occupations.

"You make your living by knitting, Christina Cameron?"

Christina assented.

"Look at these stockings—did you knit them?"

Christie remembered well the bundle of two dozen pairs she had tied up with such pleasure on the fatal night.

"I mind them weel, sir."

"How many pairs did ye knit, Christina, for your last order?"

"Twa dizzen, sir."

"Produce the pedlar's note-book," said the Sheriff.

And his clerk brought a little clasped memorandum-book. He opened it, and read the following entry, "Paid £2 8s. on the 10th of March for 2 dozen worsted stockings to Christina Cameron."

"Count the number of pairs," said the Sheriff.

"There are only one dozen and eleven."

"Where is the other pair?"

A similar pair, but soiled and worn, was now produced.

"Christina, do you swear that these stockings are of your knitting?"

Christie took the pair in her hand and looked at them carefully, while strange and terrible emotions swept through her inward soul.

"Remember you are on oath," said the Sheriff solemnly.

What was she to do? She saw the whole at a glance; on her answer hung her brother's life. She had knitted them—she could not deny it; and yet if she said so his life was forfeited. No other witness had spoken a word which riveted the crime on any particular person; but if Jock had taken those stockings, her word launched him into eternity.

Fearful struggle for a sister's heart! Christie had been well taught at the Sabbath-school—she herself was now a teacher. She valued truth as the greatest of all things; could she tell a lie even to save Jock?

Her colour went and came; she tried to speak, her voice failed her.

The Sheriff—a kind, compassionate man—saw the storm in the girl's mind. "Give her a chair and a glass of water," he said.

She sank into the chair, and, burying her face in her hands, remained in silence for some minutes.

The most breathless suspense reigned in every mind.

Jock's features worked convulsively as he watched the struggle in Christie, and tears poured down Jean's face.

At last Christie rose and in a clear voice said, "I daurna say I didna knit them."

The simple pathos of the answer cut all present to the heart.

Jock was committed for trial in Edinburgh, and found guilty.

Christie—poor, broken-hearted Christie—visited him daily in company with the good minister.

Jock's mind passed into a new phase. To the last he vowed he had never meditated murdering Sandy. He had quarrelled long and loud with him, but, as at other times, he would have separated from him and gone his homeward way, had he not in the moonlight seen the hatchet glimmering.

He seemed to hear a voice saying, "You fool! cannot you punish the man who makes your life so miserable? He speaks ill of you to your mother, sets your sister against you, and now steals your sweetheart; do not be a craven—now's your time!"

"It was the deevil hissel' that spoke to me, minister. Like a fule I hearkened to him, seized the hatchet, and gaed Sandy a blow. I was beside mysel'. The Lord forgie me."

After the murder, Jock, finding blood on his stockings, opened the pack and took out a pair to replace his own, which he threw into the burn.

He had wandered disconsolately on to the nearest seaport, intending to take ship for America, when he was apprehended.

Deep was his contrition, and true and earnest his repentance. Over and over again he blessed and thanked Christie for telling the truth, and vowed that as she spoke a spell seemed to break which benumbed his faculties, and he saw the past, the present, and the future in their true light.

The good minister strove to obtain a milder sentence, but in vain—Jock's life paid the penalty of his crime.

Let not the philanthropist who shudders at capital punishment mourn his fate. If the true end of life is the attainment of truth, how can we mourn that a soul which has shaken off the blinding errors which smothered its nobler nature is surrendered, repentant and humble, into the hand of the Almighty Father? Surely, in the unknown home, there is a nobler development awaiting it than if plunged back again into the old temptations, the former trials, which proved beyond its strength. Capital punishment so often develops the dormant faith, arouses the immortal spirit to a sense of its own real position in face of eternity, that we cannot but see the justice of the sovereign decree, "He that sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

Amongst the many points of practical interest contained in this strange story, one at least seems to have a clear and powerful bearing on those men who are affirming that there is no being higher than man, and no law higher than the law which man gives to himself. That such a theory is opposed to fact, the case of this woman who "daurna" do otherwise than consign her brother to death clearly proves. How could a sister in such a strait take the dreadful course she took without the suggestion and approval of some being higher and wiser than herself, with whom the whole responsibility of her conduct would rest? All her theological views of the future would combine with her womanly and sisterly feelings to deter her from committing such a brother to death. But even if his eternal punishment were the result, she "daurna" disobey the laws of her righteous God. She spoke the fatal words to please Him.

THE FOLDING AND PACKING OF LEAF AND FLOWER BUDS.

By LADY VERNEY.

THERE is a profession or trade of packers, men whose lives are spent in folding and fitting the greatest amount of material into the smallest possible space without injuring the parts in any possible way. However strange the object, however multiform its sides and angles, however harsh or fine the material, the process goes on with the inevitable decision of a fate. Their work is almost beautiful indeed to look at in progress, and it amounts to an art in its reduction and adaptation of a number of incongruous, abnormal, and angular forms to order and harmony—combining the most unlikely shapes into a regular outline of bale or box fit to cope with weather, blows, wear and tear, rough usage of all kinds, and yet requiring the least expenditure of covering.

A much more exquisite practice of the art is going on about us, which may be watched every spring and summer in the folding of leaf and flower buds. The miracles of delicate packing of petals, and stamens, and pistils of every variety of shape and texture, and into every kind of outward cases and wrappers which shall prove most fitted to withstand cold and wet, and yet take up the least space, become only more and more wonderful in our eyes the more closely they are examined and studied.

For instance, the great water-lily, with its roots buried in the muddy, slimy sludge at the bottom of a pool, sends up its pure white flower clothed in such an efficient Macintosh wrapper, that when the long flexible stalk crowned with its bud at length reaches the sun and air, the beautiful "chalice," with its brilliant golden centre, opens to the light quite unscathed by its long dreary passage upwards. It then stops growing, and the flower, still protected from injury below by the waterproof lobes of the dull green calyx (like the keels of small boats) just rests on the surface of the water, swayed a little to and fro by "the storms of this troublesome world," but anchored too surely and safely to be really disturbed by them.

Some plants do not produce a regular bud, but merely bring forth a rough sketch of their full-grown intention at the end of the shoot, which goes on simply increasing in size, like the ivy, a very low form of development. Others crowd the narrow space within their buds with a perfect miniature edition of the future perfection, but so closely packed and on so small a scale that it requires a strong magnifying power to detect and appreciate the elaborate details, as in the rhododendron, laburnum . . . . .

But many of the most beautiful operations are open and above board, and may be followed out on every hedgebank and wood-side. If a poppy bud be opened, full sized, but not unfolded, the petals, which are as large as they will ever become, are found crinkled and crumpled to a degree which would seem to make it impossible that they could ever be "fit to be seen" when they appear in the outer world. But the extreme delicacy of their texture is such that they come forth none the worse for their close quarters inside the hard calyx, which opens at the top like a bivalve shell, and falls off at the proper moment to let the flower shake herself out to her full size and shape, as, on a coarser scale, an Indian muslin can be drawn unhurt through a ring while our grosser western fabrics keep every crease.

The covering of the beech buds bursts, on the contrary, at the bottom, near the twig, and the infant leaves with their delicate green tissue (almost like that of a sea-weed) seem to keep their horny brown skullcaps often to the last possible moment, like a little pointed roof warding off cold and rain.

The early form of several families of ferns resembles a bishop's crozier. Each leaflet is coiled up tightly like a rope, and then the whole is rolled together into the neatest possible circle, which is covered with a rich brown mossiness to keep out weather. The curl is always inwards, and all the fronds turn towards the central point for protection, while the fall of the fully developed feathery leaves is always outward from the root, forming the most graceful possible crown of curves. (Fig. 1.)

The longitudinal folding of very long wide leaves, like the furling of a sail, is another and very different arrangement. A particularly good instance of this may be seen in the banana, whose leaf, many feet in length, begins life by forming a sharp narrow spear, probably in order to open a way through the thick vegetation in which the plant grows, and make room for the immense space

demanded by the broad sheet of green into which it develops.

The fan arrangement of leaflets may be well seen in the palm, where these are attached to a common centre and open out into an enormous circumference. When the leaf is first seen, folded into a neat, tight, narrow bundle, it is difficult to imagine the spread to which the full-grown parasol will open. The point is protected by a hairy woolly mane, very efficacious in its power of resistance to enemies of all kinds.

The horse-chestnut bud has a highly-varnished sticky sheath, proof against insects and weather alike. When this is cut across, the great five-fingered leaf and the large pyramidal cluster of the flowers, with the colour just visible (a sort of rosy infancy, exquisitely shadowing out the future,) may be plainly seen, even without a microscope.

Some foreseeing hard-wooded plants set about preparing for the flowering season many months before the other plants are thinking of it. "I am glad I am not a rhododendron. I am sure I never could get ready my buds a whole year beforehand," said an old wit of the last generation, as he looked meditatively at the bush.

An extraordinary specimen of close packing may be found in the great double red peony (the "Holy Ghost flower," as it is called in Germany, because it flowers at Whitsuntide). Petals within petals, often set at the most different angles, are folded in and in over each other, and then closed into the tidiest of round buds.

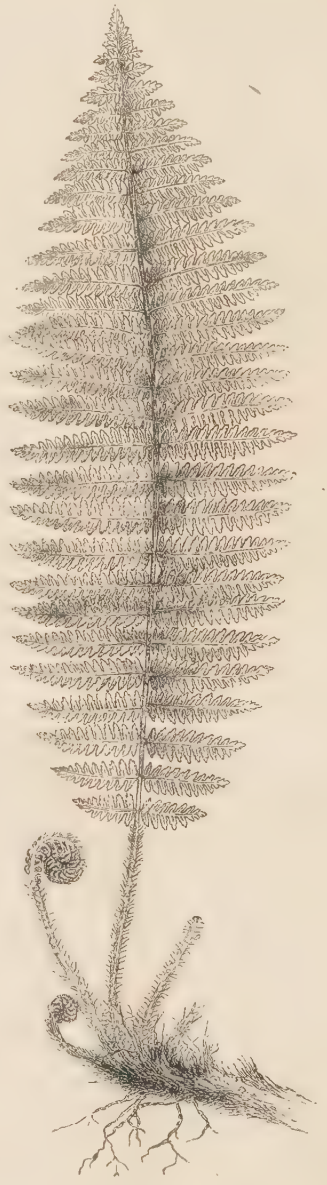


Fig. 1.—Packed and unpacked Frond of Fern.

The new-fashioned double roses are almost as good an instance on a smaller scale. The calyx consists of five sepals, two of which have smooth edges, two have fringed sides, and the fifth has one fringed and one smooth side, so that the whole when shut in is beautifully furnished against mischief to the lovely smoothness of the future flower. This is still better seen in the buds of the wild dog-rose, where also the five petals may be seen to be folded, two with both edges out, two with both inwards, and the last with one in and one out, in this case for the protection of the stamens and pistils. The packing of such a difficult shape as the three-cornered iris (Fig. 2) is very remarkable. The Stanhopea, a peculiarly elaborate orchid, comes out at the bottom of its basket, growing downwards in one rather shapeless lump; this then divides into two brown speckled monsters, which seem to stare at each other; and these again rapidly open into the fully developed flower.

The contrivances, both in buds and in full-grown flowers, for folding and unfolding the petals over the pistil and stamens, so as to protect the embryo seed, are many and beautiful. Different flowers open and close over this at very different hours of the day, according, probably, as the morning sun or the noonday heat is most useful for the ripening of the seed; and it is strange to see a plant going to rest as it were in the broadest sunshine, as in the case of the goat's-beard, which is called "John Go-to-bed-at-noon," or coming out

only at night, like the night-blowing Cereus. The closing of the petals when the dew falls, or the light departs and the cold comes on, which might check the delicate processes of fructification, seems to us more in the ordinary course of events. The power of motion it shows in the flower, however, is really not less wonderful, but being seen continually in common flowers like the daisy, it loses its interest in our dull eyes.

The contrivance by which the anthers are kept away from the pistil until the precise moment when their pollen is wanted, is very striking in the Kalmia, the bud of which is a beautiful little pink box, where the head of each anther is bent down and imprisoned in a small knot or cell, all to itself. When the flower opens, these loose themselves and spring into an upright position, and probably by the very motion fling their pollen on to the right point of the central pistil.

The bees have a very important rôle to play for many plants in the process of transferring the pollen, which they collect on their furry coats for the purpose of feeding their pupæ in the hive. In the vetch tribe the upper hood folds so closely down over the apron of the flower, that the bee cannot insert himself, until the time when the pistil is ready; then, and not till then, the hood opens sufficiently to admit of his approach within the jealously-guarded sanctuary, when he thus involuntarily brings with him the dust required for the fructification of the plant.

Fig. 2.—Packed and unpacked Flower of Iris.

The care taken for the propagation of the species, the defences in which the seed of the future is packed, are various and ingenious. The prickly green sheath of the horse-chestnut is lined with white wadding, within which lies the hard mahogany polished kernel. The white substance contained in this affords nourishment to the infant plant, which throws out its root at one end and its shoot at the other, drawing up the substance of the nut into itself until it is old enough to penetrate the hard ground. As if a baby and its sucking-bottle full of milk could be packed into one box till its mother was ready for it.

When the pod of the common pea or of the single peony with its bright red seeds is opened, the peas will be seen packed alternately on the different sides of the "box," the space opposite each pea being exactly calculated for the size of the incomer. Each seed is thus securely fastened to the backbone, the solid part which attaches the two lobes of the pod together, and through which the sap reaches the peas from below. They are more secure than if all were on one side, and probably better fed, while from without the row appears continuous.

In human work method and regularity are apt to degenerate into stiffness and ugliness, but in plants and flowers the beautiful order

and accurate precision of the arrangements are found combined with the utmost degree of grace, and what must be called, for want of a better word, imagination, in the extraordinary variety of the means by which the end is reached.

It is in these smaller and more hidden operations of nature that the evidences of design are perhaps most remarkable. When it is considered what myriads of buds are required to furnish the leaves of the trees in even one small wood, each fashioned with this marvellously delicate preparation, forethought, and adaptation, we may indeed wonder at the splendid prodigality with which nature (as we are wont to call this particular manifestation of God's goodness and power) lavishes her rich stores of beauty and interest under our usually careless and unobservant eyes,

"Which day by day to 'self' awake,
Seldom of heaven and 'these' partake."

LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

By the Rev. W. J. IRONS, D.D., Prebendary of St. Pauls.

"O that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments! then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea."—Isaiah xlviii. 18.

THESE are God's words to thee, O child of man! There is a divine solicitude in the exclamation, which sounds almost human in its gentleness. And it is no solitary example of such compassion to man to be met with in the Book of God.

At an early period of the national existence of Israel, when the commandments had just been given from Sinai, and the people had earnestly promised to "hear and obey all" that the Lord had said, He who "searcheth the heart" replied to His servant Moses, "O that there were such an heart in them, that they would fear me, and keep all my commandments always, that it might be well with them and with their children for ever!" And the Spirit of inspiration, ages afterwards, is seen as if brooding over this thought, when all the troubles had been undergone, from the death of Moses, through the times of the Judges, and onwards to the reign of Solomon; for then the psalm rings with the same note: "O that my people had hearkened unto me, and Israel had walked in my ways! . . . I would have fed them with the finest wheat flour, and with honey out of the stony rock would I have satisfied thee!" But even onwards still, to the times of our blessed Master's earthly ministry, the same yearning of the spirit of grace finds utterance; and Jesus on the Mount of Olives thus pours His tears over lost Jerusalem: "O that thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong to thy peace!"

It is a marvellous reflection, truly, which is here put before us, that God's eye and God's heart are perpetually set on His people thus! It means that it was His design for us that we should be better, nobler, truer than we are. If we responded to His will concerning us, we should be saints; and thus, in these words of Isaiah, He again breathes over His rebellious people this "unutterable plaint"—this sighing of the All-Holy for us whom He had loved eternally: "O that they had hearkened to my commandments! then had their peace been as a river, and their righteousness as the waves of the sea!"

1. It seems that there comes a time, in the life of an unfaithful child of God, when his opportunities of being all that God meant him to be are only to be wept over, as utterly gone! No more saddening, and even appalling meditation, could be put before us than this, as to our *lost opportunities* of being what we really might have been, but never shall be now; and to dwell on it may (by His help) enable us to be at least aroused to keep ourselves from sinking lower yet.

Our God sets before conscience at the beginning of our career a law of righteousness, which it would be our highest blessedness to obey. Our first father had it in Paradise, and "O that he had hearkened unto it!"—Israel had it in the wilderness. There was a present divinity shaping all their way. The directions, both for social duty and for religion, were minute and unerring. No question of any difficulty could arise without a sure guidance always at hand. The pattern of worship was wholly divine, the particulars of daily life supernaturally cared for.—We can as little imagine what Israel's history might have been, as what Adam's might have been, had God been humbly and honestly obeyed. Holy men have strained all their powers, at times, to imagine what blessed-

ness, more even than angels, might have been won by our first parent! Yes, he might have gained it, for he was free; and then the trial of future disobedience would have been easier for the posterity which might have come after him. Angelical companionship in a world-wide Eden might have even led to habits of heavenly strength in goodness for all his seed; and the incarnate mystery of the second Adam might then have assumed some other direction, and redemption itself have been but elevation from the earthly to a higher sphere! So too, if Israel had passed with obedient steps from the Red Sea to Sinai; if manna had fallen for their food without their murmuring for it; if water had been waited for, till faith (without rebellion) had cleft the rock; if the desert had been traversed with obedience, and forty weeks sufficed instead of forty years; if every nerve had been strained to be simply led by God; to follow His cloud of presence, to worship sensitively by the pattern He gave, go up against the enemy in Canaan when He said "Go," gathering the grapes of Eschol when He said "Do it," and resting when and where He gave command—O, how different a history had Israel's been for all coming time! what fulfilment of "this people have I formed for myself; they shall show forth my praise!"

Or think of the opportunities of faith and obedience which they had in later days. What an opportunity in Samuel's day, and how they roughly rejected it! They might have put themselves then under the special divine leading, and perhaps have recovered themselves. In David's reign, and in Solomon's, again, what opportunities! And (though fading as time went on) what opportunities still with Hezekiah, and with Josiah! It was so possible in the very time of the Babylonian captivity for Israel to have had a bright future, that all the later chapters of Isaiah admit of that fulfilment—a time of glory for an obedient Judaism, with a Messiah reigning over them, and blessing, through Abraham's seed, "the ends of the earth!"—Even Malachi's last words of prophecy hang on this thought for Israel, "Remember the law of Moses, my servant, which I commanded him in Horeb, with the statutes and judgments." "O had they kept them!" What a divine overflow of mercy and goodness had then gone forth to vindicate the law of the Most High, as the refreshment of the world, as the "tree of life, or "water from the throne" of God!—Or, finally, what amazing thoughts come over us when we mark, as we have said, how, in Christ's own ministry, Israel might, "even in that her day," have used her "opportunity," and followed the leading and responded to the grace of her God!

Turn from Israel's history, O Christian, to thine own! What might thine own blessed history have been by this time if thou, from thy first calling to God, hadst "yielded thyself" to Him! Stains of wilful sin, which spoilt the purity of the place in God's design which might have been thine, the power of ever being what He would have so rejoiced in! If you look back to the "wilderness," what opportunities of faith and courage were there! And did you lose them? Surely the "commandment" was plain enough—the Cloud, the Manna, the Rock, the Worship, all divinely sure; and came there a time when you said, "We will be as the nations," though the "Lord your God was your king"?

Nay, drop all metaphor. To keep God's commandments always is the blessedness, the only complete blessedness, of His people. To keep them in childhood is the joy and perfection of childhood; to keep them in youth is the brightness of youth ("Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth," then shall they weave a crown for thy hoar hairs). If you did it not, that is a joy that is passed away for ever. But it, in the captivity to the world, in now advancing years, the opportunity has come of hearkening to God's commandments once more, O prize it! hold fast to it while you may! You may not be able to recover the past, or go back to what early obedience would have made you; but much is possible perhaps still, if time be given you yet. You have missed the opportunity of much; say, for instance, the chance of blessing some who are now gone; or you have missed the call to higher faith, which (in many ways) you once might have followed. Troubles, sins, providences, at length, have in some measure choked up your way; spheres of grace, and usefulness, and joy, which, say ten years ago, were open to you, you have not any more. You have outlived them, but a voice is calling to you still—the Spirit's gentle voice, pleading lest you lose the future as you lost the past. O eternity will not reveal to us how we might have loved and served our God, if only we had "yielded ourselves!" If our strained vision looks upwards when we attain that future world of many mansions, this whisper of the Spirit may mingle with our gratitude that we are saved at all—this "O that we had responded more to the Grace of our God!"

2. For the testimony is a plain one which our hearts and lives do bear to the guilt and misery of lost opportunities of grace. Had we not utterly lost them—lost the openings of good which our early training, or our frequent invitations to communion with God gave us, we should be far other than we are. *Lost opportunities*—unused grace, commands of God not "hearkened to," imply (as the spirit here teaches) failure of much inward *peace* ("then had thy peace been as a river"), and defect of *righteousness* ("thy righteousness as the waves of the sea"), and a "grieving" of the Holy Spirit ("*O that* thou hadst hearkened!").

Perhaps the most certain of all our spiritual experiences is the peace of holy obedience, which even one act of devotion and nobleness will bring. The feeling is one of the sweetest and truest we ever have, which comes to us when we have done any one thing from love to God, and a secret desire to bless others. (The same feeling in a slighter degree comes to even the good man of the world, on recollection of a happily-spent time for the welfare of the less fortunate.) The Christian, rising from his knees, and going forth to do God's will, has this in a nobler and higher way; but when he returns from having done it, that is "great peace" indeed.

Peace is the repose after victory—victory here, over self and sin. The prophet's metaphor will help our thoughts. Let the Christian life be imaged to you as rising in the mysterious hills far away—the fountain of God's Grace, which eye of man cannot scan: it descends to the valley of life, and is supplied with increasing fulness and power from a thousand tributary rills. Peaceful evenings of repose, followed by joyful morning of sun-lighted clearness! "Peace," its perennial life! How full the broad surface at length is grown!—"Thy Peace as a River!" The joy of God stilling all passions—the plenitude of satisfaction in the life He gives, "overflowing like Jordan in the time of harvest."

How saddening is the contrast of so many Christians now! Their inner life is almost *without* peace. They hardly know whether they should be even saved or lost, should they die to-morrow; their religion being no deep stream, but a fretful brook, straggling among shallows and brambles, with noise and life-long disquiet!

And what of their "Righteousness"? that which ought by this time to be a very ocean of broad goodness. Surely a life of peaceful Christian goodness, swelling onwards with duty on duty, ought indeed at length to be, as the Scripture says, "Like the waves of the sea," spread out beneath the eye of Heaven, and reflecting in itself the firmament of God, with its surpassing beauty by day and its stars by night! "Righteousness," the likeness of God—the whole soul of a peaceful child of God being a mirror of his Father's Grace!

And to have missed all this!—to have missed a Divine goodness which was God's own plan for thee, may it not teach solemnity to the very angels that "minister to us," whenever they linger near us, and see both what we *could have been* and what we *are!* O, I cannot speak of "Righteousness" as it needs to be spoken of! I only know very plainly what it is not. It is not what Christians' lives now are! The "image" of my Lord is even growing dim in many souls which had it once! A simple "hearkening" to God's "commands" would have taught our souls what no words can describe now! "O hadst thou hearkened! then had thy Righteousness been as the waves of the sea!"

Child of God! in "captivity," or in far-off dispersion from Him—pause, gather up thy thoughts, and listen to the grief of His Spirit, sighing itself forth over thee! Temple of the Holy One, designed to be so peaceful—and now so desolate! There were saintly men of Israel, who fled in reverence from the sight, when God's ancient temple was in flames and the Roman armies surrounded it. They said, "God Himself, the Almighty, could not spare the temple—the people was so corrupt—God must be just!"

O, may He cleanse us, His people, now! and, ere we come to such a state of ruin as that, "Lord, have mercy upon us, and, even yet, write Thy laws in our hearts, we beseech Thee!"

A WORD ABOUT WORDS.

AH me! these terrible tongues of ours!
Are we half aware of their mighty powers?
Do we ever trouble our heads at all
Where the jest may strike or the hint may fall?
The latest chirp of that "little bird,"
That spicy story "you must have heard"—
We jerk them away in our gossip rash,
And somebody's glass, of course, goes smash.
What fames have been blasted and broken,
What pestilent sinks been stirred,
By a word in lightness spoken,
By only an idle word!

A sneer—a shrug—a whisper low—
They are poisoned shafts from an ambushed bow;
Shot by the coward, the fool, the knave,
They pierce the mail of the great and brave.
Vain is the buckler of wisdom or pride
To turn the pitiless point aside;
The lip may curl with a careless smile,
But the heart drips blood—drips blood the while.
Ah me! what hearts have been broken,
What rivers of blood been stirred,
By a word in malice spoken,
By only a bitter word!

A kindly word and a tender tone—
To only God is their virtue known!
They can lift from the dust the abject head,
They can turn a foe to a friend instead;
The heart close-barred with passion and pride
Will fling at their knock its portal wide,
And the hate that blights and the scorn that sears
Will melt in the fountain of childlike tears.
What ice-bound griefs have been broken,
What rivers of love been stirred,
By a word in kindness spoken,
By only a gentle word!

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

OLD HANNAH.

BY MRS. CHARLES GARNETT, AUTHOR OF "LITTLE RAINBOW."

"OLD HANNAH." The words bring her back, in all her quaint originality, and she seems to be sitting, knitting in hand, in her arm-chair, watching the pen which traces her name. There she is, a very old woman, about the middle height, and broad set. On Sunday one might meet her marching to the chapel in a brown stuff dress, woollen shawl, and black silk bonnet, her shoes tied with large bows; however hot the day might be, carrying, by way of walking-stick, a green umbrella, with a brass ferrule and heavy hooked handle. To-day being "warters" (*i.e.* work days) she wears a print gown, the sleeves cut off at the elbow, showing muscular arms and small hands, knotted and misshaped by a life of toil. A white apron and a neckerchief folded neatly over a goitre throat. A muslin cap with a broad screed sets off her intelligent face. It is a pleasant countenance, and the features are nobly cut; there is however one defect: a decided squint disfigures the blue eyes.

So her friends remember her. Her home

was in an old-fashioned market-town in the West Riding. She was a character—one of a fast disappearing class. She rented a single-roomed cottage, for which she paid 1*s.* 6*d.* a week—a large proportion out of her parish allowance of 2*s.* 6*d.* The Vicar knowing this, offered her an almshouse, but she promptly refused it. "Nay, bairn," she said to his messenger, "I'se all the same obliged to him, but I mun bide where I is. You see, for one thing, I can't abide neighbouring, and some more ode women live in t' row. Then it is t' street, and here I've nobbut to sit in my cheer, by t' hearth, and leave t' door open, and across t' road is as bonny an orchard as need be. It's *grand* i' spring to see t' bloom. T' trees might be snowed o'er, an' birds sing amang 'em, an' I sits me here an' thanks t' Lord for it. I'd sooner pine nor live in a street. But thank t' Vicar all t' same." Of this single room she was "house proud." The little place was spotless—old Hannah was constantly whitewashing and scrubbing. Once a lady gave her a brown and white print wrapper. The next time the lady called, instead of seeing Hannah wearing it, she found her present cut into long stripes and sewn on the faded bed-curtains. Hannah remarked, "You see it doesn't signify what I wears, but folk passing can see t' curtains." She made the room gay with flowers; geraniums, fuchsias, roses, and musk plants filled the window, and nothing gratified her more than the notice bestowed on the early blossoms by passers-by. She, like her room, was cheerful. A clergyman remarked, "Whenever I ran short of hope or faith I went to see Hannah Morton," and many others of her friends felt this charm. Seldom a day passed that someone did not drop in to be cheered by her. Her sympathy was always ready. Hannah acquired it in a life of trial. Hard work had been her portion from childhood. At forty years of age a bad husband deserted her and her five young children. All were dependent on her labour, at a time too when flour was a guinea a bushel. She used to say, "I'd hard work to scrat (scratch) 'em a living, but I got 'em all up and out, and I can say wi' David I've *never* wanted. I don't say but what I could ha' done wi' *more*. Often I cut a bit o' bread and put t' loaf by, for fear I sud tak' more, but still t' Lord has kept His promise and I've never been *without* bread." A few years later and a greater trial than poverty came upon her. Her youngest daughter returned home from service. A baby girl was born, and then the young mother fell into consumption. Hannah tended both mother and child, her daughter died, the baby lived; but here again she found mercy, "I believe t' Lord took her to Himsell," she would say, with a trembling voice, but shame made the wound too painful for talk, and she seldom mentioned her daughter's name. Hannah's love now centred on the child. "Sarah were t' bonniest and wickest bairn ye ever saw." While the grandmother was out washing or working (which she preferred) in the fields and gardens "Sarah's schooling" was always forthcoming. The child would sit on a little stool by old Hannah's chair in the evening and read a chapter in the Bible or play with a dilapidated doll and blue wooden doll's cradle. After the child's death old Hannah treasured this cradle with the tenderest care and left it finally to the friend she loved best. These were Hannah's happiest days, soon to be overclouded. Sarah developed her mother's malady, and after a lingering illness at twelve years of age her grandmother laid her in God's acre. Hannah lived for more than twenty years afterwards, and "Our Sarah" were words often on her lips. Hannah could not read, but her heart was full of Scripture. When a friend took up the brown Bible and asked "Where shall I read?" Hannah would reply, "*All* on it's good; it's not for me to pick in God's Book, but *for choice* I'd like you to finish wi' one o' our Sarah's chapters, xiv., xv., or xvi. of John. Eh! how she used to say, 'In my Father's house are many mansions. Grandmother, I'll look out for thee.'" "Have you long known God as your Father, Hannah?" "Eh, bairn, I was converted i' t' Methody Chapel i' Long Addingham when I were thirteen. I were out in a farm place then, and I've trusted t' Lord ever sin'. He's been a good Maister to me for seventy years, and I've faith to believe He'll keep me to t' end." And her face would light up, and softly her withered hand would pat the arm of the chair. Her Lord was no abstraction. He was her Guide, her Friend, her Saviour. One day a friend called and asked her, "How are you, Hannah?" She replied, "Comfor'ble i' t' mind, but very oneasy i' t' body. You know, joy, I always sits wi' my door open. Well, last night I kep it open as long as I could, but when I wanted to go to bed, I tried to get to shut it, an' when I got halfway across t' floor t' rheumatics were so bad I could neither go back'ards or forrards, an' there I stood me. I thought as it would hev to stop open all

t' night, and I were sore troubled ; so I cried to t' Lord and I said, 'Lord, Thou knows I'se so bad wi' t' rheumatics I can't shut t' door, Lord help me,' and joy, I heard a voice say plainly, 'Fear thou not, for I am with thee, be not dismayed for I am thy God,' and I went to t' door-sill as lightsome as a lass." Another day she had been working in the fields gathering up stones, and she said, "There was a dyke down t' field and a sheep jumped across and left its lamb at t' other side. Well, I watched 'em. T' little lamb went running up and down blateing and blateing to its mother, and t' old un called to 't, but it couldn't get across, and it were in sore trouble ; so, at t' last, t' mother cam back and showed it t' way over, and I thought," Hannah added, with tears running down her cheeks, "it ware fair like us and t' Lord. We blate and blate, and think He isn't minding, and then He comes an' fetches us, an' we're a' right."

Hannah was a Wesleyan Methodist, and had very strong opinions on the duties of class leaders and ministers, which she hesitated not to express. Once a newly arrived minister called upon her, holding in his hand a list of the names of his congregation. "I think you are Mrs. ——, one of the oldest members here?" "Aye, old Hannah ——; step in and take a chair." "And there he sat by t' ingle," she said, "and axed me who this name were, an' who that were, for nigh an hour ; an' then he gat up and says he, 'Well, Mrs. ——, I must say good-bye now,' an' he were going out, but I stopped him. I says, 'None so fast, none so fast ; let us go to prayer.'"

Being mortal, she herself required reproof sometimes. Her failing was in temper, and it often led her into trouble. One day her friend found her miserable. Tears were trembling in her eyes, and her hands were shaking with excitement.

"Oh, joy! I'm glad you've come. I wanted someone to speak to. My burden's greater than I can bear. It's them bad lads down t' lane ; flesh and blood cannot bide it. Just when I got t' door-step whitened they run ower it ; so this morning I went out and called em (*i.e.* scolded) and told em I wouldn't have it. Well, I set t' door open to watch, and cam' in, ay if they didn't run right ower it again, an' flang a snowball in to t' house. So I went t' door again, and their mother cam out and said she would not have her lads called, and they sud do as they liked. Oh! but she *is* a bad un! I've been axin' t' Lord to tak' me home, for I *cannot* bide it," and the old woman burst into tears.

On another occasion she was grieving under a different trial. Old Hannah had taken a walk round the new cemetery grounds. She greatly disliked it, and could not be persuaded that it was necessary any more than was the railway, which she would never enter, though on one occasion she was nearly induced to do so. Being six miles from home, when her visit was ended her nephew took her to the station, and bought a ticket for her, saying, "Aunt, you shall ride back." Hannah waited with some expectation till she saw the train arrive. Then, in relating the circumstance, she said, "When I saw it come in roaring and steaming, I said to my nevvy, 'Nay, I'll not go in't. Most like I sud never get home, and anyhow it's fair tempting Providence. I'll go wi' t' carrier, an' if he's left I'll walk, an' then anyhow I sall know what I'se doing,'" and to this resolution she obstinately adhered, much to her nephew's vexation.

But to return to her visit to the cemetery. "Well, I've been looking at t' ground for poor folk and I've been thinking, they'll happen lig somebody else at top o' me. I should like to lig quiet by mysell, if I can't be wi our Sarah. Now by what I hear tell they'll put anybody with you, happen folk that is nought to you. If I had one pound I'd buy a grave to mysell, but one pound's a deal of brass." The friend replied, "I want to allow you sixpence a week, so you can save it up and buy a grave out of that if you like." A gentleman also who knew old Hannah was above eighty years of age and unable now to work, gave her one shilling weekly. She felt herself a rich woman. "God bless em," she said. "I's in plenty now." Being questioned some months later as to whether she had bought the grave, she replied, "Nay, I found t' money so comfor'ble I agreed to trust t' Lord for t' dead body, when He's took such care on it when it were living." Though so poor, she was generous. She would give a visitor one of her newly-baked brown bread-cakes. "Tak' it home for your tea, joy," and if refused would indignantly add, "It's none mucky ;" or if it were a cold day would produce a little elder syrup, and would heat it and insist on its being drunk. "Nay! joy, you've read t' Bible to me an' I can't bide to turn you out co'd." A slice of bread or an apple was always ready for any child who ran an errand for her. Frequently after a day of toil she would spend the night by a neighbour's sick bed.

"Old Hannah."

A motherless family of seven children was stricken with fever. Old Hannah nursed them and washed for them for a fortnight, going home for all her meals that she might not cost them anything. A girl whose ill-tempered father turned her out, saying she was idle, found for six weeks a refuge with Hannah, who, discovering she was not lazy but ill, nursed her tenderly. She helped her friends too, by praying for them. A common expression with her was, "I took it to t' Lord," or "I axed t' Lord about it;" she said, "I sams (sum) you all up." If anyone were in sorrow she would often say, "I'd great liberty in prayer for thee last night, and I'se *sure* t' Lord will undertak' for thee." She was singularly unwilling to give trouble. Only one of her children lived in the same town as herself, and when her daughter-in-law came to help her to wash or clean her house she would remark, "Yes, she's been down, but she's plenty to do at home with all them bairns; childer are a handful for any woman, wi'out giving her wark to do for me." Bravely and independently she lived, and so she died, at the age of ninety-two. Her friends saw her strength was rapidly ebbing away, and for several days before her death frequently came in to see her. Her daughter-in-law was with her, and her son came also when his day's work was over. The night before the one on which she died she insisted on being left alone. "I can't do wi' t' house choking up wi' folk; go home an' lock t' door, I'se not afraid; t' Lord will tak care on me, an' if I dee I'll go to Him—I'se *safe*." The following day, a sweet spring one, she sank, and in the night passed away—a poor old woman, yet her brave words come sweeping over the memories of those who knew her with the invigoration of a sea breeze, and remind one of her own words, "'T Lord has brought thee thro' sore trials, and I'se sure He's done it because He's great things for thee to do for Him; He mun mak us useable His own way." In toil and want she followed the Master on earth, and now she is satisfied, for she sees the King in His beauty, and God has wiped away all tears from her eyes.

MAHOMEDANS AND CHRISTIANS: THEIR RELATIONS IN INDIA.

By the Rev. M. A. SHERRING, M.A., LL.B., Late of Benares.

MANY persons have been asking for months past, What are the views of Mahomedans in India in regard to the war between the Russian and the Turk? What are their sentiments on the action of England in this dispute? Are they likely to show their resentment to their British rulers in the event of Turkey being worsted and humiliated? These and similar questions it seems only natural to put, seeing that we have upwards of forty millions of this race under our sway.

It may be acknowledged at once that they have no reason to love us; on the contrary, that they have strong reasons for treating us with aversion, if not with enmity. Mahomedans in India would display virtue of an unusual type were they to exhibit cordial friendship to a few thousand pale-faced foreigners who have come a long voyage across the sea and have forcibly taken from them one of the richest, fairest, and most populous countries on the face of the earth, which they had securely held within their own grasp for hundreds of years, and vainly imagined would be retained by them for ever. In order to gain India we had to conquer and thoroughly subdue its Mahomedan rulers; and were we to quit the land to-day, their descendants would make a desperate attempt to-morrow to recover their lost dominion.

The Hindoo inhabitants know this, and well remember that before the English entered the country it was for the most part governed, not by Hindoo monarchs, but by Mahomedan, and are consequently reconciled to their lot, and accept calmly and with a kind of philosophic patience the administration of Britain. They are not anxious for a struggle with their Mahomedan fellow-countrymen; nor, although they outnumber them in the proportion of five to one, are they by any means sure, should the struggle come, that they would be successful, and thus save themselves from being once more placed beneath the foot of the Moslem. With loss of government, authority, prestige, honour, and wealth, and occupying in most places a subordinate position even to Hindoos, is it to be wondered at that the Mahomedans of India should cherish no love to the authors of their social degradation, especially when they call to mind the fact that the last Great Mogul died a state prisoner and an exile in Burmah, and that the representative of the kings of Oude is now a pensioner of the British Government in the suburbs of Calcutta?

It must not, however, be imagined that the Indian Mussulmans are ready to revolt, or are watching with eager eyes the progress of events in Turkey, with the view of taking advantage of their issue, on whichever side it may be. This would be a very unwarrantable conclusion to draw from these observations. Like all Mahomedans everywhere, they are, in the main, an intensely ignorant people, and know exceedingly little about what is going on in the world around. And it is quite certain that in India only a small number are acquainted with the merits of the war in Eastern Europe or take the slightest interest in it. Not one in twenty knows anything of geography; and although they may all have heard some time in their lives of Room, which is the Indian word for Turkey, they are, for the most part, in utter ignorance of its position on the surface of the globe. In the Presidency cities, such as Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, some Mahomedans of education and respectability, reading our English newspapers, and copying the English custom of marking and studying the religious and political movements of other countries besides their own, have shaken off their Oriental apathy, and roused themselves into a little enthusiasm in behalf of the Turks. But this is no indication whatever of a national interest having been awakened concerning them. True, a few fanatical and determined men may become leaders of multitudes, and thus do infinite mischief. In India, however, of all countries in the world, the people are lacking in the faculty of organization and in the power of banding themselves together under recognised leaders in carrying out any extensive scheme or enterprise. The Great Mutiny of 1857 is sufficient proof of this, when it was notorious that the mutineers and rebels failed everywhere in all their plans through the want of a thorough and systematic organization. Moreover a large number of Indian Mussulmans detest the religious tenets of the Turks. The Mahomedans of India are principally composed of two sects, Shiahs and Sunnees, between whom a feud exists, and has ever

existed, as strong as that which divides Roman Catholics and Protestants. The Turks are Sunnees, and are consequently held in abhorrence by the Shiahs of India; while they regard with favour and sympathy the Shah of Persia and his subjects, who are Shiahs of an intensely pronounced character. The way in which this religious animosity between the two sects works is strikingly manifest in the present war, in which the Persians have displayed no readiness to help the Turks, but have, on the contrary, thrown their influence into the scale on the side of Russia, threatening indeed at one time to aid that power against Turkey. We have little to fear, therefore, from our Mahomedan fellow-subjects in India; and may sit around our hearths, if not with satisfaction, at least with calmness and without alarm, as we contemplate them in relation to ourselves.

But there is a great and important question in regard to Indian Mussulmans which as Christians it is needful for us to consider. Cannot we adopt some method of attracting them to ourselves? Are there no means of gaining their confidence and esteem, and likewise their friendship and love? Is the task too gigantic or too intricate to be attempted? Surely it is neither healthy nor right for that wide separation to be maintained between the rulers and the ruled which is now seen. Some have supposed that the grounds of the difference between them were partly political and partly religious—that the Mahomedans were not merely opposed to us because we are their rulers, but also because we are Christians. And there is no doubt truth in this supposition. Nevertheless too much must not be made of it. The Mahomedans are more dissatisfied with us for the first reason than for the second. This may be easily explained. As subjects of the Queen they must submit to the laws of the land and to all the measures which her representatives in India have instituted for the government and administration of the country. They are not left to their own pleasure in the matter, nor should be. Strict obedience is demanded of them, and if not rendered they know that punishment will follow. Yet it is quite optional for them to receive Christian instruction from missionaries. In this they know full well that there is no compulsion whatever. They are left entirely free to neglect altogether, if they choose, the Christian institutions which have been established in the country. Nevertheless in many places they prefer to send their sons to mission schools and colleges, where they receive daily Christian instruction, to sending them to Government institutions in their immediate neighbourhood, where they would receive none. Some time ago the Church Mission College and the London Mission Institution, with upwards of twelve hundred native students, in the sacred city of Benares, had among them, if I remember rightly, from thirteen to seventeen per cent. of Mahomedans; while the large Government College, with seven hundred students, in which no Christianity was taught, and in which a first-class education was given by a highly paid staff of English and native professors and masters, could only secure five per cent. I well remember the very great astonishment of Bishop Milman, the late Metropolitan of India, on learning this circumstance, as it plainly showed, what many persons are slow to believe, that in some places in India Mahomedans prefer a good education accompanied with Christianity at the hands of missionaries to a good education without such accompaniment at the hands of other persons.

There is another view of the subject which has its weight, which is that all Government officials, even those connected with the Government educational establishments, have the indelible stigma upon them of belonging to the conquering race, and therefore are peculiarly obnoxious to the Mahomedan community. Missionaries, however, are known to have no such official connection, and are consequently free from this stigma. Their association with the Christian religion is, in the eyes of Indian Mussulmans, a smaller offence than that of serving a Government which has snatched from them their dominion. Thus a closer intercourse often subsists between them and missionaries than could possibly prevail between them and members of the official class. Indeed Mahomedans like Hindoos are often desirous of cultivating their acquaintance, and of soliciting their advice on matters of interest to themselves. Moreover they freely place their sons under the care of the missionaries, satisfied with the arrangement that they shall receive from them all the instruction, both secular and religious, which they will give. I believe too that both these classes of native society disapprove of the irreligiousness of the Government system of education. It is well known that many Hindoos have this feeling. They are essentially a religious people, and carry their religion into all the concerns of life. In their opinion, no sound education can be given apart from some kind

of religious training; and although not wishing their children to become Christians, they are nevertheless anxious that their children should receive the religious training of Mission institutions, with many features of which they are greatly pleased, rather than they should receive no religious training at all. And in this anxiety some of the Mahomedans share. It is, in my judgment, a grave mistake that the Bible at the least is not taught in the Government institutions in India. Many natives would be glad to have such an acknowledgment of their religion made by the Government of the country; and inasmuch as the Koran of the Mahomedans and various sacred books of the Hindoos are taught in the Government colleges and schools, there would be no breach of religious neutrality were the Bible also taught in them by Christian teachers.

While Mahomedans in India are confessedly not less disaffected toward the Government now than they were ten years ago, it may confidently be asserted that they, as well as the Hindoos, are more reconciled to Christianity than they ever were. Formerly most Mahomedans were unacquainted both with the real principles of the Christian religion and with the characters of the Christians who were brought under their influence. This may seem strange, considering that Mahomedans are enjoined in the Koran to regard the New Testament as a sacred book, and to render honour to those who follow its precepts. Yet, as I have already remarked, Indian Mussulmans are profoundly ignorant; and this is as much seen in the ideas they entertain, not merely of Christianity, but of the tenets of their own religion. Of late years the Gospel has been so widely proclaimed among the cities, towns, and villages of India, and has been so extensively taught in the numerous schools connected with the various Missions covering the land, that all classes of native society, including Mahomedans, have more or less acquired a knowledge of its leading truths. The Mahomedans, in common with the Hindoos, confess to a respect and reverence for Christianity which a few years ago they would have scorned to acknowledge. Some of them, in many parts of the country, have been brought to feel the divine power of the Gospel and to avow their faith in Christ. While in regard to multitudes it may be truly said that, although they may not be Christians or intend to be, nevertheless their characters and lives, perhaps unconsciously to themselves, are being to some extent affected by the principles of Christianity. The preaching of missionaries and education, especially that imparted to Mahomedan ladies and their daughters by devoted Christian ladies sent from England and America, are accomplishing a vast work of transformation among the members of this great branch of the native community. A conciliatory demeanour on the part of missionaries, English officials, and all other English residents in India will powerfully supplement these other instrumentalities in gradually winning the affections of this hitherto antagonistic class. Unwearied kindness shown to them, patience of spirit in our dealings with them, uprightness and consistency of life in ourselves, and a steady adherence to the divine precept of "speaking the truth in love" will doubtless produce their effect upon them, as they have ever done on the most obdurate natures in every age of the world. India was won by the sword, and is still held by the sword; but we must endeavour to retain our hold of her in the future by instruments more sanctioned by Heaven, and better calculated to gain the love and to secure the confidence of the noble races of Hindoos and Mahomedans scattered in teeming millions over her sunny plains.

DOCTRINAL IDEAS OF THE BIBLE.

Their Genesis and Growth.

By DONALD FRASER, D.D.

V.—OF HOLINESS.

IN a few instances the English Bible gives the term "holy" rather inaccurately as the rendering of Hebrew and Greek words which properly denote kindness or benignity.* But there are words in the original text which are rightly and consistently translated "holy" and "holiness," and these occur in the Bible more than five hundred times. Little light, however, is cast on the meaning of the expression by the Hebrew, the Greek,

* Psalm lxxxvi. 2, cxlv. 17; Heb. vii. 26; Tit. i. 8; Rev. xv. 4.

or the English etymology; and the only way to obtain a sure interpretation is to trace throughout the sacred oracles the historical use of the word "holy" and the development of the idea of holiness.

It is a remarkable fact that the term in question is never applied in the Book of Genesis to either God or man. That book covers more time than all the rest of the Old Testament, and we gather from it that during the earliest ages of human history God was known and adored as the Almighty, the Most High, the Judge of all the earth, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; but, so far as appears, not known as the Holy One. It is in Exodus that this designation first occurs. The place on Mount Horeb where Jehovah appeared to Moses, and gave him the commission to deliver Israel from bondage, is called "holy ground." Then, when the people have been delivered, they learn to recognise Jehovah as their Holy God. In the triumphal song after the passage of the Red Sea we find this language: "Who among the gods is like unto Thee, O Jehovah? Who is like Thee, glorious in holiness?"

This reference to other gods is most significant. The God of Israel was the Holy One, as entirely separate from the gods of the heathen, as the absolutely unique and transcendent One. They were weak and vile, implicated in evil, patrons of licentiousness and cruelty. Jehovah was separate from them in respect of His natural attributes, as power and wisdom, being the Supreme God, and separate in His moral attributes of justice, purity, and compassion, being the Holy One, *i.e.* the inviolable and immaculate One in whose presence no evil might dwell.

At the same time this separateness of the God of Israel was not thought of as mere particularism or reserve. He was isolated from all that marked the gods of the heathen; but He did not hold Himself apart in cold self-contemplation. He revealed Himself, and entered into relations of friendship and kindness with the people whom He separated from other nations, that they too might be holy.

The national holiness to which Israel was called was its separateness from the idolatry and uncleanness in which the nations of the world were sunk. It was set apart for the Lord. "For thou art a people holy to Jehovah thy Lord; Jehovah thy God hath chosen thee to be a special people unto Himself above all peoples that are upon the face of the earth."* And this truth was proclaimed in the accoutrements of the high priest, who, as concentrating in himself the calling and privileges of Israel, had on his forehead a plate of gold bearing the inscription, "Holiness to the Lord."

The word "holy" carries throughout all the Old Testament, from Exodus onwards, the meaning of separateness from what was evil or profane. And in accordance with the genius of the Mosaic dispensation, the holy calling of Israel had many outward and visible marks. There were holy places, holy garments, holy Sabbaths, holy convocations, holy offerings, holy oil, holy tithes, holy instruments, holy courts. And when Jerusalem became the city of the great king, it was the holy city, and Zion was the holy mountain. By all these the chosen and redeemed people were reminded that they were not at liberty to live and worship as did the nations round them, but were bound to hold themselves apart to serve and glorify Jehovah, their Holy One. This thought pervades the Psalms and the books of the prophets. One may search the Old Testament through and through and never find the word which is usually translated "holy" employed in the sense of human goodness and purity. That sense may be in it by inference, but the proper meaning is separation and consecration to Jehovah.

In the New Testament the idea of holiness is the same, but more expanded. The thought that God is supremely holy, *i.e.* morally elevated and inviolate, is carried on from the Old Testament; and as He is revealed in the Blessed Trinity, holiness is ascribed to the Father, the Son, and the Spirit. The Father is addressed as "Holy Father." The Son is "the Holy One of God," "thy Holy Child Jesus." The Spirit is "the Holy Ghost," "the Spirit of Holiness." In the last book of the New Testament, which recurs to Old Testament ideas and expressions, we read this form of adoration: "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, who art, and wast, and art to come."

In like manner is continued the idea of human holiness, as that of separation from evil, in consequence of a divine election, redemption, and calling. It does not mean a degree of purity or of rectitude attained by men in their struggle to satisfy their own consciences or to please God. It is distinctly the result of, and the response to, God's grace in setting apart for Himself a chosen and redeemed people to be witnesses for Christ to the uttermost parts of the earth.

* Deut. vii. 6.

The basis of Israel's holiness was the divine election of that nation. The basis of Christian holiness is the divine election of the Church. St. Peter writes just as Moses had done of "a chosen generation, a holy nation." St. Paul addresses the Christian people at Colosse as "elect of God, holy, and beloved." And the same apostle, in the splendid exordium of his Epistle to the Ephesians, distinctly lays down this doctrine: "The God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ hath chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before Him in love."

Consequent on, and of course subsequent to, the election to holiness is the calling to holiness*: and the argument is the same in the New Testament as in the Old—"He who calls you is Holy." "Be ye holy for the Lord your God is holy."

Where then, it may be asked, is the progress or expansion in the idea of holiness under the new dispensation? Our answer is: in the reduced emphasis laid on external and localised sacredness, and the increased emphasis laid on holiness of heart and conduct. The New Testament has no laws of holy places, holy garments, or holy seasons: and wherever these are made of prime importance among Christians, it is due to that failure to apprehend the character of the dispensational change which has led to so much confusion and superstition. There is no more any earthly sanctuary. Our one sanctuary is heavenly: our holy places are not made with hands. Our priesthood is a heavenly one under Christ, our Great High Priest; and our holy garments are just the habits of purity which are as robes of white linen on all the saints. Our holy seasons too are not annual festivals as were those of Israel, but perpetual and uninterrupted, because we are worshippers in heavenly places, and our sacrifice of praise is offered there continually. In our dispensation the stress is laid on holy men and holy living. There is a holy temple; and the Christian people form it. There is a holy sacrifice; and the Christian people render it as their "reasonable service." The requirement under the New Testament is that the people of God be holy, or separate from the evil which is in the world, alike in thought, word, and deed, in all manner of conversation or conduct, and in all their mutual intercourse. The very salutations of the early Christians were not as those of the heathen. They saluted one another with "a holy kiss." Being a thing of character, and no mere attribute of time and place, their holiness evinced itself in all the details of manner and conduct. As in the old time holiness became God's house at Jerusalem, so that it was all holy, even to its outer courts; so in the new dispensation holiness became God's spiritual house, the Church of sanctified ones, so that they should be all holy, and that in every action and relation of their lives.

As the idea of holiness is thus expanded, so also the helps to holiness are much increased under the Gospel.

A perfect model of holiness is set before us in Jesus Christ our Lord. When He appeared among men a false ideal of holiness was in possession of the Jewish mind; and the heathen mind had no ideal at all. The austerity of the Essenes or the self-righteous exclusiveness of the Pharisees was mistaken for holiness. But Jesus Christ taught very differently. He made nothing of mere practices of austerity, and far from showing exclusiveness received sinners "and ate with them;" yet in Him was no sin. He did no iniquity, neither was any guile in His mouth. Wherever He went He bore Himself with a sweet dignity and an obvious separation from all evil, worthy of the Son of God. So doing, He gave the true model of holiness to His followers.

> "The Christ Himself had been no Lawgiver
> Unless He had given the life too with the law."
> AURORA LEIGH.

Besides the old standard which had been too high for Israel—"Jehovah your God is holy"—the Church got this new standard, the holy Jesus, the perfection of sanctity expressed on earth in the character and walk of One who was the Son of Man. After this model is the holiness of Christians to be moulded. They are not to attain to it by secluding themselves from the world, like those who dwelt in caves or those who shut themselves up in cells or secret chambers; nor are they to reach it by self-inflicted pains or austerities. Such is not their calling, for such was not the life of Christ. They are not to go out of the world, but to stay in it and do their duty, abhorring what is evil and cleaving to that which is good. If sinners entice them, they are not to consent. If temptations beset them, they are to overcome. Christians are all called to be saints: and the saints are just men and women on the earth separated from the dominion of evil, consecrated with holy

* See 1 Thess. iv. 7; Heb. iii. 1; 1 Pet. i. 15, 16; ii. 9.

anointing oil of the Spirit to the fellowship and service of God our Saviour.

This is not all. Jesus Christ, the model of Christian holiness, is also the source and cause of it. He is not the holiness of His people in the same sense in which He is their righteousness; but He is their life. They abide in Him and He in them. In Him they have their separation to God both as servants and worshippers; and they become holy ones in virtue of His death and resurrection by the purifying influence of His word and the inward operation of His Spirit.

In grace a Christian stands. His sins are freely pardoned, and he is reconciled to God in Christ Jesus. By faith a Christian lives and walks, and as he does so he follows after holiness. From Christ by faith he obtains strength and wisdom to resist temptation and to cease from sin. His proper consciousness is, "I am the Lord's." His proper course is walking in the Spirit. If he sins, he contradicts and dishonours his calling as well as his profession. If he clings to God in all things, and is separate from sinners, he does what is expected of him; he acts "as becometh saints." In this right course, if he has many adversaries, he has also many helpers. Divine promises enable him to purge himself from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, and to perfect holiness in the fear of God. Divine chastisements tend to wean him from frivolous delights, and to make him more fully a partaker of a divine holiness. And, since the Spirit has come, there is "sanctification of the Spirit" accompanying the "belief of the truth."

In the end of the Bible holy symbols reappear. There is a home of the saints, a city of peace, the holy Jerusalem which shall descend out of heaven from God—"There shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth." In the struggle of good and evil after the millennium we behold a "camp of the saints, and beloved city." Thereafter, far as the vision stretches beyond the last judgment, and after the renewal of the heaven and earth, lo! the sweet eternal home—"the holy city, New Jerusalem!" And again it is emphatically declared that a holy dwelling place is for none but the holy and obedient. "He that overcometh shall inherit all things."

We have seen that a Pharisaic exclusiveness had no countenance from the Son of God; but there is an exclusiveness in Christianity, and it runs throughout all the Bible. To many minds this gives offence. The religious notion most in favour with educated men at the present day is that of tolerance and all-comprehensiveness; and the aim of some religious teachers who are much applauded seems to be to broaden "the narrow way," so that anybody and everybody may enter into life. Under all this, indeed, we can recognise a sound and true idea at work. There certainly is in God a sublime superiority to the small prejudices and hard sentences of men, a marvellous tolerance, a mighty breadth of forbearance and love. But there is also, because of His very perfection, a strict exclusiveness in God, an absolute separation from all that is morally evil or impure, and this sort of exclusiveness must characterize all those who surround His throne or constitute His family. His angels who serve Him are holy. His ransomed ones must be holy to dwell in His presence; and it is here, in this present evil world, that they are to learn the lesson or form the habit of separation from all iniquity. They must not be harsh or contentious, but "follow peace with all." Yet they must not be complaisant to evil, but morally exclusive—"follow holiness, without which no one shall see the Lord."

A PEEP AT AN OLD SCOTCH PASTORATE.

IN the picturesque parish of Dalgety, on the northern shore of the Firth of Forth, there is the ruin of an old church, where fifty years ago the parishioners assembled for the worship of God. The roof is now gone, and the floor is covered with weeds; and yet it seems but a short time since the voice of the preacher was heard there, and psalms of thanksgiving and trust ascended from the worshippers to their own and their fathers' God. Some of the older inhabitants recall to-day their memory of a sermon preached there by Edward Irving; and feeling and fancy cling with reverence and love to the sacred spot. It is a large parish, stretching along the coast as far as five miles, with Aberdour on the east and Inverkeithing on the west. It was the scene of the devoted labours of one of those worthy pastors of whom the Scottish Church may well be proud. She can boast of having included in her roll of glorious names hundreds of men whose life and teaching helped to make her what she is to-day. But the story of their toils

and sufferings cannot in many instances be told. Their memory lives with God. Their fame wears the immortal lustre which is bestowed on those who are faithful unto death. The preservation of the Kirk-Session records of the parish of Dalgety enables us to recall the story of a pastorate in that place in the far-off covenanting days.

On the 28th of August, 1644, Mr. Andrew Donaldson was ordained to the ministry of the parish. He appears to have been a native of Perth, and had been trained at the College of St. Mary in the University of St. Andrews. Possessed of a good share of learning and endowed with abundant piety, he began a life of earnest labour on that August day in this little parish of six or seven hundred souls. He had for helpers some noblemen and gentlemen of real devoutness and earnestness of heart, and here he remained until, in the autumn of 1663, owing to the ecclesiastical policy of the Government, he shared the fate of the noble four hundred who, on the last Sabbath of October 1662, refused to submit to the requirements of the Privy Council in Scotland—ordering all ministers who had entered their charges subsequent to 1649 to procure new presentations, and to present themselves to the prelates to receive collation and admission to their charges. This order in council failed to touch Mr. Donaldson, since he had come to his living a year earlier than the prescribed limit; but a way had been found for including him under the penalties which were deemed suitable for such men as he. It is not, however, of Donaldson's sufferings, so much as of his work, that we wish to speak.

It must be remembered that, as in England so in Scotland, the parish minister in those times included in his charge and care all the people of the parish; and such a man as Donaldson, having at heart the welfare of his people, looked after their interests with a devotion and love which bring to our mind a conception of a well-nigh perfect pastor. The poor, the sick, the young were kindly treated and watched over; evil livers were rebuked and punished. The minister was in fact, for nearly all intents and purposes, the magistrate of the parish.

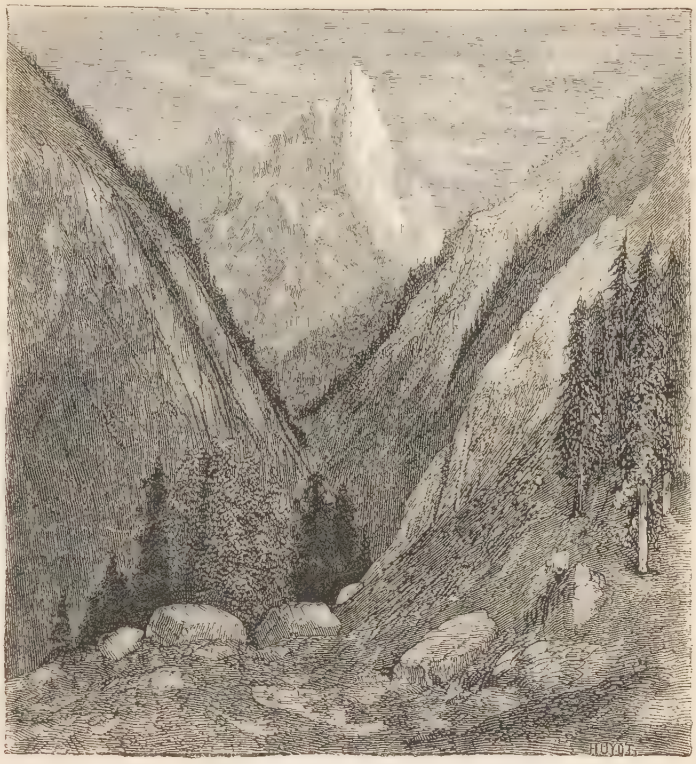
We are given to be exceedingly proud at times of the appliances and provisions which exist in our own times for promoting the moral and social well-being of the people, and probably we often fancy that two hundred years ago our fathers were little above barbarians in their mental and moral culture; and yet, on the shore of the Firth of Forth, we find a parish far more looked after then as to its morality than many an English village even in these maturer days. Mr. Donaldson was an uncompromising and devoted servant of God, watching over his flock as one that must give an account. It is interesting to notice how carefully and persistently he and his friends regarded the wants of the poor, and the claims of the children of the parish upon their supervision and instruction. When a manse had been built, the minister gave his attention to the new school. It was incumbent on the heritors of every parish in Scotland to provide one. The minister of Dalgety had much trouble and care before his object was accomplished. The country was in a state of trouble and confusion; and most good work, involving toil and sacrifice, makes slow progress. The good man was busy seeking a suitable teacher. The Presbytery often debated the amount of the schoolmaster's salary. A piece of ground not being forthcoming, and the heritors continuing to chaffer as to terms, Mr. Donaldson gave a piece for the school-buildings. The Scottish reformers had looked steadily and resolutely at the subject of education, for in the First Book of Discipline they said, "Of necessity therefore we judge it, that every several kirk have one schoolmaster appointed, such an one at least as is able to teach grammar and the Latin tongue, if the town be of any reputation: if it be in a country district, where the people convene to the doctrine but once in the week, then must either the reader or the minister there appointed take care of the children and youth of the parish to instruct them in the rudiments, especially in the Catechism, as we have it now translated in the Book of the Common Order, called the Order of Geneva; and further, we think it expedient that in every notable town, and specially in the town of the superintendent, there be erected a college in which the arts, at least logic and rhetoric, together with the tongues, be read by sufficient masters, for whom honest stipends must be appointed. As also provision for those that be poor, and not able by themselves nor by their friends to be sustained at letters; and in special those that come from landward."

That same Book of Discipline required the well-to-do members of the kirk to provide their children with an education at their own expense; but the kirk provided such education for the poor according to the docility which was found in them. Over the entire work of education the minister, with his elders and

the principal people of the parish, had inspection and care. With compulsory education either in vogue or imminent at the present time, it is startling to read in that old code of Church provisions that the rich and potent were "to be exhorted, and by the censure of the kirk compelled, to dedicate their sons by good exercises to the profit of the kirk and commonwealth, and that they must do this of their own expenses because they are able." We find entries in the record of the appointment of visitors to the parish school, and of the report which they rendered. When the Session found that some "poor ones" within the parish could not be maintained at school by their parents, they ordered that their school fees should be paid from the kirk-boxes, and that a sum of money should be spent for their books and other necessaries. Notice was taken that the children who had to look after the cattle in the summer season grew up in much ignorance, because of their absence from the kirk on the Lord's day and from the weekly examinations. Their employers were therefore ordered to relieve them every second or third Sabbath that they might come to church, and at other times also for catechizing; and such as could not be kept at school were to be taught to read under the direction of their masters. This order of the Session was required to be read in the kirk on the following Sabbath; and the elders in their visiting were to see to it that its provisions were carried out. The Session, observing the great ignorance which had prevailed in the parish, made it a rule that all children were to be trained at the school until they could read the Scriptures; and that afterwards they should be "bred up in the knowledge of the grounds of religion." Collections were made quarterly in aid of the education of the poor, and as much as a hundred pounds Scots was spent for that purpose in the parish of Dalgety. Catechisms and books were provided from the same source. The following entry, the spelling of which we alone alter, tells a touching tale, and suggests a lesson for these times. "December 5th, 1651. John Henderson, a poor boy at the school, desires to tarry and learn to read, and is altogether destitute of maintenance; the Session appoints for him the Friday's collection for the time." This was obtained at the week-day service of the church. We read in another entry of three pounds being appointed for clothes to a poor scholar. We have therefore a picture of quiet and persistent labour in Dalgety on behalf of the education of all classes. The Session appointed in 1654 that "all who could read in the several quarters should buy Bibles, and that poor bodies who could not buy them were to be helped to make the purchase." Indeed all persons not disabled by age or other infirmity were compelled to learn to read. If parents neglected to send their children to school, or took them away, they had to prepare for speedy and sharp punishment. We also come across entries indicating the way in which the minister and his elders dealt with refractory parents.

The poor were the special charge of these churches in times gone by. The Reformers had said "Every several kirk must provide for the poor within itself." We find that down to the middle of the last century, as a rule, the weekly collections made at the doors of the parish churches were sufficient for the support of the poor. Into the box dropped the free-will offerings of the people Sunday after Sunday, whence was derived the assistance which the poor required. During the two months immediately following Mr. Donaldson's ordination at Dalgety the sum of £16 2*s*. Scots was contributed at the doors. In 1649 six deacons were elected to look after the "people's charity." The ordinary poor and their usual wants were of course first of all attended to; in addition, those who were sick, or had met with accidents, or had fallen into any kind of trouble were kindly provided for. If duty were neglected in this respect, the minister and elders took notice of the failure and reproved it. So we read June 14th, 1653: "The Session, considering the meanness of the present collections, and that there are many who are able to give either little or nothing, appoint the minister to reprove uncharitables the next Lord's day, and to stir up people to their duty here."

This tale of Pastoral Work, for which we are under obligation to a little book entitled "Glimpses of Pastoral Work in the Covenanting Times," by the Rev. William Ross, LL.D., Bridge of Allan, reveals something which may well reprove our frequent sloth and indifference, and suggest to us inquiries which would surely be helpful to us in solving some of the painful problems which still ask for attention in our social life. We hardly need add that all the work of Andrew Donaldson was done in the same painstaking way, worthy of the Church and nation to which he belonged. W. DORLING.



DEAD, YET SPEAKING.

By the AUTHOR of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

"I have been dying for years; now I shall begin to live." These were almost the last words of the Rev. James Drummond Burns, minister of the Presbyterian Church at Hampstead, who died of consumption abroad, in 1865, deeply beloved and lamented.

DEAD, and alive again. Alive to us,
Who through the long, long lapse of years still mark
The after-glow thy sunset luminous
Threw back upon our dark.

Alive to God, and to His work divine,
Though in what sphere we know not, nor need know:
Content to follow those dear steps of thine,
And where thou goest to go.

The blessings of the happy and at rest,
The sorrowful, and those whose sorrows cease,
Blossom, like April daisies, on thy breast,
Sleeping the sleep of peace!

But far beyond all sound of earthly strife,
Or silent slumber 'neath this long-green sod,
Thou art passed, triumphant, into perfect life,
The soul's true life in God.

GREGORY OF NAZIANZUS.

IV.—GREGORY IN RETIREMENT.

GREGORY'S retirement from Constantinople was a voluntary act. Although, like all public men, he had made enemies, especially among the wealthy, he was still beloved by the people at large, and he enjoyed the special favour of the emperor. But he gladly availed himself of the excuse which the opposition of the Bishops of Egypt and Macedonia afforded, to divest himself of an honour which he felt to be a burden. Men are commonly perplexed when they hear of any one exchanging a brilliant position for the obscurity of private life, and they are apt to surmise that it cannot have been volun-

tary. If high positions are sought, as they may be, because of the substantial advantages and the public consideration which they bring with them, it cannot be expected that they will be voluntarily abandoned. But there are some men who seek high position for another reason than because of its honours and advantages; to them its real attraction is the opportunity it seems to offer to do much good to their fellow-men. When, however, such a position has been gained it is often found that its real power for good is less than was imagined. The words of David—"I am this day weak, though anointed king; and these men, the sons of Zeruiah, be too hard for me"—are often a just expression of the feelings of good men in high positions. They explain also why such men sometimes abandon such posts and betake themselves to retirement with a contented and even a glad mind.

On retiring from Constantinople Gregory took up his abode in retirement at a place in the neighbourhood of Nazianzus called Azianzum, which was probably an estate which he had inherited from his father. He appears to have been very happy. He had a garden with shady trees and a pleasant fountain, and he was fond of resorting thither to meditate. He spent much of his time in writing. Not Richard Baxter himself was fonder of his pen than Gregory. He was specially given to composing verses. His verses, according to Jerome, amount to thirty thousand. Many of Gregory's verses seem to have had no other aim than to aid the memory in retaining Bible facts and names. The names of the sons of Jacob, the plagues of Egypt, the genealogy of Christ, and the names of His apostles; these and many other similar subjects were fashioned into verses by his ingenuity. Others of his poems are on subjects of polemical divinity, in which the orthodox conceptions regarding the Trinity are defended with the usual arguments, and the views of heretics assailed with the usual invectives. Why verse was employed rather than prose is not very clear. But among Gregory's numerous poetical remains there is to be found some genuine poetry, which shows that in the heart of the polemical theologian and the rhetorician there was still a fountain of fresh natural feeling. Take the following address to his own soul, and in quoting it and other poetical fragments of Gregory we shall avail ourselves of an excellent translation lately published by a clergyman of the Church of England. In this address Gregory asks his soul what it would wish to be, and after some introductory questions he says:

"Wouldst thou in Love's sweet anguish,
In indolence and ease,
Let truth and honour languish,
And change with changing breeze?

"Wouldst wed a fair Heth's daughter,
Fair progeny to see?
Ah me! of woes and slaughter
Progenitor to be!

"Wouldst have the commons sounding
The greatness of thy fame,
And theatres rebounding
With echoes of thy name?

"Wouldst thou in courts o'erflowing
With legal mockery,
Justice and truth o'erthrowing,
Pillage, and pillaged be?

"Wouldst take a martial bearing
And sport with blood and gore?
Or, Pythian garlands wearing,
Defy the lion's roar?

"Wouldst have the town applauding
And statues reared to thee?
The world thy merits lauding,
Wouldst thou its idol be?

"Vain wish! a shadowy dreaming,
A moan of wind hence bound,
Whiz of an arrow gleaming,
A hand-clap's dying sound.

"Such things will fade to-morrow,
However bright to-day;
And he must sleep in sorrow
Who makes them his heart's stay."*

The following is in another strain; it is a hymn of penitence written at night after "failure to keep a vow":

"O Thou, the Word of truth divine!
All light I have not been,
Nor kept the day as wholly Thine,
For Thou dark spots hast seen.

"The day is down, night hath prevailed,
My Lord I have belied:
I vowed, and thought to do, but failed;
My steps did somewhere slide.

"There came a darkness from below
Obscuring safety's way:
Thy light, O Christ! again bestow;
Turn darkness into day."

Gregory meditated much on his past life in his retirement at Azianzum, and many of his most interesting verses are narratives of scenes in his own life. As was natural he dwelt much upon the momentous scenes in which he had taken part in Constantinople; but we find no indication that he was ever visited even with a transient desire to return to the great world, such as sometimes seizes such recluses. He dwells with positive delight on the thought that he has now no longer to sit at the imperial table, touch the imperial beard when making a request, and kiss the blood-stained hand of the master of the Roman world. To his successor in the bishopric, Nectarius, he wrote in terms of cordial kindness, and said with regard to himself that he was now living in peace, undisturbed by strife or business; and that he looked upon his undisturbed solitude as the

* "Songs and Hymns of the Earliest Greek Christian Poets," translated into English verse, by Allen W. Chatfield, M.A., Vicar of Much Marcle. Rivingtons, 1876.

highest reward that could have been conferred upon him for his labour. But, although Gregory loved his solitude well and had no desire to leave it, we must not think of him as a Saint Simon on a pillar, indifferent to all human concerns. Sometimes, it is true, Gregory speaks as if he desired to be so. In one place he speaks of it as the highest life to have the senses locked up, to exist out of the flesh and out of the world, and to be conscious of only two existences—God and self. But we must not press such expressions too far. Deeply religious men of all schools, impressed with the evils of the world, and conscious of the soiling effect on the spirit of contact with it, have always spoken strong and extravagant words about the need of separation from it. But it is only just to such men to say that, although they have fled from the world's pleasures, and sometimes from its business, they have been rarely found wanting when opportunities occurred of doing any real service to men. The mere intellectualist, however amiable, turns away from the spectacle of human suffering which shocks his sensibilities. But a living faith in the redemption of mankind by the Son of God brings with it a tenderness of pity and a sense of obligation to labour for the good of men; and when this ceases, as it sometimes does, even in religious men, we may be sure that our religion, for the time being, is not that of Jesus Christ, but of the Pharisees. Gregory manifested how genuinely Christian he was in spirit by endeavouring even from his retirement to help his fellowmen. We find him, for example, interposing between the citizens of Nazianzus and the imperial lieutenant. The former having been unfortunate enough to excite the wrath of the man of power, they found themselves threatened with destruction. Gregory was too ill at the time to visit the lieutenant in person, but he wrote him a letter, in which he entreated him not to destroy a city full of human beings because a few young men in it had given him just cause for offence. His pleadings appear to have been crowned with success and Nazianzus was spared. He had a number of friends in and near Nazianzus, and also at a distance, and he was constantly writing letters to them advising them on things temporal and spiritual. It is pleasant to find that even on the subject of marriage he could write truly and gracefully, for rarely do monks touch upon that subject without shocking modern sensibilities. Gregory certainly considered the single life the highest for man and woman. This is apparent in all his writings. In an "Admonitory Address to a Virgin" he thus writes:

> "O Bride of Christ on high,
> Thy Bridegroom glorify!
> Always thyself keep pure
> In word and wisdom sure,
> That bright with Him All-bright
> Thou e'er mayst dwell in light.
> Far better spouse is He
> Than earthly spouse could be:
> Thy union happier far
> Than mortal unions are."

To marriage Gregory could give "only second praise;" but he never talks of it as Jerome does, and the following letter of congratulation to a young man on his marriage-day shows how much kindly humanity there was in his nature. He had promised to be present at the marriage, but sickness prevented him, and he wrote this letter instead: "Your beloved Eunopia is now thine; the marriage-day has arrived; the foundation of your life is laid, and the prayers of your parents are heard; but I, who ought of all men to have been present and joined in your prayers, must remain at a distance. Let others then invoke the loves—for there must be sport upon a marriage-day—and describe the beauty of the bride and the grace of the bridegroom, and cover the bridal-bed with complimentary addresses as with flowers. I shall sing to you my marriage song: 'The Lord bless you out of Sion, and give harmony to your union. Mayest thou see thy children's children, I had almost said still better than yourself.' This is what I should have asked for you, if I had been present; and now earnestly invoke it upon you. Let the crowns be for others, but ours the prayers."

Gregory kept up a considerable correspondence with rhetoricians and men of letters. He was in the habit of giving young men letters of introduction to famous teachers of rhetoric, and from these letters we see that he stood on terms of courteous friendship with such men, even although they were heathens. As was to have been anticipated, however, it is in his letters to his Christian correspondents, and especially to those who shared his ascetic views, that he speaks with most freedom, and that the kindly affectionate nature of the man comes out most fully. Very interesting are the letters which he wrote to a young man whom he calls Sacerdos, and who had in early youth gained Gregory's love by devoting himself to a life of piety. He became the head of a sort of monastery, whose inmates devoted themselves to the care of the sick and poor. Gregory encouraged him in all his good works, and when, through a misunderstand-

ing with the Bishop of Cæsarea, he was removed from his post, Gregory told him that a faithful man must expect trouble in this evil world. "If you expected nothing difficult," he wrote, "when you devoted yourself to the philosophical life, you made an unphilosophical beginning, and I blame those who educated you." In another letter he says, "That which is not tried is not proved; but that to which the touchstone has been applied is fully proved as the gold in the furnace. And if you have wisely considered this, I give thanks to God. If you have not yet done so perfectly, I add my experience and advice. You and I have been treated with insolence; we have been hated. What greater benefits can we obtain than such trials? Consider this aright, and give God thanks for the injury, even although you cannot thank those who have done it to you." In another letter he says to Sacerdos that he ought to consider nothing dreadful except a falling away from God and godliness. When Sacerdos died Gregory wrote a beautiful letter of consolation to his sister Thecla: "I was anxious to go to you, although weak and sick in body, that I might see you and praise the resignation you have displayed regarding the loss of your sainted brother; for of that I have no doubt. Since, however, I have been hindered by circumstances, I am obliged to write in order that I may take some part in your pious thoughts on the present occasion. Whence, I ask you, did our noble Sacerdos, God's true servant now as formerly, derive his origin? Was it not from God? And where is Sacerdos now? With God. Not unwillingly, I well know, did he depart from the reach of envy and from the struggle with the wicked one. And whence are we? Are we not also from God? And whither shall we go for our release? Must it not be to the same God? And may we have the same confidence as he had."

There was one form of work for the public good, in which we might have expected Gregory to have taken some part, in which he steadily refused to join. He would not attend councils and synods of the Church. Again and again we find him deploring the evils connected with these assemblies, which he says often came together, but seldom came to any agreement. To an invitation addressed to him by the Emperor to attend a synod in Constantinople, he replied that he was in no mood to attend such an assemblage; that he had found that they generally increased rather than diminished the evils they were called together to deal with, since they fostered the spirit of disputation and the love of power. Gregory of Nyssa has expressed a similar opinion of the value of synods, and the words of the two fathers have been often quoted as a condemnation of the practice of calling together assemblies of ecclesiastics. It is but too true that such assemblies in ancient as well as in modern times have often brought little glory to Him in whose name they were assembled. It cannot be wondered at that devout and high-minded men have sometimes fled with horror from their deliberations when they witnessed plain evidences of pride and passion in their debates, and of tergiversation and worldliness in their policy. Perhaps some men are so constituted that they cannot with any advantage take part in the deliberations of public assemblies; and Gregory was of a nature so sensitive that he must have found it very difficult to exercise the patience and forbearance which are needful, if one is to gain influence in a public assembly. While, however, we pardon Gregory and men like him for "saluting synods from afar," to use his own words, it must not be forgotten that the higher honour belongs to the good men who remain, not to those who flee. If the Church is to have an existence upon earth at all, and to do the work to which it is called, such councils, in some form or other, are a necessity; and it is not by forsaking them, but by zealously giving heed to them as a holy though arduous work, that good men will best meet the evils which they deplore. If their fellow-ecclesiastics are worldly, vain, and self-seeking, there is the greater need that those who follow their Master should make their voices heard in those councils which are assembled for the very end of carrying out their Master's will regarding His Church.

Of the circumstances of Gregory's death we know nothing. He died about the year 390, probably in his quiet loved home at Azianzum. His name is deservedly held in the highest honour in the Church. "He was a man," wrote a younger contemporary, "illustrious in word and in action, who shed a brilliant light by his knowledge upon the Churches of Christ, and always taught that which he himself did, and did not, like some, condemn himself by doing the opposite of what he taught." The verdict is just, and it happily hits upon Gregory's characteristic excellence. He was essentially a true man, anxious to carry into daily life the lessons which he proclaimed with the orator's

tongue of fire. Modern readers may not sympathize with his love of retirement and his desire to flee from the strife and tumult of the world; but it was a true Christian feeling which led Gregory to dislike the feasts of Constantinople, and to turn his back upon the lordly city in which he might have played the part of a prince and ruler. His dislike of the world arose from his deep love of higher things. His own words could be truly applied to the episcopal fugitive from Constantinople:

"Wealth is a failing stream,
And power an empty dream;
But thou, faith's sail unfurled,
Hast fled this erring world,
Steering thy course on high
To realms beyond the sky.
There in the holy shrine
Thou shalt for ever shine!
And there with angels raise
The song of endless praise."

JOHN GIBB.

HARTLEIGH TOWERS.

The Story of a Noble Purpose.

By the AUTHOR of "Andrew Gray's Story," &c.

CHAPTER XXXI.—AN INTERESTING BOTANICAL SPECIMEN.

"The snow is gone! but ye only
Know how good doth that good news sound
Whose hearts, long buried and lonely,
Have been waiting, winter-bound,
For the voice of the wakening angel
To utter the welcome evangel."

Fables in Song.

ON the afternoon of that bright day in March, when there seemed at last to have come to Frank's heart some glad beginnings of life and hope, Margaret Carew might have been seen hurrying along the crowded thoroughfare, returning from the now familiar picture-dealer's shop, where she had been on her usual needful errand. A lightsome happiness, such as she had not known for a long time, was singing at her heart. "Frank is right. It is just like a resurrection, and I am sharing in it. God is so good! Everything pleasing seems to have come together," she whispered, as she glanced up into the broadening blue sky, and felt the breath of spring on her cheek. And then as she walked along she began to fasten her thoughts down to some practical plannings for the weeks to come. Hope seemed again to gild the daily routine which had a few hours ago presented a vista of such unbearable drudgery. She must not copy her Fairquay sketches any longer. Frank and she would go away to some pleasant nook where country breezes would bring back the physical vigour which he still sorely needed for his future work. And she would fill her portfolio afresh with all the gladsome bits of spring which she could gather. "The winter is past, and the time of the singing of birds is come," should be traced on each. There was still much hard work before her, Margaret felt; but no thoughts of possible future difficulties or hardships must dim the brightness of to-day, she resolved as she neared the little back street, which had now become so strangely familiar to her. She glanced up with a warm feeling of gratitude at the grimy walls which had sheltered her and Frank in their extremity. The sunbeams were resting like a benediction on the dust-stained windows. Yes, that unlovely street would always be very dear to her heart; for was it not here that the Sun of Righteousness had visited them with healing in His wings?

Frank had been having for company in her absence the contents of an old desk containing papers of his father's which he had never before looked into; but to-day, before Margaret left, he had asked her to bring it to him. She felt glad to think, therefore, that probably her company had hardly been missed by him; but she doubted whether, after all, he was fit for the trying task of looking through old papers, and her thoughts now began to dwell with some anxiety upon how she might find him. The landlady generally required more than one emphatic reminder that somebody wished for admittance before she felt moved to mount the stair, but on this occasion she answered the bell with unusual promptitude. "'Deed and it's time you were a comin' back, miss," she greeted her in an excited tone, "and a carriage been at the door for an hour and more, and then sent away; but the gintry is still sittin' awaitin' for you, miss." "Somebody here, waiting with my brother, do you mean?" she asked as she hurried towards the sitting-room. Could her mother have taken alarm about Frank and come from Fairquay? And if she were only alone, how glad she would be to see her again, thought Margaret with a thrill of warm filial love.

"Waitin' on you, that they have, and sent the carriage away and all. A nice tall gintleman wi' a stoop and a furrin look; and his old mother is a pleasant-spoken lady

as ever I knew," added the landlady as she descended towards the kitchen regions.

"A stoop and a foreign look"—that description did not answer to Dr. Jenkins certainly. And with his mother too! Surely there was no mistaking who these visitors were. At last, and to-day, thought Margaret as she glanced towards the stair with an inclination to take refuge in her room till this wild heart-beating got a little quieter. But there was Frank's voice, and even in her agitation she could detect something of the old cheerfulness which had been wanting in it for so long. And now the clear melodious tones of Hugh Hartleigh chimed in, bringing with them a host of mingled memories. They sounded so unchanged, so home-like, that Margaret, with a swift impulse, opened the door and walked into the room. It was Frank's voice which greeted her from the easy-chair where she had left him. With a flush of happiness on his pale face he cried, "There she is at last, Mrs. Hartleigh. We didn't hear you come, Margaret. How did you manage to slip in so quietly? You've spoilt the little surprise I was arranging. Hasn't she?" But neither of the visitors seemed to have leisure to reply just then. Mrs. Hartleigh still held Margaret's hand after the first greeting, and stood gazing into her face with wistful tenderness.

"My child, I have found you at last—a long last," she murmured; and then with a quick movement she laid Margaret's hand into her son's, as if she only suddenly remembered that he was waiting to shake hands.

"How do you do, Miss Carew?" he said in his quiet low tone, and then he drew forward a chair for her, while he returned to lean his shoulder on the mantelpiece, which had been his position when she entered the room.

"You have been waiting. I'm so sorry I was out," said Margaret, taking refuge in the most prosaic subject available.

"Which regret implies that I am not capable of entertaining visitors. Very unfair, isn't it, Mrs. Hartleigh?" said Frank gaily.

"Very, Frank; especially when you've made such efforts for our entertainment as to allow us to rummage in the contents of the pockets of that smart velvet coat of yours," replied Mrs. Hartleigh with a smile.

Margaret then perceived, somewhat to her surprise, that the garment in question, which had been discarded by Frank for many months, now lay on the table.

"Thereby hangs a tale, Margaret. I can assure you I owe that coat a great grudge," continued Mrs. Hartleigh with a smile. "To think of disinterring from its pockets two of my lost letters to you! Just look, Margaret, what we have found in that pocket grave," she added, holding out two crumpled foreign envelopes.

"Then you did write! You did not forget me, after all. Oh, I am so glad!" cried Margaret, bending forward, her face all aglow with happiness. "Do give me my letters, please," she added laughingly as she stretched out her hand. Hugh left his post at the chimney-piece, and quickly laid the letters in her hand.

"You faithless child!" began Mrs. Hartleigh with a reproachful air. "You should have known by instinct that the letters were in the pocket of Frank's coat. You ought not to have them now, just as a punishment."

"You must really have thought my mother's silence very mysterious indeed, Miss Carew," said Hugh quietly as he looked down at Margaret's face bent over the recovered letters. "And all the while she was, and we were, longing to hear news of you."

"Yes, and what scraps we did get were false," added Mrs. Hartleigh, glancing with a smile towards Frank, to whom she had been confiding her chronicle.

"But you must not think I was faithless, that I didn't trust you. I did in my heart of hearts believe that something just like this must have happened, though it was rather hard sometimes," added Margaret, with quivering lip, as she looked at Mrs. Hartleigh.

"Well, nobody can imagine what a culprit I feel listening to all this. I am like a prisoner awaiting his sentence," said Frank from his easy-chair, looking wonderfully happy, notwithstanding his acknowledgment of guilt. "It's very odd, though. I could have almost said certainly that I posted that letter to you when you were at Fairquay. But why did you never tell me you were in trouble about not hearing from Mrs. Hartleigh, Margie?" continued the unconscious Frank. "It might have led to this wonderful discovery in the pocket of my discarded coat before now. It was really very strange that you never mentioned it." And Frank looked again at Margaret with a questioning air of newly awakened surprise. Mrs. Hartleigh glanced at her also interrogatively. Poor Margaret felt rather at bay; but before she had time to make any defence of this past silence concerning what seemed to have been all the while an active trouble, Frank

said in a grave pained tone, "But, after all, it is not to be wondered at. You will understand, I dare say, Mrs. Hartleigh, from what I have just been telling you, how it came to pass that Margaret did not burden me with her troubles; it has been all the other way. Margaret knows too well how little likely I would have been during the past months to sympathize with any troubles, great or small, except those concerning my own wretched self." Frank glanced self-reproachfully towards Margaret, and just at that moment it struck Hugh Hartleigh, who chanced to be looking at her too, that the beautiful face looked more sad than it used to do.

"Yes, but we are not going to talk more about that, Frank," interposed Mrs. Hartleigh with the kind thoughtfulness in her tone which Margaret remembered well. "Winter is past, you know, and the time for the singing of birds is come. I told you, Hugh, that that was dwelling like a refrain in my heart as we drove along this morning, and now it seems delightfully to suit as a message to our invalid—doesn't it, Margaret?"

"Yes indeed," replied Margaret brightly. And then she paused; a sudden shyness took possession of her as she was going on to tell that the same refrain had been making melody in her own heart that day.

"But, Margaret, are you not curious to know how we found you at last?" asked Mrs. Hartleigh, looking fondly at her girl friend.

"Of course I am very curious; but there are so many things I want to know—everything since a year ago," said Margaret, coming to seat herself beside her restored friend, while Hugh went to Frank's side and continued an examination of some old coins which he had found in his father's desk, and with which he seemed to have been trying to entertain his visitors before his sister appeared.

"Ah, yes—since a year ago—one short year, and yet it seems a happy lifetime to me. And now that we have found you, my child, I feel that my cup is full indeed," murmured Mrs. Hartleigh as she stroked the bright hair fondly. "And for you it has been a year full of trouble, Margaret," she continued softly. "Frank has been telling me a little, and I can fill up the rest."

"Yes, we have had troubles—great troubles; but some of them have been of my own making. I was so impatient and rebellious about many things," said Margaret impetuously.

"That time at Fairquay must have been very trying for you, my dear; your mother's strange step, and all that," said Mrs. Hartleigh.

"Yes; but Frank was not with us then. He knows very little about that time I think," replied Margaret musingly.

"Perhaps not," replied Mrs. Hartleigh. "It was your friend Mrs. Gordon who told me a little about it."

"You know Mrs. Gordon then? You have met her and the girls. Oh, I am so glad! Tell me where you met them?" cried Margaret with keen earnestness.

"Margaret, do you know I was actually rash enough to order tea. It strikes me that, since it has not appeared, the worthy Irishwoman may not have even four cracked cups to produce," said Frank, laughingly interrupting the conversation between Margaret and Mrs. Hartleigh. But just then the person in question entered the room with an air of having wonderfully risen to the occasion, bearing her best japanned tray of many colours, on which four uncracked cups were ranged, excavations from a set of "best chiny," whose acquaintance Margaret now made for the first time. When she afterwards thanked the landlady for her kindly efforts, knowing well what an effort it must have required, she replied in a half-excusing tone, "'Twas lightsome to see the folk. An' I don't grudge a bit o' trouble for a bit o' lightsomeness. It's been as dull as ditch-water, what wi' fogs and fevers and frost; and sure it was as if that carriage had brought a bit o' sunshine in it." And Margaret smiled to hear that even the landlady had shared in the new feeling of joyousness which had visited her dull domains. But she felt almost inclined to tell her that the "bit o' sunshine" preceded, and had even a happier and better source than the arrival of the "carridge," which the landlady seemed to regard as a sort of luminary from which brightness had irradiated.

Margaret and Hugh's mother had much to say to each other before they parted that afternoon. Sitting together in Margaret's little room while Hugh entertained the invalid below, Margaret listened to the outlines of the sad story which had blighted two lives for so many years. It need hardly be added that, like Tom Belton, Margaret pitied more than she judged. Mrs. Hartleigh, however, shamed and stirred as she always was when occasion brought any need for entrance into that sad chamber of memory, begged her questioner to judge righteous judgment and read truly

the lesson of the sad record of those years, which, if it told of a cruel destiny, spoke also of wilfulness punished and pride crushed. And then, in low tender words, such as fall from the lips of those who speak of their beloved dead, Hugh's mother went on to tell how Thomas Belton, the St. Oswald's architect, had in his dying moments, by a few gentle manly words, roused her to a sense of her true duty. How it was he who first tried to show her that what she looked on as an iron chain severing her for ever from her only son was after all only a cobweb, to be swept away when the daylight should stream in. It was he, she narrated now, who had with his dying clasp linked the long-severed hands, and then she went on to tell of their wanderings hand in hand since then. But with regard to this period her chronicle was not so full and satisfactory as Margaret would have liked. Tenderly and proudly as she made mention of her son, there was a repression in her manner which Margaret could not understand. Frank and responsive as she had ever been with her once mysterious friend, Margaret too was conscious of a new feeling of shyness in talking about the owner of Chadsthorpe, so that Mrs. Hartleigh on her side felt roused to certain maternal anxiety by her silence regarding him. By both, but especially by Hugh's mother, there was felt a shadowy barrier to have sprung up between them. And when they went down-stairs after their long talk, it was with a feeling of anxiety that she glanced towards her son. Hugh, however, seemed in gayer spirits than she had seen him for a long while. It was still his mother's dream and hope, as it had been in Sorrento, that they should return to Chadsthorpe, and that her son should renew his interest in the forsaken duties there; but the matter seemed still doubtful, and had been more so than before since his return to London. It was therefore with considerable surprise that Mrs. Hartleigh presently heard her son turn and say to Margaret, "We shall be going back to Chadsthorpe very soon, Miss Carew. Can I take any message to your old friends there? Caleb Bartlett will, I know, be grateful to have any crumb of news I can bring."

"I have some things I want to say to Caleb, but I think I must wait till I can have a talk with him on his garden seat," replied Margaret, the mention of the old miner reminding her of some great lessons which he had tried to convey to her by mingled words of warning and comfort, but which then fell half heeded on her despairing heart, and were only now beginning to be learnt.

"By the way, Margaret, since you have been so kept in the dark about us, you cannot have heard that Emma Bartlett has been my maid ever since we left England," said Mrs. Hartleigh. "She was eager to leave Chadsthorpe, you remember, but it strikes me she is now longing to get back again. Poor Emma, she was kept regularly supplied with letters from her grandfather by that faithful Dick Hayward. The old man seemed to dictate the productions word for word. Dick's entire suppression of himself was really quite a study. If Emma had not known the writing to be his, as I saw she did, she would never have guessed who her grandfather's scribe was. But I am not sure that Dick's method of wooing was such a bad one after all! I think it has won the wayward Emma back to her first love. Hugh doesn't think the girl is good enough for Dick, his protégé, but then you see Dick does."

After some further conversation about mutual Chadsthorpe acquaintances, the visitors took their leave.

Mrs. Hartleigh's maternal anxiety, as she said good-bye, was further roused by Margaret's reluctance to promise to visit her on the following day at their hotel, as she eagerly urged her to do when leaving.

Margaret had not yet left her brother, except on necessary errands to the print-shop, and feeling anxious as to the possible result of to-day's fatigues, she decided that she could not venture to leave him on the following day, so she resisted both his and Mrs. Hartleigh's entreaties; and though Hugh joined to urge his mother's request, Margaret still felt that she must not leave Frank in solitude for so many hours as accepting this invitation would imply.

Frank's exertions seemed, however, to act as a stimulus, and on the following day he took his seat in the little sitting-room, looking so well and cheerful that Margaret rather repented of her self-denial regarding her proposed visit to her restored friend. And when presently he surrounded himself with his books and his microscope and became too much absorbed to be companionable, she began to feel as if she had on this occasion after all been a martyr by mistake. The bright weather still prevailed, and when in the afternoon Frank urged her to go and see her friends she felt much inclined to act on his suggestion, but she dreaded that in all probability they had now made other plans for the enjoying of this pleasant spring day,

so that it would be wisest to abide by her yesterday's decision. But she thought she knew how she would like to spend her holiday hour. It would gladden the faithful Betty Skinner's heart to hear of Frank's "resurrection." To Ingrave Square she would go, and share the joyful news with her. Betty and she were great friends now. They had a good deal to say to each other about the past as well as the present on this afternoon, so Margaret's visit was considerably longer than she intended. On her return she found Frank with an increased air of life and energy in every feature. "Sit down, Margaret, I've got something to tell you," he said, rising hastily at the same time and beginning to pace up and down the little parlour, as if trying to test his strength.

"A pleasant sunset breeze was sweeping across the common, and this twilight hour was sweet."

"How long you have been! I thought you were never coming back to hear my news," he said with a smile, as he paused in front of her where she had meekly seated herself with an air of puzzled anxiety. "Where do you think I've promised to go in less than three weeks, Margie?" he asked in a happy, eager tone.

"Where, Frank?" gasped Margaret, more puzzled than ever. Her thoughts began to turn on Fairquay, and then with a leap of her heart she wondered whether it could possibly be to the old home at Chadsthorpe again during these glorious days of spring. "Do tell me quickly, Frank," she added, as he still stood smiling in front of her.

"To the West Indies. What do you think of that, Margie?" he cried almost with boyish glee.

"Oh, Frank, you are joking! You are teasing me—trying to frighten me, as you used to do when I was a little girl," said Margaret as soon as she had sufficiently recovered her astonishment to be able to speak.

"No, Margie, I am in sober earnest, I am thankful to say. It is a botanical appointment for three years—a first-rate thing. It is all Hartleigh's doing. Uncommonly kind of the fellow. I happened to mention yesterday that I wanted work and shouldn't mind going abroad, and in he walks this afternoon with this all cut and dried for me just like a good fairy. He says it occurred to him that he had heard of this yesterday when we were talking of these things, but did not then know whether it was filled up or not, so you see he has not let the grass grow under his feet. I have accepted the appointment right off, and a very lucky chance it is for me. It is work that I can do, and it will do me good. Congratulate me, Margie. God is very merciful in giving me a pleasant 'stepping-stone' like this;" and Frank's face was all aglow as he held out his hand.

Neither Margaret's heart nor lips could, however, frame congratulations just then. Sore scorching feelings were rankling, grief and anger were struggling for the mastery. To think of Frank agreeing to take such a step so hastily, so heartlessly as it seemed to her now. For this work must separate them for years, perhaps for ever. It was hard, after all that had come and gone, she thought with quivering lip, as she cast a backward glance over their recent struggles. Surely it might have been possible for him to find some work in London. Was it not after all his old spirit of wayward impatience which had made him come to such a hasty decision? It seemed all the harder that it was Hugh Hartleigh who had brought this trouble, that it was his hand which had dealt what she could not but feel to be a blow. The horizon seemed all of a sudden to grow confused and dark. Had she not even now, as she hurried back to Frank, been planning how she might work harder for his sake than ever? for it must be many months, perhaps years, before his weakened frame recovered itself, and meanwhile in all his plans he had left her entirely out of consideration. Was the winter of heart and soul going to come back again for her? she asked herself in sudden dread, crying out in her heart that even in the midst of this thick darkness she might not feel forsaken, that she might still be helped to do right.

"I cannot congratulate you just yet, Frank," she said presently in an unsteady tone, not daring to meet his gaze. "It has all come so suddenly. It feels like a blow to me this news. But we shall not talk of it any more just now, please. I want to go and think about it first;" and Margaret hurried to her own room, carrying her work with her, interweaving once again her sad thoughts into the copy of a Fairquay scene.

Yesterday, with its bright plans and hopes for fresh work, seemed so far away now. Not now could there be the change for Frank to some pleasant English nook, as she had been dreaming of then. Perhaps, however, after all the fair new land might have interests and distractions which his saddened heart would have had more difficulty in finding in more homelike regions at present. Mr. Hartleigh had been wiser and kinder than she, and had this in view surely when he helped Frank to make this hurried decision, as most likely he did. His mother too must have known and approved; and yet she had heard from her yesterday much that might have made her understand what it would be for her to be parted from her brother. Frank never seemed to think of her in the matter; if he had had any idea that it was possible for her to accompany him he would have mentioned it, decided Margaret ruefully, with a bleak feeling of having been left out in the cold. But the more she pondered the matter the clearer it became to her that this new idea had happy elements in it for Frank, and therefore she must be brave and patient. And after all what had she to complain of? Was not her mother beginning to send longing letters for her daughter's return to her side; and had it not after all been part of the rebelliousness that she was trying to overcome which had made her resolve never to live with her mother in her new home? But as she thought of her future, it seemed to be so uncertain and vacant of love or duty that she could not help shrinking from the prospect and, covering her face, she lifted her overwhelmed heart to One who is to His people as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

When she raised her head again it was with a quieted heart, but the daylight had faded now and the brushes had to be laid aside, though Margaret still lingered in the twilight, sitting with folded hands absorbed in sad meditation.

Presently the landlady's loud knock at the

door startled her from her reverie. "Please, miss, you've got to go down," she said, putting her head in at the door. "It's Mister Carew as is a callin' for you—or was. There's two gentlemen been here for more than half an hour, one of 'em as came in the carriage wi' the lady," added the landlady, retreating.

So Margaret lifted her bent head to obey the summons. The battle was fought now. Frank was right, they ought to be very grateful to Mr. Hartleigh. She must try to thank him as best she could for his kindness. Hugh Hartleigh was standing near the door of the sitting-room, lingering about with seeming aimlessness as Margaret entered with some traces of her recent struggle still visible on her face. Frank stood at the window with a stranger, a dark-bearded man with an eager face. Both were bending over a large portfolio of dried plants which the stranger seemed to have brought with him.

"My friend, Mr. Hilldrop, whom I've brought to have a talk with your brother about this Eldorado, Miss Carew," said Hugh as he introduced him. Mr. Hilldrop, however, after a courteous bow, turned again in an engrossed manner to the portfolio, and in this fading light, with their heads close together, Frank and he continued their examination of the tropical plants, and returned to the animated conversation which her entrance had interrupted.

"I wonder whether your brother will come back as enthusiastic from the West Indies as Mr. Hilldrop has done," said Hugh, smiling, as he saw Margaret glance towards the two rather questioningly. "I hope you think that I have been right in suggesting this for him," he added in a lower tone. "I trusted to seeing you about it first when I came this afternoon. Your brother seems immensely attracted by the idea, and he is certainly a capital man for the expedition. My mother thinks it is just the sort of change he needed, she is rejoicing in it. And you"——

"Does she? Oh I am so glad she thinks it right," interrupted Margaret eagerly, but her lip was quivering and she could not trust herself to say more. It all looked so cruelly real, that great portfolio, the stranger, and Frank's almost boyish eagerness. Another portfolio of botanical specimens which the enthusiastic Mr. Hilldrop had brought with him lay on the table. Margaret began turning its pages. It was a relief to do something, but she did not see a single plant, though she gazed on them with seeming intentness.

"You are fond of botany too then, Miss Carew?" said Hugh after a little silence.

"Oh no, I am not, at least not particularly," stammered Margaret.

"Then please do not look at these now. It is a long time since we last met," continued Hugh with seeming irrelevance, but still Margaret bent over the portfolio, though now she did not turn the sheets.

"I cannot say I am interested in these dried flowers," he continued, his face brightening all the while. "But do you know, Miss Carew, I have one little dead crumpled flower which I always mean to keep? It is my secret, Margaret. Do you care to listen to it?" he added in a low passionate tone, almost drowned by the growing excitement of the botanists' talk. Hugh Hartleigh's face was lighted up by one of those sudden bright gleams which Margaret remembered well when at his call now she looked up to meet his gaze as he whispered, "It is the little early daisy you found growing in the old courtyard wall at Hartleigh a year ago. I asked you to give it to me, you remember? And, Margaret, I have kept it ever since!"

CHAPTER XXXII.—CHADSTHORPE AGAIN.

It was an evening late in July. The day's work was almost over for the peaceful dwellers in Chadsthorpe. Sweet-breath'd cows were trooping slowly back to the farms along the green lanes, pausing at intervals to munch at any stray savoury tuft which attracted their sleepy eyes. The reapers had been busy since sunrise in the yellow upland fields, but they were now scattering to start on their homeward way with an air of wholesome weariness on their bronzed faces. One of these cheerful groups went slowly plodding their way along the winding lane with its deep-set hedge which skirted the high-road leading to the village street. They were old Farmer Warren's labourers. His homestead lay on the other side of the hamlet, but this fertile westward field on which the reapers had been busy to-day was a favourite possession of the old man's. Many an autumn he had seen its waving grain gathered, and had worked "with the best of them," he was now telling the stalwart young labourer on whose arm he leant as he came creeping along. It was now regarded by him as a feat that his tottering limbs should reach his most distant field, and one which he had to-day accomplished with such difficulty that he felt more inclined than usual to indulge in reminiscences of bygone busier days. It was months since he had walked this path, and he was glancing at each remembered feature as one does on loved familiar faces after a long absenc

"Ha, lad, bean't it a gladsome sight to see that open again?" he said pointing with his staff as he paused smilingly at the angle where the lane widened a little and "the doctor's house," as it was still called, came in sight. The little white gate stood half open, and the gravel path within had a frequented look. Weeds which had reigned triumphant for two seasons were swept away, and the trees skirting the flower-bordered walk no longer flung straggling obstructive offshoots across the way. Only a glimpse could be had from the lane of the freshly mown lawn stretching towards the old yellow house, round which so many memories of help and healing clustered for the dwellers in the dale. Farmer Warren still halted, resting on his staff, gazing dreamily in front of him, while the young reaper on whom he had been leaning stood by his side waiting, though with evident desire to follow his mates, who were hurrying along in front of him, to the supper which he had also well earned. "Bean't you acoming, master? It's supper-time," he asked at length with the proverbial irritation of a hungry man traceable in his tone.

"So it is, lad; and you be hungry. I would eat a supper wi' the best o' ye in my day. But don't ye stop for me, Sam. I'll step along wi' the help o' my staff as well as many a man twenty years younger than William Warren. What think ye, lad, would the squire take it for a bit o' pryin' if I was jest to give a peep in at the old house there?"

"The squire and his lady bean't there. I heard Jack say as how he saw them an hour agone crossing the common. An' 'tis late, master," again remonstrated the waiting youth.

"They be acrossing the common, ye say, Sam? They'll be goin' to have a look at the new village that's to take the shine out o' Chadsthorpe, that the squire's buildin' for them mining lads. Bless him and his winsome lady. She be like her father in the face—more than master Frank. They're acrossing of the common, ye say, Sam; then I'll make bold to take a peep at the doctor's house," said the old man as he began to creep along in the direction of the little white gate. Sam meanwhile stood in open-mouthed dismay. The information which he hoped might prevent his master lingering longer was now to be used quite in the opposite way.

"Supper will be all eaten, master; there won't be no scrap left," ejaculated the youth in his extremity.

"That there won't, lad, if you don't go hurryin' after that second batch," replied the old farmer with what the aggrieved youth regarded as ungrateful indifference, having during the previous portion of this homeward walk regarded himself as a necessary help to the old man.

"Don't ye tarry for me, Sam. I'll make my staff my friend. Home to your supper, lad, as quick as ye can run," added Farmer Warren as he looked back from the little gravel path. And after a moment's conflict between duty to the frail and duty to the hungry the latter motive prevailed, and Sam hurried to take his place at the hospitable board of the Oak Farm kitchen.

The sunset rays were slanting on the pleasant trellised frontage of the old house as Farmer Warren leant on his staff facing it once more. One of the low French windows stood open just as it used to do on such summer evenings long ago. It was the window of "the master's" sitting-room. The old leather-covered table appeared to have found its way back again to its ancient nook after its temporary sojourn in Greenwood Gate. All the other familiar surroundings seemed to have gathered round it. The glass shade of the microscope was now catching the golden rays, and flashing them back just as it used to do when it proved an awe-inspiring object to small messengers. "Ay, that's where he used to sit beside that glittering glass thing. 'Twas there I saw him first when I went to fitch him for Joe," muttered the old man, taking his hat off his head with a reverent gesture as a pilgrim might in front of a shrine. So absorbed was he in his backward memories that he did not notice the approach of a lady who had risen from her seat under the old cedar boughs, and was now slowly crossing the lawn towards him, while he continued his soliloquy. "Some folk said as how 'twas a poor place for the squoire to bring his bride to, but, sure enough, it ain't Miss Margaret as thinks that."

"No, that she doesn't, nor the squire either, Mr. Warren," was the unexpected rejoinder from a rich-toned voice by his side. Mrs. Hartleigh senior had not a loud voice, but somehow it always penetrated pleasantly into deaf ears.

"Bean't it the squire's own mother?" said the old man, slowly wheeling himself round to glance at the speaker. "I ask parding, lady. The lad told me as how the gentry was all away on the common, and so, thinks I, I'll step in and have a look at the 'master's house,'" he added with an air of apology.

"You are very welcome, Mr. Warren. The master's friends will always be so here; you

may be sure of that," replied Mrs. Hartleigh in a warm tone. "My son and his wife will be sorry not to see you. They have gone to the Reading-room with the new magazines. Won't you come in and rest a little in the old room you know so well, Mr. Warren?"

"Thank ye kindly, lady; but the sun's about home, ye see, and it's time for an old man like me to be going to my bed too. My race is near run, like his. It ain't likely I'll see so far west as this again. But I had a cravin' for to see that window once more. It 'minds me o' the night that seems like yesternight to me, though it is many a year agone. 'Twas our youngest, Joey—bless him!—as had a fit o' the croup, and my missus kept a beggin' and a prayin' of me to fitch the new doctor. 'No, Polly,' says I, 'them as robs fatherless children bean't the man to cure sick ones; leastways, he'll not lay a finger on our Joey.' That's wot I said; for, you see, lady, we thought he was in league wi' the rascal Rushworth. But the little chap went chokin' and a smotherin', and the missus took to cryin' frightful; and then I was drove here. 'Twas sittin' aside that bit o' glitterin' glass I saw him first. But, lady, there came a day when I knowed what the Master was, as did all Chadsthorpe. An' to think of our Joey being in the Crimear fighting his country's battles—and wounded and on his legs again—and all, and him not here to go to wi' the news. Why, it takes away half the pleasure o' the thing, as I was jest saying to Polly; and wot think you said she? Polly was always a farseein'er woman than me. 'Wullum,' said she, 'mayhap the Master knows more about it than we do. Mayhap he sees the end like.' And it comforted me a bit about our Joey, an' about t'other things," added the old man with a sigh as he leaned heavily on his staff.

"Ah well, it may be so, but we know not," said Mrs. Hartleigh musingly. "'The blessed dead—they rest from their labours and their works do follow them,' the old book says, you know, Mr. Warren. And if they know what is still doing in this troublesome world, they must be able to look down with other eyes than ours. As your wife says, they must know the end, or else it seems to me it could hardly be the promised rest for them. Our trust must rather be in that Holy Friend who was dead and is alive for evermore," added Mrs. Hartleigh softly.

"Ay, that's jest what Caleb Bartlett was sayin' the t'other night when me and Polly went across to see him, and we got a talkin' about them things like—leastways the missus and him. For you see, lady, Polly didn't just feel up to the cheese and the butter business as she used to—a stirrin' woman and a scoldin' was the missus once, but she don't feel up to it now, and the time would hang heavy on her hands. She was just a saying, if it weren't she had the book in the big print Doctor Frank gave to me afore he went to furrin parts she wouldn't know what to do—and then she falls to talkin' about heaven and them things. But I ha'ent no way o' sayin' things like Polly—never had. I never wearies though as she would do if she hadn't summat to keep a thinkin' on. I can allys step about the fields, ye see; and now that I can't bear a hand wi' the work, I thinks a bit on a fine day, when I'm creepin' about and watchin' of things growin'. The Almoighty good He is," said the old man reverently.

"Yes, yes, His tender mercies are over all His works," replied Mrs. Hartleigh softly, as she glanced into the peaceful face. And though Farmer Warren "hadn't no way of sayin' a thing like Polly," surely those tender mercies had taught and were teaching the ever peace-loving, peace-making old man.

"But the missus will be a wonderin' what's come over me; I'll need to be hurryin' back to the farm," he said presently, as he gave a tender, lingering glance at the old house as he turned to go.

"But you cannot walk all the way to Oak Farm alone; surely that would never do, Mr. Warren."

"Thank ye, lady, but I think I'll manage. I sent the lad on to his supper, but I'm as like as not to pick up Tommy Tuckett playing about down there, and he'll give me a shoulder."

"Oh, no, Mr. Warren, I really don't think I can trust you to Tommy's turning up; his bird-nesting propensities may have led him far enough from the village street. You must allow me to help you home. My arm has got stronger again since I got back to Chadsthorpe, and my heart happier too, I assure you. So let's start together down the hill, Mr. Warren. I'll soon be going to meet my son and daughter; so it won't take me out of my way to walk with you to Oak Farm." The expeditions to the distant field had wearied the old man more than he thought while in the midst of its excitement, so without remonstrance he accepted Mrs. Hartleigh's offer of help homeward, and they set out along the winding green lane together.

It was two months ago now since Chads-

thorpe had received Squire Hartleigh and his bride. The "grand doings" which signalised their home-coming would form an interesting hearth-side topic in many a home in the dale for many a day to come. If you should chance to visit Chadsthorpe you may have a more graphic description of the scene than can be given here. They will tell you how the miners, the villagers, and the farmers all met together to give the heartiest of welcomes to the happy pair. How Mr. Hayward, the new manager of the mines, himself recently married, was untiring in his efforts to adorn the grimy settlement for the great occasion, and how he actually succeeded in making that wilderness, temporarily at least, blossom like a garden. And you will not fail to hear also how the most elegant of refreshment tents were planted for the occasion on a level space on the common, beneath which were ranged the longest of tables groaning with noble loads, so that all Chadsthorpe might fair sumptuously on that day. Many will tell you how beautiful the bride looked, and how the bridegroom's once melancholy face was lighted up when they drove along the village street. And you will hear how the glittering carriage suddenly pulled up at the entrance to the little green lane, which was spanned by an archway of flowers, and after exchanging greetings with their many friends, how the young couple turned to walk together up the narrow, winding path which led to the "doctor's house." And at the little white gate there stood somebody waiting to receive them who had been first to hear the prancing horses' feet as they neared the Hartleigh Arms. As the shouts of welcome rose into the air they fell on the ear of that quivering listener. And when Mr. and Mrs. Hartleigh still lingered with smiles and thanks among those who had gathered to do them honour, the solitary one still stood watching by the little rustic gate. For Mrs. Tuckett's lodger had learnt to wait. But the once blue-stained, toiling fingers were tightly clasped together, and the beautiful resolute lips, which had once closed over determined sentences that had borne bitter fruit were trembling as she listened to the coming footsteps, and heard again the tones which thrilled her maternal heart. Hand-in-hand with her son and daughter she retraced her steps to the sheltering lawn, and Margaret looked once again on the familiar face of her childhood's home.

A new mansion, befitting the heir of the Hartleighs and his bride, had begun to rise, but meanwhile they were their mother's guests. For the old yellow house was henceforth to be Mrs. Hartleigh's home. But she is not going to return to it yet, though she has conducted old Farmer Warren to his home. Taking the road which skirts the Hartleigh Woods, she walked slowly along the grassy path till she came to the shady nook where the impatient servant and steed had awaited their master on that July afternoon two years ago. A little gate was set in the mossy vale; opening it, Mrs. Hartleigh wandered in among the graves, and stood leaning on the grey headstone from where her son watched the scene which through the mercy of God had thrown over him its blessed spell and had turned the current of his being.

And then she walked a few yards forward, to the westward side of the little graveyard. The dying sun's rays were slanting on the tall headstone under whose shadow the turf was growing green on Tom Belton's grave. "So grandly young and strong, so brave, so true! Oh, my God, hads't Thou not more need of him here than of such as I?" murmured Mrs. Hartleigh, as she gazed with dimmed eyes. And then her thoughts went back to the lowly little room from whence his spirit had gone home to God. Through the still evening air his dying voice seemed again to fall on her ear. "You will have a peaceful sunset, Mrs. Hartleigh, after your grey noonday—and I shall be in the dawn." Wiping away the tears of sorrow that had been streaming down her face, she whispered, "Yes, yes, the dawn is better—for me the night is coming, but he has entered on the endless morning of joy;" and wrapping her long cloak about her she moved away. The old weather-worn sign-post still stood at the corner of the bridle-path, pointing to the mines. There Mrs. Hartleigh turned now. And as she walked along the familiar path, with its green arching boughs overhead, she seemed to see again the horse and the rider who had so suddenly appeared against the verdant background on that memorable summer evening. To the solitary miners' seamstress, with her heavy bundle, they seemed only an unexpected obstacle in a hitherto useful and unfrequented short-cut to the miners' store. She remembered well. Did not Hugh often laugh merrily now over her brusque refusal to allow him to rid her of her heavy bundle, and insinuate that she was still marked by the same spirit of independence. "Ah, no," murmured Mrs. Hartleigh, "now the homely proverb is a true one—'The back is fitted for

the burden;' mine was taken by a tender Hand when He saw that my heart and hand were failing. But though my heart is lighter and my hand less toiling, my step is feebler than it used to be. The miners' shirts would stand a poor chance of reaching their destination if I had the carrying of them," said Mrs. Hartleigh, with a little sigh of weariness, as she paused in her walk and glanced round for some resting-place. Presently she smiled, and retracing her steps a little way, she turned down a narrow side path, which led to a point where the woods skirted the common. "I shall go and wait for their passing the spot from which I watched him ride away on his first visit to the mines. It was only yesterday Hugh was saying he wanted to see the historical spot where I went and hid myself. He shall see it now," she murmured, with a smile, as she seated herself on the low mossy wall. She had not long to wait. Presently two figures appeared against the soft, illuminated sky. With a smile of deep content on her ageing face, Mrs. Hartleigh sat watching them as they came nearer. A pleasant sunset breeze was sweeping across the common, and this twilight hour was sweet. Hugh and Margaret did not seem inclined to hurry, and she could wait. But when the happy mingling tones began to reach her, the mother rose and went forward to meet her children. We can follow them as they saunter homeward in the gloaming, along the winding lane and in at the little white gate. But the dew is falling, and Mrs. Hartleigh must not linger on the familiar lawn. With her arm lovingly linked in hers, Margaret leads her into the little square hall, and the outer door is shut. Presently candles are brought into the sitting-room, and now somebody is coming forward to close the windows. They are going to draw the curtains too, so our friends are now hid from our gaze, and we must bid them good-night. The stars are beginning to leap out into the darkening sky, and we too must be going home.

A ruined castle is an attractive resort for sightseers, so it may be as well to add for the benefit of intending tourists to Chadsthorpe, that they will look in vain for the roofless walls of Hartleigh Towers. A sturdy young plantation of oaks and elms with pleasant smooth greensward stretching underneath, grows and flourishes in its place. Some people think it was a pity that the new stately mansion should not have been built on the spot where the ancestral towers reared their grey heads for so many generations. Others regret that the time-worn walls, with their weird picturesqueness, have been swept away. But not so think the inmates of Leigh Hall, which stands at a sunny angle of the rising slope, and whose undulating park stretches down the hill till it meets the young plantation in the hollow.

If, however, there is no interesting ruin with a tragic history to be seen at Chadsthorpe, there are other things which would make it worth visiting. A dainty, smiling village has replaced the cluster of dreary habitations among which Dr. Carew laboured for so long. Its centre is the Reading-room, which he placed there. It is still open to the public, and you may have a book, or a magazine, or both. But you will not have the benefit of the quaint old librarian's advice in your selection, for Caleb Bartlett sleeps now in the little graveyard on the slope.

Widow Tuckett is very frail now. She sits mostly at the window of the little parlour. But sweet-scented flowers in their season have replaced the perennial geraniums with their papery rustle. She rests, too, in a luxurious easy chair which has taken the place of the little hair-cloth sofa of old days. She has many visitors, but the one whom she most likes to see is the once unknown seamstress who was her "least troublesomest of lodgers." Widow Tuckett will be glad to see you if you have time; but it may be well to warn you that her parentheses are longer than ever. Tommy has now grown into Mr. Tuckett, headgardener at the Hall. He has a home of his own, too, and has lately married a wife who even satisfies his grandmother. Her maiden name was Fanny Larkins, but young Mrs. Hartleigh, whose maid she has been for long, always called her Fan. She has a brother in London, formerly known as Tony; but the signboard in front of a smart establishment in one of the best neighbourhoods, proclaims him now to be Anthony Larkins, stationer and news-agent. You will find if you patronise him that nobody will place your paper at an earlier hour on your breakfast-table than his errand-boy; and you will also discover that he is an intelligent medium through which to order your books. There is one breakfast-table which Mr. Larkins always supplies with its literature. He has been known, to the surprise of his messageboy, to take thither with his own hands the diurnal supply. It is to a handsome house in a stately Square. But at its door no carriage waits on sunny afternoons to take the

lady of the house on her round of occupations or recreations. No smart perambulators, where flaxen-haired, rosy-cheeked babies sit enthroned, are carried down its broad steps by the officiating footman, for smiling nursemaids; for the master of that house is a wifeless, childless man.

On his return from his scientific mission Frank Carew found himself possessor of a fortune, which it could not scorch his heart to accept, as he had assured Margaret that Mr. Josiah's money would have done. His father's uncle, whom he had never seen, had during his absence died, and left him his heir. But Frank did not care to inhabit the ancestral manor house which thus fell to his share. He prefers to live laborious days in town. Perhaps he finds in his incessant and absorbing work the best bolt, wherewith to bar one sad chamber of memory. But certain it is that few men work harder or to better purpose, and few are more ready to do a kindly deed or to help a good cause. There is a home of shelter and of healing within whose precincts he is a familiar figure, and among its wards there sometimes flits a rumour that its real founder was not an old miser who lived hard by, but a fair young maiden for whose sweet vanished sake their physician and friend still keeps a lonely hearth. But it is certain that the Misses Glen, who are joint superintendents of the hospital, have never been willing to enlarge on this topic.

It sometimes seems to Margaret as if her brother's type of character had entirely changed. With Hugh Hartleigh the happy transformation had consisted in rousing a spirit of dormant energy, and in instilling healthful pulses into a morbid nature, but with Frank it was different. Margaret felt it difficult at times to keep back the foolish tears, when she looked into the grave saddened face and thought of the sunny, buoyant Frank of old days. But she knew that the tears were foolish, even when she let them flow. For was he not now nearer the old ideal Redcross Knight of the shield and helmet with its many dints, though the face under it was lined and sad? The bachelor's spacious rooms are frequently filled by visitors, young and old. They are made most snugly comfortable by his housekeeper, a stout, elderly woman, whose grey bands of hair are folded under a snowy cap, and whose short person is always arrayed in a nice black silk dress. Notwithstanding her peculiar and rather uncouth dialect, there is an air of dignity, combined with shrewdness, in the performance of her duties, which makes Miss Skinner both liked and respected by the household she governs. The young Hartleighs generally call her Betty. Her master never calls her anything else, and when we go to see her we always take a similar liberty.

It is to be hoped that nobody will regret to hear that Dr. and Mrs. Jenkins maintain a more prosperous existence at Fairquay than was at one time anticipated. Frank likes to share his fortune with his mother. So Mrs. Jenkins still suns herself on the promenade, and adorns herself at its shops, while she talks feelingly about past trials and present mercies.

And what of Louisa Morgan? If you are a frequenter of fashionable watering-places in the height of their various seasons, you may not improbably make her acquaintance, if you desire it. She is a handsome woman still.

Mr. and Mrs. Morgan spend together a peaceful old age at Mulberry Park, while their self-willed son and daughter follow the devices of their own hearts.

One of Dr. Carew's great friends is Mr. Beamish, who is also a frequent visitor at Leigh Hall, where he met a Miss May Gordon, who has become his wife. The Craiggowan circle is narrower now.

Not long after their return from Sorrento, Janie, the fading flower, drooped and died. Between the anxiety of her daughter's illness, and suspense about her son who still remained at the seat of war, Mrs. Gordon passed through a time which whitened her head and aged her face. Four of the girls are married, but Maudie still stays with her mother. They live together in London now.

When Margaret sat on one dark November day, in her pleasant morning room, listening to her husband, who with a tremor in his voice, read the news which told "how thick the noble Bearskins lay by these low mounds they kept so well," her heart grew faint as she thought of the dear Craiggowan circle, and of the possible fate of its gallant young head. But Harry Gordon's name was neither among the killed nor the wounded, and he with his young and pretty wife often go to stay with the Hartleighs.

And so for some of these lives happy earthly days grew out of the sorrowful times of the past; but surely there are some things which are "far better," or Tom Belton's stalwart frame would not be mouldering on the Chadsthorpe hillside, nor would Muriel Morgan be lying in her lonely grave in the city churchyard.

THE END.

A MOTHER'S THOUGHTS BY HER CHILD.

O GOD of boundless purity,
How strange that Thou should'st give to me
This young and tender heart,
To train to walk in Thine Own ways,
That he may end his mortal days
In glory where Thou art!

Alas! how slow, how helpless too
Am I, this sacred work to do!
My utmost strength must fail.
Yet, Holy Spirit, if Thy power
Be given to me from hour to hour
I surely shall prevail.

O Gracious Influence, to his heart
Give will to choose the "better part,"
Which none can take away.
By him, O helping God, be found;
To him in gifts of love abound;
Be with him every day.

And, God of grace, his mother bless
With prayer, and faith, and watchfulness,
Now that she has a child.
Let not her weak indulgence spoil,
Nor yet her stern harsh manner foil,
This heart, so soft and mild.

Help her in every act and word
To follow close her lowly Lord;
Be this her only pride—
That she may holy influence shed
Around this dear immortal's head,
And keep him on Thy side.

Then, when the last great trump shall sound,
And all before their Judge be found
To hear their sentence pass'd,
May he in glory then appear,
Receive Thy prize, Thy "Well done" hear—
A conqueror at last.

Yes, may this soul, of rarer worth
To me than all the souls of earth,
But wear Thy diadem;
Then, through eternity I'll raise
A mother's song of unmixed praise,
To Thee, redeeming Lamb.

M. E. P.

ROBERT RAIKES.

A Review of the Rise of Sunday Schools.

BY THE REV. JOHN JAMES MUIR.

WE may safely take it for granted that to the mass of men "Robert Raikes" is a worthy, name, and nothing more. At least, we have searched the catalogues of one of the largest public libraries of the kingdom, and also those of a very extensive subscription library, and we have failed to find one of the books cited as having been laid under contribution by Mr. Gregory,* with the single exception of Tyerman's Life of Wesley. And yet Raikes was in his day no shadow, but a big-hearted prosperous Englishman, rosy, practical, brimful of energy, the kind of man a community like ours, with a wholesome liking for enthusiasm free from asceticism and tempered by charity and good sense, expects to see at the head of philanthropic and religious undertakings.

One of the earliest provincial newspapers in England was the *Gloucester Journal*. Of that paper, dating from 1722, a certain Robert Raikes, son of a clergyman, was the founder and proprietor. He was known as "Raikes the printer," and was a man of great vigour, of excellent repute as a citizen, and one of the first to expose the shocking condition of the English jails. Two men greater than he were to take up his work. One of these was a man of world-wide fame—John Howard; the other was his son. Robert Raikes the son, born in 1735 within the cathedral precincts, fell heir to the *Gloucester Journal* in 1757. He thus inherited not merely a good name and honourable traditions of social effort, but an instrument for the work which, in God's providence, he was destined to do, of unsurpassed and at that time almost unsuspected power.

It may be well at this point to give some idea of the state of things which the father assailed, which the son continued to assail and personally laboured to ameliorate. There are old-fashioned books, little read now, which give, often quite incidentally, such a picture of the morals and condition of England in the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century, as to make us feel that the Christian civilisation on which we pride ourselves is really a thing of recent growth. Mr. Gregory's description of Gloucester Castle gaol will be sufficient for our purpose. *Ex uno disce omnes.*

"Though from forty to sixty fresh prisoners were received within its walls every week, there was but one court for them all. The day-room for men and women felons was only twelve feet long by eleven feet broad. Persons imprisoned for debt, of whom there was always a great number, were huddled together in a den fourteen feet by eleven, without windows, and with no provision for admitting light aud air save a hole broken in the plaster wall. In the upper part of the building was a close dark room called 'the main,' in which the male felons were kept during the night, and the floor of this apartment was so ruinous that it could not be washed. Directly opposite the stairs leading to this sleeping-room was a large dunghill. Owing to the utter absence of all sanitary arrangements, the whole place continually reeked with infection, and deaths were of constant occurrence. Sometimes as many as a dozen victims succumbed in a month. As far as the debtors were concerned, the only wonder is that any of them survived. No provision of any kind was made to keep them alive. No allowance was granted them, either of food or money, nor was any opportunity given them of earning anything. At night, unless they could afford to pay for beds, they were obliged to lie upon straw, and for clothing, as for food, they were entirely dependent on their own resources or the charity of the benevolent. The prisoners committed for a felony, though as a rule less deserving, were a little better treated. They were provided with beds and clothing, and allowed a sixpenny loaf every two days. The indiscriminate herding together of debtors and felons, men and women, child offenders and hardened criminals, was productive of the most fearful immorality. Every new inmate, on entering this den of iniquity, was required by his fellow-prisoners to

* "Robert Raikes, Journalist and Philanthropist. A History of the Origin of Sunday Schools." By Alfred Gregory. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1877.

pay a certain sum of money called 'Garnish,' which was immediately spent in beer bought from the jailer, who eked out his emoluments by the profits derived from this trade. The jailer had no salary but was paid by fees."

Assuredly the expression to "rot in gaol" meant something in those horrible old days.

Raikes went among the prisoners, and first of all tried to alleviate their positive physical misery. He constantly, as early as 1768, made appeals in his paper for contributions in money or kind, which he offered to take care of himself and apply to their purpose.

"The unhappy wretches," he says in the *Gloucester Journal*, "who are confined in our county gaol for small crimes which are not deemed felonies (for felons have an allowance of bread), are in so deplorable a state that several of them would have perished with hunger but for the humanity of the felons, who have divided with them their little pittance. A person who looked into the prison on Saturday morning was assured that several had not tasted food for two or three days before. Were a county Bridewell established, they might then work for their subsistence. The boilings of pots or the sweepings of pantries would be well bestowed on these poor wretches. Benefactions for their use will be received by the printer of this journal."

Besides striving to alleviate the physical destitution of the prisoners, Raikes lent books to those who could read, and got the better educated to give instruction to the others. He also provided work for those able and willing to do it.

Perhaps there never was a better example of the truth that the honest and sensible efforts of a sound-hearted Christian man to do social good are never without result, than the work of Raikes for the Gloucester prisoners. Compared with the vast mass of wrong and wretchedness towards which those efforts were directed, what was actually done might seem little. But something was done; a visible result was obtained, which attracted Howard's attention and praise when he visited Gloucester county gaol in 1773. It is certain that no effort to reach deep-seated social evils will escape the sneer of those who cover their personal selfishness under an assertion of the hopelessness of the end in view; but the experience of Raikes with the Gloucester prisons, and afterwards still more signally with the neglected children of the town, is of itself a signal proof that if well-meant social efforts fail, it is either from want of Christianity to give them backbone, or from want of sense to give them shape and direction.

In the end of the eighteenth century pin-making was a staple trade of Gloucester, and a very large number of children were employed in the process. Few of the children of the poor anywhere received any education, and where there was, as in Gloucester, employment for them, they were put to work as soon as they were able to earn anything. We know too well the state of things in great manufacturing centres to-day, with labour commencing by law only at a much later age, with education much more general, with habits of sobriety and virtue at least in good repute, and yet with all these restrictions upon evil there are elements which threaten at this moment the social fabric more seriously than many are disposed to think. The son or daughter is unfortunately able and too ready to say to father or mother, "My conduct pleases myself, and if it does not please you, I will go to lodgings." Impatience of authority, sin against the divine order of the family, surely bring punishment, and the moral results among our factory classes are grave in the extreme.

The state of the young in times such as those Raikes lived in was inconceivably worse. On the Sunday, when the pin factories left the children free, the streets of Gloucester presented scenes of disorder which are happily rare now. Raikes says the children were "ignorant, profane, filthy, and disorderly in the extreme." And yet it is not long since Mr. Smith of Coalville could describe the state of the children employed in brick-making in the very same way.

From such children the jails were fed. Speaking in 1786, the Bishop of Chester said, "Our houses cannot secure us from outrage, nor can we rest with safety in our beds. The number of criminals increases so rapidly that our gaols are unable to contain them, and the magistrates are at a loss how to dispose of them. Our penal code is already sufficiently sanguinary, and our executions sufficiently numerous, to strike terror into the populace; yet they have not hitherto produced any material alteration for the better, and were they multiplied a hundredfold they would probably fail of the desired effect." Writing in his paper in June, 1783, Raikes had said that no fewer than sixty-six persons had been sent to the Castle in one week, and that the jailer's stock of fetters was so completely in use that the smiths were hard at work casting new ones. He has the same tale to tell that our divines, our city missionaries, our social economists, our judges, are constantly uttering in the ears of the nation to day: "The people sent in are neither disappointed soldiers nor sailors, but chiefly frequenters of alehouses and skittle-alleys."

Raikes had already done what he could for the adults, and Howard and Sir George Paul had succeeded in laying the foundations of prison reform. Raikes was now to attempt to do something for the children. He is said to have been looking for a gardener in a part of Gloucester near the Severn, known as St. Catherine's Meadows, and while waiting for the man's return he had a conversation with the man's wife, which led him to take action in the matter of a school for the neglected children. The following letter, written to Colonel Townley of Sheffield, who had asked for information about Sunday schools, details the circumstances:—

"GLOUCESTER, *November* 25, 1783.

"SIR,—My friend, the Mayor, has just communicated to me the letter which you have honoured him with, inquiring into the nature of Sunday schools. The beginning of this scheme was entirely owing to accident. Some business leading me one morning into the suburbs of the city, where the lowest of the people (who are principally employed in the pin manufactory) chiefly reside, I was struck with concern at seeing a group of children, wretched and ragged, at play in the streets. I asked an inhabitant whether these children belonged to that part of the town, and lamented their misery and idleness. 'Ah! sir,' said the woman to whom I was speaking, 'could you take a view of this part of the town on a Sunday you would be shocked indeed; for then the street is filled with multitudes of these wretches, who, released that day from employment, spend their time in noise and riot, playing at "chuck," and cursing and swearing in a manner so horrid as to convey to any serious mind the idea of hell rather than any other place. We have a worthy clergyman,' said she, 'curate of our parish, who has put some of them to school; but upon the Sabbath day they are all given up to follow their own inclinations without restraint, as their parents, totally abandoned themselves, have no idea of instilling into the minds of their children principles to which they themselves are entire strangers.'

"This conversation suggested to me that it would be at least a harmless attempt, if it were productive of no good, should some little plan be formed to check the deplorable profanation of the Sabbath. I then inquired of the woman if there were any decent well-disposed women in the neighbourhood who kept schools for teaching to read. I presently was directed to four. To these I applied, and made an agreement with them to receive as many children as I should send upon the Sunday, whom they were to instruct in reading and in the Church Catechism. For this I engaged to pay them each a shilling for their day's employment. The women seemed pleased with the proposal. I then waited on the clergyman before mentioned, and imparted to him my plan. He was so much satisfied with the idea that he engaged to lend his assistance by going round to the schools on the Sunday afternoon to examine the progress that was made, and to enforce order and decorum among such a set of little heathens."

The Sunday-school teachers, it will be observed, were paid. Mrs. King, wife of the steward of Mr. Pitt, who represented Gloucester in parliament, was the teacher in the first Sunday school started in Gloucester. Her remuneration was one shilling and sixpence a Sunday, and of this sum Raikes paid one shilling, and the Rev. Thomas Stock, the minister of the parish and Raikes's zealous fellow-labourer, the other sixpence. The plan of paying the teachers two shillings and sixpence, or one shilling per Sunday, was continued in Gloucester down to 1810 and year before Raikes's death. By that time there had come a serious decline in the spirit of the enterprise in the town. The expense was found to operate greatly against the undertaking. In various places the Nonconformists, and notably the Wesleyans, had tried voluntary agency, and had proved by success that it was able to cope with the work. It is recorded that the end of paid teaching in Gloucester came about after this fashion. Six young men, lamenting the decline of Sunday schools in Gloucester, determined to spare no effort to revive them. They were met with discouragement on every hand. There was no money, there were no children, there were no teachers. Thus discountenanced at all hands, the young men resolved, with the blessing of God, to act for themselves. "Gathering one night after business hours, around a post at the corner of a lane, within twenty yards of where Bishop Hooper was martyred, they clasped each other by the hand, and with reverently uncovered heads resolved that, come what would, Sunday schools in Gloucester should be re-established. As a fund to start with, they subscribed a half-crown each; and then, dividing the city into districts, they canvassed it for scholars. On the following Sunday upwards of one hundred children attended, and from that time forward the work progressed with yearly increasing success."

Besides the fact that the early teachers were paid for their labour, other differences between the schools of that time and those of this must be noted. We presume that the practice of teaching the alphabet and reading is now rare. Then it was almost universal. Of course the state of primary education then and now explains this difference. In a list of rules drawn up for one of the earliest Sunday schools, we find it stated that the persons to be taught are chiefly the young who are past the usual age of admission to the weekly schools, and from the necessities of their labour cannot find time to attend them. But besides these young persons, adults who cannot read, and are desirous of hearing God's word and learning the Church Catechism, are invited to attend.

In the school referred to, the first rule enacts that the master or dame appointed by the subscribers shall attend on the Sunday morning from 8 to 10.30, and in the evening from 5.30 till 8, "to teach reading, the Church Catechism, and some short prayers from a little collection by Dr. Stonehouse; and also to read (or have read by some of those who attend, if any can do it sufficiently) three or four chapters of the Bible in succession, that people may have connected ideas of the history and consistency of the Scriptures." Those in attendance at the Sunday school were required to attend church, and children belonging to other communions were required to attend their respective places of worship, and be able to give an account of the preacher's text.

In another school one of the rules was that nothing be taught inconsistent with the design of the Lord's day; another, that the subscribers, churchwardens, and sidesmen were requested to pay attention to the streets, to see that there was no idling about and playing on the Lord's day. In Leeds, where Sunday schools speedily flourished, writing was taught, as well as reading religion. The aim of Sunday schools, as conceived by the first promoters of them, is well stated in a book issued from Raikes's press: "To furnish opportunities of instruction to the children of the poorer part of the parish without interfering with any industry of the week-days; and to inure children to early habits of going to church, and to spend the leisure hours of Sunday decently and virtuously. The children are to be taught to read, and to be instructed in the plain duties of the Christian religion, with a particular aim to their good and industrious behaviour in their future character of labourers and servants." The title of a book of 120 pages, printed in 1794, is "The Sunday Scholar's Companion, consisting of Scripture Sentences disposed in such order as will quickly ground Young Learners in the fundamental Doctrines of our most Holy Religion, and at the same time lead them pleasantly on from simple and easy to compound difficult Words."

Returning to Gloucester, we find Raikes doing the work in the spirit that will always insure success in all such moral effort. He took great personal trouble; he met his boys at church, and often distributed rewards to them; he took pains with individual children who were refractory; he went about among the parents. Although his figure is now dim and far off, and the personal details which have been preserved meagre enough, it is plain that Robert Raikes possessed one of those characters at once weighty and sympathetic, to which belongs, as of right, influence over others. The children, attached to him as they were, had the greatest fear of displeasing him, though his manner was gentle, and he never rebuked sharply.

A number of instances of life-long gratitude and reverence on the part of old scholars are on record, which are indicative enough of the place he held in many hearts.

No attempt to better social conditions ever bore more immediate fruit than did the Gloucester Sunday schools. In 1786 we find the Gloucestershire magistrates passing a unanimous vote that "the benefit of Sunday schools is too evident not to merit the recognition of this bench, and the thanks of the community to the gentlemen instrumental in promoting them;" and Raikes says (May 24th, 1784), "the good effects of the Sunday schools established in this city are instanced in the account given by the principal persons in the pin and sack manufactories. Great reformation has taken place in the multitudes whom they employ. From being idle, ungovernable, profligate, and filthy in the extreme, they say the boys and girls are become not only more cleanly and decent in their appearance, but are greatly humanised in their manners, more orderly, tractable, and attentive to business, and of course more serviceable than they ever expected to find them. Cursing and swearing, and other vile expressions, which used to form the sum of their conversation, are now very rarely heard among them."

The success of the plan in Gloucester was largely due to Raikes's personality. The general spread of the Sunday school was largely due to its success in Gloucester, and still more to the efforts Raikes made through the medium of his newspaper to describe and recommend it. His Journal circulated far beyond the county in which it was published, and Raikes also reached the outside world through the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the *Arminian Magazine*, and the *European Magazine*.

The almost immediate spread of the system may be judged of by the following extract from a private letter (of the year 1787) of Raikes to Mr. John Nichols, editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, but published in that magazine: "It is incredible with what rapidity this 'grain of mustard seed' has extended its branches over the nation.

The third of this month (November) completes four years since I first mentioned the expediency of Sunday schools in the *Gloucester Journal*, and by the best information I am assured that the number of poor children who were heretofore as neglected as the wild ass's colt, but who are now taken into these little seminaries of instruction, amounts to 250,000. In the town of Manchester alone the schools contain 5,000. It would delight you to observe the cheerfulness with which the children attend on the Sunday. A woman told me last Sunday that her boy inquires of her every night before he goes to bed whether he has done anything in the day that will furnish a complaint against him on Sunday. You see, sir, to what care and vigilance this may lead.'"

Frequently as Mr. Raikes had occasion to speak in his paper and elsewhere in print of Sunday schools and their origin, he never mentioned his own name, and he observed the same rule when he had the opportunity of speaking of the schools in 1787 to Queen Charlotte at Windsor.

While he always spoke of the clergy as the agents in the Sunday-school work, his contemporaries gave him the full honour of Father of Sunday schools; and in a private letter, written in 1787, he speaks of the "outset of the little plan I was the means of suggesting to the world."

In 1785 the "Society for the Establishment and Support of Sunday schools throughout the Kingdom of Great Britain" was founded, and in 1803 the Sunday-school Union.

Sunday schools spread rapidly in Wales. They were introduced into that part of the country by the famous Charles of Bala, and to this day they retain the peculiarity of a large attendance of adults. The Sunday schools of Wales date from 1785, and in 1802 Mr. Charles, walking in Bala, met a little girl, of whom he asked that she should repeat the text of his last Sunday's sermon.

The child wept, but was silent. At length she said—

"The weather, sir, was so bad that I could not get to read the Bible."

"Could not get to read the Bible!" exclaimed Mr. Charles, full of surprise.

The only Bible to which the child had access was at a place seven miles off over the hills, and thither she was in the habit of going to read the chapter from which the text had been taken. This, as is well known, was the beginning of the British and Foreign Bible Society, which dates from March 7, 1804.

In Scotland, as in England, though there were solitary instances of work done for children on Sunday, "Sunday teaching as a system sprang from the efforts of Robert Raikes." "In 1795 a society was formed called the 'Edinburgh Gratis Sunday-school Society.' But at the first the obstacles the system had to meet with were great. They remind us of the first opposition to Foreign Missions. The Assembly of the Scottish National Church condemned in severe terms the unauthorised instructions of lay teachers, and some of the teachers were threatened with legal proceedings for violating the statutes by which teachers of religion were compelled to obtain a licence and take oaths of allegiance to the Government. Some ministers stated from the pulpit that Sabbath-school teaching was a breach of the Fourth Commandment, and others threatened to exclude from the Communion of the Church all parents who sent their children to the Sabbath schools. From some parts of Aberdeenshire Sunday school teachers were marched into the city of Aberdeen under the charge of constables, to account before the magistrates for their presumption. But all the opposition came to nought. The civil authorities, on learning the nature of the new institutions, wished the teachers Godspeed, and Church dignitaries soon became warm patrons of the schools which at first they condemned. Those very religious bodies which passed resolutions against Sunday schools now have annual statistical returns of their operations."

In America Sunday schools began with a feature which, in that country, honourably characterizes them still, for it is said that "young ladies, the first in station in society and accomplishments, were among the earliest teachers in New York." And, we may add, Christian people of the first position in that country, not merely devote their energies to Sunday-school work during their youth, but continue their personal work in the schools long after larger cares have come upon them, cares and duties which, in this country, are deemed an excuse for laying the work aside.

Raikes retired from business at the age of sixty-seven. He had all along conducted his paper himself, managing besides a large and prosperous printing business which, with the *Gloucester Journal*, had been the property of his father. Though from the year 1802 unconnected with the *Journal*, he drew from it till the time of his death an annuity of £300 a year. In character, wealth, and

liberality Raikes was one of the chief citizens of Gloucester.

His family consisted of "six excellent girls and two lovely boys," most of whom lived to fill honourable and useful positions in society.

Robert Raikes died, rather suddenly, at the age of seventy-six, on the 5th of April, in 1811.

The "Life" is furnished with a photograph taken from a portrait, of which Mr. Gregory thus speaks: "In a portrait which has been preserved Mr. Raikes appears as a rather tall, somewhat portly man, of fair complexion, and most benevolent expression of countenance. He is dressed after the fashion of the day, in a buff-coat, drab kerseymere breeches, white stockings, and low shoes."

This whole-hearted Englishman was true to his work, and true to himself, to the last, for he directed that his Sunday scholars should follow him to the grave and receive *a shilling apiece and a plum cake.* We see the sort of man our country and our Protestantism produce, the sort of man the great majority of us can understand and be proud of —a man full of love to wife and child, true to his God, enjoying his place in life and working manfully in it, using the fruits of his labour to show kindness to his friends and to all manner of strangers, and diverting a large part of his time and his means to set the wrong thing he found close to him right, to heal the social sores, and to bring those ignorant and out of the way to know and love that God who had made orderly, fruitful, and happy his own life.

GUIDING VOICES.

IT is a great truth that in most lives there is one voice which is generally heard above all others. Sometimes it is an internal voice, such as that which spoke to Joan of Arc at Domremy; but oftener it is external, and comes to us, not unfrequently, from some unexpected quarter. It may be heard, close at our side, from a traveller who has trodden the same path with us for years, and has never said anything but commonplace words until some eventful moment arrived. Or it may reach us from one whose way lies miles apart from ours, and who will never know that he has had the slightest influence upon our life.

We have read that while the martyrs of Mary's reign were enduring their last agonies voices arose from the crowd that surrounded the stake. The speakers themselves were safely hidden in the throng; but their tones, loud and clear, uttered texts which cheered and strengthened the sufferers in their fiery trial. And in like manner, when we are called upon to pass through some time of intense mental anguish, there are voices that speak to us out of the world around. "One Sunday evening," said a lady, whose inner history is known to very few, "I was coming out of a London church, feeling as sick and comfortless as I had done when I had entered it. Just in front of me were two women of the poorer class, and I caught a fragment of their conversation. 'Ah, Mary,' said one, 'where's the use of fretting? Maybe the Lord will soon come, and settle it all.' The words soothed and quieted me in a moment; —the Lord *would* come (who could tell how soon?) and then all my doubts and fears would be done with for ever. The influence of those simple words will never, I think, die out of my life. When I am exceedingly troubled I have only to say to myself, The Lord will come. Not 'soon,' perhaps, in the glory of His second advent; but in some sweet, special way to me, His tried child. No matter how He comes; let it be in the form of an earthly friend, or in the guise of the angel of death, He will surely settle it all."

There are certain books that speak to us with all the power of an audible voice. Troubled souls have learnt from the pages of "Sartor Resartus" that "there is in man a higher than love of happiness; he can do without happiness, and instead thereof, find blessedness;" and have gone through their journey afterwards without ever losing the sweet echo of the everlasting yea. A young man of great intellect, who wasted his early days in a fool's paradise, once acknowledged that he was aroused from his inaction by two lines in Mr. Robert Browning's poem, "The Statue and the Bust." Taking up an open book that was lying on the library table of a friend, his eye chanced to rest upon these words:

> "And the sin I impute to each frustrate ghost
> Is, the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin."

He read the poem from beginning to end, and took in all its meaning. From that day he resisted the temptations held out to him by his dreamland, and began to toil in the living, acting world. Those two lines haunted

him like a warning voice, and would not let him rest until his own lamp was lit, and his loins girded for the great race.

But there may be times in a Christian's life when, like Samuel, he mistakes the Lord's voice for a mere human call, and either turns a deaf ear to the summons, or languidly obeys it without realising that it is a heavenly command. It is often hard for him to believe that the "still, small voice" is verily the same that spake in the thunders of Sinai, and he is tempted to wait and listen for some mightier tone. It is almost humiliating to think that God is speaking through the lips of a very ordinary mortal; the message is great, but the messenger is mean. And yet the kings and sages of the Athenians, in their day, accepted the Delphic oracles through women of the people, simple and unlearned; nor doubted, for a moment, the divine wisdom of the counsel that was uttered by the Pythia. You may go to one popular preacher after another, and be charmed by their eloquence and touched by their fervour; but, after all, the Lord's message to you may be delivered in some out-of-the-way country church or chapel, by one who is no orator, and perhaps but a poor scholar. You may seek direction from the poet or the philosopher in vain, and then recognise your true guiding voice in the tones of some one who sits by your own fireside.

Not only to individuals, but to nations, does God often speak in some guiding voice that rises from a low place. He who ordained that the divinest of all voices should be first heard in a little village, hidden away amid quiet hills, and known as Nazareth, has ever loved to choose His messengers from among the humble ones of the world. Luther, preaching from his old fir pulpit in the little wooden chapel of Wittemberg, proclaims good tidings of great joy to those that sit in darkness. Howard, the tradesman's son, pleads the cause of prisoners before the House of Commons; Richard Cobden, the simple Sussex yeoman and self-educated manufacturer, rests not until he has awakened his own class from the delusion that the Corn Law is for their benefit. Such are the voices which the Almighty Himself has toned, that they may warn, and strengthen, and teach the people in their times of perplexity and doubt.

It is more difficult, perhaps, to distinguish between true and false voices when they speak within us than when they sound in our outward ears. This whisper that there is power in us, is it only the murmur of silly vanity, or the real consciousness of genius? Surely there is no bitterness like the bitterness of being deceived in one's inward voice. Let the whole world fail us, if we have our "inmost me" to fall back upon, we cannot be quite miserable; the voices of lover and friend have proved false, but the soul's voice was true; it was verily the voice of God, we say, and go cheerfully to our appointed work in the world. But what of those who are indeed mistaken in the Master's will concerning them, and have lifted a cross, only to find that it was too heavy for them to sustain; or have given up, in passionate self-sacrifice, some good thing that He meant them to keep? Or what of those who die under a crushing sense of failure, "having toiled all night, and taken nothing"? We must leave them to One who has royal compassions for all human blunderers, and Who will, we reverently believe, store up for them in another life the blessings that they missed in this world. For them, as for King Arthur, there is surely some Vale of Avalon where they may heal them of their grievous wounds; some quiet haven of repose wherein—

"Beyond these voices there is peace."

A modern writer has finely said that "of all pulpits from which human voice is sent forth, there is none from which it reaches so far as from the grave." It is but too often our way to be deaf to the guiding voice until it is hushed, and only its memory remains. "When I was a lad in our village," said a sailor, "I took little heed of the church-bells, ding-donging away, Sunday after Sunday; but when I was out on the open sea, with never an acre of dry land in sight, I'd have given almost anything to have heard the old chime again." So it is with many of us—like the sailor, we realise the sweetness of the music by its silence, the preciousness of the gift by its loss. And yet the remembered voice has a power which the actual voice never possessed. Our eyes were holden while "He talked with us by the way;" our hearts were careful and troubled about many things; but the recollected accents come back with double strength and tenderness. Another voice may mislead; this cannot. The deeper our sorrow, the sweeter its melody; the greater our irresolution, the firmer its tone. No changes in our frame or condition can make it falter for a moment; it is hallowed by its entire removal from our human influences, and seems to come to us out of the very presence of Him "with whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

SARAH DOUDNEY.

OUR MONTHLY SURVEY.

I.—HOME NOTES.

ENGLAND'S PITY FOR INDIA.

THE heart of the British nation has been deeply moved by the accounts published from time to time during the last few weeks, of the terrible calamity which has befallen Southern India. The subscription in aid of the Mansion House Fund for the relief of the sufferers from this prolonged and desolating famine has already received support from all the principal centres of population throughout the country. At the time of our going to press it amounts to the noble sum of £150,000, and the rate at which donations are pouring in gives promise of a speedy realisation of at least a quarter of a million sterling for this object. This indicates the existence of a degree of generosity and sympathy throughout this kingdom to which we may well refer with thankfulness and even with a legitimate pride. It is true that the money which is given in this voluntary way, large as the amount is, is but a fraction of what the necessities of the population of India demand; but its value as an expression of loving sympathy cannot be estimated. Already more than half a million Hindoos are believed to have died from famine and from the diseases which follow in its train. Several millions are and will be absolutely dependent for the necessaries of life upon such assistance as the Government alone can render in this extremity. The British authorities in India seem to be straining every nerve to meet the emergency. The great want is sufficient means of transport, for rice can be imported far more rapidly than it can be distributed. Vast districts are traversed only by a single line of railway, with a very meagre supply of carriages and engines, and of course multitudes of the population are scattered throughout villages which have not even such means of communication with the seaports and the headquarters of Government operations. Strenuous efforts are being made to meet this tremendous difficulty; "relief camps" are established around the great cities, new engines and railway carriages are being brought into active use, and the traffic of the lines is specially rearranged under Government supervision. And yet we still hear of perishing thousands, and of scenes among the suffering people of the most heartrending kind. Men, women, and children, reduced to mere skin and bone, drop by the wayside, or creep into some sheltered nook to die, and vast numbers actually reached by the agents for the distribution of relief are reached too late, and have lost the power of assimilating the food presented to them. It has been agreed that the Mansion House Fund shall be administered by a highly influential committee in Madras, in such a way as not to interfere with the relief operations of the Government, and a considerable portion of the Fund is to be expended upon the support and care of orphans who, in ever-increasing numbers, are being left to the care of strangers. There is a gleam of light, we are thankful to say, on this dark and painful prospect. As we write we hear tidings of "abundance of rain," which has at length begun to fall in the Presidency of Madras. This rain gives promise that the next harvest will bring its usual bountiful supply at the commencement of 1878, and this brings hope to millions who were sinking into apathy and despair. From three to four months, however, must elapse before that divinely-sent relief can come; and until then it is for England to show a divinely-given pity, and stretch forth still a strong and generous helping hand. We notice that several of the principal missionary societies are asking for special funds to enable their missionaries to give help in a private way to native converts and their families. The administration of such funds will unquestionably require much thoughtful discretion, but there is a fitness in the proposal to Christian people thus to do good, "especially unto them who are of the household of faith," which ought scarcely to need urging upon Christian people.

THE HOMELESS WORKERS—BOYS AND GIRLS.

One quiet, but very wise and useful, form of practical benevolence, which has enlisted the sympathy of many good people in London, is the provision of Homes for Working Boys and Girls. So far as boys are concerned, this work has been for some time in active operation, and there are four Homes, in as many different parts of the metropolis, under the supervision of a committee of well-known philanthropic gentlemen. They are intended to meet the case of some of the thousands of boys in London who hold situations, in which they earn a few shillings a week, but who, from various causes, have no home to go to when their day's work is done. The early age at which many of these little fellows have to enter on the conflict—and to how many it is a very severe conflict!—for a livelihood, excites our compassion, and the risk to which they are exposed in every way when simply left to themselves—to run loose upon the streets, to seek the shelter of common lodging-houses, and in a hundred methods to shift for themselves—is obvious. The society to which we refer endeavours to make arrangements for the board and lodging of such boys, of a kind which shall be comfortable, attractive, and healthful. The boys are required to pay a small sum, in proportion to the amount of their weekly earnings, for the accommodation with which they are furnished, and are carefully watched over. The committee appeal for funds to open a fifth home to accommodate forty boys. They now have one hundred and twelve boys under their care. Their present annual expenditure is about £700, and they say they will want £200 or £300 more in the course of the year. We earnestly wish their undertaking God-speed, and may mention that the treasurer is Mr. George Hanbury, of 21, Portman Square. Some-

how, public benevolence seems to address itself, both in matters of education and philanthropy, almost invariably to the case of boys before that of girls. It is so in this instance, and we are sorry to say that the Homes for working girls, so far as we know, at present exist only in the hearts and minds of kindly projectors, amongst whom may be mentioned Miss Emily Faithful, a tried and steadfast friend of efforts for the benefit of her sex. Some excellent institutions for domestic servants, and for other young women, no doubt there are, but we are not aware that Homes for girls, corresponding to those for boys, to which we have referred, have yet been provided. Something of the kind ought to be done, and might well engage the attention and energy of some of those numerous practical and kindly women who well know how to organize and carry on such work for the help of their younger and less fortunate sisters. In many of our large towns and cities too, as well as in London, there is abundant scope for the same kind of work.

II.—GLANCES ABROAD.

M. THIERS AND FRANCE.

Europe was startled on the 4th of September—a memorable day in recent French history—by the announcement of the death of M. Thiers, which had taken place suddenly on the previous evening at St. Germain. On the morning of the day on which he died the veteran statesman, who was in his eighty-first year, had been for some hours engaged in writing, and was apparently in good health; but a little after midday, on returning from a walk, he was seized with apoplexy, and only partially recovered consciousness before the end came, at half-past six o'clock. Thus, almost in a moment, has been stricken down the man whom it seemed that France could least spare during the political crisis through which the country is now passing. Since Marshal MacMahon has decidedly adopted a retrogressive course, and shown his readiness to listen to advisers who would fain have him to trust the priests and to distrust the people, the eyes of all the Liberals in France had been turned towards M. Thiers. It seemed very likely that the result of the general election in October would be that Marshal MacMahon, finding himself in hopeless opposition to the country generally, would retire from the Presidency. In that case M. Thiers would have been called instantly to the supreme place in the Republic. Bitter words have been spoken of him by political opponents, even on the morrow of his death, but France felt and acknowledged his immense and patriotic services, and his funeral, on September 9th, was one of the most striking spectacles which this generation has witnessed. The son of a working locksmith, M. Thiers made his way to the high position he occupied by the force of his extraordinary talent and energy. He began his career, as so many eminent Frenchmen have done, by the study of law, but as a young man turned to literature and politics. His greatest triumphs were those which were achieved by him after he had passed the threescore years and ten of man's allotted time on earth. After the terrible and disastrous struggle of France with Germany, in 1870—71, M. Thiers, by the astonishing energy and sagacity which he devoted to his country's service, led the nation through the fiery Communistic outbreak, raised the vast sum of money by which the soil was redeemed from the German conqueror, and restored his distracted country, with a swiftness which astonished everybody, to peace and to the confidence of Europe and the world. Such services might well entitle him who rendered them to the gratitude of an entire people, and, one would have thought, might even have silenced his most rancorous political foes in the immediate presence of the event of his death. Every one acquainted with French affairs is now thinking of the effect of M. Thiers's death upon the immediate political future of France. Unquestionably the chances of Conservatism—which in this case means a repression of civil and religious liberty such as we do not like to think of—are improved by the removal of M. Thiers. But, on the other hand, the shock of that event seems to have had a wholesome effect upon those who looked to him as the chief of their party. The Republicans have maintained, amidst trying circumstances, an attitude which does them honour. They have shown calmness, self-restraint, and political prudence of the highest kind. We earnestly hope that this spirit may continue, for it must be both a sign and a cause of the coming of better days for France. The progress and triumph of political liberalism in France would be attended, we cannot doubt, with much rending and shaking of what have been known as "religious" institutions; but of the ultimate result we should have no fear. The "things which cannot be shaken" would remain; Liberalism and infidelity will not always be synonymous words, as they may almost be now said to be in France. That this is so has arisen mainly from the dominance of priestly ideas, the concomitant of which has always been the blankest scepticism. France will yet have her times of struggle and of trial, but we trust she is entering upon a path which will lead at length to the establishment of her political institutions upon sure foundations and to the realisation of the purifying and ennobling power of a true Christian faith.

THE LUTHERAN CHURCH IN GERMANY.

An exceedingly interesting, although as we think partial and imperfect, sketch of the present state of the Protestant Church of Prussia has recently been communicated to the *Times* by a correspondent. The picture is, we cannot doubt, painfully true in many of its particulars, and is not without lessons and suggestions for us in this country, if only we are capable of discerning them. The great mass of the people in Prussia, probably it would be true to say in the whole of Protestant Germany, are utterly sceptical and indifferent with respect to the teaching and work of the Christian Church. The authorities in Berlin have lately made an attempt to bring about a reconciliation between the population and the insti-

tution which they so much neglect and despise. New elective powers have been given to the parishes, and the people have been invested with certain powers in the management of church affairs and in the election of their ministers. The plan, however, as might be expected, has quite failed, but it has led to a good deal of squabbling, and to several clerical prosecutions for heretical teaching. It is not perhaps so generally known as it ought to be in this country, that the greater part of the Lutheran clergy are now what is called orthodox. Some twenty-five years ago a reaction set in against the extreme rationalism which had previously prevailed; a reaction too against that noble, if in some respects mistaken, effort which was made by Schleiermacher and his school to show that a sound religious faith was in harmony with the intellectual development of the age and might progress concurrently with it. The new school of orthodoxy adopted the fatal position that to try "to reconcile redeeming truth with modern science and culture" was, in fact, trying to "unite Christ and Belial." We can scarcely wonder at the result. The churches are neglected, and religious teachers and teaching are held in contempt. On the other hand there is a small but important and very assertive section of the clergy who boldly deny almost all the distinctive doctrines of Christianity and preach a sort of philosophic deism. Prosecutions for heresy may, or may not, silence these teachers; but he must be sanguine who supposes that the result will be to restore to the Church the strength that has gone from it. Most who are familiar with Church life in Germany will, we think, agree with us in the opinion that a great cause—we might say *the* great cause—of the weakness of the Lutheran Church is, that it has been regarded and dealt with as a mere State department. Even those who differ as to their theories about Church and State at home have, in our hearing, often united in the judgment that the association of the two as it exists in Germany has been disastrous to the interests of true religion. We do not think, however, that the correspondent to whose letter we have referred has taken sufficient account of the form of religious zeal and activity which is called Pietism. This is the name given to that spirit of religious earnestness, which is working like leaven in the hearts and lives of thousands who do not formally separate from the Lutheran Church, but who have their own special services and meetings, as well as their own modes of Christian activity. The Pietists may perhaps be best described to the English reader as religious mystics. They are narrow and dogmatic in some parts of their creed, and many of us would think them almost latitudinarian in others. But their gentle spirit of Christliness, their noble missionary and philanthropic labours, testify for them, and at least they partially illumine what would otherwise be a sad and black outlook.

MORMONISM AND ITS PROPHET.

Brigham Young, who since 1844 has been the leader, prophet, and autocrat of the Mormon community, is dead. Although he was seventy-six years of age he was apparently hale and vigorous to the last, and his end was unexpected. According to the American papers, he died from incautious eating when he was very hot. His death has led many writers to recal the chief circumstances of his strange and eventful career. At the time of his appointment to the office of head of the Mormon sect, which had been founded some ten years previously by Joseph Smith, great excitement existed in the United States with respect to the Mormon doctrines and practices. In the face of the obloquy and persecution to which he and his followers were subjected, Brigham Young resolved to lead out his people into the wilderness, and establish them in a home far beyond the reach of the influences of the outer world. This project, as is well known, he carried into execution, encountering and overcoming immense difficulties in a manner which showed that he was a man of no ordinary ability and courage. The city of Utah was founded, and it has been described again and again by travellers. It was soon after this settlement was made that Young proclaimed the practice of polygamy as the chief and essential feature of the social system which he was elaborating. Thirty years have passed away. The railway now crosses the Great Salt Lake Valley, and Mormonism has been overtaken by the spreading "Gentile" population of the American continent. As a matter of course this Mormon community has become from year to year an increasing source of difficulty and embarrassment to the United States Government, and the immediate future has been regarded with considerable apprehension. Brigham Young had in several ways laid himself open to charges of violating the law — a law which, indeed, he did not recognise, but which a civilised state is bound to enforce. Among other things, public opinion and feeling insisted that he should be brought to justice for having, as it was alleged, planned many barbarous murders and massacres in his attempt to enforce his authority and to preserve the isolation of his community. One of his "bishops" was hanged a few months ago on conviction of having had to do with these crimes, and it is probable that had he lived a little longer Young would have been arraigned on a similar charge. But his singular history has closed, and the general verdict upon his character appears to be that it was marked by a combination of unscrupulous shrewdness and of dangerous fanaticism. His followers have chosen a successor, named Taylor, but it is felt in the United States generally that the death of this leader, who has been so intimately associated with the development and success (such as it is) of the Mormon experiment, has taken out of the way of the Government a very formidable source of danger, and that it is not unlikely that, without any violent convulsion, Mormonism may be so modified and restricted that it will at length come to be regarded rather as a curious form of religious fanaticism than as a mischievous and systematic defiance of public law and of social morality.

III.—OUR MEMORIAL RECORD.

PROFESSOR HENRY ROGERS.

By the death of Professor Henry Rogers, which took place at his home in North Wales on the 20th of August, in the seventy-first year of his age, an honourable and distinguished literary career has been brought to a close. Mr. Rogers began his life work as an Independent minister, but after little more than a year of active service in the pastorate, he relinquished the pulpit for the professor's chair and the press. Leaving Poole, where he had held the post of assistant minister, but had failed, owing to a weakness of voice, to catch popular favour, Mr. Rogers came to London. Here in the periodical press he soon found occupation for his pen, and was also appointed Professor of English Literature in University College. At this period he won distinction as a contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*, his articles attracting much attention. Later he became the Professor of Mathematics and Philosophy in the Independent College, Spring Hill, Birmingham, and after several years of good and valued service there, he removed to the neighbourhood of Manchester, having accepted the office of Principal of the Lancashire Independent College, where the peculiar bent of his genius found a fitting scope in the duties of the Professorship of Dogmatic Theology and Philosophy. The last six or seven years of his life were spent in happy retirement, although his pen was busily employed almost to the end. Multitudes who knew nothing else of Henry Rogers, knew him as the author of "The Eclipse of Faith." This remarkable volume was published in 1852, and has since then passed through many editions. Latterly it has not been so widely read as during the first years after its publication. A quarter of a century has witnessed a considerable change in the ground taken by sceptics in dealing with Christianity. New phases of infidelity now demand attention and challenge reply. But many of us who, as young men, twenty years ago, read Henry Rogers's "Eclipse of Faith," can never forget the impression produced by it, and much which that book contains is of permanent value. The perusal of the book formed an epoch in our own mental and religious history. It was, we felt, the utterance of one who approached "the sceptic," not as a foe who was to be humiliated and whose arguments were to be ruthlessly demolished, but as a brother who was on the wrong tack. The arguments *were* demolished, but it was with love, and sympathy, and gentleness, as of a stronger brother, who had himself wrestled, struggled, fought, and—conquered. An exquisite felicity of style was admirably fitted to great subtlety of thought and tenderness of feeling. We felt, as we read, that the spell of a genius was cast over us. Here we found the play of a fine imagination, and the soft, mellow light of a charming humour, united with the energy and earnestness of a noble intellectual force, and the intensity of a spirit which had looked upon things unseen and had felt the powers of the world to come. We then learned to understand, what we trust we have not since forgotten, that there is a scepticism which deserves our respect, our sympathy, our brotherly compassion, our utmost tenderness, and most self-forgetful toil, as well as a scepticism which demands our stern rebuke and condemnation. The chapter on "The Blank Bible," from "The Eclipse of Faith," is much more widely known even than the book itself, for it has been several times reprinted in a separate form. No one who reads it can ever forget it, and it remains an unanswerable appeal to the testimony which the Book of Books has wrung from the heart and mind of the civilised world—a testimony to its intrinsic and unspeakable value and unequalled power. Professor Rogers wrote much that was valuable, but if he had only written "The Eclipse of Faith," or, indeed, "The Blank Bible," he would not have lived in vain.

THE REV. JOHN LOMAS.

This eminent and beloved Wesleyan minister died at Bristol on the 21st of August, after a brief illness. Mr. Lomas was well advanced in years, and during a long ministerial career had occupied various important official positions in the body of which he was a member, including the presidency of the Conference. For several years Mr. Lomas was the theological tutor in the Institution for the training of ministers at Richmond. By his personal qualities—singular simplicity and modesty, gentleness and even playfulness of disposition, and unsullied integrity—as well as by the subtlety of his thought, the richness of his stores of knowledge, and his great power of luminous exposition, he greatly endeared himself to many who had the benefit of his instructions. As a preacher he does not appear to have ever been popular in the common acceptation of the term, but his power over the more thoughtful portion of his congregations and over his ministerial brethren was remarkable. Many of them speak of him, as the Rev. Dr. Pope did on the occasion of the funeral, with enthusiastic admiration. His appears to have been one of those calm, contemplative, and withal reticent spirits, whose highest excellencies are only partially revealed to most of those who surround them. The influence of such a man is more potent and more lasting than it seems, and perhaps such influence is of very special value in a branch of the Church which has devoted itself mainly to evangelistic and aggressive forms of Christian work. One of his eulogists said in presence of the large congregation which assembled to follow "the mortal part" of this faithful servant to its last resting-place at Bristol, "Mr. Lomas was an able teacher of the methods of defending Christianity; and all the more so because he knew how to doubt, and how to sanctify doubt, was tolerant of honest difficulties, and felt and exemplified beyond most men the importance of a suspended opinion in matters where God has not spoken."

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